

## BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

### Contemporary Sculpture TWENTIETH CENTURY SCULPTORS.

By STANLEY CASSON. New York: Oxford University Press. 1930. \$3.50.

Reviewed by CHANDLER POST  
Harvard University

IF this were a more important and a profounder book, it would deserve a long review, for the author is keenly and intelligently interested in modern art and in the course of his pages raises a number of questions that would demand of the reviewer a general consideration of the aims and achievements of recent sculpture and an evaluation of Mr. Casson's own esthetics. As it is, the book, in a way, falls between two stools: it is not a systematic history of the sculpture of our century, which, if it bored with its pedantry, would compensate by the ordered information that it imparted; nor, if it is classed as a series of essays, is the content quite substantial enough or the style sufficiently elegant to give it even in this category a well-grounded status. In its rather disjointed make-up, it does resemble a volume of casual essays bound together by little else than the general theme of the sculpture of today and the matter of each chapter is not always unified.

In the first chapter the author inquires into two ideas suggested by the critics of his earlier work of 1928, "Some Modern Sculptors," and decides that the sculptor must control, rather than be controlled by, his material, and that a piece of sculpture must have some further *raison d'être*, such as monumental decoration, beyond that of the easel-picture the purpose of which is to express the artist's own individuality. After these *hors d'oeuvre*, he proceeds to the meat of his book, chapters on a series of sculptors who, with one exception, are well chosen as typical and distinguished exponents of the several outstanding tendencies in the plastic art of the present moment—the Swede, Carl Milles, our own American, Paul Manship, the German, Georg Kolbe, the Russians, Alexander Archipenko and Ossip Zadkine, another German, Oswald Herzog, with his fellows of the "inorganic" school, and the Englishman, Frank Dobson. The exception to the representative nature of Mr. Casson's selection is Dobson, who is little more than an English Maillol and whose inclusion is perhaps a concession on the part of the author to patriotism. It is symptomatic of the modern phenomenon, the Parisian ateliers' loss of leadership in the Fine Arts, that his list does not comprise a single Frenchman. He follows with two rather dull desserts. First, there is a discussion of the tools used by the ancient Greek sculptors, a chapter dressed out with the fine name of "Epilogue for Artists," like the French titles for simple dishes on the menus of ambitious restaurants. The excuse for the digression is the author's praiseworthy exaltation of the Greek esthetic attitude as at least a partial ideal for the artists of all subsequent times, and, indeed, hitherto Mr. Casson has been chiefly known, as a writer, in the phase of a Hellenist. The second plate is a not very novel dissertation on the principles of "Public Sculpture" i.e., commemorative monuments, and there is even a savory in the shape of a final chapter, called "Prospects," that has to do with the trends of sculpture since the war.

If the book does not quite fulfil the requirements either of a formal history or a collection of essays, it can nevertheless be recommended to the leisurely reader who desires a few hours of pleasant, mildly stimulating, and, for the most part, wholesome distraction. Mr. Casson is in sympathy with the aims of recent art, but unlike the usual ecstatic writers on the subject, he is sane and judicious in his opinions and pronouncements. It is refreshing, for instance, to have the Epstein bubble burst by one who accepts the general esthetic theories underlying his production. Many of the author's own esthetic contentions are fundamentally sound, for instance, his attack upon the modern cult of self-expression and his resulting definition of genius as that "which seeks to interpret the world of beauty through the medium of a personality, the general through the particular." One can quite agree with his conception of the "true academic" as the artist who accepts "certain

methods of construction and systems of proportion which experience has shown to be satisfactory" but who knows when to stop in his imitation of the past. It is quite another matter, however, to concur in his choice of Manship as the true academic on the ground that "he never lets his inspiration (in the art of past epochs) carry off his originality."

