

looked the one real lesson taught—the vulnerability of a motorized column to air attack.

Of his rambling dissertation upon the shortcomings in training and higher education of British officers, including a partly erroneous comparison of Sandhurst to West Point, but one item is of interest to the American reader—the necessity for analytic study of military history. Far too many professional soldiers on this side the water also dodge the subject, one stressed long before Liddell Hart's time by the greatest of captains—Napoleon. Incidentally, Captain Hart proves in his discussions of capital ships and sea power that he himself could with advantage devote some study to the works of the greatest expositor of sea power—Mahan.

Catch-phrases and clichés paraphrasing many principles of war spring from the author's facile pen in his discussion of the modern tactical problem. His confusion of the terms—*offense* and *aggression* in relation to the art of war—a fallacy common today amongst pseudo-tacticians—clouds the argument. Any generalization that defense is superior to offense ignores the basic fact that the winner of any fight is he who delivers the decisive blow—an act of offense and not defense; that in so doing he is or is not defending himself from aggression is beside the point.

A really sound conclusion of Captain Hart is that the trend of modern warfare is away from the "nation in arms" and towards smaller, highly professional armies—in other words to the "nation at war," with massed resources supporting the armed forces. His discussion of the Mediterranean question is perhaps the best part of the book. A map would help here—even the roughest of sketch-maps—as also in other parts of the work.

Captain Hart touches upon the highlights of present major-nation armament without becoming too technical and with wisdom avoids prophecies. He is perhaps a bit optimistic in giving consideration to the possibility of Soviet Russia ever mobilizing 6,000,000 men in a fortnight, and perhaps a bit too pessimistic in his estimate of the German high command. He clearly notes the moral rather than physical effect of parachute-dropped forces in a future war, and punctures the fantastic bugaboo of gas-terror from the air. He omits all reference to the highly important factors of Poland and the Little Entente.

Major Dupuy's own book, "If War Comes," written in conjunction with George Fielding Elliott is to be published in October by the Macmillan Company.

Contemporary Nationalism

NATIONALISM AND CULTURE. By Rudolf Rocker. New York: Covici-Friede. 1937. \$3.50.

Reviewed by CRANE BRINTON

THERE ought to be a word for this sort of book, but there isn't. Within certain limits, the reader knows what to expect when the reviewer analyzes for him a novel, a poem, a play, or even a biography or a history. Mr. Rocker, however, is writing about political philosophy, economic theory, metaphysics, history, anthropology, literature, theology, sociology, and a lot else. One is tempted to use Mr. Sorokin's recent unblushing coinage, "physico-psycho-socio-logical" writing, lumbering though it be. Perhaps, for lack of a better word, social philosophy will do.

Mr. Rocker's solution of the social problem is the anarchist one—a solution rarely reached by a German. Hitler's Germany is no place for anarchists, and this book is not in a p r o p r i a t e dated from Croton-on-Hudson. Mr. Rocker escaped from the Nazis in 1933 with nothing but the German manuscript of this book in his possession. Its publication in the original was obviously out of

the question, but after many difficulties the loyal efforts of friends have borne fruit in an excellent English translation by Mr. Ray E. Chase. The book is an interesting addition to the literature of philosophical anarchism and a rather pathetic evidence that even in these authoritarian days the moral fire that inspires the anarchist movement has not quite died away. It is a long book, nourished on the omnivorous reading so often found among the countrymen of Spengler, and so preoccupied with getting to the bottom of things that it frequently gets lost. Its core is a destructive analysis of contemporary nationalism, which has certainly been done more incisively by others, but not more exhaustively and not more bitterly. Mr. Rocker will not make converts, but one may assume that he hardly hopes to do so.

Two forces, in the author's own terminology, are contending over man's destiny—religion, which is bad, and culture, which is good. The root of religion is the will to power, the root of culture the will to coöperation and freedom. Religion has assumed various forms, originating apparently in primitive animism, and passing through fetichism and theism to its modern form, the worship of the State. In all its forms it has been the means by

which a power-hungry minority has secured the obedience of a cowed and deluded majority. With religion Mr. Rocker finds associated the things he dislikes—social castes and classes, resistance to change, intolerance, pride, war, cruelty, formalism, and so on. Power, hardened into religion, ends by corrupting its holders. The ruling minority becomes too stupid and unenterprising to rule, and is overthrown by another minority, which in its turn goes through the same process.

