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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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A drawing reproduced from the jacket design of "George Washington," by Shelby Little.

Washington à la Strachey

GEORGE WASHINGTON. By SHELBY LITTLE. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1929. \$5.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

IT is a healthy fact that the career of Washington, once reserved to historical scholars, has now attracted a group of writers whose interests and associations are more purely literary. After all, the scholars have had a century and a quarter, and have failed to produce anything like a completely satisfactory life—failed not through lack of knowledge or expertness but of interpretive ability. It is but fair to give such authors as Mr. Rupert Hughes, Mr. W. E. Woodward, Mr. John Corbin, and Mrs. Little their chance. These writers have widely different intentions and methods, and Mr. Hughes, who has unearthed new facts of importance and proved himself a careful and zealous investigator, doubtless looks rather scornfully at Mr. Woodward's slapdash portraiture. But taken as a group, they seem to be bringing a spirit of fresh realism into the study of Washington, a questioning mood, an appetite for actualities, and a new literary zest and vigor.

Mrs. Little's inspiration is not much in doubt. She is an interested and talented amateur who has read Lytton Strachey's "Victoria" and Ludwig's "Napoleon," and has been seized with the desire to do for Washington what these writers did for their subjects. Her aim is not to add new facts, for she believes we have enough facts now, but to throw upon canvas a sharper delineation of Washington's excessively classicized features, and a more vivid presentation of his time. Her methods are those with which the recent mode in biography has familiarized us. That is, they include constant attention to the psychology of Washington, including both his mental and his emotional life; a constant mixture of trivial everyday facts (the heat, the roads, the color of a waistcoat) with momentous historical facts in order to give the latter a new lustre of reality; emphasis upon the pictorial, through first-hand glimpses of men and events from letters, diaries, and memoirs; and use of the historical present or its equivalent. This is not a scholar's biography, in the sense of representing first-hand research. It is not a critical biography, for it has notably few ideas, whether new or old. It is plain narrative and picturization, adroitly and vivaciously carried through nearly five hundred pages to give us a cleaner-cut and brighter impression of a great leader and his troubled era.

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The New Humanists

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

PERHAPS no civilized man of reflection looking upon his times whenever they may be has failed to echo Chaucer's angry cry, up, beast, out of thy stall, as he surveys bestial complacency and disregard of any ends, rational or irrational, beyond the meanest immediacy. And perhaps no citizen of the world has had better reason for distress than precisely today and in America. A century of progress has left us a middle-class civilization where quality is consistently sacrificed to quantity, and cheap comforts and cheap thinking are equally accessible. It has become almost incredible to us that society can be organized upon any basis but profit. For the old and often beautiful superstitions we have substituted a belief in the efficacy of applied science to make us wise and happy which is as grossly superstitious, yet, though disproved daily in the experience of our intimates, remains in arrogant self-evidence. The Thing is quite certainly regarded by the majority as more important than the Man, and never have leisure, thought, the sense of beauty, and even pure physical enjoyment been so subordinated to the business of stimulating material wants and creating the goods to satisfy them. We are committed as a nation—and we are trying to commit the world—to the thesis that riches and success are identical. We know better, but that is what our bodies believe, which is proved by the way in which we live. The standard of material comfort has been raised so high that it is difficult for the intellectual, the artist, or the craftsman to keep his place and get his share of the comfort provided by machines, without wasting his energies on pure profit making. Having conquered nature to the sound of factory wheels and auto horns, we breed less fine figures of men than the eighteenth century or the early Renaissance.

Spectacles like this of ours, as distressing, though with different evils to make the onlooker groan, have raised the Isaiahs, the Dantes, the Erasmuses of the past. Erasmus with his hopes for a reasonable world purged of the folly of violence and obscurantism would be a particularly good critic of the dull mechanic materialism which threatens to lower the vitality of our humanity. His humanism of a world made for rational man is the doctrine we lack, and it is not surprising that the new school of protestants against the mechanizing of America should have taken the name and called themselves humanists. They have united in a book, "Humanism and America,"* which is a forthright challenge to naturalism, materialism, mechanism, and all the other manifestations of a sub-rational society, and they have a doctrine, a creed, and a program. Such names as Irving Babbitt, Paul Elmer More, Frank Jewett Mather, Norman Foerster, T. S. Eliot among the contributors, promise scholarship, and high critical and ethical standards.

There is a spell in the very name of humanist, as of a revival of that intellectual crusade which in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries gave all too human nature once again the center of the stage. It is perhaps a dangerous spell and indeed not all who call upon the name of humanist will be saved or be capable of saving.

