

derness. Where there might have been the exquisite and delicious simplicity of a Japanese print, he sees the flicker and cruel garishness of a speeding film.

The man who makes that confession of faith has within him something of which the reviewer finds it difficult to write—as did the essayist. Such passages are unfortunately rare. Puck is not to be denied.

The most surprising fact about the book remains to be mentioned. It contains one thousand one hundred and six octavo pages of medium-sized print—all essays. In this respect of length, it is the most voluminous single volume of essays which this reviewer remembers to have seen. It has no index. The objection is not merely academic, for there are many questions I should like to ask the author of these 1106 pages, as, what he thinks of Miss Rebecca West, if he esteems New England cooking; and whether he is fond of Rinkajous. He may perhaps have told us in his book, but to make sure I must reread (ahem!) the entire 1106 pages, or else wait and ask him when we meet.

An Ethical Code

THE RIGHT TO BE HAPPY. By MRS. BERTRAND RUSSELL. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1927.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

IF Feminism had produced nothing else than Mrs. Bertrand Russell it would have been justified. Woman, who to the sagacious eye has long since revealed herself as the direct obverse of the sentimental, idealistic creature fashioned by masculine imagination, has nevertheless only very slowly dared to reveal her innate realism. Even such writers as Mary Borden, Zona Gale, Willa Cather, and Edna St. Vincent Millay not infrequently abandon their own sharp and bitter insights and sink back into the lulling masculine tradition, writing sweetly, as women have been expected to write. Mrs. Bertrand Russell also has a tradition behind her in the short annals of Feminism, but it is one on which she can take her stand without sacrificing a single chromosome of her personality. The essence of this attitude is a clear sense of fact directly and "materialistically" interpreted in reference to the desires for nutrition, sex-experience, and propagation, whereas the older masculine attitude is usually based upon a dim sense of fact indirectly and "idealistically" interpreted in reference to the desire for conquest. Since the sense of fact is the one thing most notably lacking in ethical systems to date, the triumph of Feminism inevitably will mean striking, and, to many minds, abhorrent changes in ethical ideals.

Belatedly reading "The Right to be Happy," and quite ignorant of how the book was received on its appearance, I find it one of the few sensible popular ethical works which I have ever encountered. One cannot, of course, say everything in a single book, and there is much that is essential to a satisfactory ethics upon which Mrs. Russell does not even touch; much, it may be suspected, of which she is not even conscious. This, however, is hardly a criticism of "The Right to be Happy," in which the author devotes herself deliberately to working out a few fundamental ideas which have been shamefully overlooked by professional philosophers. Nowhere in fact has philosophy been more out of touch with life than in the field of ethics. Whereas human beings to-day, as in the days of Aristotle, notoriously strive primarily for one or another form of pleasure or happiness—temporary or permanent satisfaction of desire—philosophers have usually fled from hedonism as from the plague, and after much verbal quibbling have ended with a "highest good," very "spiritual," but bearing slight resemblance to anything an actual mortal ever really wanted. Mrs. Russell recognizes at the outset that man is an animal, and seeks for nothing more than that he should become an intelligent animal instead of the rather foolish beast he is at present. Animal desires lie at the root of all our values in love, art, science, and even religion; enlightened by knowledge they may be counted upon to attain satisfaction. The "rights" of human beings rest upon these universal desires; those which Mrs. Russell specifically considers as the most fundamental are the right to food (the necessary basis for all else), to work (satisfaction of the instinct to activity), to knowledge (satisfaction of instinctive curiosity), to sex experience, and to parenthood.

