

I know no religious writer who has refuted with so much Christian humanism and learned sagacity the religious claims of both the reactionary church politicians and the exhibitioners of modernism. Indeed it is his school of thought which was able to lay to some degree the unseemly quarrel in the Church of England a good quarter of a century ago. His little book on personal religion is not a systematic treatise. For that the reader may look into his "Outspoken Essays." This booklet is merely a collection of stray reflections on religious beatitudes. But only a vast cultural investment could be responsible for so many sage glimpses of truth. And all these flashes converge on one central definition: religion is a mystic universe; it is a dream world of strength and beauty and exalting recreation from whose threshold the believer returns spiritually invigorated for a more meaningful and moral mastery of "this world," which otherwise would be quite as mean, empty, brief, and brutal as it seems. Our momentary pleasures cease with gratification; only religion can throb them into the "joy which is the triumph of life"; "God punishes the useless by giving them pleasure without joy." Our sorrows are but petty worries unless religion purges them with the sense of tragedy, whose touch alone can fraternize mankind. Our little hopes are either tricks "of looking at the bright side of things" or mere selfish wishes unless religion lifts them into the serenity of Faith. In short, for Dean Inge "it is otherworldliness which alone can transform this world."

With multiplying thousands I fail to follow the Dean of St. Paul's. I find a more vital option in the Hellenic search for beauty in each moment—and let it go at that; in Bertrand Russell's freeman's worship of man's tragic comradeship with truth—and let it go at that; in Axel Heyst's noble and agnostic resignation to his inner decency, which is Conrad's notion of all there is to moral victory. To bind goodness, truth, and beauty into one grand teleological religious urge seems to me to detract from their intrinsic values. To Dr. Inge they have no meaning but as a trinitarian mandate under a personal Godhead, which mystically consecrates them for our inner guidance and—human nature being what it is—for some outer forms of worship. That is religion, he says. It is. And—it seems to go against the Zeitgeist. But one must respect the author for the emotional and intellectual sincerity with which he has so exquisitely cultivated his "kingdom of faith . . . which is not of this world."

Though the more prancing kind of modernism has been tired out in England since the nineties, for sheer religious demagoguery—intellectually unkempt, sham-erudite, and quack-courageous—we have produced nothing to beat Miss Royden's "Friendship of God." Our Fifth Avenue religious illuminati use at least good-looking English and do not court illogic to absurdity. The lady preacher takes us into her divine chumminess as follows: "The revelation of natural law was needed to make us understand, even dimly, the sublime constancy of spiritual law. We have that revelation now and it has brought us nearer to our high amazing destiny—to be the friends of God." We might dismiss this meaningless outburst as pure piffle if modern psychology did not warn us that piffle has a meaning all its own. And indeed the modernist defense-mechanism could not have been caricatured with greater felicity than it is here. Miss Royden's table of contents is a perfect program for her sort of show: Spiritual Sight ("I believe that our Lord had the most scientific spirit that ever lived"); The Laws of Life (science and religious revelation are the same); What is a Christian? ("to be a Christian is to be like Christ"—nothing less); Some Forms of Worship (worship is "love and praise and wonder that goes out to things that are worshipful, wonderful, and lovely"). And so on and on for 138 pages without a single disciplined idea, even by accident. It would be pitiful did not pity turn to irritation when Miss Royden claims in Charles Darwin "a modern prophet" of her own views. She admits that, in spite of his almost abnormal shrinking from religious controversies, he was forced to put himself

down as an "agnostic . . . who did not know whether there was a God." But she does not permit his memory to rest in peace. From his very agnosticism she deduces by a triumphant syllogism which would have dizzied a medieval monk his profound religiosity—his belief in the divinity of Christ. Apparently nothing is sacred to the open-minded.

BENJAMIN STOLBERG

Galsworthy's World

The White Monkey. By John Galsworthy. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.

