

ultimately go to the Athenaeum or the Boston Public Library. And one that I have heard of destined to Harvard. The crafty Bolshevik! Let Drinkwater never come to this country again. He is a foxy spy, *agent-provocateur*. And I make a personal charge against him to be lodged with the British Government, the United States Customs Department, and the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Books. He has ruined my library. Since I read his book I have looked over my poor confused, cheap, miscellaneous collection. But hold. Ha, ha! I have Cory's "Ionica," not of course the first but the reprint of 1891. And what is more I have read it. I read it as a boy before anybody heard of Drinkwater. Damn him!

The Grand Tour in 1435

PERO TAFUR: TRAVELS AND ADVENTURES. Translated and edited with an introduction by MALCOLM LETTS. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927. \$5.

Reviewed by HELEN MCAFEE

WHAT inspired a publishing house in this year of 1927 to issue Pero Tafur's Travels in an English translation? The author, a well-to-do young Spaniard born in Cordova, who set out for Jerusalem in 1435 and took the occasion to see as much of the rest of the world as he could, was neither a rogue nor a gay dog nor a sophisticated amateur nor a sensation-monger nor yet a prematurely disillusioned youth seeking to win his soul back to civilization by the devious ways of the primitive. He visited Venice, which he describes in all its fifteenth-century magnificence, and Rome, which he describes in all its fifteenth-century squalor, and he saw a good deal of high life in Constantinople, Cairo, Brussels, Vienna, and other capitals, but if he paid visits to the brothels of these cities, he failed to immortalize them in this narrative. It has few lurid details to commend it to present taste.

And Tafur has no sense of publicity. He appears either unable or unwilling to impress the reader properly with the inconvenience and hazards of sight-seeing in the Near East before the day of the Orient Express, when a journey to Palestine, then under an aggressively hostile power, was in the nature of a severe, if exciting, penance. It is with a quite unsentimental impersonality that he tells how he risked his life several times (once it was to penetrate the forbidden Mosque of Omar in disguise, once to rescue Christian slaves at the Dardanelles); how his ship was pursued by Moorish corsairs off Rhodes and was wrecked by a storm off Chios; how he carried through a delicate diplomatic mission from the King of Cyprus to the Sultan of Egypt; how he made the terrible caravan journey across the desert to Mt. Sinai, and how he was kidnapped ("with great discourtesy") and imprisoned in a mountain castle near Mainz. He was well received by a number of potentates, in person, among them the Emperor of Trebizond, the Grand Turk Murad II—he seems just to have missed the Grand Khan of Tartary—Philip the Good, Filippo Maria Visconti, Albert of Hapsburg "King of the Romans," and his consort Elizabeth, who decorated him with the Order of the Dragon, Pope Eugenius, Sultan Malik al-Ashraf, and John VIII Palæologus, Emperor of Constantinople, whose figure as Tafur saw him is known to us in Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco, and who seems to have recognized the younger adventurer as a distant kinsman. Tafur was also rather lucky in turning up in the right place at the right moment. He was in Rome for Lent, got a special inside view of a military show in Cairo, and witnessed the ceremony of the Marriage of the Sea at Venice and the election of a Grand Master at Rhodes. But all this he takes in his stride, avoiding picturesque adjectives, constantly cautioning himself against exaggeration, seldom indulging in a burst of emotion except when he is moved by memories of the "bestiality" of Tartary or the incomparable splendor of Venice.

Finally, this account of life in 1435-1439, which was first printed from an eighteenth-century manuscript in Spanish fifty years ago, does not appear to be an historical hoax; the events and people mentioned by Tafur are all checked up with authentic sources in the ample notes. It is merely a true story of a normal, roving young extrovert of the fifteenth century with an especial interest in rulers and international trade—a type somewhat out of fashion at the moment, though another five hundred years

may bring it round again. In the meantime, there is pleasure in these bristling pages—offered in smooth translation and in good type—for those who like to fill out their outlines of history with social pictures as bright and sharp as the painted scenes on old Italian *casconi*.

