

Woodrow Wilson, Adventurer, by William Bolitho, on page 238

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Clean Hands

CENSORSHIP has run wild in the last six months, throwing its loose-meshed nets, so easy to wiggle through, over Voltaire and Rabelais, Ernest Hemingway and Eugene O'Neill, protecting, at the cost of imagination and a knowledge of human nature, standards of decency which are either dogmatic or hypocritical or both. But censors are not altogether to blame. Their motives are sometimes sound: it is what they do that is objectionable. At the International meeting of the P. E. N. clubs in Vienna this June, where nearly all civilized literatures were represented, it was voted, that while the representative writers present had the highest sense of their duty to protect youth, especially, from pornography, they besought the guardians of morals in every country to distinguish between works of genius which might run counter to conventional ideas of decency and pornography which had no value except to be obscene. It is this distinction which our censors have wilfully failed to make; indeed they have preferred to censor books and plays of unquestioned literary merit, letting many a worthless bit of trash carry its smut without restriction. They like to throw out the baby with the bath, the vitamin with the harmless germ, the essential food of the mind because it has not been prepared by the rules laid down in mother's cook book, the brilliant satire of "Candide" because the characters do not speak as if in a meeting of the Y. M. C. A. or the W. C. T. U. These vicious and unprincipled restrictions upon good literature favor mediocrity and discourage originality, for they favor dogmatic or prejudiced moral codes, or substitute a verbal conscience for real morality.

No use, however, in raving at censorship. A steady opposition, well argued, is the only remedy. But the opponents must come into court with clean hands. The excesses of censorship cannot be entirely explained by saying that times are changing faster than opinion. Violence usually springs from violence, restriction is a reaction from license, and the question which honest men and women eager to get into this battle for freedom must put to themselves, is whether the writers have given the censors any excuse.

They certainly have, and to admit this is not for an instant to countenance censorship by suppression, which can have satisfied nobody, or nothing but the vanity of the censors.

The stage is typical. No one wants the theatre to preach, but can it divorce itself from social responsibility? Managers have run from bedroom scenes to jazzed murder, from the sensational to the morbid, in the hope of finding something that would persuade the New York audience to pay their prices. Dirty cracks that would have closed a theatre in long-skirt days are now the commonplaces of theatrical dialogue. "She appeared in the first play on Broadway which contained a full-length oath"—this from a theatre program. Well, it was good for the mealy-mouthed and for dramatic literature to let in some "damns" and "hells," "pimps" and "whores." But to seek success by means of cursing and crime and smut and the outrageous, to capitalize forms of vice new to the stage, to raise weekly the danger limit in the hope of outrunning the other smut hounds of the town—this is reckless (to use no stronger term) and cannot be defended on the ground of free speech or honesty or anything except the need of cash.

Nor have the journalist-critics of the drama be-

The Blind Mule

By MORRIS BISHOP

I SLOWED her down, for the bad road was coming;
And I could feel the fretful tappets drumming,
Impatient fingers of a choleric man.
Ahead, on the winding bit, there marched a span
Of mules, pulling an old and queasy dray.
In tune they nodded, as they picked their way,
Walking the delicate high-heeled walk of the mule.
I honked for room; obedient to the rule,
The team pulled over. As I made to pass,
The engine growling with its drink of gas,
The high mule craned upon me corner-wise;
We looked a moment in each other's eyes.
O terrible blind blue eyes that looked me through,
O burst blind eyes of milky lapis-blue,
What did you tell me of the life of fear?
The dark comes down, the bright worlds disappear;
The old mule still, in memory of the light,
Brushed by the furious engines of the night,
Feeling in every gust the wild surmise,
Turns to the sound of death his blind blue eyes.