THE generations of the years pass before Mr. Galsworthy's eyes like a dream remote and twilit in the pathos of receding distance. Like one of his own Forsytes he sits under a blanket on a chair giving vision of green lawns and slant autumnal sun and the world dying. He would have us believe that all old people sit brooding to conjure up the past in a haze of regretful memory wherein first love was indeed sweet with all regret and young men of a sterner age looked upon the roast beef when it was red. His young men and women lack body. It is only the older characters who possess sinew and root, and these only in remembrance of wine past. Even when Mr. Galsworthy tries to be most scrupulous toward the unrest of what he thinks is the younger generation, he cannot really esteem the young. He can care only for the youth of his own youth. In his exquisite story *The Apple Tree* he is most beautifully himself, the historian not of old age and not of youth but of an adolescence which has never outgrown the recollection of desire, caught into a new harsh world it cannot understand except in pain, the dupe of a fine pure sensibility to what cannot return and never in its own time met true fulfilment. Both to the Forsytes and to Mr. Galsworthy himself, ah! death is life indeed, the days that are no more!

When he writes of a young man he most clearly likes Mr. Galsworthy names his tale *The Apple Tree* or *The Dark Flower*, both fragrant in a bloom that is dying, dying, dying. When he writes of a generation he cannot like he names his tale *The White Monkey*. For him, even when he is most sincerely sorry for the bad world, it is a generation resembling a fantastic biped which has sucked the fruit and tasted only the rind. At the last he can give Soames Forsyte his due and make him the chief figure of his belated esteem. His young man, Michael Mont, is simply the fine and pure young man, the Galsworthy young man. His heroine, Fleur Forsyte, who has married Michael, like all his heroines has never put on flesh even when she is said to be tempted by the flesh of the poet, Wilfrid Desert. For the rest Mr. Galsworthy includes at length a cockney man and his girl wife, both pigeons transfixed by the tearing hawks of the modern world, invented indeed to show that world how much Mr. Galsworthy prefers two souls, tender and true, to the barren discords of modern art. In losing his money through too honest a business conscience Soames Forsyte is washed pure from his sins. Even in defeat he is more admirable than the young people who practice the disintegration of the technique of painting and poetry.

No one else in the world could have written the story of Victorine and Tony Bicket and not fallen into the ultimate mire of sentimentalism. Tony packs books in the publishing house of Michael's father. His girl wife is stricken with pneumonia. Tony steals books, sells them, and pays the doctor's bills. He is discovered and fired from his job, for all Michael's efforts to retain him in some capacity. He buys balloons and sells them on street corners. Victorine recovers. Acting on Michael's recommendations, she poses as a model, at last posing in the altogether but remaining immaculate. Tony learns the awful truth, but believes her protestations of innocence. With the money earned they set out for Australia, out of it all. They would do just that very thing! A good-hearted cockney pathetically selling balloons! Mr. Galsworthy alone would go

to such extremes and give them the fine flavor of his pity. Denry the Audacious might have sold balloons, but he would have won a fortune. Kipps might have sold balloons, not burst by pity but blown up to a full humor. Mr. Galsworthy suffers balloons, sadly.

Fleur is supposed to represent the blind alley of the younger generation. She comes to the brink but does not fall into the gulf of darkness. At the propitious moment Wilfrid refrains, yields up the manuscript of his new poems, and takes the next train for Arabia. Fleur has not married for love (you will remember young Jolyon), and she is for a time caught into every gusty swirl of new art and new life. At the end she finds she is going to have a baby, she has the baby, and everything is quite all right. Mr. Galsworthy even has her practice Couéism—all related without the ghost of a smile. In Soames's and Michael's happiness Mr. Galsworthy is himself most happy. All the discords have been resolved into an assuaging harmony (quite obviously in C major) and the white monkey by a simple process of magic has been transformed into the child of the ages.