Although Mr. Casson's ideas and language are sometimes the trite stock-in-trade of current criticism of art, we meet now and then very trenchant and penetrating bits of analysis, such as his description of Germany of the twentieth century as "the home of sculptural experiment rather than of sculptural creation." The book will serve also to answer with a certain clarity some of the questions in regard to this new art always being asked by the dazed public. It elucidates, for instance, very satisfactorily Herzog's endeavor to break down the boundaries between sculpture and architecture. In any such volume, of course, there are statements and estimates to which an author cannot hope for unanimous assent. The reviewer has expressed in another place a very different judgment of Manship, and he would like to have found less attention paid to Kolbe's dependence upon Rodin and some mention of the debt that, in common with many other German sculptors of the beginning of the twentieth century, he owed to Adolf Hildebrand. But the feature to which we must take most exception is a rather cheap and superficial kind of sarcasm that I hope is still more characteristic of the Oxford than the Harvard undergraduate. For example: "To commemorate by beauty alone is, for the general public of our Neolithic Age, for the present too sophisticated a thing," or, "We hear nothing now of nudity and more of symbolism and other more abstract terms. In times to come we may even discuss beauty." Nevertheless, much can be forgiven Mr. Casson because of the soundness of the greater part of his criticism, a soundness, I suspect, that comes in part from his Hellenism. One of the virtues, indeed, that gives his work both piquancy and sanity is his familiarity with the production of many epochs in the history of the world's art.

It goes without saying that a man who can write with enthusiasm of what is coming to be called modernistic art has little use for realism. The reviewer therefore, at the end begs to be permitted to say a word for this now much despised quality. Are there not others who, like me, have faithfully studied the sculpture and painting of today, who have even gone through a period of appreciating it, but who are at last weary of stylization and tired of its elaborately spun theories, of its fussiness, and of its self-consciousness? It is so easy to be "artistic" if representation is neglected. Is not that a greater art which is able to maintain full representation and at the same time to fuse into it the formal esthetic qualities and the emotional effect without isolating them and without throwing them in your face? We are living in an age of mannerism in sculpture and painting, and the pendulum is bound soon to swing in the opposite direction of more respect for the illustrative and story-telling functions of art. As the mannerists of the Byzantine style in Italy were succeeded by Giotto, as the less gifted mannerists of the second half of the Cinquecento gave place to Caravaggio, so surely will our children revive realism, and if I am alive, I for one shall not be sorry. Archipenko's return to a greater faithfulness to nature is already an index of what is going to happen. It is only to be feared, because of the extravagances in which certain exponents of modernism have indulged, that the pendulum, in reaction, may swing to the extreme literalism of a Meissonier or Gérôme.

Oliver Madox Hueffer, the author and war correspondent, who died in London recently, was a grandson of Ford Madox Brown, the pre-Raphaelite painter, and a brother of Ford Madox Ford, the novelist. He wrote many plays and novels, some under the pseudonym of "Jane Wardle." Once, during a Mexican revolution, he was "executed" and "buried," according to official records.

### The Marine Service

#### THE REMINISCENCES OF A MARINE.

By Major-General JOHN A. LEJEUNE, U. S. Marine Corps. Philadelphia: Dorrance & Company. 1930. \$4.

Reviewed by Major W. R. WHEELER

GENERAL Lejeune's forty years of service spanned many periods of change. In 1888, the marine was only a poor relation of the navy family, wooden sailing ships were just giving way to steam and steel, and, in the matter of Samoa, our foreign policy was beginning to conflict with that of a power of modern Europe. Thirty years later the Marine Corps had risen to responsibility and consideration, and General Lejeune himself was holding high command in battle on the western front.

The trend of our foreign policy can be followed in the lives of our seamen and marines. As a naval cadet fresh from Annapolis, Lejeune clung to the rigging of the wrecked *Vandalia* the night that the hurricane at Apia settled the Samoan dispute by sinking the assembled ships of the American, British, and German squadrons. The war with Spain found him with the squadron blockading Havana; he was with the force that aided the authorities of Panama in maintaining order on the occasion of the separation from Colombia. A period of garrison duty in the Philippines was followed by the occupation of Vera Cruz in 1914, where he commanded until the army took over control. Other service sent him to Cuba, Porto Rico, Haiti, and Santo Domingo. Early in his career Lejeune had asked that he be considered a volunteer for every expeditionary force, as he "wanted the field experience which could be gained only on expeditionary duty." He completed his preparation for future emergencies by graduating from the Army War College.

