

not be used. The main author should first consult his colleagues so fully that he imbibes their various viewpoints and sympathizes with their methods of viewing history. Then he should write a complete draft of his history in his own way, in his own style, and from his own standpoint, modified of course by that of his colleagues. Then he should submit the draft to each of his colleagues, not merely for criticism, but for reconstruction. Each colleague should revise and rewrite those parts with which he does not agree, or in which he thinks that amplification, further explanation, or the setting forth of other views are necessary. Then the main author should rewrite the whole book from beginning to end. That is the real test of his greatness. If he can be teachable enough to learn from his colleagues and dispassionate enough to look at his own views through their eyes and even discard some of them, he may succeed in writing a book which will be the nearest approach yet made to a genuine history of human progress.

The Roots of War

THE ORIGIN OF THE NEXT WAR. By JOHN BAKELESS. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. \$2.50.

THE GENESIS OF THE WORLD WAR. By HARRY ELMER BARNES. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. \$3.

Reviewed by CAPTAIN ELBRIDGE COLBY

IF we were to believe the author of the first of these volumes, we should be convinced that the roots of all wars are purely economic, "the triple quest for foodstuffs, raw materials, and markets" by "industrial nations with large armies or navies or both." Such he deems to have been the causes of the World War, and such he considers to be the present underlying causes of future war. He sees the entire world engaged in a tremendous economic struggle, with differences of desire that must eventually be settled by the grim arbitrament of war, possibly that day when, as he predicts, Germany will once more become one of the great powers of the world. He is suspicious of the Teuton and speaks of her as "supposed to be" disarmed "at least officially."

It is easy to see that he fears Germany as the precipitant of a new struggle, simply because he recognizes her economic potentiality. But we cannot always follow him, as we cannot always follow anyone who picks one single thing as the sole cause of conflict. We cannot believe him when he says the airplane is the "ideal troop transport," nor when he quotes believingly from Colonel Fuller's fantastic book which talks of laughing gas throwing London into hysterics while a Parliament succumbing to a melancholic gas grants terms of peace to masked aviators. Nor can we follow him when he takes on with the extreme opinions of Evans and Hyde on the subject of the loss of distinction between combatants and non-combatants, rather than with the more seasoned judgments of John Bassett Moore.

If Mr. Bakeless is correct, Professor Barnes might never have written.

Professor Barnes is one of the chief exponents in America of the "revisionist interpretation" regarding the proximate causes of the World War. As we recall the sound historical scholars in the field of international relations, and remember how they turned propagandists for the government and for the War Department, and then look at them today, we realize we must approach even so emphatically phrased a book as this by Professor Barnes with a great deal of seriousness. He states that "no trained historian has yet given evidence of having examined the new documents in a thorough fashion without having become distinctly converted to the revisionist point of view" as was Professor Barnes himself. The statement is a strong one, and possibly not entirely true; but, saving the exceptions, it is sound.

To educate the people to a new conception of the real guilt for the World War has been the object of Professor Barnes. His thesis, briefly, is this: Nationalism, imperialism, militarism, navalism, of which all nations were guilty to a nervous degree, were the causes of the war. Serbia deliberately plotted to murder the Archduke and so precipitated the crisis. Austria properly desired a stringent punishment of Serbia, even to temporary occupation of Belgrade, but wished the troubles kept localized. Russia, with an eye on Constantinople and the Balkans, was set on interfering, even though she knew

such interference would bring about a general conflict. Her insistent mobilization precipitated war. France actually egged Russia on because she herself wished a general European War which would enable her to quell her radicals and secure her revenge for the loss of Alsace and Lorraine forty-odd years previously. England deliberately went into the conflict to dispose of a dangerous military, naval, and commercial rival, and bungled her pacific diplomacy so that war was inevitable. Germany gave Austria *carte blanche* with Serbia, expecting the troubles to be Balkan merely, but really sought to avoid a general European war in which she would have everything to lose and not much prospective chance of eventual victory. America was dragged in by Allied and financial propaganda, and by the pro-British sympathies of Mr. Page, who represented Britain to Mr. Wilson more than he represented the United States at the Court of St. James.

