

John Smith and the foreign flavor is gone. Yes, the flavor is gone, but the common delectable salt of all humanity remains.

Here, also, is a lesson for our American realists. It may be as Hobbes and Rochefoucauld and Mark Twain (in "What Is Man?") held, that humans are kind only through self-interest and sentimental and sympathetic only through pleasure and desire not to suffer, but the fact remains that there *are* kind and sympathetic and sacrificing persons, whatever be their inner motives. Baroja takes account of this, which our realists often do not. We may all be rogues at bottom, but there is tender roguery as well as harsh.

Anarchy, Baroja develops, is not a political theory. If it is good—which is to say, if it is interesting, it is simply literature. A proper conclusion! Remembering the Bible, the works of Jean-Jacques Rousseau, and the *macabre* theme in Goethe's "Werther," I wonder if we cannot say the same of religion, of *liberté-égalité-fraternité*, and of individualism. All theories, in fact, which have moved men to exaltation, to war, to death, to poetry, to relative wrong and right, strike me as being only literature. Their effect seems all too frequently at odds and ineffective. They have, in the end, only emotional appeal, and their strength lies in just how far they push men to action. Or perhaps that is their weakness. I confess I do not know. Billy Sunday has moved as many men as Goethe and much the same kind of men as Jean-Jacques stirred.

But the idea that good anarchism is only literature is, after all, only a theory within a theory. It, too, is possibly good literature and nothing else, or simply nothing else.

Goldberg's translation of the volume is very fine. Above all, he knows how to find the American equivalent of Spanish colloquialisms and slang. Really, I know of no more deft hand at turning one idiom into another.

Musical Chronicles

MY LIFE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF RICHARD WAGNER. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1924. \$5.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF PETER ILICH TCHAIKOVSKY. By MODESTE TCHAIKOVSKY. Edited from the Russian, with an Introduction by ROSA NEWMARCH. Dodd, Mead & Co.

Reviewed by BRUCE SIMONS
Yale School of Music

THE will to create is a Moloch. Throughout these two autobiographies (for the volume of Tchaikovsky is so filled with letters as to seem autobiographical) we observe the monster, jaws wide open, eternally hungry, never appeased. Into its maw two weary men throw composition after composition, now a salon piece, now a symphony, this one already dead from banality, that a work of genius: smiling the god receives them all, and the complaining, exhausted devotees are driven to new efforts; if they do not sacrifice, they may not live; and when they have sacrificed sufficiently, they die. Then there are new priests.

Such is the impression one carries away from a re-reading of these familiar, now reprinted books. They are still as important as if neither of them had been in certain ways discredited. The autobiography of Wagner, distinct from the host of memoirs which pass in a single happy paragraph from nonentity to the peak of fame, celebrates little else than the long years of half-success. In 1864, when the book ends, the theatre at Bayreuth has not been built, "Tristan" has not been performed, the "Ring" tetralogy has not been finished; but in their place we have careful descriptions of abortive librettos, a record of unimportant triumphs and imposing failures; the account of the "Tannhäuser" fiasco at Paris is indeed almost at the proper point to serve as climax to the whole. Though Mr. Newman has conclusively proved that there is more art than truth in Wagner's presentation of certain vicissitudes, that the book tallies well with a cynical definition of autobiography, there remains much that is extraordinarily impressive in Wagner's attitude toward his art and his own destiny. Today "Rienzi" is forgotten; "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhäuser," even "Lohengrin," are being shunted by slighting references into Limbo: an ardent controversy rages over the "Ring"; but "Tristan," "Die Meistersinger" and "Parsifal" show no signs of shedding immortality. Such was Wagner's singleness of pur-

pose that he would point to them alone and be satisfied. This man served Moloch with deliberate intention.

What shall we say of Tchaikovsky? The letters, edited by his brother, first appeared in 1902. Since then his reputation has steadily waned in England and America, and on much of the Continent he has been completely superseded. Those compositions which should be his crowning achievements, the fifth and sixth symphonies, are attacked most furiously by such critics as speak of him at all. Yet he was as dominated by the will to create as Wagner, and actually produced more work. Why has he failed?