His successive assignments afloat and ashore were, each of them, efforts that had their effect in establishing solidly the foundation of the Marine Corps structure of today. He had his part in settling the important question as to who commands marines on shore after they have been debarked by the navy; he systematized prompt dispatch of expeditionary forces, while, during his two terms as Major-General Commandant after the World War, he had the task of rebuilding and developing personnel.

In 1917, General Lejeune had served for two years as Assistant to the Commandant of the Marine Corps. After considerable effort, and despite the possibility that he would be made Commandant, he secured a transfer to troop duty that involved sending many units and replacements to France. Seizing a chance that promised no more than service behind the lines, he sailed for France in June of 1918 and shortly after arriving was given command of a brigade of the Thirty-second Division. Transferred to command of the Fourth (Marine) Brigade of the Second Division three weeks later, he was almost immediately placed in command of the division and promoted major general. He commanded this Army unit until its return from the Army of Occupation in 1919. The operations of his division were characterized by the quick dash exemplified at the taking of the Blanc Mont Ridge in the Champagne, and by its surprise night advance of four miles into the German lines during the closing days of the Meuse-Argonne offensive. The successes of the Second Division are one of the brilliant chapters in the history of the American Expeditionary Force.

From his observation of battle, General Lejeune remains convinced that men approach this experience in a serious, if not prayerful, frame of mind; he denies the general accuracy of scenes with which certain books, plays, and motion pictures of the war have made us familiar. Of the younger generation of men he says: "they went to war blithely, for they knew naught of its stern reality. That reality it seems impossible for men to learn except by their own personal experience. Perhaps this is the irrefutable answer to the pacifist creed."

Neither a proponent of militarism nor a preacher of pacifism, the author ventures a warning: "there is nothing so uncertain in this world of ours as international rela-

tions. What seems certain today becomes uncertain tomorrow, the probable vanishes, the impossible happens, and the prognostications of wise men come to naught." Can one more concisely word the necessity for preparation of a fair measure of national strength?

As a man who habitually wrote daily to the mother of his three children, as a human being convinced of the efficacy of prayer, General Lejeune's words are not only a gripping tale of adventure but also, by implication, a sermon on life. Retiring from active service in 1928, General Lejeune is now Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute. The cadets of that school are fortunate in having a war-proven leader to carry on the tradition of "Stonewall" Jackson.

### New Thought

THE ETERNAL POLES. By CLAUDE BRAGDON. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1931. \$2.

Reviewed by CARL THURSTON

THE most surprising aspect of what is called New Thought is its familiarity. It is, essentially, a series of translations from the older religions. Sometimes it is an adaptation of the great Oriental systems to the Occidental mind, sometimes a severe pruning of Christianity to fit it to the modern mind; in either case, it is an attempt to substitute for a too poetic original a simple prose version of the same truths.

Such translations are often very useful. To the reader who has "lost his faith" they offer a sort of spiritual moratorium which may save him from ethical and psychological bankruptcy. To the reader who has never had a faith they offer the truths of religion in a form which he can swallow and digest. If he hears from a pulpit, "Not my will but Thine, O Lord," or "God is love," the words may seem as meaningless as a foreign language; but when Mr. Bragdon tells him that his individual personality "exists not for its own sake, but for the uses of the life-force," and that "love is the action of the life-force upon the personality," he is likely to listen with attention and understanding.

Yet the very existence of such translations is evidence that something more is needed. Translations may carry us through a brief period of transition, but sooner or later we are going to need new originals. The time has already come to begin the best of the current output for of more permanent value.

