

# The New Books

## International

**THE PERIL OF FASCISM: THE CRISIS OF AMERICAN DEMOCRACY.** By A. B. Magil and Henry Stevens. International Publishers. 1938. \$2.50.

Here is a typical Communist analysis of the American scene which will be illuminating to those who do not follow the party's publications and superfluous to those who do. Fascism—"the open terrorist dictatorship of the most predatory sections of the capitalist class"—is, according to the authors, the deadliest peril lying before us. In Germany and Italy it has ground down the miserable proletariat for the benefit of finance and monopoly capital. In this country its threat is apparent in innumerable incidents which prove that monopoly capitalism tends to utilize fascist demagoguery for its nefarious ends. The whole long list of anti-labor bodies, the utterances of our most outright reactionaries, the professional patriots, the anti-Semites, the radio priests, and the secret terrorist societies—all are neatly catalogued, with a creditable wealth of invective. And the path we must follow is clear: the progressive forces of the nation, including the Communists, must stand together in defense of democracy, by pressing for a program of social reform here and combating the fascist juggernaut abroad.

This is a persuasive thesis, but it will scarcely be accepted in full by the average, slightly confused American. He will see in fascism abroad not the dictatorship of big capital but the enforced subservience of both capital and labor to an iron-clad political machine with an impressive mass basis. He will distinguish between reactionary Americans who would merely stop the tide of social progress and those who would actively curtail existing democratic rights. After all, a politi-

cal victory for American industrialists in 1940 or 1944 may give us a government like that of Neville Chamberlain or Edouard Daladier. To stigmatize such a government as fascist, or to force its hand by making impossible social demands, would be the best way to weaken the democratic fabric. To lead the nation into a crusade against fascism abroad might be the best way to establish it here. Above all, to trust the democratic fervor of the Communists—here today but gone tomorrow unless you believe that the fullest democracy on earth exists in the U.S.S.R.—is to vitiate the effectiveness of the truly social democratic movement in which America's hope must lie.

D. H. P.

**MUSSOLINI'S ROMAN EMPIRE.** By Geoffrey T. Garratt. Bobbs-Merrill. 1938. \$2.50.

Mr. Garratt's book—150,000 copies of which were sold in England, at sixpence the copy—contains no major revelations for the well-informed in this country, however startling it may have proved to our British brethren. Its theme is the spinelessness, the chicanery and the downright dishonesty with which Britain has responded to the Italian drive for empire. Mr. Garratt has spent a good deal of time in Ethiopia and in Spain during both of Italy's imperialist wars—he regards them as nothing less—and is a keen student of British diplomacy. When he attacks the falsehoods about the justice of Italy's aims, the prowess of her soldiery, and the undesirable traits of her enemies which have filled the conservative press in Britain, he does so with power and conviction. But the connivance of the British with the Italians revealed in the Hoare-Laval deal, the sham sanctions, and the Spanish-intervention policy are the daily stock in trade of most American foreign correspondents.

Where Mr. Garratt fails is in his attempt to explain satisfactorily the conduct of the British Foreign Office. Its sins, he assures us, spring from the fact that "a large proportion of the Foreign Office are drawn from wealthy Catholic families, and that the general atmosphere is extremely friendly to Fascism." The officials, we are told, are backed by the Catholic hierarchy, certain business and financial interests, and their subservient back-benchers in Parliament. Thus it is a divided and irresolute Britain which faces each test of strength with that reckless gambler who commands the full support of the Italian nation. Thus the British are relinquishing their strategic footholds in the Mediterranean and the Red Sea to those who would make them the basis of a new Roman Empire.

If this were the whole story, however, we should scarcely expect to find the bulk of British public opinion solidly ranged behind Neville Chamberlain. Most Englishmen are not fascists; but neither are they war-mongers. They would rather see the Italians mired in Spain and Ethiopia than risk a general war by defying Italy. If war must come, they would pre-

fer to postpone it as long as possible, while their gigantic rearmament program progresses. This may be a mistaken policy. But it commands the support of hundreds of thousands who are not Catholics, fascists, or capitalists. By not giving due weight to Neville Chamberlain's *Realpolitik* Mr. Garratt has diminished the value of an otherwise competent and forceful book.

