

to be executed for the prevention of all religious freedom and so ultimately of all civil freedom among millions of mankind." To justify war against this nefarious plot the name of Liberty was invoked (Russia was "dangerous to the liberties of Europe" declared Palmerston) and the cause of peace ("The object of the present war is the establishment of the peace and security of Europe on a solid and permanent foundation"). There is the hypocritical concurrence of the clergy preaching the war as a holy one: Broad Church Maurice blasphemously hoping "something from the war, chiefly as a sign of what God is doing"; Dissenter Dale unctuously rejoicing that the nation had shown itself capable of sacrifice for unselfish ends; Unitarian Martineau prating that England must regard the war as a trust to vindicate "the common and universal law of God" offended by Russian despotism. There is the Peace Society becoming dumb or apologetic. Only the Friends stood firm and sent a deputation to Russia which was, Mr. Martin tells us, "received with courtesy by the Czar and with patriotic opprobrium at home." Finally there are the protagonists of the drama with speaking parts—the statesmen: Lord Clarendon, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, who represented the dominant feeling in the cabinet in admitting that England had "drifted into war," but was weary of trying to make head against the drift; Lord Palmerston, to whose personal fortunes war was necessary; Mr. Gladstone, who divided the hairs of his conscience with his "not fighting for the Turks but warning Russia off forbidden ground," and Mr. Bright, who answered this by pointing out that the war was diplomatically avoidable, that England was fighting with Turkey, which had refused her mediation, against Russia, which had accepted it. There is one figure, however, in Mr. Martin's columns for which we look in vain for a parallel. It is the leader who if overborne, is honest enough to point out and admit his defeat, and feel a decent human remorse for the bitter results of it. Lord Aberdeen thought that with more courageous support in his cabinet he could have prevented war, but he confessed that this want of support though it might palliate, could not altogether justify his course, and declared to Bright that "his grief was such that he felt as if every drop of blood that would be shed would rest upon his head."

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

## Leonid Andreyev

*Leonid Andreyev, A Critical Study by Alexander Kaun.*  
New York: B. W. Huebsch. \$3.50.

**H**ARDLY any English or American critic is better qualified to write of Andreyev than Dr. Kaun. The research work that he has done in Russian literature and in Russian political history gives him an enviable starting point from which to approach so complex a subject. Indeed one feels sometimes that this particular book is over-burdened with information, that it might have been rendered more readable if its method of composition had been less thorough. We all of us appreciate the danger to an author of knowing too little about his subject, but few of us realize that to know too much is often just as damaging.

For with all this data at his fingers' ends what a demoniac brochure on the tragedy of Andreyev's career might not Dr. Kaun have written. How unequivocal it

might have been, how imaginative, how finished—transfixing the psychological problem of this strange crepuscular life with the merciless precision of a long bodkin which in the clear light of day pins the fluttering body of a death's head moth to a plane board of cork! Written in its present form the book tends to lose interest, while in a work whose chief merit must obviously lie in its erudition it is disconcerting to come upon words such as *soulful* and *colorful*, words which one is accustomed to associate with less distinguished writing. And yet out of these long laborious conscientious chapters "certain leanings of Andreyev's wavering unity-lacking mind" are eventually made clear, certain epochs of his physical life made plain.

We see him as a young boy skating over thin river-ice at his home in Orel, or "testing his fate" by lying on the railway track and allowing a train to pass over him. We see him a starving student, a successful writer, and finally we see him retiring to his fantastic home in Finland there to undergo a slow disintegration, moral, spiritual, and physical.

Never was a theatrical poseur hoisted with his own petard more completely than was Leonid Andreyev. This lover of chaos, this man who could look the Being in Grey in the eye and remain unperturbed, this man whose imagination could stiffen him into scoriac immobility becomes suddenly affrighted. How ironical such a bombastic utterance as the following sounds in relation to what was to take place. "A queer head emerged on a snakelike neck, with a pale face and eyes that were not good, I have come." Small wonder that old Tolstoy who himself knew well how silk underwear feels below a hair shirt remarked on one occasion "Andreyev says Boo! But I am not scared." The fact was that this "queer son of chaos" who for two decades kept half Europe on the jump with his grim stories was one of the first "to get the wind up him" when Red Laughter was actually to be heard in every city and hamlet and barton of Europe. And what makes his case the more tragic is the fact that he himself knew what was happening, knew that beyond all expectation life had suddenly said Boo to him and that when it had come down to what the vulgar call brass tacks this aegis of horror he had raised proved brittle as a scrannel "moment."

Could anything have been more humiliating to the complicated nature of this vain proud man than to find that in the last issue that herd instinct in him was stronger than his own intellect? "The poisoning of my soul began with the war" he wrote. "I succeeded in putting a bridle on my imagination and rendering it in regard to the war purely formal," and yet all the time there worked below his "secret underground imagination," which made it apparent to him even when he was applauding the war-madness that in spite of patriotic tattoos, "at the coffin's portal young life shall play anew," and that after all it did not matter very much whether it was to be "young Russian life or young German life."