Partly on account of his singular lack of discrimination. Through his letters, charming, transparently human and sympathetic as they are, we find continual adverse criticism of the best music, the most gifted musicians. "I like to play Bach, because it is interesting to play a good fugue; but I do not regard him as a great genius." "Handel is not even interesting." Beethoven's latest quartets "have only brilliancy, nothing more." Brahms, to whom he preferred Delibes, was "a self-conscious mediocrity, . . . chaotic, dry and meaningless; . . . in comparison with him, Raff was a giant, not to speak of Rubinstein." A more important reason for his decay is constantly found in a morbid uncertainty about his own art. "So in all probability, I shall strive for mastery until my last breath, without ever attaining it. Something is lacking in me—I can feel it—but there is nothing to be done." After the fifth symphony, "I have come to the conclusion that it is a failure. There is something repellent, something superfluous, patchy and insincere. Am I really played out, as they say?" The fear of being played out attacked him after each production and haunted his existence. He was conscious of musical ill-health; but his horrible task-master kept him incessantly moiling; in the same letter he cries out in anguish at the failure of his last work and recounts his feverish intensity over the new one.

His attitude toward his contemporary is interesting. "Lohengrin" he considered the crown of Wagner's works after which "began the deterioration of his talent, ruined by his diabolical vanity. . . . Everything he composed after 'Lohengrin' became incomprehensible, impossible music which has no future. . . . 'Tristan' is an endless void, without movement, without life, which cannot hold the spectator or awaken in him any true sympathy for the characters on the stage. . . . To my mind Wagner has killed his colossal creative genius with theories." Yet, to do him justice, he called the "Ring" "an event of the greatest importance to the world, an epoch-making work of art"; and in 1875 he made a pilgrimage to Bayreuth. There he saw driving in a sumptuous carriage to the station to meet the Emperor, the "serene old man, with his aquiline nose and the delicately ironical smile which gives such a characteristic expression to the face of the creator of this cosmopolitan and artistic festival. Greeted by the crowds with as much enthusiasm as the Emperor, . . . what pride, what overflowing of emotion must have filled at this moment the heart of that little man!" . . . Alas, there is nothing in Wagner's autobiography concerning Tchaikovsky.

The Olden Golden Days

THE ACTOR'S HERITAGE. Scenes from the Theatre of Yesterday and the Day Before. By WALTER PRICHARD EATON. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press. 1924. \$4.00.

Reviewed by CLAYTON HAMILTON

FOR twenty years, Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton has been recognized as one of the very foremost of our dramatic critics; and the theatre-going public lost a valuable servant when he retired from Times Square to become a practitioner and a celebrant of country life in America. Nowadays he writes mainly about buds and bugs—or is it bees and birds?—yet there are times, or wintry evenings, as he sits before the fire in his quiet home in the Berkshire Hills, when his heart remembers his first love. "Do you remember," he asks, in a dedicatory epistle addressed to his old roommate, A. E. Thomas, but intended to be passed around and used by all the rest of us.

Do you remember all the glamour and delight of those days on Broadway, when we were young, and to be a part of this wonderful thing, the Theatre, was a never-too-much-to-be-savored adventure? Surely you do, because now

that we are not so young, there is still a glamour and delight about Broadway, and to be a part of this wonderful thing, the Theatre, is still an endless adventure. It was always so. It always will be so. This is the sole reason why I have written this book!

Of course, the drama is one thing and the theatre is another; yet perhaps the prime essential in the equipment of a true dramatic critic is an eager and an overwhelming love of the theatre. Mr. Eaton's present book does not deal critically with the drama; instead, it dramatizes in a dozen scenes the child-like, charming, heart-breaking, adventurous, heroic life that, throughout the generations, has been the actor's heritage.