Hail, Britannica!*

By ALLAN NEVINS

THE assembling and publication of a new edition of the Britannica is today a work of generalship rather than mere editorship. Since the tenth edition, when Horace Hooper introduced American methods into the preparation and promotion of the encyclopædia, it has become more and more an international enterprise. The ninth edition was dated 1875. It seems lost in late-Victorian shades and was doubtless thoroughly Victorian in method. The tenth was ushered in 1902 upon a world which had been amply warned of the great event by what *Punch* called the noise of "Hooper whooping"; the *London Times* had thrown its massive influence behind the work, the celebratory dinner in London had a list of guests surpassing any Lord Mayor's banquet, and from Land's End to Skye, from Portland to San Diego, and from Melbourne to Vancouver, public interest had been artfully excited. Eight years later, in the eleventh edition of 1910, edited by Hugh Chisholm, the encyclopædia further vindicated its position as one of the greatest educational institutions in the English-speaking world, and one of the monuments of human erudition. A revision is a staggering task; as Lord Bryce said, it means fixing a new landmark in the record of knowledge. It involves summoning the united resources of British, American, and to some extent outside learning, it requires a tremendous work of reapportionment and readjustment, it entails meeting new demands of democratic appeal, and artistic form, and it must be combed and recombed with scientific precision. It would be easy to blunder in some great essential, and a public of nearly 200,000,000 people would fall upon the blunder.

"Revision" this time is hardly the word to be used. We have a new world to describe. Twenty years have passed since the last full edition was written, and in this period Versailles has given us new nations and empires, Einstein has offered us a new cosmogony, science has provided a new outlook everywhere, and morals, manners, and ideas have flowed into radically new channels. Henry Adams's principle of acceleration makes the old encyclopædia rather a danger than a guide. The most fatal error would be to retain too much of what was true and the last word in 1910. The best method was the method here followed of sweeping most of the old work away entire. The credit for this boldness goes to Mr. Garvin, a journalist-scholar who has had ideas of his own and courage to execute them. The newnesses of the encyclopædia stand out aggressively. The print is new and better, with the old small-type sections gone entirely. The illustrations are astonishingly numerous—15,000 of them—and in practical worth no less than attractiveness set a new standard. The number of articles is greatly increased, and the long articles are broken up by sub-headings. All topics have been drastically revalued.

One word of reassurance should be said at the outset. An ill-calculated type of publicity has made judicious people grieve in the fear that the noble old encyclopædia would be "popularized" like some of our monthly magazines. The announcement

* THE ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA. Fourteenth Edition. A New Survey of Universal Knowledge. J. L. GARVIN, Editor-in-Chief. FRANKLIN H. HOOPER, American Editor. WARREN E. COX, Art Director. New York: The Encyclopædia Britannica Company. 1929. 24 volumes.

This Week



"A Farewell to Arms."

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"The Laughing Queen."

Reviewed by ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

"The Love of the Foolish Angel."

Reviewed by HERSCHEL BRICKELL.

"A Victorian Village."

Reviewed by MARGARET P. MONTAGUE.

"Truth and the Faith."

Reviewed by BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

Books of the Fall.

By AMY LOVEMAN.

Next Week, or Later

... But Is It Art?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH.

trayed any marked evidences of a sense of social responsibility, or much feeling for esthetic values. The New York dramatic critics are such good journalists that not even a dull play can make them write dully. But they would wisecrack over Racine and make merry over Gorky—if he were a new writer. Only a plot of high tempo with murder, pistol shots, and characters who are dress models of the current stage convention (which happens to be "hard-boiled") can reduce them to a state of prayerful consideration. One wonders what would have happened to the quiet development of "Journey's End" if the tom-tom and staccato of the guns back stage had not satisfied their yearnings for noise and stir-about. They flow with the tide, and the tide of ethical responsibility just now is out. Instead of applying the caustic to the soft spots of decadence and sensationalism they use it only upon faults of technique. If a play is "good theatre" it is good—and that is that. Very seldom is criticism of content

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that Henry Ford was writing on mass-production, Gene Tunney on pugilism, and Irene Castle on dancing, bred a suspicion that the editors might be going in for stunts rather than solidity. But this kind of publicity proves to have been entirely misleading. The choice of persons like those just named sprang from a principle which in most of its applications has been happy. It has given us such notable essays (they often deserve the word) as Marshal Foch's on morale in war, Elihu Root's on the world court, Colonel House's on the Paris Conference, Helen Wills's on lawn tennis, Colonel T. E. Lawrence's on guerilla warfare, ex-Secretary Kellogg's on the outlawry of war, and General Smuts's on holism. It is an incurious person who will not wish to read such contributions, and they could not have been better done. The corps of sub-editors, a body of distinguished scientists, historians, economists, artists, and men of letters, is alone a guarantee of character; and the roll of contributors is on the whole a list of the most responsible and expert writers one could easily select. Those who chose the American contributors include Dr. Isaiah Bowman, Raymond Pearl, Roscoe Pound, James Harvey Robinson, John R. Commons, Henry S. Canby, Vernon L. Kellogg, and men like them. There is popularization, but not at the expense of accuracy or erudition. Probably no previous edition of this encyclopædia has had so large an array of university men and men representing research institutions.