The Philosophy of Wells

H. G. WELLS, EDUCATIONIST. By F. H. DOUGHTY. New York: George H. Doran Company. 1927. \$2.

Reviewed by E. PRESTON DARGAN
University of Chicago

SINCE the publication of Van Wyck Brooks's "The World of H. G. Wells" (1915), there has probably been, in English, no better setting forth of the Wellsian scheme than the above volume. The title is slightly misleading. Only one-third of the book is concerned with education in the scholastic sense; but the greater part of it deals with the formation of the ideal citizen's mind and with the "mind of the race." Wells himself has been interested in education mainly in so far as it prepares the adolescent brain for the conception of the World State.

As regards training, he has some right to speak of himself as an "old and seasoned educationist." He went through the scientific mill at London University and in the laboratories of South Kensington—an experience in which several of his heroes followed him. He achieved degrees, honors, a teaching scholarship. He informs us that he actually "taught biology for two or three years." And he wrote frequent contributions for the professional journals of the time.

"Once a pedagogue, always a pedagogue," says Mr. Connes in his "Etude sur la Pensée de Wells." The schoolmaster has lost no opportunity for hammering in his own doctrine. But he has distrusted other schoolmasters, from Woodrow Wilson to Walpole Stent. Some fifty of them, according to Mr. Doughty's list, appear in the collected works, and they are increasingly prominent in the last decade of Wells's productivity. The majority of them are futile personages; the only good ones are the genuine elementary "teachers," rather than upper-class school-masters. Little in the British system of instruction finds favor in Wells's purview. First of all he condemns the vacuums and morasses associated with the teaching of "Education" as a subject. Then he gives fresh directions for the bringing up of small children. Then he indicts the private school for youngsters, especially as conducted by such impostors as the lethargic and symbolic Mr. Sandsome. Then he criticizes the "public schools," because they turn out athletic, carefully polished, classically drilled, and essentially empty-minded products. The same reproaches attach to Oxford and Cambridge and to their American counterparts. As devices for standardizing pleasant clubmen, such super-factories may have their merits. But what do they inculcate concerning the urgent needs of the world we live in? In short, the Age of Confusion is worse confounded by its "dons" and their methods.

A man who has risen from the lower middle class, whose mind has progressed from biology, through socialism, to world-politics, will naturally be impatient of the public-school *cachet*. A man trained under Huxley will not reverence Jowett. The study of crystals has displaced the correction of quantities. Wells's ideal as a teacher was Sanderson of Oundle, an educational "sport" who subordinated classes and courses, who sent his pupils forth to make first-hand contact with creative industries and agriculture—and who was generally damned for his pains. Clissold's ideal University is a collection of Institutes for Research, with little formal lecturing, but with earnest conferences of the zealots in each field. And teachers of this type, broad-minded "experts," shall become the leaders of mankind.

In preparation for this ideal, Wells's favored elementary curriculum included (in 1903) the three R's, English culturally taught, drawing and painting, some foreign languages, knowledge of contemporary life; but in 1921 mathematics are to be pushed much farther, at least three modern languages are to be thoroughly taught, history and geography are given a prominent place—and the sciences are subsumed. Such is the effect of the World War upon his scheme. The relation of Wells's thought

to biology, the new psychology, and ethics, is worked out by Mr. Doughty. Wells "believes in the future of mankind." He believes also that this future is largely in the hands of the teachers of the rising generation. As an intellectual midwife, the teacher should assist in the birth of ideas; but they must be legitimate ideas, engendered in lawful wedlock by the promoters of the World State.

Now Mr. Doughty demonstrates that the Wellsian educational scheme has changed in accordance with a deep change in his own nature dating from even before the World War. The essential duality in Wells is that of the artist and the preacher. The former dominated at least through "Tono-Bungay;" he was interested in individual quirks, in light and shade, in humor and passion. The latter loses his artistry and his humor and seeks to convert us to the idea of a new and necessary order. Mr. Doughty maintains that as long as education *per se* received Wells's attention, he had in the main a true vision; that "Mankind in the Making," for example, is a "solid, reasoned, and reasonable contribution to the theory of education;" but that when terrestrial affairs impressed Wells as a "race between education and catastrophe," the former was then thwarted and twisted from its proper functioning—the development of children—and made merely an element in the propaganda for the World State. And Mr. Doughty further doubts whether the Wellsian theory of progress is sufficiently assured for us to group social institutions around it.