And therefore, if humanism is what this speed-dizzy, matter-sodden age needs, let us be highly critical of the brand that is offered. These new humanists assert nothing less than a willingness to save us all with our literary, artistic, and philosophic

luggage. Their promises are large, their invective against all who disagree, heavy.

What is this new humanism, and how does it differ from that creative interest in the possibilities of mortal man which has been called humanism in the past? Professor Irving Babbitt, who is regarded by the editor, Norman Foerster, as a center and fount, defines his humanism as measure in everything, as order, as restraint. "Nothing too much" has indeed always been good humanism, and we can admit Mr. Babbitt's contention that it is one of the "laws unwritten in the heavens" which intuition discovers. Humanism, Mr. Babbitt further explains, moves upon the middle of the three levels of existence, nature—man—the divine. It is opposed to humanitarianism which, assuming perfectability, makes men into gods, and naturalism (or naturism) which makes the law for man and the law for thing identical. Humanism (he says) defies materialism with the literary realism that is built upon it, and deplures that escape from good reasoning into mere expansiveness of spirit which we call romance. The humanist, he adds, must put the will above the intellect, but this will is to be of the "higher immediacy," akin to God's will, and must control the "lower immediacy" of our desires. Thus the new humanism is committed to a complete dualism in which man and nature are violently opposed. Against the excesses of feeling or experiment which constitute modernism the humanist's will is set, and this will, in contradiction of determinism, is free. Down with nature. Let her be cabin'd, cribb'd, confined, she is mankind's enemy, is the new humanist's cry—an almost startling contradiction of the chief trends of recent thought with their emphasis upon the primitive, the emotional, and the complex of environment and the personality.

The other members of this humanist group accept Mr. Babbitt's definition, even though, with the exception of Mr. Foerster, who is more royalist than

This Week

"Humanism and America."

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.

"America and England."

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON.

"Modern Architecture."

Reviewed by FREDERICK J. WOODBRIDGE.

"Retreat."

Reviewed by BARTLET BREBNER.

"A Prophet and His Gods."

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS.

"History of American Magazines."

Reviewed by JOHN BAKELESS.

"Collected Poems of W. H. Davies."

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

Casanova.

Reviewed by ARTHUR LIVINGSTON.

Next Week, or Later

Cape Hatteras.

By HART CRANE.

* HUMANISM AND AMERICA. Edited by NORMAN FOERSTER. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1930. \$3.50.

the king, they modify his application. It is a gospel they preach. Even though Paul Elmer More in the wisdom of accumulated years would be content to restore the reign of common sense in a modernism that is trying to escape from its stale naturalism by creating forms lower than nature provides, most of the others are content with nothing less than a reconstruction of the world along lines they approve—psychology is to be abolished, physics shown its place, sociology reformed out of its materialism, all aspirations toward human brotherhood and the progress of common man to be stamped out by a ruthless rationalism, and the machine age transformed into something more intellectually acceptable.

The negativeness of this program is rather appalling. It is a very porcupine hunched up against our familiar world. On the positive side here is assuredly what we, who before this sudden incandescence had been accustomed to call ourselves humanists, heartily believed in. We too have longed for a new sense of proportion. We too have deplored the energies of an era pouring unrestrained into the power plants of materialistic aims. We also have felt that progress worth having was a progress in the character of men and in happiness of living. We have regretted the substitution of quantity for quality, have denied determinism, and rejoiced when science reached its limits and left the mind free to speculate upon its own reality. And we also, like these new humanists, have invoked tradition, though not as a master, yet as a guide.

But Mr. Babbitt (and Mr. Foerster) is not content with a program of the world for man. He will erect his own tabernacle and exclude from it all skeptics, all realists, all romanticists, no matter what their attitude toward materialism. Out go all the humanitarianists, including, one would say from the definition, Jesus Christ and Shelley, as well as Woodrow Wilson and Rousseau. Out go all specialists, for they work upon the foolish theory that there is progress to be served. Out goes every scientist who proposes that his discoveries in measurement be utilized in thinking about the mind and

understand him rightly, their misguided hopes in humanity being blighted, their work took on the gloom of futility instead of the certainty in accomplishment of the humanist ideal. Out go Sherwood Anderson, Willa Cather, James Branch Cabell, Joseph Hergesheimer in favor of Dorothy Canfield Fisher because only the latter reaches ethical conclusions satisfactory to a humanist. Out goes everything which directly or indirectly, in any way whatsoever, implies or includes the fraction of an idea that there is more to be learned of the mystery of the universe than has been vouchsafed to us already in those laws unwritten in the heavens, the suggestion that by experiment with matter any true knowledge may be had of intellectual man, and the hope that by extensions of feeling man and man in a nature which interpenetrates them may come closer toward understanding.

