

out waiting for its "value" to be defined. The upshot of course is that if you miss poetry through preoccupation with the affairs of life or the abstractions of science you undoubtedly miss something that has enriched the lives of others—and this enrichment Mr. Strong generously shows.

PETER MUNRO JACK

**ST. IGNATIUS** by *Christopher Hollis* (HARPERS. \$2.50)

THIS life of the soldier-saint is sympathetically and interestingly written, as well as sincere and historically sound. It is well worth reading if you are interested in Saint Ignatius, or in the Jesuits, or in the Catholic Church.

Ignatius of Loyola was a Basque of noble family. As a soldier, he had risen to the rank of captain when, defending Pamplona against the French, he suffered a wound. During his prolonged convalescence he read Ludolph of Saxony's life of Christ, and some lives of the saints. This reading it was that started him on the paths of sanctity and of learning. The conversion of the heathen, particularly in Palestine, was his purpose in founding the Company (or Society) of Jesus. It was his plan that the Jesuits should be, as they are, the light cavalry of the Church: perfectly disciplined and mobile, ready, at the command of a superior, to go upon the instant, without provision for the journey, to any part of the world. Hollis enthusiastically and vividly pictures Saint Ignatius's achievement in his application of military virtues and organization to the service of religion.

This book is fuller, and, I think, more painstakingly accurate than Francis Thompson's. The style is less readable, yet ultimately more satisfactory, since it does not distract with rush of words and constant conscious artistry. Hollis records controversies and

quotes authorities, where Thompson sets down the probability as the truth, and hastens on with the story. Hollis's view of the historical background and of the political and social conditions of the time is vividly transcribed and generally accurate.

Mr. Hollis well says in his concluding chapter: "The first truth about Saint Ignatius is that he was in love with God". Better art and more essentially faithful biography might have resulted from making this love the dominating *motif* of the book, as it was of Ignatius's life; from giving the saint's mystical experiences as much attention as his physical activities. However, the book as it is is effective as a source of edification, entertainment, or information.

KENTON KILMER

**IMPRESSIONS OF JAPANESE ARCHITECTURE** by *Ralph Adams Cram* (MARSHALL JONES. \$4.00)

THIS volume is a reprint, with the exception of the Conclusion, of an excellent collection of essays on the architecture and allied arts of Japan, first published in 1905 and long out of print. It is particularly welcome at the present moment for three rather different reasons. First of all, it is probably the best short survey of Japanese art that exists in English. Although discussions of architecture and interior decoration, in theory and detail, occupy more than half of the book, and the development of painting, sculpture, landscape-gardening and the minor arts is summed up in brief résumé, the arts are treated throughout so consistently as various aspects of the same thing that one is left with a fine sense of their combined significance in Japanese culture. From the influx of Buddhism at the end of the sixth century to the opening of the ports in the middle of the

nineteenth is one long gradual unbroken curve in the history of Japanese art. And our Western succession of Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic and Renaissance—followed by the even hastier and more nervous reiterations of the past two centuries—must inevitably seem restless and imperfect by comparison. But the smooth curve and the jagged one have the same roots, for, as Dr. Cram points out, the early Korean-influenced temples of Japan bear exactly the same relation to Greece as does the Romanesque: it is only the trackless steps across the East that render it unfamiliar to Western eyes. And it is the essential blood-kinship of this “perfect style in wood” that Dr. Cram emphasizes, rather than the more superficially apparent exotic strangeness.

This kinship, however, is much more immediate than the author himself appears to realize. The principles behind the best Japanese architecture and interior decoration and disposition are, as Dr. Cram states and illustrates them, almost identical with those which are producing the best and clearest modern work of the West, scarce and misunderstood as it is as yet. Fitness to purpose and surroundings, honest pleasure in material, reposeful simplicity, elimination of the unnecessary and the working out of communal type-solutions, are ideals as new in the West as they are old and tried in the East. And an appreciative understanding of what these principles have achieved in the course of rich twelve-century-long development and decline cannot but be immensely valuable to the beginning Westerner, as some indication not only of the ultimate virtues to be attained, but also of the most vulnerable points of weakness, in over-stylization, in formality to the point of discomfort. It is interesting to note that the 1905 edition of this book was acclaimed by a twelve-page review in *The*

*Craftsman*, that well-meaning if often misguided early manifestation of the rational modern spirit.

And finally, these essays are a perfect example of that extraordinary and wilful inconsistency which marks the scholarly gentlemen of the old school of whom Dr. Cram is perhaps the most distinguished representative. I said that the author was unaware of the kinship between the best of Japan and the best contemporary experiments. But “unaware” is no word to use for his militant contempt for all things modern. In his appreciation of the honesty of ancient Japanese architecture, its environmental and emotional fitness, its indigenous quality, the essential relationship between method and the state of society, industry, economics . . . no one could be clearer or more pointed. Whole paragraphs could have been written by Mr. Oud or Mr. Mumford, as a modern credo. But what does one discover? On the very first page, that the author had shamelessly “built a pseudo-Japanese house in Fall River”! Of all the architects of our day, surely none has been more concretely and inconsistently guilty of evoking the “archæological Frankenstein, soulless, dead, doomed to sudden extinction” (see p. 107) than Dr. Cram himself.

C. K. BAUER

ONCE A GRAND DUKE by *Alexander, Grand Duke of Russia* (FARRAR & RINEHART. \$3.50)

THESE memoirs of the Grand Duke Alexander, cousin to the late Czar Nicholas II, form, in their way, as interesting a monument to the imperial régime in Russia as any we have. There is little grace in their telling, but the events themselves are of such magnitude that grace is unnecessary. Although they