A serious endeavor to secure these rights to all would involve a remaking of the current moral and political code. Everyone would grant that human beings need food, yet Mrs. Russell's practical suggestion is so obvious as to be startling: "Nobody should vote for a politician who has not a well-considered scientific policy on a pure and plentiful food supply, its relation to trade and the numbers of the population. Put the present Parliament to an examination test. I wonder how many would get through?" (One does not even wonder as to the American Congress!) Mrs. Russell is nothing if not fearless. In regard to prohibition she writes the joyous words: "Let me make it quite clear that I think it part of the legitimate pleasure of men and women, especially the young, to drink and dance to intoxication from time to time." She also makes quite clear—what everybody has known and lied about for two thousand years—that the impulse toward sex pleasures and the impulse toward parenthood are quite distinct, that it is the former, not the latter, which usually brings the sexes together, and that the female is no more averse to such pleasures than the male. The author argues logically from these premises for the legitimizing of temporary sex partnerships and for the right of unmarried women to bear children. With all her recognition of the rights of sex, Mrs. Russell is far more interested in parenthood; here, indeed—though here only—she occasionally forsakes her realistic attitude to indulge in dithyrambs. Yet even here her description of the well-trained child is thoroughly in harmony with her main position: "It could be by the time it reaches school age a creature completely and securely at home in its relations to human beings, animals, mechanism, the weather, the sea, the earth, and the sky."

As a motto for her book, Mrs. Russell ironically takes a quotation from the Rev. E. Lyttelton, ex-headmaster of Eton: "Children go to school impressed with the belief that they have a right to be happy, that God will give them a good time. This is the perversion of true religion, self-denial, and obedience." Mrs. Russell's paganism is eager to join issue with traditional Christianity at every opportunity, but it forgets how much of classical paganism has been actually retained in Christianity, especially in the Catholic Church. Thus her first chapter, which is mainly devoted to medieval Christianity, is thoroughly unhistorical and rather wild. The sin is venial, however, as her errors do not affect her central argument. She is not a historian, but essentially a creature of her own time, highly extraverted, eager, in love with life and with the scientific interpretation of life. Her book is a frank and full expression of what the younger generation, at least, to-day believes in its heart and will tomorrow believe with all its mind.

L'Equipage and Other Tales

THE PURE IN HEART. By J. KESSEL. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. 1928. \$2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

IT would be difficult to overpraise this volume. The publishers have generously given us not only Kessel's masterpiece "L'Equipage"—a novel first published in 1924, which reached its one hundred and fourteenth edition this spring—but also the three admirable tales collected in a more recent work, "Les Cœurs Purs." For those who delight in consummate artistry, here it is. Moreover, so robust is the author's talent, so firmly are his stories planted in the unnationalized soil of human experience, that in their transplanting no leaves droop, no roots are withered.

Yet each of them is sharply localized. Indeed the most remarkable thing about the three shorter tales is the way in which the essence of varying civilizations is distilled from them. "Mary of Cork," with the misty blues and steely grays of its conflicting loyalties, is not only an incident of the Irish Revolution but an epitome of it. Yet as different in tone and color as Little Russia from Cork is the next story, "Makhno and His Jewess," where horror flows into horror until the molten metals of hatred and savagery solidify in a flaming image of rabble dictatorship. And no less effective, though entirely unlike its predecessors, is the final tale in the volume, "Captain Sogoub's Tea," a delicately tempered study of an exiled aristocrat in Paris, in which a few quiet chords, expertly modulated, suffice to sound the tragedy of those who, recognizing

Hunger as their new Czar, are even more starved in spirit than in flesh.

But it is above all in his war novel, "L'Equipage"—here translated as "Pilot and Observer"—that the author reveals the "power of observation informed by a living heart" which Hardy considered "the true means toward the 'Science' of Fiction." Two men who, unknown to each other, are the lover and husband of the same woman, meet at the front and become closely associated as pilot and observer of the same plane. The relationship is unusually intimate, for Maury, the older man, a sensitive, maladjusted fellow, manages to arouse the antagonism of the whole squadron and only the impulsive young Jean befriends him. Compassion for the obvious suffering of the one, gratitude for the lighthearted kindness of the other, and a partnership in danger where thoughts, nerves, and actions must beat to a single rhythm, all serve to tighten the bond uniting the two men. Nor at first is there anything to mar their friendship. Helen had given herself to Jean without revealing her real name, and the portraits of her painted by the young boy she adores and by the prematurely aged and embittered husband whom she repulses naturally do not agree in a single feature. Not until Jean goes on leave, bearing a letter from Maury to his wife, does he discover that Maury's unresponsive Helen is his own ardent Denise. In the rest of the novel we watch the loyalty of friend to friend and of man to woman tested by suspicion, passion, and remorse.