D. H. P.


## Miscellaneous

**MENTAL CONFLICTS AND PERSONALITY.** By Mandel Sherman, M.D. Longmans, Green. 1938. \$2.25.

Against a background of the work of others who have explored the dynamics of human behavior, Dr. Sherman rapidly sketches an immense variety of personality of conflicts. In places the background seems rather vague, when we read "various writers have emphasized," "some writers have put it," "some psychiatrists believe," and so on. On the other hand there are many short, definitive references to representative investigators. The studies of sociologists as well as of psychologists and psychiatrists come in for considerable notice, although it is clear that the author's greatest debt is to psychoanalytic thought, even though Freud receives actual mention but once in the index and psychoanalysis not at all.

From anthropological and sociological considerations the book goes on to discuss various matters, such as personality testing, sexual disturbances, rather ineptly termed "sex conflicts," antisocial behavior of children, and neurotic behavior. This quickly served melange would be difficult of digestion in even advanced courses of psychology and education, and it is in immense contrast to the detailed original contributions of the Shermans and their colleagues.

But what are these mental conflicts that Sherman is talking about? Psychiatrists generally consider a mental conflict to be purely an intrapsychic affair, mainly unconscious. Some urges are at war with other inner forces, perhaps conscience. But over and beyond this, for Sherman a mental conflict is also the pattern of mental activity characterized by unpleasant emotional attitudes "involving a discrepancy between one's desires and the acceptance of social or other restrictions to their attainment." This latter concept of a mental conflict, of course, designates merely the uncomfortable tensions which arise when inner attitudes are ranged against cultural requirements and restrictions. A considerable share of Dr. Sherman's book is taken up with discus-



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### SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 229)

LEIGH HUNT: "TALKING OF  
NONSENSE."

The difference between nonsense not worth talking and nonsense worth it, is simply this: the former is the result of a want of ideas, the latter of a superabundance of them. . . . A Quaker's coat and a garden are not more dissimilar.

sion of such clashes and the results of conflict between personality needs and environmental pressures.

Coming from such a well oriented student there is, of course, a vast amount of valuable material in this volume. However, it makes one almost breathless when on two successive ordinary sized pages there is a hop, skip, and jump from race and religious prejudice and the insecurity of nations to the religious convert and the vice crusader. Short case studies are given here and there in illustration, but the reviewer must confess that he does not in every instance get the point of these as bearing on the matter at issue. Finally one wonders whether a fairer representation of the contents would not have been under some such caption as "The Motivations of Human Behavior"—at least, then, there could be no criticism of the field that is covered.

W. H.

THE FAITHFUL MOHAWKS. By John Wolfe Lydekker. New York: Macmillan (Cambridge University Press). 1938. \$3.75.

This study of the "Elder Brother" of the Five Nations is a compilation, richly studied with source material, from the point of view of the Society of the Propagation of the Gospel, and largely from their archives. It is a learned though biased work, which will be of real value to historians.

O. La F.

THE EVOLUTION OF FINANCE CAPITALISM. By George W. Edwards. Longmans, Green. 1938. \$4.

In spite of an awkward title, with which the author himself is not satisfied, this is a readable and provocative book, representing much patient research. Professor Edwards has made a distinct contribution to our understanding of what in our own industrial history is a relatively recent but highly important development. He describes the rise of the financial enterpriser, as distinguished from the industrialist proper, and the effects of his specialized functions upon our economic, political, and social development. This phase of our social evolution he designates as security capitalism. In other words, there are two types of capitalists, the industrial and the financial. Occasionally the two types are combined in one individual, as in the case of the elder Rockefeller and of Henry Ford, but the trend is toward differentiation. In the American industrial field there have, to be sure, been leaders like Thomas Edison, Andrew Carnegie, and E. H. Harriman, but over this domain the financier has come to wield enormous influence.