From the strictly educational standpoint, these doubts are probably well-founded. The real issue, however, lies deeper. For one thing, the question of the necessity of Progress may well be separated from the question of its development, historically considered. It is a matter of urgency. If Wells is laboring under a "Messianic delusion," as Mr. Mencken insists, if no catastrophe is imminent, or if there is no drift towards an organized comity in world-affairs, then every "educationist" had as well continue simply to cultivate his garden. But if, as many thoughtful people assure us, the lessons of the Great War still need to be driven home, there is room for every brain in the effort. Order and cumulative direction and even Good Will may now exist to such an extent that they may and must be fostered. "To such a task," said Wilson ten years ago, "we can dedicate our lives and fortunes."

Wells at any rate has chosen for this dedication. In him the "white passion of politics" is still working as fiercely as in his hero, Remington. If we can only forget a little his impatient girdings at his fellow-reconstructionists, his views on sex, and his distortions of history, we may accept him in his true rôle as a social prophet of force and vision. A fine novelist has been lost in the process. But perhaps that too was a necessary evolution.

Writing in *John O'London's Weekly*, "Colophon" says, "that the recent case of M. Paul Valéry is not the first time that the ordinance which requires each new member of the French Academy to pronounce an oration upon the previous holder of his seat has confronted a new member with the painful necessity of delivering a public eulogy upon a man he detests. M. Paul Valéry, a poet in the severely classic tradition, did not like Anatole France, the previous tenant of the seat M. Valéry now occupies, and, although the custom of the Academy made it impossible to be openly derogatory, his oration was full of hardly-veiled sarcasm. Here is one of the things he said about Anatole France: 'My illustrious predecessor would not have been possible or even tolerable in any other country but France, from whom he took his name—a name extremely difficult to carry and which it took great hopes to assume.'"

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"Wolfe, Wolfe!"

NEWS OF THE DEVIL. By HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1927. \$1.50.

LAMPOONS. By HUMBERT WOLFE. New York: George H. Doran. 1927. \$1.50.

KENSINGTON GARDENS. By HUMBERT WOLFE. The same.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER

NOW that, hearing a few of the critical shepherds, all the uncritical sheep are beginning to cry "Wolfe, Wolfe!" it may be amusing to account for the belated bleatings. This will be complicated for the American reader, for Mr. Wolfe's volumes have appeared on this side of the Atlantic in any but chronological order. "Lampoons" was published in England at least a year before "News of the Devil" (which preceded the former here by a twelvemonth); the extraordinary "The Unknown Goddess" post-dated "Lampoons" in actual inception by more than two years; while "Kensington Gardens," now suddenly presented as a discovery, was, with the exception of the juvenile "London Sonnets" and the slightly less zymotic "Shylock Argues with Mr. Chesterton," Wolfe's first bid for plaudits.

Nevertheless we have had (including that strangely sentimental *tour de force*, "Humoresque") five volumes by this fecund poet and a wholly serious sixth, "Requiem," is to appear this autumn. What is the composite picture presented by the quintet? What are the strongly as well as the subtly defined features of the Wolfeian idiom? The surface characteristics are modern and obvious: an unusual delicacy of attack; a fondness for the "off-color" or "suspended" rhyme; a swift surety of technique; a touch that is staccato but somehow lingering; above all, a quaintly individualized charm that delights to play brightly in the minor keys and improvise nostalgically on a set of what started to be major chords. It is this contradiction which characterizes even the most affirmative of his volumes, an indetermination from which Wolfe seems unable to escape.