"The Eternal Poles" is a wise and beautiful book; its criticism of modern life is penetrating and many of its incidental reflections are profound. Yet my guess is that the Scripture of the future will have to be more intricate and more splendid. It may not need to be as poetic as the great originals of the past, but, as an equivalent, it must be deeply scientific. If it speaks of a "life-force" it will have to tell us, to interest any but the instinctively credulous, more about its place and function in nature, its connection with the material world, and its mode of operation on individual minds. If it bases its teaching, like "The Eternal Poles," on the eternal bipolarity of the universe it will have to omit such pre-Socratic opposites as "sun and moon" and "fire and water," and abstain from the rather sentimental pastime of guessing which member of each polar pair should be called masculine and which feminine. In the second place, it will have to be revolutionary enough to hit the imagination of the world with a tremendous impact, and while "The Eternal Poles" is spangled with entertaining originalities they are neither powerful nor dramatic. And finally, if this imaginary volume is to capture minds that have grown up on modern science, art, and philosophy it will have to be organized with a rigorous intensity which will preclude the miscellaneous wanderings through love, business, yoga, and the Einstein theory in which Mr. Bragdon indulges.

If it seems unfair to judge "The Eternal Poles" by the standards of the future rather than of the present, I can only plead that if it had been less good there would have been no temptation.

## Books of Special Interest

**Heredity and Environment**  
**THE BIOLOGICAL BASIS OF HUMAN NATURE.** By H. S. JENNINGS. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1930. \$4.

Reviewed by BEVERLEY KUNKEL

ACCORDING to the words of the preface of this book, Professor Jennings undertakes to "examine the interplay of differences existing at the beginning of the individual life with those that arise through later experience, by which the infinite diversities of individuals come into being." This purpose is achieved in a remarkably satisfactory way. In no other work known to the reviewer has the fact been brought out more clearly that each individual achieves its characteristics as a result of the hereditary material contributed by the parents acting upon and being acted upon by the environment. This is far from being a simple process. The reactions of the egg and the embryo with the surrounding world are constantly changing as development proceeds.

The question of the relative importance of heredity and environment, is shown to be incapable of a categorical answer in precisely the same way that the question of the importance of material and workmanship in automobiles cannot be answered.

The experimental method of the solution of biological problems so dominates Jennings's viewpoint that the intricacies of the phenomena of heredity are not glossed over in an effort to make them conform to an *a priori* theory. As a consequence, the author's attitude toward eugenics on the one hand and behaviorism on the other is especially important.

To the extreme eugenicist whose enthusiasm has been aroused by the reading of many popular works on the subject, rather than by the much more painful method of experimentation, the present volume will prove disappointing. The "new heaven and the new earth" of the eugenicist are not in the immediate future according to the author. Eugenic measures which aim to cut off the stream of defective genes are practical only to a very limited extent until some means is devised whereby the defective genes may be discovered when they do not exhibit

themselves in defective body or mind. At present, the only method of determining whether certain defects are carried in a latent condition is by crossing with an individual exhibiting them. This process is so contrary to the practice of mankind through the ages that it is questionable whether it can make any appreciable progress for many years. In addition to this, the suppression of reproduction on the part of those carrying a latent defect must be scrupulously followed and the possibility of altering the environment to alter the development of the hereditary material must be canvassed in a way that is quite out of the question at present. It would, however, be very unfair to leave the impression that Jennings scouts the whole eugenic program. He sees only good in the prevention of breeding of the notably defective, like habitual criminals, insane, and feeble-minded; he favors the dissemination of knowledge of birth control among the dependent so that there may be a slowing up of the reproduction of this group; he favors the raising of the economic status of those with superior abilities so that the economic burden of children will be lightened; and he believes that the conscience of all classes in regard to the future of the race needs to be aroused.

In regard to behaviorism, biology can take no exception to the claims of that school that by appropriate training of any "normal" infant, the doctor, lawyer, merchant, chief can be produced at will, since by definition, the term, normal excludes all genetic classes that lack the capabilities of adjustment of individuals to diverse conditions. But "biology must dissent from the negative conclusion, namely that heredity has nothing to do with the diverse aptitudes, temperaments, and fates of individuals. Respect for individuality is the great contribution of genetics to the treatment and understanding of human beings."