There is indeed in these otherwise thoughtful and scholarly essays, a tone, a feeling, as of exclusion, of dogmatism, of self-righteousness which irks the sympathetic reader like a curtain shutting out the light, and makes him say with Cæsar, "I do not much dislike the matter, but the manner of his speech." In their certainties, their refusals, their distances from the life that is being lived, in the active dislike of that life in all its most energetic manifestations, there is something, strongest perhaps in Professor Elliot's discourse on pride, least in T. S. Eliot's striking plea for humanism in religion, that makes one wonder whether these propagandists are on all counts sure of admittance at the humanists' gate. For the good humanist practises "nothing too much," and to him nothing human is alien. Is it possible that if Rabelais and Erasmus were humanists, Professor Babbitt is not?

I leave to others more expert in metaphysics than I (or some of the writers of this book) the analysis of their philosophical dualism and gospel of the will. I wish to discuss a different but, so I think, even more important aspect of this new humanism. Neither philosophical depth nor logical soundness is essential for the success of a program, but it must have direct and vital connection with the life of its period. Without that it cannot succeed, and, in all probability, without that, no matter how logical, it cannot be right in any living sense.

The new humanists, so it seems to many of us,

transfer to the austerities of science their animus against the aimless rush and rattle of our profit-seeking civilization which science made possible. They condemn and rightly the bestiality of mass civilization without admitting that the instruments of precision which made our mass prosperity possible may conceivably be of use in the reaction against its excesses. There is, as they are not willing to concede, something magnificent in our triumphant adjustments to the exigencies of nature. For them a skyscraper tower is only a dead geometry of steel raised by commerce for the gratification of greed. True—and yet it is beautiful.

For them psychology is an impudent pseudoscience, dealing ignorantly with functions which are the province of intuition and logic. Psychology has been naively presumptuous in the assumptions of philosophic truth based upon the mechanism of matter; and yet the ordered knowledge of man's behavior already enables us to check up intuition and reduce the subjective error in pure thinking.

For them—for Dean Louis T. More particularly—the mathematical analyses of matter beyond the atom provide a fantastic non-sense world of contradictions, and of no reality and no importance for thinking. Einstein is not a humanist. And yet the electrons do leap from radium and the only proof of the invalidity of determinism is the demonstration by the second law of thermodynamics that matter is not ultimately governed by the law of cause and effect.

For them, even for the excellent critical mind of Mr. Stanley P. Chase, the excess of experiment in art, literature, sculpture, music, has been due chiefly to the belief that the world is a meaningless flux in which reason is out of place and the artificial harmonies of art are more valid than attempted representation of a man and nature alike void of meaning. Such an idea, the bastard child of mechanical materialism, has doubtless sat in many an artist's mind, and all praise to whatever the sword that slays him. But the mistake of these—shall I say, closet—humanists is to assume that all experiment, all expansion of interest in life beyond their definitions, is symptom of disorder to be stamped out.

the imagination in which the vital spirits of a period prevailingly run. This is not the supposedly democratic principle of the majority upon which so much modern error rests. It has nothing to do with quantity. Rather it is the quality of the age to which I refer, measured not merely in intensity but in excellence also, that excellence, which, as Mr. Paul Elmer More would say, I think, is not an absolute, but a proportion in which a lack of Sophoclean serenity may be compensated by intense imagination energetically displayed. The excellence of our day is not in the poetic drama, nor in tragedy (as Mr. Thompson makes clear in this book), nor in epic, nor in philosophy and ethics of new Platos and new Aristotles. To look for high achievement here is vain, to condemn us because of their lack is idle. Our quality of excellence has been found prevailingly in pure science where we have demonstrably transcended all earlier periods, as much of their art and literature has transcended ours. Our quality has been found in music which is conquering a new realm of harmony for ears as yet only half open, in art in triumphs of pure composition, in literature in a vast extension of the mediums of prose and poetry to take in the novel qualities of a society in which for the first time all manner of men look for their own representations in its pages.