Mr. Eaton, it appears, has been a hunter of old book-shops, a snapper-up of unconsidered trifles which have subsequently turned out to be treasures. Out of many dusty old volumes of theatrical antiquities he has gathered the anecdotes and chronicles that furnished the materials for the present compilation. His researches into the oddities of our theatrical history extend all the way from the days of Beethoven to the day of Weber and Fields. He gives us a detailed review of Colley Cibber's "Apology for His Life,"—that best of all books of theatrical reminiscences; he outlines the career of the now forgotten Thomas Holcroft, who began life as a strolling player in the company of the Kembles and ended it with the composition of a fragmentary autobiography which was completed by no less an author than William Hazlitt; and he gives a dramatic account of the revolution in the traditional characterization of Shylock on the stage which was effected in 1741 by the astonishing performance of Charles Macklin.



Crossing the ocean to America, Mr. Eaton reviews at length the career of Sol Smith, who carried the drama into the wilderness and established a new theatrical frontier in the west and in the south. There are chapters on Macready's great success in Boston and Rachel's comparative failure in New York. Weber and Fields are treated historically, as the last of a long line; and the book is concluded with a very amusing chapter on the old-time burlesque shows, entitled "Legs in Grandpa's Day."

"The Actor's Heritage" is a beautifully written book. It is genial, it is humorous; it has sentiment and charm. Furthermore, it is sumptuously illustrated with more than two score prints and photographs, many of which are rare and all of which are interesting.

I have lately had occasion to re-read those compositions of Charles Lamb wherein he celebrates the prowess of the actors of an elder day; and I can pay no more fitting tribute to Walter Prichard Eaton than to say that I have placed "The Actor's Heritage" on the same shelf that shelters my dusty, old, and well-beloved edition of the "Essays of Elia."

Carl Friedrich Georg Spitteler, veteran poet and essayist of Switzerland, died on December 27 in Lucerne. Born in Liestal, he was educated at Basle, Zurich, and Heidelberg Universities, and had a long and brilliant literary career which was crowned in 1919 by the award of the Nobel Prize for literature. His chief works were essays, all written in German, and his epic poems, "Prometheus and Epimetheus," and "Olympian Spring." He wrote in addition an autobiographical novel, "Imago," and numerous ballads and short tales.

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The Utility of Fictions

THE PHILOSOPHY OF "AS IF." By H. VAIHINGER. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1924. \$1.50.

Reviewed by IRWIN EDMAN
Columbia University

THIS book is said to be one of the most widely read philosophical books in Germany at the present time. It has for a generation been known to philosophical students, and has been made known to thousands of laymen through the admiring references to it made by Havelock Ellis. An English translation is very welcome indeed, and the philosophically literate public has reason to be grateful to the publishers of the fine but doubtless profitless International Library of Philosophy and Psychology. One is inclined to wonder and guess a little at the popularity of the book in Germany. One of its sources of appeal is doubtless that, though completely emancipated from Kantianism, a deal of it moves in precisely that Kantian language still so dear to the educated German public.

What gives the book its chief interest to the general reader is the oblique and revealing light it throws on the whole history of thought. The complex of ideas in the volume has a forbidding technical dress and an almost absurd omnivorousness of allusion. It is the familiar German method—or madness—of tracing every theme into the remotest corners of history, religion, art, science, and metaphysics. But the points made are essentially simple and convincing.

Dr. Vaihinger's doctrine would have seemed more startling thirty years ago, before American readers had learnt to take pragmatism and all other forms of relativism without blinking. He shows that thought is primarily a biological function turned into a conscious art. It is an art of adjustment, whose chief instrument is the construction of fictions by which men may manage to live. Thought is to be tested not by correspondence to an objective reality (that fiction is neatly disposed of) nor by its mirroring in consciousness an objective external world. Thought is to be tested by its fruits. The constructions of thought are not copies of or transcripts of reality; they are programs, guess-work plans; possible programs for operation. Their validity is to be measured not by verisimilitude but by value. The fruits of thought are not "true," but especially where they are false, it may be important to act *as if* they were true. Readers of James's "Pragmatism" will recall that in his chapter on the Nature of Truth, James has precisely the same doctrine. He may well have been thinking of Vaihinger, for he employs the phrase "as if" with precisely the same intent.