Professor Barnes sustains his thesis, although in perhaps a trifle too vigorous language for sober history, with facts gleaned from publications brought to light in Austria, Germany, and Russia by revolutionary governments. Nationalism and diplomacy were the causes of the war, nationalism and French desires for revenge for 1870-1871. In the face of his exposition, the generalizations of Mr. Bakeless melt away, like the pretty colors of sunset before a terrible typhoon.



St. John Ervine. Drawn for *John O'London's Weekly* by Bohun Lynch.

From "Parnell," by St. John Ervine (Little, Brown).

But Professor Barnes has a hard task. Nationalism is deeply rooted. Propaganda has been effective. Few except patient scholars will follow him closely enough to agree with him. They will more readily and more lazily accept the vague memories of the "Four Minute Men" of 1918. If they would only read the interestingly recounted story of Ambassador Morgenthau's version of the Potsdam Council and see how a monstrous fiction has been perpetrated through the drunken lying of one ambassador and the vanity of another and combined misquotation and misinterpretation of stock market figures, they might read other chapters and begin to think instead of merely holding to their war-time prejudices. At the Potsdam council, which was supposed to have determined on war on July 5, 1914, Professor Barnes shows the military and naval chiefs were absent, all the ambassadors were absent except the one who boasted about it, Jagow was not there; nor were Ballin nor Krupp. The Potsdam Council was a fiction; but a fiction that is too readily believed; and will be believed by those who refuse to read, and to keep abreast of new facts on old subjects.

A hot reception is predicted for this book. And it is hoped it will get a hot one, for only by an examination of the facts such as a reading of this book will stimulate can sensible people realize that treaties signed at the point of a gun do not necessarily tell the truth or do justice.

Soviet Russia

BROKEN EARTH. By MAURICE HINDUS, with an Introduction by GLENN FRANK. New York: International Publishers. 1926. \$2.

EDUCATION IN SOVIET RUSSIA. By SCOTT NEARING. The same. \$1.50.

Reviewed by GRAHAM R. TAYLOR

PASSING by the Russia we read most about—Moscow, Leningrad, the activities and policies of the Soviet leaders—Mr. Hindus narrows his attention to one village of a hundred and fifty families in central Russia, "about half a day's journey from the railroad, when the road is dry." But in so doing he has given us the most broadly revealing book about contemporary Russia that has appeared in the current year. For he brings us face to face with the everyday life of the muzhik. We meet Anton and Pavel and Vassil, representative of Russia's hundred million folk, and hear what they say—in their own words; we listen to the talk at a peasant fair, go off with a group of young people for a night in the open around a bonfire in the distant communal pasture, visit the local officials, talk with the village priest, hear a peasant assemblage discussing the high price of kerosene and horses, grumbling about taxes and comparing today with the old times.

This living picture of the real Russia could scarcely have been given us by any author not himself familiar with the language and ways of the people into the midst of whom he dropped; and much of its vividness is due to the fact that this was an expedition back to the village of his birth and boyhood. Mr. Hindus wanted to know how his old home, his old friends and playmates, had survived the onslaught of war, revolution, and plague. He wanted to know "what the muzhik thought of the Revolution, the Bolsheviks, the Soviets, and the entire new social structure that had sprung into being before his eyes," and "how the Revolution had etched itself on his heart and mind." And so the book, as Glenn Frank says in his introduction, "comes nearer to dealing with the real raw materials of Russia's future than nine-tenths of the whole output of current writing on Russian affairs."



In contrast with the atmosphere of strain and terror in the larger cities, among people of former rank, riches, and influence—whose experiences during the Revolution have justified their fear even to whisper their real thoughts—one of the most striking things about the peasants, as Mr. Hindus met them, is the frankness and vigor of their talk. Even the chance acquaintances on the train voiced their grievances without hesitation. And in the village the once inarticulate muzhik aired his views with a candor and vehemence that emphatically explains why the proletarian dictators in Moscow are so deeply concerned with the needs of the peasant.

