

soul, but also a sense of human dignity. "Every one, whoever he may be and however downtrodden he may be, demands—though perhaps instinctively, perhaps unconsciously—respect for his dignity as a human being. The convict knows himself that he is a convict, an outcast, and knows his place before his commanding officer; but by no branding, by no fetters will you make him forget that he is a human being. And as he really is a human being he ought to be treated humanely. . . . Humane treatment may humanize even one in whom the image of God has long been obscured" (*The House of the Dead*, page 106). The closing thought of *The House of the Dead*—which falls back on Dostoevski's own four years as a prisoner—is: "How much youth lay uselessly buried within those walls, what mighty powers were wasted here in vain! After all, one must tell the whole truth: those men were exceptional men. Perhaps they were the most gifted, the strongest of our people. But their mighty energies were vainly wasted, wasted abnormally, unjustly, hopelessly. And who was to blame, whose fault was it?" (page 282). In a passage on page 170 of *The Brothers Karamazov*—too long to quote here—Dostoevski puts into the mouth of Father Zossima his complete creed of human sympathy.

An advocate of the people, but a distinct product of the city, Dostoevski scarcely touches the peasant. Turgenev and Tolstoy, country gentlemen, naturally evoked in their humanitarianism the figure of the peasant, and scarcely touched the petty bourgeoisie. The world of little officials, students, shopkeepers, and publicans and sinners is the world of Dostoevski. The reader is ever being led on some twilight mission into crowded tenements and the back-alleys of squalor and vice. There is no other instance in modern fiction of such an almost total lack of description of nature. All the sentences devoted to nature in *The In-sulted and Injured* would hardly make a respectable paragraph. And where are the pretty love-scenes? And the enchantresses? Such a woman as Katerina Nikolaevna (in *A Raw Youth*) is about the nearest approach made to "the charm of beauty's powerful glance." When Dostoevski looked upon life as represented by the city masses, he saw it as a serious and sombre thing.

How would Dostoevski bring alleviation to the suffering Russian masses? What was his creed of advancement? He was no revolutionary (*The Possessed* is an anti-revolutionary novel), nor did he ally himself with any party of social reform. To Dostoevski, Christianity was the hope of the world, and of Russia. It was the function of Russia to reveal the deep religiosity of her people to science-mad western Europe (Letters, pages 166, 206-7). As for Russia herself, she was not to be raised out of her misery by reformers who would incorporate the modern ideas of the west. The reformers and the "intellectuals," as well as the oppressing classes, must be Christianized if the suffering millions were to be healed. In Russia, according to Dostoevski, the religiosity of the people is the fundamental element, the soul of the nation, the only vision upon which the advancement of the people can in any wise rest (Letters, page 244). Thus truly to help the people is to unite with their religiosity. In short, Dostoevski was a Slavophile with a distinct religious bias (his socio-religious conception is fully set forth on pages 321-2 of *The Brothers Karamazov*). Yet, indirectly, Dostoevski contributed to the development of the revolutionary idea in Russia. That supreme scene of modern humanitarian fiction, wherein the "intellectual" Raskolnikov bows down to the Christian prostitute Sonia—the gist of *Crime and Punishment*—pointed out to Russian revolutionaries something which had

not been pointed out before (so far as the revolutionary development is recorded in Russian letters), and something which must perforce be learned by the revolutionaries of all lands and times: namely, that there must be a heartfelt amalgamation of the reformers and the people; that the people must feel that the reformers have an affection for them, and are not interested merely in carrying out a sociological experiment; that the people will not put their trust where they do not recognize a genuine sympathy; and that without the affectionate trust of the people nothing can happen, or, if it does happen, can long remain. Such revolutionaries as those in *The Possessed*, who envisage social reformation as reimbursement for their own personal troubles, or as a Utopia for the satisfaction of their own personal desires, or as mere scientific manipulation, or as anything else but a brotherly and strenuous service of the whole people, cannot endure.

Dostoevski is the eminent example in modern literature of the admittedly great writer the formal aspect of whose writing is nevertheless bad. It is quite evident that lack of time, his race with the advance fees of the publishers, and the fact that he had eternally to toil for bread mangled his work considerably (Letters, pages 98, 194; number LI). It is easy to see the difference, in the more outward matters of composition, such as phrasing and continuity, between *The Brothers Karamazov*, which was written when Dostoevski had some repose financially and otherwise, and *The Idiot*, which was written when he had no repose at all. But in the more inward matters of composition, such as focus and proportion, *The Brothers Karamazov* shows the same failings as *The Idiot*—hundreds of worthless details, prolixity, tedious entanglements not emphatically resolved, unaccentuated shifts, blind alleys. Dostoevski, indeed, if he had changed places with Turgenev in every respect save one, namely, individual temperament, would still have composed ill, and Turgenev well; for Dostoevski's instability of talent is inextricably bound up with his general nervous instability: it is a nervous talent, which he himself admits, defines, and bewails (Letters, page 205). The reader, therefore, in seeking the dark and lurid beauties of the Dostoevski fiction, must be prepared to be irritated; but his reward will be great.

CLARENDON ROSS.

Bynner vs. Bynner

Pins for Wings, by Emanuel Morgan. New York: The Sunwise Turn, Inc.