The volume is notable for the clear explanation of the theory of the gene which has come to occupy so large a part of all thought on the subject of heredity. The term, unit character, can no longer be used in the light of more modern experiments with the same assurance as twenty

years ago and the term gene cannot be used as it once was as the equivalent of a unit character. There are at present probably fifty of these genes involved in the production of the single quality, "red eye," in the fruit fly so that it is only when the two parents have all fifty of these alike, except those of one pair, that we obtain the phenomenon of unit character inheritance. It would require far too much space to give an adequate account of the interesting experiments that prove the reality of the genes at this time, but there is probably no clearer statement than in the volume under review.

### Physical Basis of Heredity

**THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF PERSONALITY.** By CHARLES R. STOCKARD, M.D. New York: W. W. Norton & Co. 1931.

Reviewed by DAVID MARINE, M. D.

THE development of our knowledge of the function of the so-called glands of internal secretion and, in a broader sense, of internal secretion in general is one of the most modern, most fascinating, most important, and most rapidly advancing branches of physiology.

This rapid development has invited exploitation, usually under some such title as glands of personality or one or another of its variations. It is only natural that investigators of internal secretion dislike this term. Perhaps to the general public, however, the word personality has an appealing rather than a repulsive effect. The change of one word would have eliminated this criticism and in a less sensational era the title of this book probably would have been the physical basis of heredity. Because of the title, however, I am sure many persons will gain an unpleasant first impression of Professor Stockard's excellent book. When one reads the table of contents this unpleasant taste due to the title is quickly dispelled and as one peruses chapter after chapter, the story of heredity and development, particularly from the embryological and physical basis as influenced by internal secretion, is told in a popular and yet conservative manner.

At once we know that Professor Stockard is on ground with which he is thoroughly familiar through many years of experiment and study. After an introductory chapter the author proceeds to summarize the evolution of the developmental environment of the egg from the free sporing fish through amphibia, reptiles, birds, and mammals. He then reviews the germ cell as a mechanism for inheritance, its finer anatomical structure, including the chromosomes and their invisible genetic elements or "genes," which are believed to contain the substances which determine the inherited characteristics of the individual.

He next takes up the embryological period and points out how critical this period of the animal's development is because of the colossal growth and differentiation that takes place during this period. He points out how the slightest departure from the normal coördination during this stage of development could further change the individual's constitution or personality.

All this is told in a clear, easy, popular style and serves as a background for a review of his breeding experiments on several divergent types of dogs. Professor Stockard's idea of attempting to throw further light on the mechanism of heredity by analyzing the effects of controlled cross breeding of the several types of dogs that presumably originated from a single type is an excellent one, and he has already carried this work far enough to add materially to our present knowledge and to demonstrate its possibilities.

Up to this point the author has stayed well back on his safe anatomical background, only reaching out to catch philosophical threads that were long enough to fasten to this anatomical framework. But tying up the developmental defects or the anatomical peculiarities of the several types of dogs with particular internal secretions is still a scientific hazard. It is not that variations in the various internal secretions do not play an important role in these physical defects but it is a question how the internal secretions are modified, unbalanced, so to speak, to permit of these effects. Nutrition and environment are important factors in determining both the quality and quantity of a given internal secretion. This phase the author has not gone into, perhaps because it introduces too much biochemistry.

The book is amply yet conservatively illustrated with drawings that materially add to the clearness of presentation. Every scientific worker knows that in general drawings are more illustrative than photographs, but according to some they are more subject to bias. It is necessary, as certain phases of science become popular, that scien-

tists themselves write the popular reviews if the public is to get an honest impression of the subject. It is fortunate that Professor Stockard has made available a fair and readable review of a phase of biological research that has become and is destined to become both more popular and more important as the years pass.