No one would ask Mr. Galsworthy to be other than himself alone in the rare fine world he has builded from dreams of regret and aching lost beauty and a pity that is itself the echo of its own sorrow. It is a world, and it is most complete and final in the Forsyte Saga, where you can dwell or not just as you choose. It is not copied from this world, but imagined by Mr. Galsworthy's own art. Perhaps it offers less rich substance than the worlds of other artists, each one spinning like a universe by the laws of its own being. Mr. Galsworthy cannot give you roast beef, but the memory of roast beef. He cannot give you love, but the remembered loss of love. He cannot give you women, but dreams of fair women. He is limited by his own fineness and his own pain at the harsh discords of what he thinks is the modern world. He can mistake the advertised temperaments of small mean literary cliques for the authentic voice of God, and so dismiss all modern art. Yet he can give us something no one has ever before given. He can give us the world himself has created.

A. DONALD DOUGLAS

Engineering or Architecture?

Sticks and Stones. By Lewis Mumford. Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.

IT is a stimulating adventure to open a book on American architecture and find neither those sycophantic appreciations, beautifully illustrated, which form so important a part of the current periodical literature of the subject, nor, on the other hand, those equally one-sided, bitterly pessimistic attacks on all modern work which characterize another type of criticism. For Mr. Mumford has seen deeply into architecture; careful historical study has given him an authoritative background; he has realized that behind that stream of form which makes the "style" of any place or date there is a reason; he has asked the why of form in American architecture. The answer is inevitable; it is the quality of the civilization that gave it birth. Architecture can exist only as an expression of civilization; in any complete understanding of one a knowledge of the other is implicit. Mr. Mumford has called his book "Sticks and Stones." There is a gentle sarcasm in the title itself, for to him architecture is rather of the spirit; it is the soul of a people's life exemplified.

The book is built upon a careful historical examination of the parallel development of American architecture and American culture. This historical analysis is an important and pioneer piece of work, expressed with a concise vividness. Time and again, in one telling phrase, the entire picture of an epoch is evoked, and the architectural forms of that epoch are at once seen in their inevitability. For instance, in talking of the development of land-speculation as a result of pioneering, Mr. Mumford says: "If the older cities of the seaboard were limited in their attempts to become metropolises by the

fact that their downtown sections were originally laid out for villages, the villages of the Middle West labored under just the opposite handicap; they had frequently acquired the framework of a metropolis before they had passed out of the state of a village." Thus one sentence sums up and makes vivid the pioneering philosophy behind all the unimaginative and arrogant stupidity that underlies a thousand down-at-heel and jerry-built towns.

The chapters on The Diaspora of the Pioneer and The Defeat of Romanticism vividly recreate almost forgotten periods with a perfect and biting equanimity. They are more candid and level-headed than the first chapter, The Medieval Tradition, where the cool clarity of insight is blurred—like a mirror breathed upon—by the fact that in the Puritan village of the seventeenth century Mr. Mumford has found his long-sought Utopia; in the presence of one's divinity one's eyes are always veiled. But in the consideration of modern architecture the clarity is complete, and the examination of the effect of industrialism on architecture and on life is entirely convincing, once Mr. Mumford's implied definition of architecture is accepted.

For architecture has a double meaning. On the one hand it is the entire corpus of that portion of human environment which is man-built; on the other, it includes only those buildings in which the effort to build beautifully—that is, the creative ideal—has been dominant. The only flaws to be picked in Mr. Mumford's criticism lie in his occasional confusion of the two definitions, for his sociological sympathies lead him to emphasize the totality of building as an important human expression, and his admiration of certain past periods leads him to consider great works of art in those periods as sociologically inevitable, while the great beauty of much modern work is considered either an "accidental result" or "outside the purview of our commercial system." This is contradictory; one hazards, with due humility, the opinion that the Lincoln Memorial, by the late Henry Bacon, or the Nebraska State Capitol, by the late Bertram Goodhue, or "the prosperous country homes and college buildings and churches and municipal institutions" in which "a tradition of good building and tactful design has been established" are quite as close to the spirit of this age as the cathedrals of thirteenth-century France are to that, and the taste that animates the styles—academic or secessionistic—of today quite as inevitable as that differing taste which set the *chimères* on Notre Dame grinning over the Paris housetops. The "style" is an accident, a mere vocabulary; wherever true beauty has entered, now or generations ago, it is because the creative spirit has brooded over the creation, which is raised at once to a new plane; the true art of architecture is timeless and without bounds of geography or dates.