But the story of these three people is embedded like a crystal in the precisely carved setting that gave the book its original title. The squadron indeed is as much protagonist as they. In an atmosphere of alternating ennui and excitement, calculated calm and superheated emotions, the fliers exist from day to day, apparently at the mercy of the blindest of fortunes. The author's sensitiveness to the intrinsic does not obscure his perception of the superficial. Jean's sense of guilt at his betrayal of Maury is no more actual than the card-games at Florence's, the carousings after victories, the stirring battles over the Marne, or the profoundly moving death of Captain Thélis. Indeed throughout the book there is the same neat blending of the objective and subjective approach. No man could have written these four stories without a perfectly disciplined art and an imagination fructified by emotional participation in the events chronicled.

It should be added that the unnamed translator has been adequate to his task and that the book reads smoothly in its English version.

"Sir George Trevelyan," says the London *Observer*, "was not born early enough to 'see Shelley plain,' but he had some scarcely inferior privileges, apart from being the nephew of Macaulay. 'I have ridden with Mr. Carlyle a good many of the 30,000 miles which he rode when he was engaged upon 'Frederick the Great.' When he was no longer equal to the exercise, we took long walks together round and round the parks, and on one occasion, all of a sudden and apropos of nothing, he began slowly to pay out for my benefit an extemporary biography of Lord Chatham—the most wonderful soliloquy to which I have ever listened.'"

Again—"I have been shown over Venice by Mr. Ruskin, as cicerone, in his own gondola. I was introduced by Robert Browning to 'Waring'—a sad disenchantment, when the hero of that inimitable poem had become a weary old man like any other. I was present at a family dinner where Thackeray discoursed to a delighted audience of young people about 'The Virginians,' which he was then writing."

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HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.....Associate Editor
AMY LOVEMAN.....Associate Editor
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.....Contributing Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....Publisher

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The BOWLING GREEN

Adventure in Hoboken

OCCASIONALLY someone inquires, What has become of the Three Hours for Lunch Club? It is true that its activities have more privacy nowadays than when (how long ago it seems) they served as filler for a daily newspaper column. But no one need suppose that the Club—once editorially described by no less a journal than the *Baltimore Sun* as “the world’s most civilized institution”—has suffered any demise. Its members, some of them growing perhaps a little stouter or a little grayer, meet less often in plenipotentiary session; but it still preserves all the quixotry of its youth. One function of the Club, you may remember, was every now and then to devote its energies to some Great Cause. It has not been forgotten that once upon a time the club bought and saved from destruction a full-rigged ship. The ambition to start a chop-house on Ann Street was never fulfilled, because that old courtyard and smithy (the most relishable bit of early New York that our generation will remember) was torn down and built over. But now the club has a new Cause, and though it has kept pretty quiet about it there’s no reason why the news shouldn’t leak out. The Club has leased a theatre and gone in for producing.

I almost hesitate to tell you where; for this theatre is in the last seacoast of Bohemia that is left in New York, unpolluted by sophistication. We don’t want it spoiled by the prematurely knowing. For this is not a “little” theatre, nor an “arty” theatre nor an “amateur” theatre nor a theatre in a cellar or a stable or a wharf or an attic. It is one of the last of the oldtime playhouses of this region, a house redolent with rich showman atmosphere, strong with the color and gaudy make-believe of the stage of fifty years ago. The echoes of many generations of troupers are in it, and the aromatic flavor of thousands of nights of melodrama and burlesque. The old Bowery flavor that, they tell me, Mae West has sought to recapture in *Diamond Lil* is obvious in this playhouse’s very fabric. The voes and hokums of sixty years of playing have been rodden into the scuffed old stage and breathe in the scribbled ribaldry on the walls of the old prop room. There is even a ghost, I dare say, for there’s a legend of a Leading Lady who fell through the ancient trap. I say sixty years at random, for so far no one in Hoboken has been able—