Red tape, high taxes, bungling incompetence of local officials, arbitrary decisions, and brutality all figured in the villagers' complaints, always rooted in the problems of their every-day life—the handling of the supply of fire wood, the management of a swamp, a question of moving a school house, the government's taking back the estate of the Polish landlord after the peasants had expropriated and distributed the land. The relations between peasants and the manager sent by the government to conduct a model farm upon the old estate are graphically described. They called him the "Red Landlord," declared they preferred the Polish landlord to the new "tyrant," and listed item after item in their bill of complaint. Mr. Hindus proved himself an equally sympathetic listener to the farm manager's side of the story—how the peasants, despite frequent warning, had let their stock trample the scientifically nurtured crops; how they had stolen the timbers of a wooden bridge for firewood and ruthlessly cut down the whole of a beautiful birch forest and left the country bare, and had ventured their revolutionary fury in the wanton destruction of the estate chapel. One appreciates his difficulties in trying to introduce scientific agriculture in the face of pig-headedness and misunderstanding.

With similarly faithful impartiality are reported the views of communist and non-communist in the village councils, of irreverent youth and shocked older generation, of newly arisen scoffer and village priest. Disturbing some of it is, particularly the communist inculcation of class hate—"real revolutionaries cannot afford to be ceremonious or senti-

mental about their foes"—against the pathetic individuals, themselves not responsible for the old régime, whose lives have been shattered. But in all the ferment one finds healthy signs, the stirring of new and vigorous life. What it all leads to Mr. Hindus does not venture to predict. He cannot, however, see the peasant, "a tight fisted, self-centered individualist," accepting "a communist society such as the Bolsheviks seek to build . . . Whatever the future form of the Russian state and Russian society the . . . Revolution is assiduously battering away at the peasant's old world, is loosening the mediæval fastnesses that have so long held him captive."

For anyone who is sick of propaganda and who sincerely wants to find out what the peasant, the real Russia, is thinking about, what his hopes are, how the government affects his daily existence, and how he is beginning the struggle to develop a new national life, this book opens the door of understanding. It has the vividness of word and phrase, and the unlabored literary expression that so frequently characterizes what is written from close contact with life itself. It is "a document of a simple people in the travail of a great agony and a great ecstasy."

In contrast with this close-up of Russian life, by one who speaks the language and is on familiar ground, Mr. Nearing's book on "Education in Soviet Russia" is frankly a collection of notes and "pen-pictures" rather than a thorough study which the brevity of his visit did not permit. In the two months at his disposal, however, Mr. Nearing managed to obtain a great deal of information. He sets forth the scheme of educational administration throughout the country, the types of schools, colleges, and universities, the curricula, and the relationship between pupils and teachers; and he adds concreteness and interest by weaving in descriptions of visits to schools and conversations with teachers and pupils. His 150 pages provide about the only attempt in English to give a comprehensive description of the aims, methods, and organization of the educational system which has developed since the Revolution.

The close ties between the schools and industrial life will interest those who have seen the need for similar relationship here, and he points out that the very poverty of the universities has led them to utilize laboratory facilities in the actual industries instead of duplicating costly equipment. The project method is extensively applied in elementary education, and anyone who thinks of Russia as benightedly isolated will be amazed to learn that the Dalton plan is prevalently known and used, that the names of Dewey, Thorndike, and other American educators are familiar to Russian school people, and that such publications as those of the Harvard Business Service, the Babson Statistical Service, and the Bulletins of the U. S. Federal Reserve Board are to be found in the library of the Institute of World Economics and Politics, founded by the Communist Academy.

The early and crude effort to take factory workers into institutions of higher education for which they were utterly unprepared is now seen fitting, as one phase of adult education, into the general educational scheme.