Once this distinction is grasped, and "Sticks and Stones" seen as a history and criticism not of architecture as an art but of architecture as the totality of building, its analyses and conclusions become inescapable. The modern problem is not bad architectural art but the too frequent lack of architecture itself; engineering seems to the modern so much more "efficient." Where else than in this book has the function and the misuse of the engineer in modern life been so succinctly set forth? Where else the inevitable ugliness of the results of the uncurbed realtor? Where else is the ultimately destructive character of current industrialism and business initiative so vividly presented? Or the futility of an almost endless and unplanned city growth? For the ugliness, incoherence, monotony, stupidity of much modern building, the wrecked countrysides, the dreary city fringes, the foul slums do not grow of themselves but are the terrible children of a civilization whose aim is gain got with the ruthlessness of the pioneer and the efficiency of the engineer. Beauty cannot come down to walk with the people under such a civilization. So the examination of the history of building in America leads surely to the ruthless and forceful criticism of the wastefulness and the

underlying inhumanity of the rampant industrialism of our own time. By all odds "Sticks and Stones" is the most stimulating book on architecture in many a long day.

TALBOT FAULKNER HAMLIN

Regular Journalism

Those Europeans. By Sisley Huddleston. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

MR. HUDDLESTON'S sketches of twenty more or less well-known Europeans are the sort of thing which a foreign correspondent, when the exigencies of news permit or by way of showing his good intentions, sends home to his Sunday paper. In Europe, where readers are more accustomed to international gossip, they might go on week-days as well.

They are not news, although phrases like "now" and "last year" frequently appear and obviously Mr. Huddleston is never very far from his last edition; not good straight reporting; still less history or literature; but that crisp, fluent, entirely superficial and generally useless sort of "to-sh" which springs from typewriters on which Reparations, Mustapha Kemal, the Polish Corridor, Ramsay MacDonald, the Twilight of Europe, Mussolini, or whatever else happens to make the front page is always good for a column and a half—until something else makes the front page and these are as if they had never been. Mr. Huddleston polishes off Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Masaryk, Primo de Rivera, Anatole France, D'Annunzio, Sir John Bradbury, Stresemann, General Sikorski, and the Pope among his twenty, and he hops from London to Anatolia, from Morocco to the Rhineland, without saying anything of the slightest importance about any of them. Nothing, that is, unless one were looking for a sort of Who's Who of personalities of the moment, so that before going out to dinner one might be tipped off, so to speak, as to who Dr. Dorten or Sir William Goode, for example, might be. The least perfunctory of the portraits, perhaps, is that of Clemenceau. Mr. Huddleston contributes nothing that is not known already by everybody who has met the Tiger, but he does give a hint of the personality of that extraordinary old man—"perhaps the greatest man our generation has produced," Mr. Huddleston thinks. The chapter labeled Lord Cecil, on the other hand, is merely a few trite paragraphs on the League with practically nothing about its distinguished advocate.

Subtlety of characterization is not one of Mr. Huddleston's strong points. This man is "the right man in the right place," that one "head and shoulders above," and so on. Anatole France, whose characteristic mood is compared to that of Omar Khayyam in the "Remold it nearer to our Heart's Desire" quatrain, "may be described as the highest flower of culture yet produced, the topmost peak of human intelligence." As for more or less controversial questions, "whether you agree that . . . or, on the other hand, that . . . certainly it must be admitted" . . . and, in any case, "much will depend on the course of events." While political Spain "hardly counts for much . . . there can be little doubt that, as Mr. Valery Larbaud remarks, 'Spain is perhaps the foremost intellectual nation of our time.'" By way of supporting his "there can be no doubt that perhaps," Mr. Huddleston presents the following bit of illuminating criticism: "At the head of the writers, philosophers, artists is Miguel de Unamuno, who may be taken to be the antithesis of Primo de Rivera. In literature, Benito Pérez Galdós was followed by Palacio Valdés; Vicente Blasco Ibáñez can not be omitted, nor can Pio Baroja. Among the younger men is the extremely original Ramon Gomez de la Serna. In painting, Picasso has influenced the whole of European art. In music one finds such names as those of Albeniz, Granados, and Manuel de Falla."

