

Genteel Tradition at Bay. II.

This is the second in a series of three essays by George Santayana, called "The Genteel Tradition at Bay." The first, "Analysis of Modernity," was published last week, this, the second, is "The Appeal to the Supernatural," and the third, to follow next week, is "The Moral Adequacy of Naturalism." Although divided for the convenience of the editors of The Saturday Review and each standing on its own feet as a contribution to modern thinking, the three chapters constitute a closely knit comment, and we urge our subscribers to read them as a whole. Only so can this suave and penetrating analysis of morality, humanism, authority, and the relativity of the spirit to experience be comprehended in its lucid movement. Mr. Santayana's prose, which writers who endeavor to handle weighty matters with full expressiveness can only admire and envy, is outstanding in any of these essays, but we hope that that "The Genteel Tradition at Bay" will be read as its author meant it to be read, from beginning to end, and as it is not usually the custom of The Saturday Review to publish continued articles, note here an exception. Admirers of Santayana will find in these chapters, philosophic as they are in content, more than a reminiscence of "The Soliloquies in England."

ALMOST all nations and religions, and especially the liberal party in them, think themselves the salt of the earth. They believe that only their special institutions are normal or just, and hope to see them everywhere adopted. They declare that only the scriptures handed down by their own clergy are divinely inspired; that only their native language is clear, convenient, deeply beautiful, and ultimately destined to become universal; that only the logic of their home philosophers is essentially cogent; and that the universal rule of morals, if not contained in tablets preserved in their temple, is concentrated in an insoluble pellet of moral prejudice, like the categorical imperative of Kant, lodged in their breast. Not being content, or not being able, to cultivate their local virtues in peace at home, they fiercely desire to sweep everything foreign from the face of the earth. Is this madness? No: I should say it was only haste, transposing a vital necessity into absurd metaphysical terms. Moral absolutism is the shadow of moral integrity.

Now moral integrity and its shadow, moral absolutism, were always a chief part of the genteel tradition in America. They were perhaps its essence; and we need not wonder that the heirs to this tradition, in order to reaffirm the integrity of soul which they feel to be slipping away from them, clutch at its shadow, ethical absolutism, which perhaps they think is its principle. But such principles are verbal; they are not sources; and absolutism, even if reinstated philosophically, would never actually re-establish integrity in a dissolute mind or in a chaotic society. The natural order of derivation and growth is the opposite, and nature must first produce a somewhat integrated soul before that soul can discover or pursue the ideal of integrity.

Nevertheless, merely to reinstate absolutism philosophically would be a great feat, and would prove the hopeless perversity of relaxing integrity in any degree whatever. If, for instance, the human soul were supernatural and had its proper life and perfection in another world, then indeed all the variety of human tastes, temperaments, and customs would be variety only in self-ignorance and error. There would be an external criterion, apart from all places, persons, and times, by which everything should be judged, namely: Does this conduce to the salvation of the soul? Salvation would mean self-recovery, emergence from distraction, life beginning anew, not romantically, in some arbitrary fresh adventure in an exotic landscape, but inwardly, by the pure exercise of those functions which are truly native and sufficient to the spirit. The supernatural constitution and affinities of the soul would supply a criterion for all human affairs; not one absurdly imposed by one earthly creature upon another, as I was just now protesting, but one imposed by the visiting spirit upon the whole natural world. For however admirable and innocent the whole life of nature might be in itself, it would probably be in some directions sympathetic and in others poisonous and horrible to the native of a different sphere.

What, then, would a supernatural world be if it existed? I don't mean to ask what such a world would contain: it might evidently contain anything. I am only asking what relation any occult world must bear to nature, as we know nature, if that other world is to deserve the titles of existent and of supernatural. If it is to be existent, and not like the realms of poetry or mathematics merely conceived, it must, I think, be in dynamic relations with ourselves and with our world. Miracles, reports, incarnations, and ascensions, or at least migrations of the soul, must connect the two worlds, and make them, in reality, parts of one and the same universe. The supramundane and the mundane taken together would compose the total reality with which human knowledge, morality, and sentiment must reckon if they would not be ultimately stultified by the facts.

