

mously. Chief Justice Hughes, in his opinion, stressed as factors in the creation of profits the drawing power of the star, whose reputation was responsible for its popularity; the artistic conceptions of the scenario writer and others; "the expert supervision and direction of the various processes which made possible the composite result with its attractiveness to the public."

The Copyright Act, of course, is not confined to novels, plays, and films. It covers all types of literature, biography, history, science; in fact, any intellectual product reduced to writing. It covers music, sculpture, painting, and the allied arts. Illustrations of invasion rights might be indefinitely extended. The Copyright Act, which has been amended repeatedly, is a patchwork and therefore far from a consistent and comprehensive instrument of justice. The last complete revision was made over thirty years ago. Kreymborg lost his case against Durante because protection against public performance or delivery of copyrighted works is afforded only in the case of a "lecture, sermon, address or similar production, a drama, or a musical composition." The court reluctantly decided that the public repetition of a poem was not one of the listed prohibitions.

Such distinctions and refinements indicate the need, in the eyes of copyright specialists, of scientific revision of the Copyright Act to make it more justly workable, and to bring it up to date with modern technical invention in the arts.

The Insides of Fascism

NEITHER LIBERTY NOR BREAD.

Edited by Frances Keene. New York: Harper & Bros. 1940. 388 pp. \$3.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM H. CHAMBERLIN

THIS commentary on Fascist Italy, composed by forty-two Italians in exile, possesses both the advantages and the weaknesses of the symposium. It introduces the reader to a number of prominent Italian intellectuals, including such scholars and writers as Gaetano Salvemini, Ignazio Silone, Guiseppi Borgese, and Max Ascoli. It proves with an abundance of documentation that fascism, like the other expressions of the totalitarian states, national socialism and communism, is implacably hostile to free creative thought. It is safe to say that intellectuals furnish a higher percentage of the prisoners and exiles of all the totalitarian states than any other class in the community.

What one misses in the book are the elements of synthesis and integration. There is no connected thread of narrative covering the development either of pre-fascist or of fascist Italy. And the work suffers from an almost inevitable handicap of *migré* literature: absence of first-hand knowledge of Italy during the last few years. Mr. Ascoli gives an adequate brief survey of the Italian press and universities under fascism; but one looks in vain for a thorough analysis of Mussolini's

state, of its political institutions, of its economy and financial devices, of how its machine of propaganda and terrorism works in specific detail. There is one interesting letter, not an optimistic one, incidentally, from an anti-fascist Italian who secretly revisited the country; but this is too short to answer the many questions to which one would like to have answers, apart from those provided by official fascist propagandists.

Professor Salvemini takes up a subject of considerable topical interest when he discusses the attitude of the four million Americans of Italian origin and unnaturalized Italians who reside in this country. He asserts that Italian Consulates in this country, under the guise of cultural propaganda, are organizing fascist activities on the radio, in the newspapers, in schools, churches, and social bodies with a predominantly Italian membership. He believes that "out-and-out fascists" constitute about five per cent of the Italian population, who attract about thirty-five per cent of the remainder, "people with a mentality which has not yet clearly become fascist and anti-democratic but which might crystallize at the first emergency."

One of the most moving documents in the book is the last letter of Lauro de Bosis, the poet who, in the true spirit of Garibaldi, took off from France in an airplane in order to scatter anti-fascist leaflets over Rome. He was never heard of afterwards.

There is also some useful historical material about the rise of fascism. Ignazio Silone makes the useful point that fascism was primarily a movement not against revolutionary communism, but against reformist socialism and against the trade-unions and agricultural coöperatives which were especially numerous in the valley of the Po. But the need for an authoritative historical and contemporary description of fascism in theory and practice remains unfilled.

"Glittering," says *Will Cuppy*—
"Chilling and engrossing," says
William Boehnel — "Eminently
exciting," says *Jack Ketch* — of

THE CROSS-EYED BEAR

by DOROTHY B. HUGHES

author of *The So Blue Marble*

A Bloodhound Mystery

\$2.00 DUELL, SLOAN AND PEARCE

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE DEADLY SUNSHADE <i>Phoebe Atwood Taylor</i> (Norton: \$2.)	Two dangerously close gun shots, and pair of envenomings, prove to Asey Mayo that all's not well in Cape Cod.	Some ludicrous stuff about super-patriotic women, a pair of hard-to-solve murders, and customary dry Mayo wit.	Very nice
NINE LIVES ARE NOT ENOUGH <i>Jerome Odum</i> (Sheridan House: \$2.)	Reporter, investigating violent death of Minneapolis "unknown," pries lid off plot that brings second death before cornered killer tells all.	Proceeds along well-ordered "tough guy" lines to unusually long and extraordinarily lucid death-bed revelations. In between plenty happens.	Six minute egg
THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT <i>Cedric Worth</i> (Dutton: \$2.)	Suspicious death of wealthy aunt speeds Insp. Sevrel to Pacific coast where demise of cultist and long-distance chase follows.	Neat game of cross purposes deftly played by sprightly characters, with pay-off that is logical if a bit tame.	Swift and sinuous
MURDER GOES TO BANK NIGHT <i>W. C. Clarke</i> (Hale, Cushman & Flint: \$2.)	Fatal skewering of prize winner panics Penna. theatre audience and gives police-reporter-turned-teacher chance to strut his stuff.	Considerable amount of good material carelessly hurled around, with leading character's blithe humor redeeming story to appreciable extent.	Fair

Bridges and Bradley

CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT BRIDGES AND HENRY BRADLEY: 1900-1923. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 187 pp., with index. \$2.75.