It is not the "popularization" of the work which most impresses the careful observer, though the claim to "humanization" is valid. What do stand out are four characteristics which are to the credit of the edition, and two which may be counted as partial defects. In the first group we may note that (1) it has been thoroughly and carefully modernized; that (2) it has been given a much more practical character than it previously had; that (3) it has been decidedly Americanized, the excessive British emphasis of previous editions being largely overcome; and (4) that it contains many scattered innovations which are a result of approaching the field of knowledge in a new way, and accepting new divisions in that field. The defects are that it is a shorter work and in some respects materially less exhaustive than its predecessors; and that an unevenness is visible both in some of the rewriting and in some of the work of retention from the old edition.

The modernization of the work has various aspects. It is the least of them, of course, that it brings old or obvious topics like the story of the novel, or Herbert Hoover, or Massachusetts down to date. This has been well done—Edmund Gosse and Lion Feuchtwanger write on the novel, Vernon Kellogg on his friend, Mr. Hoover, and James Truslow Adams on Massachusetts; but any encyclopædists would do it fairly well. The greatest test was in presenting a really full survey of the multifarious new arts, new inventions, new processes, and new institutions and ways that have come into being. It would not do to forget Rotor Ship or Regional Planning (capably handled by Lewis Mumford) or Russian Coöperatives. It would not do to leave out Birth Control (a long and fairly good article, though dealing mainly with British experience, and timidly signed X), or Bird Sanctuaries, or Bear Mountain Bridge. But it would be rather easy to forget almost any of these, or even to omit such a subject as Batik, which receives a long and careful article, elaborately illustrated, by the art editor himself, Warren E. Cox. The Sacco-Vanzetti case must receive its column, a cool and detached record of the affair without analysis of the evidence. The Channel Tunnel is treated in a long article by Sir Arthur Fell, strong in advocacy of the project. It falls close by Community Kitchen, discussed by the professor in charge of hotel courses at Cornell

University. It is hard for anyone who reads the 12,000 words on Diesel Engines and scans the illustrative plates to realize that the edition of 1910 gave them but one hurried paragraph in the article on Oil Engines. Where the old edition had a brief and wooden article on advertising, dealing almost wholly with the nineteenth century, the new one has 10,000 words (by Daniel Starch of Harvard and others) with a host of illustrations, forming a satisfying survey of twentieth century practise. Aeronautics comes in for a treatise of thirty-three pages, and there is an article on Lindbergh which covers everything but his marriage. The editors are a year too early for the coming American census figures, which is unfortunate, but they have taken

Closely linked with this modernization is the progressive Americanization of the once insular Britannica. Its English editor notes in the introduction that there are 130,000,000 Americans and Canadians against 50,000,000 people in the British Isles, and that the United States has become the richest, strongest, and most vibrantly active nation in history. The centre of gravity of the English-speaking world has decisively changed, and the editors make the proper deduction. In the next edition they will do well to drop the title Britannica for one more accurate. American Literature (by Henry S. Canby) receives more space for the period since 1900 than English, and justifies the allotment. In the former edition Wellington was given ten

and a half columns and Washington eight, an allotment obviously unfair and characteristic of a great deal else in the work. In this edition Washington receives thirteen columns and Wellington six and a half, which is about as it should be. In the old edition Alexander Hamilton and Sir Robert Peel were granted "parity" with eight columns each; in the new, Peel is cut down to five-sevenths of the space apportioned to Hamilton. Distinctively American developments like the Rotary Clubs, City Manager Plan, and Rockefeller Benefactions (this last by Arthur Woods) are

taken up for liberal treatment. In articles on such subjects as Agriculture, Iron and Steel, and Advertising the old emphasis on European experience has given way to a fairly equal division between European and American practice; indeed, on most industrial topics, legal topics, and sports topics there is a distinct American section. American place names have been multiplied, and citizens of villages like Carthage, N. Y. (population 4,325) can thrill to find their town now under its own proper heading in the Britannica. The encyclopædia, quite properly, loses few opportunities to sound the note of Anglo-American solidarity, as in Mr. Garvin's able article on the English-Speaking World. There is room here and there for improvement still in the Americanizing of the work, but a strong advance has been made.

