

a dissecting-out of the underlying premises and attitudes which have pervaded it all, and a sense of the cumulative progression of the subject through a sequence of economic thinkers. He would hope to find constantly an exposition of the interplay between changing social conditions and economic ideas. He does find enough of these things to give him the frustrating conviction that Mr. Dorfman might have provided them in fuller measure.

Still, if this is not an interpretation which sets up insights and overviews, it nevertheless occupies a unique place as the source to which readers must go to work out insights and overviews of their own. No other history of economic thought offers anything approaching the fullness which this treatise provides.

For instance, the seven pages on Isaac M. Rubinow serve not only to save from oblivion the memory of an important economist, but also to show how thoroughly the idea of social security had been worked out before the question of social security ever became a national issue. Throughout these two volumes, in fact, one reads a story of changes in economic thought which foreshadowed important changes in economic policy: the regulation of security markets; the doctrine of overproduction, underconsumption and underspending, and with it the concomitant theory of pump-priming; the belief in political intervention to steady the economy, by public works, by deficit finance, and by the use of monetary and credit controls—all of these developed as ideas during the Harding-Coolidge-Hoover era before they became policies in the era of the New Deal. If Mr. Dorfman's comments do not underscore these relationships, his facts document them to the hilt. For the ends of scholarship, he has done it the hard way, but perhaps the more enduring one.



—W. Ziemazcki.

Mario Einaudi—From 1933 to 1953.

III. The New Deal

By D. W. Brogan

IT IS evident that Professor Einaudi has had two different aims in *"The Roosevelt Revolution."* But whereas double vision spoils most books, it adds greatly to the merits of this one and makes it one of the most intelligent and most useful surveys of the epoch of FDR (and of HST) that have been published. The title was used a quarter of a century ago by Ernest K. Lindley in one of the best books produced by the onrush of the New Deal, but Professor Einaudi and Mr. Lindley are not only separated by the changed perspective of a quarter of a century, they have different primary markets in mind. Mr. Lindley was concerned to show to the bewildered American public of 1934 what was happening to them; Professor Einaudi looks backward over that quarter of a century and tells what has happened. Then Mr. Lindley had his own countrymen in mind, while it is evident that Professor Einaudi writes, in part, for a European audience.

He is concerned to show to the dogmatic, class-conscious, supercilious, and ignorant European intellectual that many things, important things, good things happened in the United States roughly between 1933 and 1953 (there is no necessary implication that they have ceased happening). That this should be necessary may surprise Americans, but few things could work more for the health not only of NATO but of all the Western world than an acceptance of the fact that the picture drawn by a now quite old tradition is false. Mr. Aneurin Bevan has told us how his picture of America was deeply colored by reading Jack London's *"Iron Heel"* (so was mine), and there have been comparable traumatic experiences for a great many leaders of public opinion in Europe.

Then the success of the American economy is an affront to European Socialists, so attention is devoted to the spots in the sun, at the moment to unemployment for instance. Professor Einaudi's chronology does not permit him to deal with it, but the execution of the Rosenbergs recalled Sacco and Vanzetti, not to speak of the Chicago anarchists, to millions of class-conscious Europeans.

Professor Einaudi tells them to "come off it." He recalls to their forgetful minds the immense extension of liberty (not just for the intellectuals, for all people, even the Negroes), the immensely wider and more egalitarian distribution of economic goods, the humanization of

American society, the creation of a much more perfect union than existed in 1933 or during the Harding-Coolidge boom. Again and again I found myself saying "how right," even though some of the more absurd examples of European resentful left-wing snobbery are Continental rather than British. I can only hope that this book is translated, read, and digested in France, Italy, Germany.

But what is its utility for Americans? Partly the utility of showing how the picture of America is distorted abroad; that itself is something worth learning. But it has a much greater value than that. For Professor Einaudi recalls to Americans much that they have forgotten: the debacle of business leadership; the calling into public service of young, hopeful, boundlessly enterprising men and women. The fresh air of hope that marked the early New Deal has never been better conveyed. The institutional changes are clearly and lucidly described, and few will not gain by having their memories refreshed. But some readers may, with some justice, assert that too golden a picture has been painted. NRA was not a Fascist device but it was not a very effective device. FDR was a political genius and a bold administrator, but he was not a model administrator, and some of his handling of issues—like the budget scares of 1937-1938—could have been more harshly viewed. Even the history of the TVA was not as idyllic as is here suggested. The firm leadership of the first term was not so evident in the second. But in dealing with the war terms, Professor Einaudi rightly points out that Roosevelt did not put the New Deal in permanent cold storage and, as the war came to an end, was pondering the domestic problems in a fresh and liberal spirit.

In only one section do I think that Professor Einaudi's zeal leads him astray. He calls the Court plan "ingenuous." Surely it suffered from being disingenuous and might have succeeded if FDR had fought for it openly from the beginning. Then there seems to me some discrepancy in the two accounts of the "Roberts switch." It is one thing to assert that the Supreme Court was getting ready to follow the election returns, another to imply, as is done in one place, that it followed the introduction of the Court bill and surrendered to avert worse things. There are a few minor errors (Manchester, New Hampshire, is not a village. Is Professor Einaudi thinking of Manchester, Vermont?), but these are trivia, for *"The Roosevelt Revolution"* is a first-class example of narrative, interpretation, and polemic.