Vaihinger's chief originality consists in his defining of fictions and his distinction of fictions from hypotheses on the one hand, and from dogmatisms on the other. An hypothesis is a tentative discovery about the universe; a fiction is a deliberate, often clearly false and internally contradictory invention of thought. An hypothesis can be verified by facts; a fiction never can, and can at most and only be justified by action. Evolution is the hypothesis that man is descended from the lower animals. We assume that we can indirectly turn to the remote facts which would justify that hypothesis. But the concept of infinity in the calculus, the atom and the ether in physics, the economic man in Adam Smith, are deliberate self-contradictory fictions, and fictions at variance with all experience. But though they are not only imaginary, false to the reality they allegedly represent and logically incoherent, they nevertheless facilitate thought and proper action. They are vital lies, human conveniences. They are the faiths, the palpably false faiths, the clearly useful falsities by which we live.

This is, I believe, the essential doctrine of a rather diffuse book. There is an elaborate classification of fictions, of those that are semi-false, like artificial classifications, and those that are wholly false, like the *Ding-an-Sich*. There are the fictions employed in law, and the fictions effective in religion, and in many traditional philosophers.

The main value of this book is in its moral incidence. A recognition of the importance of fictions in life and thought is singularly emancipating. It will save the thinker from believing in his own thoughts too dogmatically. The clear mind is not a mirror of God's absolute world, but an instrument of clarification and an organ of light. God himself may be a fiction, clearly false and contradictory, but none the less a vital and fruitful lie.

The discovery that fictions were fictions has led, in the past, says Vaihinger, to an abandonment of them, and a turning to other fictions believed to be truer. Pathetic and foolish adventure! What the race needs is more faith in its own effective imaginations. The myths that it has told itself, the world pictures that it has made, are not to be dismissed because they are found to be creations of the imagination. They tally with no world and they carry the canker of logical inconsistency within them. The important thing is their utility; their human scope and mortal relevance. If we ceased making fictions, we should cease altogether to be. Let us beware to plunge from fruitful fictions to less fruitful ones that masquerade as truths and are really dogmatisms.

The doctrine is exhilarating. It gives a moral warrant to the imagination, and saves the philosopher from taking himself with stupid literalness. Vaihinger's is a book to be commended to all those who still, despite Plato's warning, are literal minded in philosophy. They may not think this book is true, but it will save them much foolishness if they acted "as if" it were.

The Bible and the Present

THE MODERN USE OF THE BIBLE. By HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$1.60.

Reviewed by the REV. ROLAND COTTON SMITH

IT seems to be taken as granted that something has happened to the Bible. Nothing has happened to the Bible, it is the same book that it has always been; nothing has been taken away from it, nothing added. The change has come in people's attitude towards it.

The Bible is a record of a people who took a crude but living idea of God and wrought Him into all the relations of their everyday life. Disobedience to the vision caused blindness, obedience to the vision brought a fuller revelation; until, in the fulness of time, they possessed the revelation of God in Jesus Christ.

The Bible is a history of the falling and rising of men, written in their blood and afterwards put into words. The words are as useless as a musical "score" until men with instruments have translated that "score" into music.

The translation of the words of the Bible back into blood has, ever since, given to man the power to live nobly and die triumphantly.

That is an indisputable truth, and out of that truth has come the conviction that the Bible is inspired; that it is a revelation of God, and that it speaks with authority. If the mind of man was willing to rest there it would save the world from much controversy, but the mind is ever ready to pass from certainties to speculation, and, in different generations men have asked the questions: How is the Bible inspired? Where does the authority rest? How shall the Bible be used?

These questions are outside of the intrinsic value of the Bible; they are open to debate and are to be answered by the different conditions of the times in which they happened to be asked.

For a long period men had settled down to the theory of the verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and out of that theory they derived an unique authority. Nothing was said of it in the Bible; the life which they found in the Book was quite independent of their theory, but as long as their theory worked all went well.

In every department of life men connect their theory with the thing itself, and when their theory is demolished they seem to think that the "thing" goes with it.