In view of the considerable testimony as to the use of the schools for communist propaganda and the instilling of hatred against the bourgeoisie, and as to the "cleansing" of universities of their non-proletarian students, one could wish that more attention had been given to these phases of the subject. Discrimination was frankly defended by a vice-commissar of public instruction who is quoted as saying: "Foreign newspapers blame the Soviet authorities because they keep the bourgeoisie out of the schools. The children of the bourgeoisie are going to these schools in order to acquire the knowledge that will enable them to overthrow the peasants' and workers' government. Why should we train our enemies?"

Mr. Nearing gives a sympathetic, in the main an enthusiastic, account of Soviet education; and those who are familiar with his whole-hearted espousal of the Soviet experiment will perhaps be surprised to learn that he did not find an "educational paradise." "Quite the reverse. But he sees in the struggle to secure educational results a "fascinating drama" and predicts that it will also be a "fruitful source of educational knowledge and progress." The information that he presents seems to warrant his statement and one is glad to join with him in the wish that trained educators from America may visit Russia increasingly and bring us more first-hand reports on the aims and methods of the Soviet schools.

Plastic Values

THE ART IN PAINTING. By ALBERT C. BARNES. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1926. \$6.

Reviewed by ALFRED H. BARR, JR.
Princeton University

THIS is an important book because it presents a systematic and confident statement of what is central in the "modern" attitude toward painting. Its five hundred pages are the expression of an energetic critic, of an experimenter in the education of art-appreciation, and of the owner of the finest collection of modern paintings in America.

The word "plastic" is the battle-cry of Mr. Barnes's challenging dialectic. "The things that a painter can work into various forms are line, color, and space: these are the plastic means." "The study of a painting consists in nothing more than the determination of how successfully the artist has integrated the plastic means to create a form which is powerful and expressive of his personality." "Relevant judgment or criticism of a picture involve the ability to abstract from the appeal of subject matter and consider only the plastic means in their adequacy as constituents of plastic form." Banishment of subject-matter is recommended so that one may consider a painting "only in terms of color, line, mass, space, plastic form." It is symptomatic that Mr. Barnes himself has succeeded in disinfesting himself of any spurious interests "so that of the hundreds of paintings upon detailed analysis of which this book is based scarcely a score are known to the author in terms of their subject matter." He condemns "the painter who habitually accentuates those human values, religious, sentimental, dramatic, in terms not purely plastic. Raphael sins grievously in this respect and so do Fra Angelico, Mantegna, Luini, Murillo, Turner, Delacroix, and Millet; and for that reason they are all second or third rate painters."

Mr. Barnes will find many, especially among those whom Aldous Huxley terms "the absurd young," who are more or less in sympathy with his position. Among them is the reviewer who has frequently found himself engaged in a long analysis of a painting without the slightest consciousness of subject matter until some philistine undergraduate brings the discussion to earth by asking why the madonna has such a funny chin. The undergraduate's impatience is pardonable. His æsthetic illiteracy is shared by all but a few of those who find pictures interesting. Subject-matter has always been of predominant importance to the majority of cultivated people; most of the minority turn their attention to technique or archæology. Only a few are deeply interested in plastic values. Nor has this few up till our own time included many influential critics. Aristotle, Lucian, Vasari, Diderot, Taine, and Ruskin, have all helped the public to lose themselves in what Mr. Barnes would term with much good reason irrelevancies. But even if it were possible, would it be wise to emphasize plastic values to the exclusion of subject matter, historical and biographical backgrounds, archæological problems, stylistic differentiation, literary association, and all the ancillary baggage which is customarily presented in a book on painting or in a college art course? So far as education is concerned, some carefully devised compromise is the obvious solution. But extreme as it may appear, Mr. Barnes's position is temporarily very powerful. If by the literary canons of the last century he seems to over-emphasize the rhetoric of painting, by the canons of music he is merely revealing essentials. In the light of history and experience neither fashion is final, though at present the latter is crescent.