Twist and interpret as you may, like it or like it not, the creative energy of this age has been strongest in those works of the mind where the kinship—I do not say the identity—of man and nature, especially primitive nature, and man and the machine has been most clearly recognized. The emotional values of what the humanists call the lower nature of man have not only been the destruction of much of our worsen modern fiction, they have clearly been the distinction of much of the best of it. The "naturism" of Thomas Hardy which the humanists so deplore may or may not be correct philosophically but has certainly won esthetic eminence. No matter what its excesses, the stream of consciousness school of fiction, which is essentially a selection of incident based on the belief that whatever happens in the human mind is worthy of art, has attracted some of our strongest talents and has given us a new method of attempting imaginative truth.

To divorce oneself philosophically from all such

endeavors and the creative spirit they represent is logically possible of course. All your works are works of darkness, says the blind Milton to the Restoration libertines. All that you believe I do not believe. And no one can deny the right of these humanists, or any others, to expel and execrate the "achievements" of this age whether in democracy, or in applied science, or in the art and literature that is influenced by them, as being based upon a fallacious conception of human need. It is a dangerous right to exercise, for the society proffered in place of our actual one, the Greece or France or Spain of the critic, is bloodless and at best a hypothesis. The permanent values which can be drawn from art, literature, and history may serve as a check upon the excess or the digressions of the present, but, as an absolute standard of living in the only moment of time which we actually know, are sure to be pallid because they are abstractions. There is a vitamin in contemporary expression, no matter how inferior, not present for us in Aristotle, Æschylus, or Pope.

It is not for the critic to choose where creativeness shall appear, and it is beyond his power to cause, though he may check it. If he dislikes his age he can ignore it, but with the same danger that the university critics of the Renaissance ran when they ignored the rough, expansive, ill-ordered, chaotic Elizabethan drama, using terms sometimes strangely like sentences of this book.

The trap into which those critics fell is still open. They preferred literature which conformed to their very sensible ideas of restraint, of balance, and of dignity, not noting that it was dead at birth. These critics of the new humanism, as is very evident in reading this book, have excellent ideas, but only the most pallid taste in the arts, such as they are, of their own age. They seek when they read, see, or hear, first of all agreement with their own categories, and approve or disapprove not of art but of ethics and propaganda. This accounts for the willingness of some of them to forego creativeness altogether and take refuge in the bosom of the classics or the church. But creativeness refuses to stop for them. It may be misguided, as with the

as with Joyce, perverse and experimentalists, but if it is as life, it is nourished on the

age which they rightly distrust, but are not, I think, right in despising. To attack the follies of the creative spirit is one thing, but to wipe it out from the imagination, to cancel it—that way lies sterility. And the psychology which the new humanists deplore has found a name for a civilization that takes its artistic satisfactions entirely in the past.

If there seems to be some lack in critical wisdom, a touch of the pharisee, in the new humanists, there are also seeming gaps in their logic. If the heart of humanism is a selective control of life, it is hard to see why a controlled romance may not be as valued an escape from mechanical living as the classic insistence upon pure reason which Mr. Babbitt favors. To say that romanticism must be fought because it means the release of primitive instincts and so is naturism, and that humanitarianism must be fought because it implies good in natural man and so is naturism, is to substitute categories for the far more subtle and elusive realities of experience.

The truth is that the dualism between the higher and the lower immediacy upon which all these critic-philosophers harp so much, is only a useful hypothesis representing, not certainty but the truth about man as our intuition often perceives it. It is a way, and a good way, of handling life and judging the foundations of art. But to make it into a divining rod and measuring stick is to imitate the mechanists who from Huxley on have jumped at a supposed physical-chemical union of man and nature, flesh and spirit, and built upon that material conception of life the philosophy which has misled so much modern art and modern religion.

Modern science, which these writers dismiss with little hearing, has certainly illumined the subtle relationships of the intellect or imagination of man with the instincts, the physical and chemical reactions, the pressures of environment, until even if we know little more of the mind as an entity, we are infinitely wiser as to some of the conditions governing its behavior. To talk of the "lower" and "higher" as if lower and higher were black and white seems a little naïve, especially in view of what science has uncovered in recent years. There is a lower and a higher, a "thing" and a "man," but to tear them apart and display them as ethical opposites is to reduce an interdependence of unus-

pected subtlety to the crude symbolism of a Sunday School story. Aristotle would certainly never have thus dogmatized over dualism while the means for the difficult study of the relations between the physical apparatus of the body and the mind itself were at hand and still but half employed.

Nor is it by any means certain that the march of physics beyond the world of sensible matter is not a presage of a new monistic hypothesis of life, if not of man, which may be as valuable for criticism as the humanist's dualism.