### With the Greeks

**PLATO AND LUCIAN.** By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1931. \$2.

Reviewed by PAUL SHOREY  
 University of Chicago

MR. CHAPMAN is always keen about the best things, and whatever he writes about them is always interesting and suggestive. He has been reading in Plato and Lucian, and records his impressions with some excerpts to confirm them. Like the majority of effective writers he is more interested in the use that he can make of the great classics than in the ascertainment with misanthropic accuracy of precisely what they said and meant. He will doubtless be more appreciatively reviewed by critics who share this attitude than by a captious specialist.

With perhaps a majority of hasty readers he feels that Plato is an artist and a dreamer, but not a thinker. The "Symposium" read by itself leaves a bad taste in his mouth and obscures his judgment as it does Professor Sihler's. It seems to him to condone and to encourage modern condonation of aberrations from which Proust has lifted the taboo that until recently imposed silence in the literature of the English-speaking peoples.

Reading casually in Lucian, he is favorably impressed by the rationality of his hard-headed mockery of the follies, superstitions, and vices of degenerate Rome and particularly by a few jibes at the "friendships" of Socrates and his companions, which in fact are more than counterbalanced by Lucian's praises and defense of Plato elsewhere. He somewhat hastily infers that Lucian was a deeper thinker and a sounder moralist than Plato, and he apparently is not in the least daunted by what he must know to be the opinion of all the wisest and best and most scholarly critics who have really known Plato, from Cicero, Plutarch, and Marcus Aurelius to Schleiermacher, Goethe, Coleridge, Mill, Matthew Arnold, Martineau, and Emerson.

With his main underlying purpose to whip Proust and his admirers on the back of Plato I cordially sympathize. And I think that his and Renan's judgment of Lucian is much nearer the truth than that of Wilamowitz who contemptuously dismisses him as a mere "journalist." But if he has not the time or patience to ascertain why the "secure" judgment of the *orbis terrarum* regards Plato as not only a supreme artist but a great thinker, a "decent respect for the opinions" of the small portion of mankind who know should have made him hesitate to promulgate the paradox that Lucian is really the profounder thinker.

The dramatic portrayal of the after-dinner talk of Athenian young men in the "Symposium" is far from being Plato's last word on the ethical question that so stirs Mr. Chapman's righteous indignation. There is a passage in the eighth book of the *Laws* (837-840) which would satisfy the most delicate Puritan conscience, and there is a reasonable presumption that it represents Plato's considered opinion. It even contains a hint that the subject is one on which a man of the world might have allowed himself to speak in jest. The Socrates of the "Symposium" is a man of the world, at dinner with younger companions. He may sublimate or treat with playful irony their libidos. It is not his cue to preach. The Socrates of the "Phædo" is conversing seriously with an inner circle of disciples on the day of his death. It is uncritical to press apparent inconsistencies in the tone of the two dialogues. We may read at random in Plato for entertainment and inspiration, but to criticize him one must read every word and interpret every statement in the light of its dramatic context and its presumable relation to other passages.

On the stage of the Burgtheater in Vienna, Ernst Reinhold, the actor, writer, and scientist recently recited, or rather played, all the five acts of Shakespeare's "Richard III" in English by heart. "It was an event," says a Vienna correspondent to the *London Observer*, "an amazing delivery, with its excellent varying characterization of the many figures, its honest depth of feeling, in the beautifully finished wording of classical English, astoundingly rendered by a foreigner and delivered with beautiful ease and rhythm."

## LYTTON STRACHEY



"Mr. Strachey is an artist, one of the greatest writers of English prose now living. His insight into both patterns and idiosyncrasies of character, his narrative skill, his charm of style with its ease, lucidity, and restrained irony—these are the latest flowering of the classical tradition in a unique personality, and are not to be repeated at either wish or will."—*Ernest Sutherland Bates on "Portraits in Miniature" in the Saturday Review of Literature.*

Lytton Strachey's new book contains eighteen biographies of characters in the Elizabethan and Victorian eras.

## PORTTRAITS IN MINIATURE

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