The poet cannot make up his mind whether to write sentimentally or satirically; whether to be Shylock, Chesterton, or the tragic Pierrot; whether to be the last of an old tradition of lyricists or the first of a new generation of ironists. As a result he is all of these in quick succession, often, indeed, at the same time. "Humoresque," the least remarkable poetically, is the most rewarding as a study of this paradoxical ambidexterity. In "The Unknown Goddess" the poem "Iliad" is as memorable a set of stanzas about poetry as was ever written, firmer and finer edged than O'Shaughnessy's "Ode;" and this is followed by half a dozen fragilities composed entirely of whipped cream and a spun-sugar *Weltschmerz*. "Lampoons" is the one volume which is undeviating in attitude; and even here, one suspects, only the stringency of the title and the brevity of the contents prevented the author from becoming charming about Lloyd George or oddly mystical concerning the Labor Party. Within the limitations of his quatrains Wolfe's touch-and-go epigrams are sharp and scintillant as any fencer's thrust. There is no faltering, no superfluous preparation, no waste motion in strokes as agile as:

ARNOLD BENNETT

Art is long, life short, save when it
is applied to Arnold Bennett,
whose Art was aimed (unless we wrong her)
to prove that life's a d—d sight longer.

or as neatly double-edged as:

G. K. CHESTERTON

Here lies Mr. Chesterton,
who to heaven might have gone,
but didn't, when he heard the news
that the place was run by Jews.

These lightly despatched cartoons are always tipped with the barb of satire but they are feathered with good will. In "News of the Devil" the feather is shortened, the point notched and, whenever the poet forgets his sometimes too conscious craftsmanship, envenomed. This lengthy poem-pamphlet is, in spite of the inevitable Wolfeian lapses into verbal prettiness, as savage a hymn of hate as has been chanted since Ernst Lissauer's, possibly since Byron's. It is a performance that will be welcomed, especially by those for whom his milk of human kindness has sometimes grown too thick. Wolfe's object of animus is the newspaper syndi-

cate, his Cain seems to be a composite of Hearst, Northcliffe, and Beaverbrook. Curiously enough, "News of the Devil" remains true to its theme and departs from it simultaneously. It begins, appropriately, in the tone of journalistic verse (clinched couplets, trick rhyming, etc.), but before the poem has reached its coda we are breathing rarefied air. Somehow Wolfe has surmounted his antagonism; and the reader, taken by degrees of surprise, has ascended with him.

"Kensington Gardens," though apparently more particular, is far less special. The least ambitious of Wolfe's volumes, it is sure to become his most popular. It will be ransacked by composers seeking illuminated texts. Tanagras like "The Old Lady," "Lamb," "Tulip," "Lilac," "Speke," "Queen Victoria," and "Two Sparrows," will be borrowed to prove how sweet are the uses of anthologies. Several of these have already attained the kind of contemporary fame achieved only by wall-mottos and week-end entertainers; but "The Rose," "Trebizond, Jonah, and the Minnows," "The Albert Memorial," and "The Young Man," still await their discoverer. I quote the first of these:

THE ROSE

Why should a man
'though six foot tall,
think he matters
at all, at all?

and, though he live
for seventy years,
does he suppose that
anyone cares?

Rather let me
to him propose
the flushed example
of the rose,

who, with her dazzling
inch of scent,
a summer's day
weighs imminent

upon the spirit
entranced, and goes
richer with that
than he with those.

This is Wolfe, the flower and the essence, all compact. The mildly ironic undercurrent, the not quite detached bitter-sweet overtone, the gift of exact yet fanciful epithet ("the flushed example of the rose," "her dazzling inch of scent"), the faint artifice which keeps the language from being either rhetorical or realistic—all disclose themselves in twenty miniature lines. The opening image of "The Grey Squirrel" has a similar whimsical definiteness, but the play and precision quickly develop into one of Wolfe's neatest double thrusts. One thinks inevitably of—But no, this review intends to pay respects to Wolfe's smiling malevolences without once mentioning the name of Heine. The verses say it for themselves.

THE GREY SQUIRREL

Like a small grey
coffee-pot
sits the squirrel.
He is not

all he should be,
kills by dozens
trees, and eats
his red-brown cousins.

The keeper, on the
other hand,
who shot him, is
a Christian, and
loves his enemies,
which shows
the squirrel
was not one of those.