On the other side the forces of light are to be found in the benign and natural tendencies of the free human spirit, which lead men to wish to live and let live, to build their better impulses into culture, to join with their fellows in the search for more varied outlets for these impulses, to tolerate to the utmost the differing and fertile capacities of human beings uncursed by power politics. Mr. Rocker is a bit hard put to it to find a concrete society of this sort on earth, but he is inclined to see in the free urban communities of the Middle Ages something approximating his desires. This good political situation he calls federalism, as contrasted with evil nationalism. *Ecrasez l'infame* means today "crush the State." The outlook may seem dark, but the revolutionary energies of the last four hundred years, though often led astray, have really been directed towards true freedom, and we must not let them lag. One, or a few, more efforts and the incubus of State-Church-Politics will be lifted.

There is no more use in trying to "refute" Mr. Rocker than in trying to refute Keats or Mary Baker Eddy. Either Mr. Rocker's words evoke in you agreeable emotions of consent, or they don't. But it may be worth remarking that the anarchist temperament is generally faced with an unpleasant choice. Either the bad—authority, government—is incorporated in a minority of wicked men who have by force and fraud secured control over a majority of good men; or else the bad is incorporated in a majority of wicked or stupid men, the Hitlers and the Babbits, against whom a minority of good men are waging a hopeless, but ennobling and necessary, struggle. Not all anarchists face this dilemma squarely, but most of them are uncomfortably aware of it. Mr. Rocker is quite firmly on the first or democratic side, and holds the doctrine of the natural goodness of man in a pretty uncompromising form. This makes him a follower of Godwin, Fourier, Kropotkin, and other optimistic anarchists, who trust John Jones—up to a point—and look forward to "true" democracy. The second or aristocratic anarchist is a much more unhappy person, since his contempt for the masses is often contradictorily mixed with hope for their salvation. Nietzsche was clearly this sort of anarchist, and so, one suspects, is Mr. Bertrand Russell. The point of view embodied in the late lamented *Freeman*, and even the *American Mercury*, was an American variant of aristocratic anarchism.

It is perhaps possible to approach the study of man in society without ethical preoccupations, to be unmoved by such grand words as freedom and coöperation. This attitude, however, is even rarer than anarchism, and particularly rare among Germans.



LIDDELL HART

The New Books

Biography

THE LEARNED BLACKSMITH: *The Letters and Journals of Elihu Burritt.* By Merle Curti. New York: Wilson-Erickson, Inc. 1937. \$3.

Mr. Curti has published in recent years three books and several articles on the history of the American peace movement. As a by-product of his researches he has collected slightly more than one hundred letters written by Elihu Burritt, a major figure and the outstanding personality of the crusade. These letters, together with approximately ninety extracts from Burritt's rich twenty-eight volume manuscript journal and a running sketch of Burritt's life, Mr. Curti now presents in book form.

Burritt's career completely illustrates the range, mutability, and vigor that was typical of the provincial cultures which flourished in pre-Civil War America. The poverty into which he was born and which dogged his footsteps throughout life gave him strength—the strength of daily applying the ordinary virtues of thrift, sobriety, and industry. He earned his livelihood as a blacksmith and turned

from long hours of toil at the forge to evenings devoted to self-instruction. He disdained every suggestion that he should use his talents for self-aggrandizement. Refusing to divorce himself from manual labor and the contact it gave him with the aspirations of the working masses, he conceived his mission to be the improvement of the common man. His career led to prominence on both sides of the Atlantic as an organizer, promoter, and propagandist of reform movements, primarily pacifism, together with the kindred programs of abolition, temperance, labor reform, cheap ocean postage, and international arbitration.

Burritt deserves a full length biography by a historian of Mr. Curti's competence. What we have here is neither a biography nor a quite complete enough selection from the journal and scattered correspondence. Yet it suffices as an introduction. Burritt was able to transmit his ideas and something of his personality to paper. This, combined with Mr. Curti's knowledge and understanding of reform movements, produces a book that has charm and readability and sheds some light on an important chapter of American life. P. H. B.

Fiction

RUSH TO THE SUN. By William Brown Meloney. Farrar & Rinehart. 1937. \$2.50.