On the Stone Span of Eternity

"The Bridge on the Drina," by Ivo Andric; translated by Lovett F. Edwards (Macmillan. 314 pp. \$3.50), an historical novel about the Slavic peoples, is the first publication in English by a contemporary Yugoslav author. Egon Hostovsky is a Czechoslovak writer, now living in this country, whose novels have included "The Midnight Patient" and "The Charity Ball."

By Egon Hostovsky

I VO ANDRIC's novel may well be the first sample of Serbo-Croatian literature accessible to American readers. And even to those familiar with contemporary Yugoslav fiction in translation, Andric's saga of "The Bridge on the Drina" should bring a pleasant surprise. It is undoubtedly a great work by a great writer, revealing in many respects more intensity and depth than do the novels and short stories of Miroslav Krleza, the most-translated Yugoslav author in the period between the two wars.

The bridge on the Drina is the stone span erected in Bosnia early in the sixteenth century at the expense of a Bosnian-born Turkish vizier. The story of the three-and-a-half-centuries-old bridge is one of land and man, of wars and barbaric incursions, of national freedom and serfdom; idyllic years alternate with years of famine; it teems with people and episodes rendered unforgettable by the vitality with which a most unusual narrator and poet has infused them. The chronicle is reminiscent of Tolstoy's monumental style, and,



—Yugoslav Information Center.
Ivo Andric—reminiscent of Tolstoy.

at the same time, of the lyric tone of Turgenev.

In the author's conception, the ancient bridge is a piece of eternity, forged by human hands and baptized with the bold dreams of men. It has outlasted generations, invasions, wars, and peace. Everything around it was continually changing, rotting, dying, being reborn; but the bridge has stood immutable, the witness of values and efforts that do not pass. "Its life, though mortal in itself, resembled eternity for its end could not be perceived."

In this panoramic drama of the

bridge over the Drina, Ivo Andric has written the saga of his native Bosnia, the legendary country where the fate of the Balkans and of Europe has so often been decided. The memorable characters, the revival of folk legends and ballads, and the grand epic frescoes painted with captivating skill in this book bring to mind Henri Pourrat's poetic chronicle of Auvergne, "Gaspard des Montagnes." And as an ideological counterpoise, Andric's "Bridge" evokes Thornton Wilder's "Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Ivo Andric is a former Yugoslav diplomat who now devotes himself only to writing. He holds the highest literary prizes of his country and is chairman of the Association of Yugoslav Writers. Few authors representative of the literatures of the smaller Slavic nations have found such excellent translators into English as has Andric in Lovett F. Edwards.

Thaw in the Winter of Tyranny

"Bitter Harvest," edited by Edmund Stillman (Praeger. 320 pp. \$5), is a collection of post-Stalin "revisionist" writings from countries within the Soviet sphere. A foreign correspondent for The New York Times and the author of "American in Russia," Harrison Salisbury is now in Moscow.

By Harrison Salisbury

TO THOUGHTFUL men and women around the world nothing in recent years has matched the drama of the "thaw" in critical, literary, and philosophical thinking behind what it has become a habit to call "the iron curtain." It is the fruit of this movement that has touched all of the nations east of the Elbe, to one extent or another, that Mr. Stillman calls "Bitter Harvest." The bitterness derives, of course, from the fact that the thaw only too often has been followed by a quick and killing frost.

However, it would be wrong to think that the powerful currents in the Communist countries which gave rise to the movement symbolized in Hungary by the "Petofi circle," in Poland by the still vigorous literary renaissance, in the Soviet Union by the stories of Dudintzev, Granin, and a host of others, and in China by the brief blooming of the 100 flowers has been extinguished. As soon

imagine that the Volga or the Yangtze has been changed in the direction of its flow to the sea.

True, some members of the Petofi circle paid with their lives for the courage of their poetical dissent. True, there have been some heavy-handed efforts to set the clock back in Moscow. And in China the flowers long since have been trampled underfoot with the rise of the new communes. But no one who reads the literary output of the Communist lands is unaware of the fact that the fresh winds are still blowing, although, like the breezes of March, they are only too apt to change radically in direction and temperature.

Mr. Stillman's service is that he has gathered a broad spectrum of the writings of the thaw—poetry, philosophy, short stories, fragments of novels, essays—into one book. This makes available to the American reader for the first time such brilliant satirical contributions as S. Kirsanov's "We Need Useful Hearts," Alexander Yashin's devastating commentary on Soviet officialdom, "The Levers," the Polish writer Adam Schaff's indictment of "Socialism" as practised by the Soviet Union, and, from Yugoslavia, Milovan Djilas's critique on the class struggle.

At first glance the contributions seem almost too diverse to be included in one anthology. But each in its way is a perceptive analysis of life under