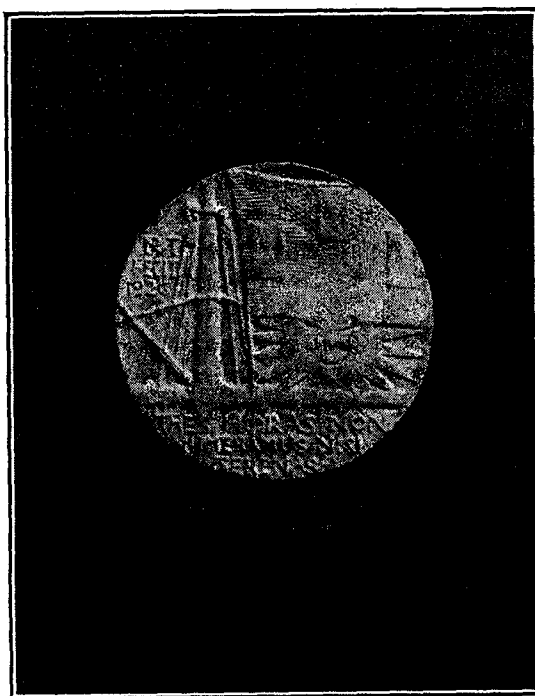
I’ve given it away; but I was going to anyhow.

Long ago, for reasons entirely their own, certain members of the Club formed a habit of occasionally going over to Hoboken for lunch. The old joke about Hoboken being foreign territory had some truth in it, you stepped off at the other end of the ferry and found yourself in a delightfully different world. There were ships, and quiet streets sunning themselves in a noonday doze, and comfortable German hotels where men sat lingeringly at their meals. One walked up the hill to Stevens Institute and looked out over the great panorama of New York—an honored member of the Club, Mr. Aurhead Bone, did a magnificent drawing of that respect. In the early days of the Club’s rambles in Hoboken the *Leviathan* still lay there, dingy and decrepit, a memento of bad times. There was a Greek confectioner named Papanicholas, whom we suspected of being the actual Santa Claus. There was, and still is, an authentic German bookshop—*Buchhandlung*. On warm days then, as now, the women on Hudson Street would turn on the hydrant with a special spray attachment, and not only children but grown-ups too bathed happily in the misty hower. And near that same hydrant was a frolicsome old theatre with which, though we suspected it not, the Club’s destiny was connected.

The credit—if there should be any credit—belongs primarily to Mr. Cleon Throckmorton, the eminent stage designer, who happened in at the Rialto Theatre in Hoboken because a former employee of his was playing a “bit” there; and his unrivalled eye for theatre effects fell in love with the glamorous old house. He laid his ideas before some of his colleagues in the Club; heads were put together; through a long season of mint-julep meet-

ings (the Club’s official beverage in warm weather) the pros and cons of the problem were discussed. In short, a lease was signed; behold, in the warm days of August, Mr. Throckmorton himself engaged with a paintbrush; and the old auditorium emerging from grime and peanut-shells into a lively vision of gold and white and scarlet not unreminiscent (so the wiseacres say) of the famous Deutsches Theater in Berlin. Not since the era of the old Wallack’s have I seen (in New York) a playhouse that speaks so irresistibly to the lover of the stage’s oldest tricks.

We have always been quite candid, unprofitably candid, in such comments on the Club’s affairs as have been made public. There was one division of the managing committee that argued vigorously against New York being informed at all of this transfluminal venture. It was Hoboken’s affair entirely, they said; it was intended for the long-standing clientèle of the old Rialto, and not for explorers. They said that if people knew how agreeable it is to slip aboard the ferry at 23rd Street (enjoying the lights and fresh air of the river, instead of the traffic and monoxide fumes of Times Square), and then find themselves within a few paces of the



“THE SUN’S OVER THE FORE-YARD”

Symbolic medal designed by R. Tait McKenzie for the Three Hours for Lunch Club.