It is such a poem (emphasized, extended and varied by a hundred) that makes Wolfe the most exciting of the newer English lyricists. Notwithstanding his occasional thinning of material and softening of the dulcet tremolo, he will be read with quickened pulse if only for his curious combination of bland romanticism and angry wit. And, finding this, the reader will be rewarded by finding more and—if the future can be approximated by the past—still more.

Inquiries are being made for the next-of-kin of the late G. J. Whyte-Melville, the famous sporting novelist, whose books were so popular with the last generation.

From an Inner Fever

A NEW TESTAMENT. By SHERWOOD ANDERSON. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1927. \$2.

Reviewed by HAMISH MILES

IT is very easy to be deceived by a book like this. "Testament" is in itself an imposing word, in whichever sense one reads it. In that title there is the insinuation of something definitive, of a new order, a new dispensation, set forth for all to see. And the suggestions of the title are pushed a step further by the format of the book. It looks as if it might be the "Little Flowers" of St. Francis or the "Garden of the Soul"—red and black title, correctly Gothic headings, a spattering of neat rubrics, blue silk marker. It looks as if it might become the tried companion of one's meditative or midnight moments. It looks as if every reading, year after year, would bring out deeper, richer meanings, as if—but one should look closer before taking a testament at its face value.

"A New Testament" is a book of fragments. A certain number of them are brought together from "The Triumph of the Egg," but most of them appear for the first time. The publishers of the book are slightly on the defensive when they remark that by calling these new forms poetry, they lay them open to "the microscope of the precisionist critic and the carping conservative." But this is a pure matter of labels, and has little real meaning. It should be granted at once that the fragments have all the character of spontaneous and rhythmic expression which would entitle them to the label of "poetry." But there is no need to be unduly impressed by that fact. Poetry and sincerity may both be here. But they are not keys that will open every door: truth lies hid sometimes in places where a man must have more than these bare attributes if he is to discover it. And it is here that Anderson's claim to be laying forth a "testament," a statement of order and doctrine, falls short. The book is one of fragments. They have beneath them the vague unity of one voice, one rhythm, one persistent questioning and struggle, but not the real unity of consistent discovery. And fragments they remain.

But they remain highly characteristic of Anderson.

ONE WHO LOOKED UP AT THE SKY

It would be strange if, by a thought, a man could make Illinois pregnant.

It would be strange if the man who just left my house and went tramping off in the darkness to take a train to a distant place came here from a far place, came over lands and seas, to impregnate me.

There is a testament out of life to the man who has just left my presence. There is a testament to be made to a woman who once held me in her arms and who got no child. There is a testament to be made to this house, to the sunshine that falls on me, to these legs of mine clad in torn trousers, to the sea and to a city sleeping on a prairie.



Diffuse and indeterminate, Anderson's ideas are never formulated to the satisfaction of a reader who is following him with *intelligence*, and not merely with an ear open to the filmy suggestions of a succession of loosely related images. Nor are they formulated to his own satisfaction. From first to last in these pieces, Anderson is a man groping in the thickets of his own words. For all the rhythmic beat of his phrases, the steady recurrence of these bare, stark images of pregnancy, of sex, of male and female, of cities and streets, the sense of Laocöon strivings—what happens? Does daylight flash suddenly through the forest? Does he ever rout his own phantoms? No: there is nothing but a rising tide of bewilderment. The bewilderment of this groping man is hidden at a first glance by the vivid sense of battling, sweating, physical effort which is conveyed by his spare, muscular words. But it is there, from first to last. The battle may be honorable, but it is without objective, undirected, baffled, protestant.

I have a passionate hunger to take a bit out of the now—the present. The now is a country to discover which, to be the pioneer in which I would give all thought, all memories, all hopes. . . . I would consume it quite. I would live my life in the present, in the now only.

For that purpose I would be ageless, impotent, potent, swift, a sluggish slow crawling worm, a singing rhythmical thing beating my wings, carried along for an instant in the flight of time. I would myself create a lull in the storm that is myself. If I am a stream gone dry, fill me with living waters. There is something stagnant in me. As I write, breathe, move back and forth in this room life is passing from me. Do you not see how I pass from one