After presenting this philosophy of plastic criticism, Mr. Barnes applies it to the history of painting and to the analyses of several hundred pictures. The historical errors are too frequent to catalogue. They may mislead the tyro but they will trouble only the pedant. Mr. Barnes is almost ostentatiously interested, not in facts, but values. One must indicate, however, one false generalization which has become a commonplace among the enthusiastic but ill-informed partisans of modern art. We read that "anarchy, falsity, charlatanism, and ugliness are the stock terms of abuse applied to every great artist by

his own generation." The increasing eccentricity of the artist has made this true during the last hundred years, but before 1800 very few artists of the first order were discouraged by philistine rancor. Even El Greco, that archetype of distortion, was looked upon by his contemporaries as one of the foremost painters in Spain.

The plastic means of the great Masters are dissected diligently and often with a considerable originality. Giotto's youthful works at Assisi are found to possess "a monumental knockout power" lacking in the more mature work at Padua. Uccello, Piero della Francesca, El Greco, Daumier receive a fashionable and well-merited emphasis, but it is difficult to accept the elevation of the monotonous Hobbema above Seghers, Ruysdael, and Cuyp, or to discover in Cosimo Roselli a neglected master of composition. And it is curious that Mr. Barnes finds little more than "a very great ability to use paint" in Vermeer whose composition so remarkably anticipates the intimate effects of Degas, Bonnard, and Matisse.

Modern painting is handled more convincingly and sometimes brilliantly. The plastic developments of Renoir and Cézanne are very thoroughly analyzed by the man whose Renoirs and Cézannes should be the envy of every museum in the country—especially the Metropolitan. It is refreshing to find no reference to vorticism, futurism, synchromism, and the other ephemeral teapot tempests which though long dead are still made to resound in academic kitchens. Nor is pure cubism taken seriously, "for the idea of abstract form divorced from a clue however vague, of its representative equivalent in the real world is sheer nonsense." It is well observed that the "metaphysical abstract" which misled Picasso may be of less permanent influence than Matisse's "utilization of the situations of every day life." There is further excellent criticism of Picasso. Soutine, Modigliani, and Pascin whose names appear continually in conjunction with those of Michelangelo, Titian, Poussin, and Greco are made subordinate only to Matisse and Picasso in the contemporary hierarchy. Certainly Mr. Barnes is right in seeing in Pascin a great and very moving draughtsman. Soutine perhaps does not deserve such trumpeting.

Of this volume which is as ponderous as any textbook, by far the most entertaining portion is devoted to the castigation of Mr. Barnes's less "plastic" contemporaries who are arraigned under the chapter "Academic Art Criticism." One may quote with tuckers the *bon mot* on Elie Faure's four volume work on the history of art which "might with propriety be entitled a historical romance in which painters and paintings are extensively mentioned." The most elaborate drubbing is reserved for Bernard Berenson "who has aided materially in the identification of the works of some early Italian painters by means of investigations that are primarily and fundamentally akin to those of handwriting experts," but those æsthetics "embody most of the characteristics of academicism and irrelevant sentimentalism."

Mr. Barnes's position is epitomized by a page where side by side are reproduced an Entombment by Titian and a still-life by Cézanne. Below we read: "The design in these two paintings is very similar, showing irrelevancy of subject matter to plastic value." But what price plastic value! Do we, after all, profit largely by reducing Titian's noble tragedy to the terms of apples upon a crinkly napkin? Mr. Barnes will yet drive us to re-reading Ruskin, and to the tearful contemplation of those "positively saint-like" animals of Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.

The Saturday Review of LITERATURE

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Published weekly by The Saturday Review Co., Inc.,
Henry S. Canby, President, Roy E. Larsen, Vice-President,
Noble A. Cathcart, Secretary-Treasurer, 25 West 45th
Street, New York. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid:
In the U. S. and Mexico, \$3.50; in Canada, \$4; in Great
Britain, 18 shillings; elsewhere, \$4.50. All business com-
munications should be addressed to Noble A. Cathcart, 25
West 45th Street, New York. Entered as second-class mat-
ter, at the Post Office, at New York, N. Y., under the
Act of March 3, 1879, Vol. II, No. 52.
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