theatre, that the house would be thronged with smart New Yorkers looking for a new sensation. There were many other reasons alleged why it would be better not to let anyone into the secret; with most of which I heartily agree. But after all the Club has never been selfish; and the kind of people who read the *Saturday Review* can be trusted to be discreet. It would be a pity if people reproached us afterward for not having told them. One of the oddest things about humanity is its habit of trapesing along the same steady groove. Far too seldom do we hear anyone get up and say, apropos of nothing, Let’s go to New Utrecht and see what happens there; or Long Island City; or Jamaica (L. I.); or—well, Hoboken. A man who one day had an impulse to go and study Newark (a very amazing town, incidentally) is more genuinely a traveler than one who gets aboard a swell steamer and goes to the neighborhood of the Place Vendôme, just because the shipping companies kept telling him to do so. Or, to take another example, Eighth Avenue, all this summer, in the throes of excavation, has been a spectacle thrilling beyond words, incredible, magnificent. To trudge along there, once a week or so, and observe that stupendous ugly panorama of savage toil and calculated confusion is an education in Futurity. Not the niftiest window-décor of Fifth Avenue nor the wildest modernism of designers has given me so clear a punctuation of what the world is going to be like.

It would be an impertinence to remark here what eventual hopes or intentions had these well-wishing adventurers in setting forth. But it would equally have been a misdemeanor not to apprise a righteous few that the sacred traditions of melodrama and farce can still be found in a theatre that looks like a theatre—the kind of theatre that in London would be named (after a pub) the Elephant and Castle. For the moment it is our Castle: it may yet prove to be our Elephant.

But if you come to look at our last sea-coast of Bohemia you must bring your own eyes with you, and not see it through anyone else’s, nor with any preconceived notions of what is or isn’t picturesque. Suppose you go by the Holland Tunnel or the Hudson Tubes, even those alone are miracles enough for one evening, aren’t they? How often do you smell that whiff of the Hudson ferries which ought to be the birthright of every New Yorker? Crossing rivers was always thought to be symbolic; there was the Rubicon, the Jordan, the Delaware, the Styx. Even Shakespeare played Across the River, in Southwark—which explains a great deal in his work.

But that’s no parallel: for if you come (the no-publicity faction asked me to say) don’t bring with you any dramatic critics or highbrows or people who go to the theatre just to have their withers wrung with Dostoevsky and “Dusty Answer.” Allow half an hour from Times Square. 99 cents top—matinées Tuesdays and Saturdays.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.



Poems of the Machine Age

POWER-HOUSE

HERE, as where the measured sun
Hammers the cold earth with Springs un-
ending,
A piston beats immobile steel
To flight as fertile as awakened lands.
This covered place is splendid as a sky,
This pounded wheel blooms like the earth;
Whoever stands here must be moved
Deep in his blood, as when he stands
And stares across live April fields
Beneath the steady lightning of the sun.

CORLISS ENGINE AT REST

THIS is the world’s end, and the world’s be-
ginning.
This is the stillness, the motionless perfection,
That awaited the burning of the first star,
That will take back to its peace the charred sun.
This is the quietness our blood remembers, and flows
toward again;
This is the moment after strength,
Before fulness; and Time, the white tree
Whose roots have buckled the fields of space,
Is a seed now, and lies cool in the sky, unflowering.

RECIPROCATING ENGINES

HOW softly, as the great wings of eagles
flow through a sky
These tons of shaped steel
Ply through motionless air, how strongly they mesh
The stillness with a peace of their own.
The birth of a star is like this, the birth of a star
Is a blooming from quietness; wheel-flight and star-
flight
Are one peace of clear motion.
The bodies of men and of women, of lovers,
Stirring with atoms, perfect in breast and limb,
Are like steel-flight; they are softly in being,
As blossoms are white on a pear tree in April;
Springing from stillness, they have their peace.

MACKNIGHT BLACK.

Lord Frederic Spencer Hamilton, who died recently in London, was the fourth son of the first Duke of Abercorn. He entered the Diplomatic Service in 1877 and retired in 1884. From 1885-1886 he represented the South-West Division of Manchester in the Conservative interest, and sat for North Tyrone from 1892 to 1895.

Lord Frederic was at one time editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, and he was the author of a number of books, including “The Holiday Adventures of Mr. P. J. Davenant” (1915) and its sequels and reminiscences.

The London P.E.N. Club, of which John Galsworthy is president, is sponsoring the development of a society which should be of considerable help to young writers who have still to make a name. It is to be called the Young P.E.N.—the initials stand for Poets, Playwrights, Editors, and Novelists—and its object is to bring literary aspirants under thirty into contact with others in their fields.