I, personally, am so deeply in sympathy with the desire of these new humanists to rescue man from his tools and lift human destiny from the dull and scarcely conscious materialism which hangs like soot over this phase of the industrial revolution, that I deplore the narrowness of their definitions, and quite refuse to give up the name of humanist. I am not sure that a reasonable humanitarianism is poison for the race. Those who have seen "Red Rust" will not be enthusiastic for a society quite freed from its taint. I am by no means convinced that expansive, experimental literature is all doomed because it has no firm ethical basis. If its basis had been firm, it might today never have become literature. What, I wonder, would Mr. Shaffer, who demolishes Dreiser not because he is a bad artist but because he is a bad philosopher—what would he do with Egyptian art, which is certainly not humanist according to his definition—demolish that also? Nor do I feel that Mr. Mather has told the whole story in art, although his fine taste, like Mr. More's, keeps him impeccably just in his examples. These new harmonies, these dabbings with the primitive, these reversion to pure rhythm, and violent escapes from the expected registration of the senses, are if you please, denials of proportion and affirmations of the untamed nature in man seeking to modify the processes of reason. But perhaps a completer humanism would try to profit by their discoveries, even as in literature writers have sharpened their eyes and enriched their technique by the methods of science.

Humanism, properly understood, is, I believe, the only antidote for the poison of mechanism which is making of our civilization one vast machine for production and consumption. But it must be humanism, not a cult, not a refusal of life as it is in favor of life as it is deduced from books. That life is out of control now is notorious, but it will never be brought back by cursing from a hill top. It is better to try to ride the machines than to pretend that they can be disinvented; wiser to guide a civilization than to oppose it utterly.

A true humanist will first of all prize what he can find of worth in his own times, remembering that no age was ever golden. He will be more eager to encounter the vitality of the creative spirit wherever and however it is manifested than to set up his categories, even though he will never confuse intensity with greatness or be content with mere impressionism. Well aware of what has been best in the past, he will meet the present with open eyes, holding his principles as a man holds a line of poetry in his mind, ready for the new word which will bring the verse to life.

Clio Still Lives

THE MISSING MUSE AND OTHER ESSAYS.

By PHILIP GUEDALLA. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. \$2.50.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

EPHEMERAL though these essays are in character they are worth the permanence of publication in book form if only for their constant crackle of wit. But Mr. Guedalla is historian and scholar as well as brilliant epigrammatist and stylist; back of his coruscating epithet are knowledge and the reconstructive imagination, and woven into the play of his cleverness, even in articles so slight as these, is a wealth of allusion and instance that lends them substance.

"The Missing Muse" is a collection of fugitive sketches, a paper on history wherein Mr. Guedalla disproves his own contention that Clio "has vanished from the haunts of men—of English-speaking men, that is to say"; a "period piece" in which, recalling such faded but once familiar names as Dowson, Crackanhorpe, and Marzials he bursts out: "lie lightly on them, dust; for lying lightly was their forte"; and another in which he interjects: "We are, it seems, an Age of Pleasure, a period in which freedom slowly broadens down from stimulant to stimulant"; a study of "Mr. Belloc: A Panorama"; confessions of personal likes and interests, book re-

views, dramatic criticisms, general comment on life and literature. All of them are brief, all of them are sparkling, none of them is without its kernel of pertinent commentary or suggestive analysis. Entirely unimportant, they are entirely delightful.

A Balance Sheet

AMERICA AND ENGLAND. By NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT. New York: Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith. 1930. \$3.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

MR. ROOSEVELT'S concise essay is by far the most valuable assistant to understanding of the proceedings of the London Conference on naval disarmament that has come to the notice of this reviewer. Its lucid presentation of facts and figures brings home a number of generally accepted facts and disposes of a number of misapprehensions.

Mr. Roosevelt is not content with the vague statements that the United States has supplanted Great Britain as the most puissant of world powers. He brings the pertinent facts into exact focus and enables us to make a much more accurate estimate of the extent to which there has been a transition of world power from one side of the Atlantic to the other. He even finds it possible to construct an international balance sheet in which the various items of advantage and disadvantage for both countries are entered under such captions as geography, re-



Illustration from "The Metropolis of Tomorrow," by Hugh Ferriss.

sources, production, trade, finance, shipping, defense, etc. The text of the book is for the most part an exposition of the facts here set forth. A careful study of Mr. Roosevelt's balance sheet will do much for a better understanding of the present business of American diplomacy, at least so far as our relations with England are concerned.