The Fascisti wear black shirts, it seems, and "while there is much that appears like play-acting in Fascism, there is also a sincere purpose, a sincere belief . . ." Morocco used to be

a savage sort of place, but now that the French have had a chance at it "there exist side by side with rush huts great tourist hotels of the most modern kind, splendid villas, and all the appurtenances of civilization as it is known in the big cities of the world. . . ."

Either author or compositor is responsible for some very curious words and phrases. Among them is a French quotation with two English "at's" in it, while the English version of *enfant de volupté* is "infant of volupty"!

Mr. Huddleston is a veteran journalist, and undoubtedly, at his daily task, a very capable one. We hope that he is one of the "best" journalists, for he tells us on page 23 that while "politicians are often the narrowest of men, the best journalist is the broadest of men." Breadth in the sense of extension, of getting about to many people and places, he shows in his book. Unhappily he seems to possess no other dimension.

ARTHUR RUHL

Books in Brief

The Common Sense of Music. By Sigmund Spaeth. Boni and Liveright. \$2.

Dr. Spaeth has achieved two impossibilities: he has written a low-brow textbook, and he has covered—thinly—the subject. In 375 pages he disposes of the classification of compositions and styles; thematic material; jazz, its origin, value, and technique; the theory of rhythm; intervals and simple harmony; the cycle of keys; the form of songs, sonatas, etc.; descriptions and drawings of orchestral instruments; instructions for "natural pianists," "close harmony artists," and musical parlor tricks of various kinds; a chapter on interpretation; a chapter on the literature; a glossary that contrives to be a miniature Grove's Dictionary—all in words of one syllable or less, sometimes oversimplified, but seldom condescending. Who can resist even a hard subject like the organ, for instance, when he is introduced to it like this? "If you watch an organist at work, you may think he is playing dominoes, or running a switch-board, for he is constantly pulling or turning over certain 'stops' and oblongs, inscribed like a Mah Jongg set." Or object to reading a press-agent for Bach as long as he fills his copy with anecdotes and puns? The copious illustrations mix "Boolah," "Three O'Clock in the Morning," and "Rock of Ages" casually enough with Verdi, Brahms, and Chopsticks; and identify "How Dry I Am," unmistakably with "Lead Kindly Light." This goes rather far, however, in the chapter of melodies arranged according to their beginning notes. It is too much like classifying all poems, plays, and novels by the first words of their first lines. But it does suggest the starting-point for a colossal job which some university class must undertake some day—an index of musical themes. Dr. Spaeth's book will not lack the enormous sale he planned for it among women's clubs and public schools. If he is very lucky he will succeed in persuading his thousands of readers to listen to the music first and the player second, and to like what they like instead of what they ought to like.

Moss from a Rolling Stone. By E. A. Brayley Hodgetts. E. P. Dutton & Company. \$3.50.

This particular stone has rolled through Germany, Russia, England, America, Africa, and the Near East, and is still budging. But it has operated on the principle more of the snowball than of the proverbial boulder, for it has gathered unto itself a sparkling wealth of anecdote and information. The author's own wide experience has been eked out by a seemingly inexhaustible store of family tradition. Thus Mr. Hodgetts is able to command a broad scope in time as well as in space. Russia under Alexander II, Alexander III, and Nicholas II, France under the Empire and under the Republic, Germany under Bismarck and Wilhelm II, Armenia, and Africa are as familiar to his pen as are the quaint celebrities of his London club. And his pen is always the crisp, facile tool of the "born