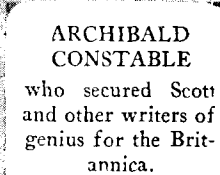
The practicality of the new edition is brought out in four or five particulars. We live in an industrial era, and the editors recognize the fact. While articles devoted to what may be called "dead" subjects, especially biographical—ancient generals, mediæval archbishops, eighteenth century actors, early Polish authors—have been boiled down, present-day industrial processes are elaborately treated. Chocolate, for example, received eleven lines in the last edition, in this there are two columns and a plate illustrating steps in chocolate manufacture, supplemented by three pages and two plates on cocoa and its manufacture. There were three columns on shoe-manufacture in the last edition; in this we find eight, with thirteen illustrations, the whole showing the layman just how every part of the shoe is made. The articles on such subjects as Photography (supplemented by Flash-Photography) and Batik are designed to be of practical value to amateur and expert alike. Another practical innovation is the introduction of articles on the greater American and British corporations. For the first time we have a scattered history of different railways, with President Daniel Willard writing on the Baltimore and Ohio and President Charles Donnelly on the Northern Pacific; a history of the American Banknote Company, the Bethlehem Steel Company, the Western Union Company (by Newcomb Carlton), and dozens of others. The statistical information—the fact that General Motors in 1927 had plants in fifty cities, built 1,560,000 cars, and had 18,000 dealers in more than one hundred countries—is quickly out of date, but this innovation is sound and should be extended. General phases of industrialism are covered by general articles; for example, there is a discussion of Company Promoting. There is



JAMES LOUIS GARVIN
Editor of the new Britannica



ANDREW BELL
engraver and scholar, who with Colin MacFarquhar launched the first edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica.



ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE
who secured Scott and other writers of genius for the Britannica.



FRANKLIN H. HOOPER
American Editor of the Britannica

pains to utilize the best recent estimates in matters like population.

The two extremes in the modernizing of the work are the treatment of the latest scientific advances and the latest discoveries regarding remote antiquity, both dealt with by an impressive array of experts. Collectively these articles offer a stimulating exhibition of the ground conquered by man in twenty years. It is almost startling to compare the archaeological sections of 1910 with the twenty individual articles on subdivisions of archaeological study presented here, and decidedly startling to place beside the old treatment of physics the dozen articles (the chief by Sir Oliver Lodge) which summarize its present estate. In the former field the discoveries of Lord Carnarvon in Egypt, of the Germans Koldewey and Andrae at Assur, of the Oxford-Chicago and London-Philadelphia groups at Kish and Ur, of American archaeologists in the Maya cities of Yucatan, of the French at Timgad and the Italians at Leptis Magna—all this and much more has rewritten chapters of ancient history. The editors can well say that we know more of the remote origins of Eastern and Mediterranean civilizations than was guessed by the best schools of antiquity at the zenith of their learning. New light is thrown on the yet unsettled question of the priority in civilization of Egypt or Mesopotamia; Sir John Marshall has discovered the early bronze age Indo-Sumerian culture of the Punjab and Sind and its connection with early Babylonia. In science the effort to piece great new truths out of a mass of discoveries is still more striking. Twenty years ago there could be no articles on Isotopes, Quantum Theory, or Hormones; the Atom was discussed in terms (we are told) now quaintly false; Electron got a few lines; Einstein was not mentioned; Matter bore an entirely different look. The World War will perhaps yet seem less important than the contemporary scientific changes. Here, with Einstein himself writing on Space-Time, Eddington on Astronomy, and Bohr on the Atom, a host of articles catches science at what is admitted to be a moment of revolution. As Sir Oliver Lodge writes, the array of recent discoveries "constitutes an elaborate network of interlockings and coincidences, which must have a deep-seated meaning when we can unravel the tangled skein. All we can do now is to hint at the stages that are being reached, to realize that nothing like the last word has been spoken, to wonder at the genius which has so greatly illumined and yet partly confused us, and to have faith in the advent of a great generalization."