Reviewed by ANDREW J. GREEN

THE interest of the letters of Robert Bridges and Henry Bradley is chiefly parasitical, and lies much less in their content than in the personalities of the men who wrote them. Juxtaposing in random confusion domestic news with brief critical observations, they afford an intimate glimpse into the lives, minds, and activities of two men who, as the anonymous editor remarks in a prefatory note, were "not more impressive by their intellectual versatility than by their purity of heart." Easy and informal, and yet distinctive in their careless natural elegance, these letters are the products of talent or of genius in repose.

In serious subject matter they deal with the minutiae of the highly specialized interests and activities of their writers, and chiefly of those of Bridges. His experiments in quantitative verse in English, his invention of a phonetic font, his accession to the Laureateship, his concern for spelling reform and for a sounder pronunciation of Latin, his organization of the Society for Pure English, and his post-war overtures for intellectual rapprochement with German scholars, all form a helpful supplementary record. They are also of value in helping to fill a biographical void, for Bridges proscribed biography in his will; and they form with his memoir of Digby Mackworth Dolben, from which something of Bridges's youthful days at Eton and Oxford may be guessed, and with the "Letters of Gerard Manley Hopkins to Robert Bridges" (edited by C. C. Abbott), which cover the years 1865 to 1889, one of the three chief sources of information about the poet. In addition, since the Bridges's side of the Hopkins letters is missing, they comprise virtually all of the poet's correspondence as yet available to the reading public.

That "a few omissions have been judged necessary" is regrettable. It is possible, though Bradley's congratulatory note on page 124 is not necessarily a response, that Bridges may have written a letter with interesting

comment upon his acceptance of the Laureateship. Another missing letter by Bridges, between Bradley's letters of June and July, 1904, on pages 51 to 53, may have contained illuminating remarks upon the interpretation of his mask "Demeter." If so, the lacuna is grave; for to reject both Bradley's hypothesis, that the Cave of Caphysia represents "the intellectual doom of evil will," and the parallel hypothesis that the two visions of the mask are essentially symbolic representations of the Kantian choice (of two self-consistent hypotheses, reason compels us to choose the nobler), where no other consistent and significant interpretation has been advanced, is to deprive the mask of great metaphysical depth and beauty.

Bradley's letters to Bridges, though always modest and frequently deferential, repeatedly confirm W. A. Craigie's estimate in the "Dictionary of National Biography" of the man who from 1915 until his death in 1923 held the post of senior editor of the "New English Dictionary": "He possessed intellectual powers which transcended the ordinary bounds of scholarship and partook of the brilliancy of genius." His was a cogent mind, as rich in spiritual as in purely intellectual resources, and capable of a profundity the more striking because it seems so casual. The lexicographer and philologist, if indeed he did not surpass, matched the poet point for point in intellectual depth and power; and his intuitive penetration stands up well against Bridges's brilliant faculty of precise if sometimes pedantic discrimination and his egregious power of invention.

This volume is but one among hundreds of volumes of letters possessing at best only a supplementary utility, and therefore fated to only modest fame and favor, for the subject-matter is too recondite to be of wide appeal: but readers with any special interest in either Bridges or Bradley can feel only delight and gratitude for its appearance.

Andrew J. Green is an instructor in English at the University of Michigan, where he completed his work for the doctorate in 1939 with a dissertation on Robert Bridges.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 351)

DOROTHY THOMPSON
ODE TO REASON

The only conceivable source of culture and learning, the only possible spring of real progress, is in freedom of mind to continue in a search for these universally valid conceptions—truth, morality, social justice, and beauty.

(Courtesy of the New York Herald Tribune)

Yeats to Wellesley

LETTERS ON POETRY from W. B. Yeats to Dorothy Wellesley. New York: Oxford University Press. 1940. 216 pp. \$2.50.

Reviewed by DUDLEY FITTS

THERE is no more rewarding exercise, for student or plain reader of poetry, than the comparison of the early drafts of a good poem with the final text. In this book Lady Wellesley has provided a wealth of useful material, for here, in process of construction, are many of the last poems, some of which are Yeats at his best. As interesting as any is the Lover-Lady-Chambermaid cycle, whose established text appears in "Last Poems and Plays." The ballad of "The Three Bushes" is traced from its beginning. Lady Wellesley herself tries her hand at it, achieving only that curiously irritating glibness that is peculiar to the Yeats-struck versifier:

*O you are wild for love of me
And I with love am wild,*

and so on. "Yet what you send me," Yeats retorts, "is bad"; and greatly to our profit, he proceeds to show her in detail the ways in which her verses are bad. Then there is his own fine development of the theme; and surely the reader who takes the pains to compare this draft with that of "Last Poems" will have profited from the discipline of a complete little course in poetry.

Less useful, though no less entertaining, is the superb talk in Yeats's non-technical letters. Petulant, incisive, speculative, whimsical, trivial, profound—he is everything but dull. It is especially interesting to observe the twin strains of sexuality and snobishness, which seemed to become more marked in him as he grew older. That "wild old wicked man," "mad about women," was never more sexual than here; and his taste for titles and for titled ladies—a taste which jeopardized even some of his best poems ("A Prayer for My Daughter," for instance)—accounts for many an amusing incongruity in these letters. Both of these qualities seem rather to dazzle his correspondent; and while it was necessary, as she points out, to print portions of her letters in order that his might be intelligible, it seems a pity that she did not edit them. Where Yeats is perfectly at ease, she is frequently forced and not a little obtuse; and there is an infuriating feminine complacency about her that reaches almost divine heights of absurdity in the epitaph which, "fearing emotion, and hoping he would wish it," she made, "standing by his grave":

*In this little town of men
Who withstood the Saracen,
With Byron, Shelley, and with Keats
Let us now give praise for Yeats.*

It is hard to say which is the worst feature of this mortuary bijou.

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