For the last hundred years, many forces have been at work to upset the theory of verbal inspiration. The new approach to history; the study of comparative religions; textual criticism; the great movement towards unity of life and the mighty scientific advance have all contributed to the destruction of certain theories about the Bible. It has not been in any way an assault upon the Bible itself; the Book is the same as it has always been, the revelation of the eternal life.

This destruction of certain theories about the Bible has been of immense value to mankind for it has put in its place a conception of the Book that far transcends anything that has been known before, with a far reaching idea of inspiration, and a living conception of spiritual authority.

But the man who has connected his theory with

the intrinsic value of the Book has still to be convinced. Many souls are troubled and need to be shown the modern use of the Bible which is the ancient use. Many teachers are trying to do it, and have not the scholarship; many scholars are attempting it, and they deal with the skeleton without any idea of personality or spiritual values.

And along comes a man with the training of a scholar, and the human sympathy of a man. Knowing the history of the development of ideas and also the need of the human heart, he is able to interpret the modern conception of the Bible to the modern soul, and show him the way of eternal life. That is why everyone should read the "Modern Use of the Bible," by Harry Emerson Fosdick.

Paris and After

A HISTORY OF THE PEACE CONFERENCE OF PARIS. Edited by H. W. V. TEMPERLEY. Vol. VI. New York: Oxford University Press. 1924.

Reviewed by CHARLES H. HASKINS
Harvard University

OF the many books, large and small, dealing with the Peace Conference none approaches Mr. Temperley's in fulness and comprehensiveness, in careful documentation, and in breadth of outlook and political understanding. Written in large part by men familiar with the actual course of negotiations at Paris, it preserves facts and atmosphere which might otherwise be lost, while at the same time it maintains in most cases a detachment sufficient to examine the solutions critically. Neither an apology for the treaties nor an onslaught upon them, it has that best of qualities in such a work, the sincere effort to understand and to explain. It is always informing and often illuminating. Moreover, by carrying many of the topics on into the subsequent period, it contains material of great value for the international affairs of today. Unfortunately, the work is poorly arranged, the difficulties of the coöperative method being increased by the fluidity of many of the matters treated; the volumes lack logical definition, and there is no index of proper names. The result is a sort of encyclopædia without the encyclopædia's ease of reference.

The sixth and concluding volume is chiefly devoted to the problems lying outside of Europe and to the League of Nations, yet Poland, the Baltic lands, and Bolshevik diplomacy are left over from its predecessors. Russia indeed is barely touched, not being a part of the settlement, but Poland receives due attention and Mr. H. J. Paton's discussion of her place in the negotiations shows a studious desire to be fair to Poland which has not been common with British writers on this subject. Besides Professor Lord's historical sketch of Poland, the only American contributions are Mr. Hornbeck's chapter on Shantung, still in the perspective of 1922, and the informing chapter in which Mr. Henry Barrett Learned explains to foreign readers, from the angle of the Senate and Washington, the attitude of the Senate toward the Treaty.

A third of the volume is devoted to the Near East, the region where the conference was least successful in imposing peace and temporary stability. The explanation of this constant state of flux lies partly in the conflicting interests of the great powers, partly in the rise of quasi-national movements in countries in which nationalism lacks rootage in popular education and in experience of self-government, and which accordingly hover between self-determination and mandatory status. The narrative is carried through 1922, with an epilogue on the treaty of Lausanne. The loose ends of the Egyptian settlement stick out, not least in the quotation from Lord Allenby that it is "equivalent to the establishment of a British Monroe doctrine over Egypt." Surely nothing is looser than the Monroe doctrine, even among friends!

Most readers will turn with special interest to the hundred pages on "International Developments under the League of Nations," a less detailed but meaty chapter. Here no less an authority on war than General Maurice discusses guarantees against war in terms that may well be pondered in the United States. He begins and ends:

Clearly the best guarantee against war is to remove the causes of war . . . The Covenant does not attempt to change human nature, nor does it proclaim a new era upon earth, but it does open up a prospect of obtaining