Professor Edwards is a firm believer in the need of security capitalism under modern business conditions, but he is also fully aware of the shortcomings and the abuses which have accompanied its development, and he is convinced that "forces of disintegration" are now at work which may menace its existence if they are permitted to continue long unchecked. A final chapter is therefore de-

voted to the consideration of reconstruction and reform. Here the author is not at his best; but what competent economic historian could be when he turns from his research to a discussion of ways to make a better world?

W. O. S.

Poetry

ANABASIS. A poem. By St.-J. Perse. With a translation into English by T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace. 1938. \$1.25.

Fourteen years ago St.-John Perse, who is one and the same as Alexis Léger, perpetual Secretary of the French Foreign Office, published the first edition of this work. One might expect from a man in his position an academic and rigid style. "Anabasis," quite to the contrary, is poetry, but without its outward signs. No other appellation is possible for it, as T. S. Eliot contends. It is a sequence of evocations. Symbols are given, but no chain links them. The theme is the march of a nomad tribe under the rule of a conquering chief. Throughout the poem goes the constant breath of endlessness. We are surrounded by the vast and desert spaces. There is no time, no limit, no definition.

To have made this impression so powerful demanded the truest art of a poet. But here also is the danger. T. S. Eliot says that there is no need of a continuous reasonableness, and that the absence of connecting matter does not imply chaos: if only the intended effect is reached all abbreviations are permissible. Many examples, indeed, are to be found in modern poetry, showing the tendency toward essential and elliptic expression. Many poets have followed Rilke and Valéry. But the condition of success always must be that the final effect on the reader is definite and single, even though it may have been brought about by the most unexpected means. Even Surrealism has to observe this law, and St.-J. Perse, who has not even gone so far, certainly respects it. Most of his symbols are rich in creative value, but not all of them are distinct. We do not know which evocation is prepared and which is accidental. Sometimes, in the abundance of images, we lose our way.

The translation into English, by T. S. Eliot, is excellent. The French text appears with the English.

L. L. G.

Travel

FEVER, FAMINE AND GOLD. By Captain E. Erskine Loch. Putnams. 1938. \$2.75.

The Valverde Guide to the ancient Inca treasures has lured many men into the jungles of South America. The conquistador King of Spain and even the hard-headed Richard Spruce followed vainly the promise of the soldier who married an Indian girl: "... thou wilt come on a canyon between two hills which is the way of the Inca..." "... what thou shalt gather at the bottom is grains of gold..." These are enchanted phrases to fling in the midst of a scientific expedition, but Captain Loch was swayed by them only incidentally during his twenty-two months in Ecuador. Unfortunately, his book is as vague as an Andean mist, though he writes loftily of "The Andes-Amazon Expedition in the Uncharted Fastnesses of a Lost World," and plays his difficulties for all they are worth.

He had set out to prove that the Curaray River was navigable and the Llangatis Mountains passable to the Peruvian frontier, a purpose he achieved, but his search for native anthropological material was curiously a failure, for not only did he fail to get more than second-hand reports of the supposedly populous Sabelas tribes, but even to catch a glimpse of one member of them while spending a year in their land. Ill luck pursued him constantly, bringing rain and the fever and famine of the book's title—famine, though he admits that the region, or that adjacent to it, nourished rabbits, wolves, bears, tapirs, and the numerous ornithological specimens which he brought home. He must not have been a good provider. Finally he discovered Valverde's Lake where the Incas sank their great treasure, but had to abandon it without investigation, and in the last few pages of the book he describes finding one of the original gold mines of the Incas, though he gives no slightest proof of this. He skims over it to a weighty Appendix that shows the achievements of the expedition, among them "RADIOED: 21,000 odd words." His argument for the international route he "opened up" is not very convincing, but his survey of the district should have some value, and this proud book should make fine hammock reading for veteran explorers.

H. D.

Advertisement? You bet.—And a damned good one!