Two main elements are prominent in the plot of Mr. Meloney's novel. The first and more successfully exploited one centers around the hero, who is the very pattern of a practical farmer, able to make a living out of agriculture without appealing to Washington for aid, yet without something of an idealist. Surrounded by the sordid, he remains unengulfed, and his far from earthbound romance with the local schoolteacher presents philosophic overtones of some subtlety. His character is well delineated by the author, though not wholly convincingly. By contrast, the second important theme of the book seems brutally realistic, and is treated in less satisfying fashion. The hero's sister, a widow, marries the hired-man, not knowing that her seventeen-year-old daughter is already with child by him. Both mother and hired-man are disposed of in the ensuing tragic proceedings, but not before a great deal of space has been devoted to episodes of violence that come dangerously near the sort of thing burlesqued in "Cold Comfort Farm" and other satires on the novel of the soil. These bucolic passages, incidentally, are supposed to occur practically within commuting distance of New York.

Mr. Meloney naturally runs into occasional difficulties in trying to blend romance and realism sufficiently closely to carry off the story as a whole, and the narrative, though not without sting at its climax, is weakened by the conflicting elements in the plot and in the author's mind. There is much good writing of a simple, virile sort in the account of Alf, his farm, and his ideas, but in the other scenes due restraint is often lacking. It would take a new Zola to do full justice to certain incidents in the story, but Mr. Meloney's version is at least boldly conceived; the book is imperfect but interesting, giving ample evidence in its more lucid moments that a novelist of strength and resource will emerge once the author has worked off a little excess steam.

LET WINTER GO. By Isabel Wilder. Coward-McCann. 1937. \$2.

From the story contrast between two of the central figures of this novel Miss Wilder derives a picture of one of the largest unresolved problems of our day: what to do with the married woman who just does not want to take over the burdens—or even the compensations—of her married state. Alicia Rowe is in love with Francis Hyatt; she is philosophical, understanding—and the eldest of five. But Enid is married to Francis; she has never been trained to be anything except beautiful—and at that she still succeeds.

Our sympathy may be all for Francis, whose career she has ruined; or for their daughter Judy, whose childhood is shadowed by the quarrels which are the only way Enid finds of bringing drama into her life; but the fact remains that America is full of Enid Hyatts, and what shall we do to keep our Judys from growing up to be like them?

<h1>The Criminal Record</h1> <h2>The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction</h2>			
Title and Author	Crime, Place, Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
OCTAGON HOUSE Phoebe Atwood Taylor (Norton: \$2.)	Murders of amoral artists' model and wealthy play-boy, also whereabouts of \$50,000 lump of ambergris, irk Asey Mayo consid'ble.	Cape Cod characters, incensed by recognizable figures in libelous post-office murals, add quaintness and humor to dizzily plotted yarn.	For Asey fans
MURDER GOES IN A TRAILER Timothy Brace (Dutton: \$2.)	Double killing in Florida trailer camp solved by sleuth Anthony Adams who rolls super-de-luxe trailer of his own.	Crimes not so "perfect" as blurb alleges but background is timely, plot puzzling, and suspense holds up well.	Worth-while
CAPTAIN SAMSON, A.B. Gavin Douglas (Putnam: \$2.)	Falsified chart sends Samson's ship on rocks. Determined to get wrecker he ships as common seaman on steamer with suspect.	Choleric captain, unused to taking orders, simmers ominously through tempestuous yarn, finally exploding as criminal almost succeeds second time.	Rip-snorter!
WHO IS NEMO? Roy Douglas (Lippincott: \$2.)	Nameless waif rescued from drunken killer by female Fagin develops into daring lone wolf crook and finally discovers his true name.	Variation No. 973 on hallowed theme, with gangster trimmings, romantic furbelows, villainy no end, and blood telling, hurray, at finish.	Time-passer
MYSTERY PUZZLES Austin Ripley (Stokes: \$1.)	Sixty "minute mysteries" (case on one page: solution, upside down, next) solved by Prof. J. Fordney—and reader.	Some answers are abecedarian others pretty tricky. All "cases" are snappy and the Dr. Seuss pictures are howls.	Diverting
CAVALIER OF CRIME Frank Hedley (Lippincott: \$2.)	English airman sees easy way to make money in robbing rich, and gets away with it.	Picaresque yarn with some amusing and exciting situations also much romantic flub-dub.	Trifling