Too much can hardly be said in praise of the work in general. Emotion has been rigidly excluded and the actual facts stressed. Yet there is no suggestion of hardness or militarism. The author is a firm believer in the desirability of Anglo-American coöperation. He insists, however, that this coöperation will be more easily attained and will be more lasting if it is based upon actualities and not upon sentimentalities.

It may seem trifling to seek for errors in a work of such uniform merit. Yet the very spirit of Mr. Roosevelt's book, its expressed desire to remove "some of the misapprehensions of Englishmen and Americans," invites the query as to whether Mr. Roosevelt has not given additional currency to one or two common misapprehensions.

He gives his assent, for example, to the idea so widely accepted in this country that "The American naval program, sponsored by Woodrow Wilson in 1916, would, if carried out, give the United States the most powerful fleet in the world." This might have been true immediately after the Armistice but it was not true at the time of the Washington Conference. In the interim both Great Britain and Japan had adopted construction programs which materially altered the situation. The British at least were satisfied that their program would give them an appreciable measure of superiority in naval power. The nature and design of the proposed

Japanese ships was so different from ours that it is more difficult to estimate their relative power, but in many respects, including the important item of the size of guns, the Japanese vessels would have been superior. There is no question but that the economic resources of the United States would have enabled us to outbuild the other countries in 1921 as they would in 1930. But the program which we curtailed at the Washington Conference would not alone have given us "the most powerful fleet in the world."

One of Mr. Roosevelt's main points is that the doctrine of "the command of the sea" is the inevitable contention of the dominant sea power while the doctrine of "the freedom of the seas" is the natural contention of the weaker nations. This is undoubtedly true. But in adducing his evidence in support of the statement the author apparently acquiesces in the idea that the United States, after having vehemently supported the doctrine of the freedom of the seas while it was a neutral in the Great War, wholly abandoned that doctrine when it became a belligerent.

Such records as are available do not lead to this conclusion. The United States did exercise the "right of angary" in taking over some Dutch vessels which were in our harbors at the time we entered the war. The United States navy did lay floating mines in the North Sea. Both of these actions were inconsistent with the principle of the freedom of the seas, but neither of them was directly involved in that doctrine. As to the doctrine itself, instructions to the American navy when it entered the war were to "fight the enemy, not neutrals." And there is no record of any neutral ship having been seized and brought into port or otherwise interfered with by an American war vessel.

We strictly regulated our own trade with neutrals but we were entirely within our rights as belligerents in so doing. Until further evidence comes to light we would appear to be forced to the conclusion, not that the United States abandoned the doctrine of the freedom of the seas when she entered the war, but that we deliberately and designedly went as far as we could in the exercise of our belligerent power without violating the principle of that doctrine.

Except for these two possible items, neither of which is of primary importance nor militates seriously against his main thesis, Mr. Roosevelt has accurately diagramed the facts, the issues, and the ties which hold apart and bind together the two great Anglo-Saxon nations.

The City of the Future

MODERN ARCHITECTURE. By HENRY RUSSELL HITCHCOCK, JR., New York: Brewer & Warren (Payson & Clarke). 1929. \$5.

THE CITY OF TO-MORROW AND ITS PLANNING. By LE CORBUSIER. The same.

THE METROPOLIS OF TO-MORROW. By HUGH FERRIS. New York: Ives Washburn. 1929. \$7.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK J. WOODBRIDGE

A COMPREHENSIVE book on modern architecture would be welcomed by all who have an interest in the progressive artistic efforts of this generation. The theories and examples of the new and original designs advanced throughout the western world are accessible only in specialized volumes or the various, more or less professional, contemporary journals. From such scattered material it is difficult for either layman or architect to obtain an inclusive view of the "modern" movement. Three different views of it are given in the books under consideration. Mr. Ferris sets forth in vivid pictures problems of urban architecture and suggestions for solving them, all in terms easily grasped. Le Corbusier vigorously denounces the hap-hazard, short-sighted growth of cities and offers a radical plan of his own, which rides roughshod over reality and human nature. Mr. Hitchcock's "Modern Architecture" at first glance appears to be just the comprehensive book we want.

Indeed it is even more ambitious, because it sets out to establish a foundation for a new approach to architecture as far back as the late Middle Ages, and then to show that from the year 1750, the change of attitude became more and more pronounced, until now, with a certain group of designers, it is altogether dominant. It is not clear what this new approach and change of attitude are. At the beginning this appears to have been a shift from a straightforward interest in composition to sentimentality,—a romantic love of the "sublime" and the "pictures-