# The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE BEAST MUST DIE Nicholas Blake (C. Day Lewis) (Harpers: \$2.)	Crime novelist Felix Lane plots murder as revenge on hit-&-run driver, but it takes Nigel Strangeways to discover who really killed Gloucestershire roadhog.	Extremely ingenious plotting, with Felix Lane's diary leading reader by the nose, provides double surprise in excellent super-literate baffler.	Don't miss it



# Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

Old Q., the Flatfoot Floogie of the book business, comes lumbering along, stricken in wind and limb, prickled with nettlerash and slow with the news but still having a better time than anyone would imagine. By postponing a visit to the dentist long enough his reliable old constitution put out defences of "secondary dentine" (to Dr. Goodman's astonishment) and so saved a nerve from wretched extinction. The economic nervous system of the U. S. also seems to have a sort of secondary dentine which evolves from time to time to save us from entire collapse. Fiscally speaking, Mendoza's Secondhand Bookstore is our Last Line of Defence. We have just caught up with an unread Dorothy Sayers, *Clouds of Witness*, first published here in 1927. We are shocked to learn therein that Lord Peter Wimsey quoted to his Scotland Yard pal the terrible old limerick about the Young Man from the War Office; which if you don't know we shan't quote. Also in that yarn is mentioned the admirable old Yorkshire ditty about Ilkla Moor bar t'at which we once heard sung in Toronto and would love to know in full. We are interested by a quote from Rose Macaulay's book on E. M. Forster published last week by Harcourt, Brace. She wonders if Forster will write another novel: "If it should be another novel of the contemporary scene, it would be exciting. He might catch its flickering aspect before the next great cataclysm. I do not know if there is anyone else now writing who has just the right mirror to catch all these shifting reflections, public events and passions impacting on private, private distorted by public." Evidently there's been a lot of insomnia about: Whittlesey House says it has had to increase to 7,500 copies the first printing of Dr. Edmund Jacobson's *You Can Sleep Well*, to be published September 12. But then Dr. Jacobson's previous book *You Must Relax* sold big; but how many people did? Viking Press tells us the exciting news that Mr. Pat Covici is to join their staff and with him comes John Steinbeck to the Viking list. Every now and then someone returned from vacation stops in to tell us how much the New England Guides have helped his explorations. There are six volumes, one for each New England State (are there more States than that in New England? we've been too busy to check up) prepared by the Federal Writers' Project and published (\$2.50 each) by Houghton Mifflin. The amount of Apple Pan Dowdy, Codfish Balls, Brown Bread Ice Cream, Parker House Rolls, Johnny Cake, Thick Chowder, Crullers, Blueberry Muffins, Scrod, Boiled Dinner, Cranberry Turnovers and Red Flannel Hash eaten by the local-color-hunting Federal Writers in preparing these books is said to total several hundred tons. A good book to whet an appetite is *Cheddar Gorge*, an album of essays on English cheeses edited by Sir Jack Squire and agreeably illustrated by E. H. Shepard (Macmil-

lan). From this we learn that Zoroaster lived in the wilderness twenty years with no companion but a vast cheese. That there was once an argument in the Hungarian Parliament whether Chesterton was the name of a cheese or a writer. That Cheshire cheese comes in three colors: red, white, and blue. That Sir Jack Squire believes most of the second-rate Cheddar and Cheshire served in Britain comes from the U. S. Of the cheeses discussed the one that most arouses us is *Blue Vinny* from Dorsetshire, described with masterly and scientific precision by André Simon. His description of the chemistry of mould and fungus (*Vinny* or *Vinewed* is an old West Country word meaning mouldy) is timely now when all Old Q.'s books and garments are still furred with microscopic vegetation from the recent rains. There used to be a wonderful honest Cheese Shop down on Fulton Street, N. Y. C., where members of the Three Hours for Lunch Club went years ago to recruit their lactic acids: wonder if it still exists? A postal card from Pasadena, probably from Upton Sinclair, calls attention to the recent banning of books in South Africa, particularly Rabelais and Upton Sinclair's *No Pasaran*. The matter is to be discussed at an early meeting of the Johannesburg Booksellers' Association.

## PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientele; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of *The Saturday Review*. Rates 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., *Saturday Review*, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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