DUAL personalities, if the authorities are to be trusted, are always in a state of civil war. And, if the results mean anything, they usually defeat themselves. The internal clash ended by ruining Fiona Macleod, the poet, as well as by destroying William Sharp, the critic-editor. Something of this same self-disruption seems to be happening to Witter Bynner. Starting literary life as a pleasing and rather conventional lyricist, the force of "the new poetry" struck him about 1915. It fascinated him, but he distrusted it. In 1916, under the pseudonym, Emanuel Morgan, he wrote *Spectra*, collaborating with Arthur Davison Ficke, who wrote as Anne Knish. In this collection, Bynner burlesqued the more extreme manifestations of the Imagists, Vorticists, Fantaisistes and the Parnassian fauves.

Many of his critics took Emanuel Morgan seriously. And so, it seems, did Bynner. After another volume of respectable lyrics, the poet published *The Beloved Stranger*, which proved to be an unsuccessful joining together of

Bynner and Morgan—a morganatic union, which was hard to take seriously. Spectra was a brilliant hoax on the public; in *The Beloved Stranger* the joke was horribly on Bynner.

So in *Pins for Wings*—a set of microscopic characterizations of contemporary poets. Here Bynner, again yields to his alter ego. Many of the tiny tags are clever, a few are something more. There is a keen sense of summary in examples like:

VACHEL LINDSAY,
a street-cry
in heaven.

AMY LOWELL,
a rhine-stone chip
on a blood-red shoulder.

JOHN DRINKWATER,
dust
in a mug of ale.

PERCY MACKAYE,
laurel
on a carpet-sweeper.

ALFRED NOYES,
Robin Hood
singing
the Doxology.

RUDYARD KIPLING,
Pan
stoking an empire.

WILLIAM H. DAVIES,
jewelled buns.

The characterizing is by no means up to this level; some of it is decidedly flat. As sharp an intelligence as Bynner's should not have tried to use such dull and ineffectual pins as: Aiken—phosphorescent plumbing; H. D.—the winged Victory hopping; Siegfried Sassoon—Puck at an autopsy. Then too, considering Bynner's amazing inclusiveness, one is puzzled by his omissions. But it is easy to supply the lapses. Here is a rapid half-dozen that the pinner forgot:

EDITH SITWELL,
a color chart
exploding.

ALDOUS HUXLEY,
Priapus
cutting the Georgian knot.

JOHN MCCLURE,
Chaminade's Valse Sentimentale,
played by Mencken
on a metronome.

WINIFRED WELLES,
rose leaves smothered
in rose leaves

ALTER BRODY,
a lithograph of Lenin
on watered silk.

FRANCIS CARLIN,
a Child's Garden of Erse.

And so on ad lib. ad infin. It is time for the creator to put his creature out of danger—danger, that is, to Witter Bynner.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Labor Problem

The New Industrial Unrest, by Ray Stannard Baker. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co.

Labor's Challenge to the Social Order, by John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Current Social and Industrial Forces, by Lionel D. Edie. New York: Boni & Liveright.

Comparisons of an Eight-Hour Plant and a Ten-Hour Plant, by Josephine Goldmark and others. Washington: U. S. Public Health Bulletin No. 106.

Is Violence the Way Out? by John Haynes Holmes. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

What Social Classes Owe to Each Other, by William Graham Sumner. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FACTS, causes, reasons, proposals, remedies, all jostle for expression in the recent books on the labor problem. Aside from its being the same old problem which they are all concerned with, there is a common trend of ideas which is significant and I believe hopeful.

There is a common searching for facts and for a true understanding of what is going on in industry. In a sense this is not new; yet the very volume of expository literature on labor questions which is pouring forth today, indicates an unprecedented quest for a clue to the way out of the maze. Moreover the complete honesty and relentless social introspection of men like Mr. Brooks are more in demand than ever. Not only have we a public that would know the truth, but it is willing to listen to truth plain and unvarnished.

These books reflect also the tendency—one, indeed so common in American writers that it seems almost indigenous—to propose measures of reconstruction which take full account of and work with the institutions and individuals which we know today. Revolutionary proposals, sudden or violent methods of transition, are dwelt upon in American labor literature with significant infrequency. And the present writers are true to the American optimism that we can "find a way out, all right" without rushing from evils that we have to others that we know not of. In a word, they are temperamentally evolutionists.

A further point of similarity is the incoherence and inarticulateness regarding what labor wants, and what society as a whole is looking for. The prophet warned us what to expect when there is no vision; and our industrial literature reveals a confusion of aims which may well alarm us. If we ask flatly what it is that people want to get out of life in modern society, the answers are disconcertingly varied. But without an agreed answer to this question, what basis have we for evaluating industrial conditions? Professor Sumner offers one answer. Dr. Holmes has another. The authors selected by Professor Edie have still others. In their confusion as to the heart's desire, these writers faithfully reflect their generation.

Mr. Baker's study closely parallels that of Mr. Brooks except that the latter is casting in a wider and deeper sea and his findings are therefore more varied. Mr. Baker, after giving recognition to collective developments in the men's clothing industry, lapses into a somewhat too ready acceptance of shop committees as curatives. He adds some not altogether convincing words about management as a profession, and the need for personnel or labor management in particular. He is always the reporter standing outside, trying to understand a technical problem and to help his audience to understand. Writing presumably to inform and enlighten employers, Mr. Baker does not indulge his