Many great writers have had in them a vein of alloy which till the day of their death is never shown up. Unluckily for Andreyev he lived long enough to have his bluff called. To describe life as chaos in writing was a very different thing, he found, from feeling the real draught of the chaos against his own scalp. From the declaration of the Great War the hunted soul of "this systematic disillusioner" betrayed itself further and

further. Every time the abominable crested cock of chaos crew he hastened to deny once more the secret integrity of his being. He, the lonely one, found that he could wave a national flag as well as another, that he could prostitute his art in the interests of a senseless war, that he could become the editor of an official paper, that he could issue cries for help to a cynical world which was witnessing the consummation of the theories that he had been indirectly propagating for twenty years. Undoubtedly it was these spiritual conflicts, these frustrations that killed him.

There in his mock castle, the architecture of which was in itself an evidence of something meretricious in his taste, he stayed brooding behind "enormous plate glass windows," like a sick serpent in a reptile house whose black poison has turned to milk and who in his terrible humiliation can find no hole in the tin floor of his cage down which to creep.

More alone than he had ever been this distracted master of puppet-horror found himself put out of countenance by the protrusion of stark reality. The north wind, that wind he had always hated, seemed now to be blowing constantly. He tried to console himself in his yacht "cruising through the treacherous skerries" but in vain. He had a piece of tarred rope tied to the end of his bed the smell of which was intended to revive his spirits with thoughts of the tumultuous strength of the ocean but still his secret underground imagination worked on. He wrote long letters to his mother, to his "little mushroom" as he so quaintly called her, but all the time despair gnawed at his heart. He longed to escape. "I yearn," he writes "for the South, the South, the South—passionately, unutterably." "To think," he cries somewhat unexpectedly and one cannot but surmise, with a certain innocence, "that I shall never find myself in Los Angeles, whence I once received a graceful letter from a Spanish lady."

He is completely unable to write. He is bewildered by what is taking place. He thinks of the past, of his fortunate literary career. "I rose," he writes

"with each work straight upward like a rocket, rose swiftly, decidedly, and radiantly, then suddenly stopped . . . as though in the very air I had stumbled at some barrier and I flutter beneath the ceiling like a bat."

He sends out his desperate S. O. S. against the Bolsheviks and one blushes at the febrile extravagance of its tone. It is addressed to those journalists "who have long earned the name of knights of the Holy Ghost, and write not with ink, but with their nerves and blood."

Like so many bulls of Bashan his miseries close him in on every side. His health has gone. He is confronted by the prospect of extreme poverty. "I feel as though I was in a grave up to my belt" he cries. He spends his last Easter in his gaunt house. "My condition is no worse than that of Christ at this time" he comments with something of his old grandiloquence.

He lingers on till the late summer a shattered man of letters who had found the world of action too much for him. He died on September 12th, 1919, to those who appreciated his dark wizardry, a figure disturbing, awe-inspiring, meteoric—to the others, to the rest "an abominable toady and lackey of the bourgeoisie."

LLEWELYN POWYS.

## Sociology and Politics

*Sociology and Political Theory, a Consideration of the Sociological Basis of Politics, by Harry Elmer Barnes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.*

POLITICAL theory has never been an all absorbing branch of human speculation. One may search the pages of history in vain for a political philosopher who was not more interested in something else. Even during the past century, when politics has been recognized as an independent science, students of government have been only mildly interested in its theoretical aspects. Those who have contributed to this phase of the subject have been content to follow the lead of the legalistic school, or at most have succeeded in modifying such abstract and largely irrelevant notions as "natural rights" and "sovereignty." In general, the last century has been one of historic and descriptive study in politics, and as regards political theory, the situation is hardly improved at the present time. The current emphasis upon the statistical and psychological methods are diverting scholars once more from political speculation. With so many propositions already in dire need of demonstration, and with such excellent facilities for demonstrating them, why should time be wasted in inventing new propositions? The upshot of the matter is that political theory has again been largely turned over to those most interested in it. The sociologists of the twentieth century have replaced the lawyers of the nineteenth.

It is in this connection that Professor Barnes has made an exceptionally important contribution to the literature of both political science and sociology. Nowhere else can one find in such brief compass and such readable form as accurate and comprehensive summary of the contemporaneous developments in both political and social thinking as in this little volume. But the book is more than a bibliographical digest of writers of the past half century. It is an important contribution to the study of the relationship between the two sciences. All well-read scholars in the social sciences know that sociology has contributed much to political theory, but it remained for Professor Barnes to show the importance and extent of that contribution. By taking up seriatim the traditional fields of political theory, and by presenting the views of the sociological writers on those subjects, he has endeavored to show that, in the last half century, they "have made extremely significant contributions to every phase of political theory, and that no conscientious political scientist can well afford to remain ignorant of the nature and sources of such contributions."

In the main, it must be admitted, the author has succeeded admirably in his task. The extent and significance of sociological contributions to such subjects as the form of the state, the process of government, the nature of political parties, the scope of state activity, and even to the conduct of international relations are of unusual importance. But one cannot refrain from suggesting that there are other branches of inquiry in political science that Professor Barnes does not touch. Of the tremendous amount of work which has recently been done in the subject of public administration, no mention is made, and apparently the sociologists have had likewise nothing to say about the judiciary or the electorate. Indeed, with the notable exception of the study of the process of government, the sociologists seem not to have expanded