Supernaturalism, in its own eyes, is accordingly simply a completed naturalism, a naturalism into which certain ulterior facts and forces, hidden from our near-sighted and imperfect science, have been duly admitted. The morality inspired by supernaturalism will also be a naturalistic morality in principle: only that the soul will then be confronted by other opportunities and other dangers than her earthly life contains. Reason will have to take longer views, and the passions will be arrested, excited, or transformed by a larger prospect.

On the other hand, if this possible other world is to be called supernatural in any significant sense, it must not be confused with the chaotic, the groundlessly miraculous, the *infra*-natural. I am far from wishing to deny that the *infra*-natural exists; that below the superficial order which our senses and science find in the world, or impose upon it, there may not be an intractable region of incalculable accidents, chance novelties, or inexplicable collapses. Perhaps what we call the order of nature may be only a cuticle imperfectly formed round a liquid chaos. This speculative possibility is worth entertaining in the interests of scientific modesty and spiritual detachment; and it positively fascinates some ultra-romantic minds, that detest to be caged even in an infinite world, if there is any order in it. Indetermination seems to them liberty; they feel that idiocy and accident are far more deeply rooted than method in their own being, and they think it must be also in the world at large: and perhaps they are right. All this underlying chaos, however, if it exists, has nothing to do with that supernatural sphere—a sphere and not medley—to which morality and religion may be tempted to appeal. As the Indian, Platonic, and Christian imagination has conceived it, the supernatural has an external nature and a sublime order of its own. It forms an elder cosmos surrounding our nether world and destined to survive it. In that cosmos a hierarchy of spirits continually descends and ascends all the steps of moral decline and exaltation; and there the inexplicable burdens and tantalizing glories of this life find their origin and their fulfilment.

THERE is nothing impossible, therefore, in the existence of the supernatural: its existence seems to me decidedly probable; there is infinite room for it on every side. But, then, this almost tangible supernatural world is only the rest of nature, nature in her true depths and in her true infinity, which is presumably a rich and unmapped infinity of actual being, not the cheap ideal infinity of the geometers. The question is only what evidences we may have of the existence of this hidden reality, and of its character; whether, for instance, it is likely that the outlying parts of the universe should be more sympathetic to our moral nature than this particular part to which we are native, and which our science describes, because this is the part which we have to reckon with in action.

Now to this question the Platonic and Christian tradition replies, among other things, that the soul herself is a sufficient witness to her own supernatural origin, faculties, and destiny, in as much as she knows herself to be a pure spirit, synthetic and intelligent, endowed with free will, and immortal. We are not really native to this world, except in respect to our bodies; our souls are native to a spiritual world, from which we fetch our standards of truth and beauty, and in which alone we can be happy. Such is the thesis: and we must never let this ancient

citadel of absolutism fall into the enemy's hands if we expect safely to hold the outworks and to claim for ourselves a universal jurisdiction in taste, politics, and morals. Moreover, this citadel encloses a sanctuary: our philosophical supernaturalism would be uselessly vague without a positive revelation.

If we were not especially informed concerning the nature and destiny of all human souls, how could we legislate for them universally? How could we assert that all types of virtue, except our one official type, are either rudimentary or corrupt, and that although biologically various types radiate from a centre and diverge more and more the nearer they come to perfection, morally this is not so, but all human souls, in spite of what they may think, can be saved only by marching compulsorily in single file, after the same kind of happiness? We must possess a divine revelation to this effect, since without such a revelation our moral dogmatism would be avowedly only an expression of our particular temperament or local customs; and any romantic anarchist or dissolute epicurean might flout us, saying that his temperament and his customs were as good as our own or, to his feeling, better; and that he was innocent and happy in his way of life, and at peace with God—as indeed that loose, low creature, Walt Whitman, actually declared.

And the case would be particularly hopeless if the heretics, like us, were supernaturalists about the soul; because if they were mere naturalists we might rebuke them on medical grounds, as we warn a child munching too many sweets of the stomach-ache and the toothache, lest he should be cloyed too late; or we might simply turn the cold shoulder of indifference and disgust upon the odious being, to signify his ostracism from our desirable society. But if he too was an immortal visitor from another world, he might well despise our earthly prudence and stupid persecutions, and he might assert against us his own unassailable vocation merely to will, or merely to laugh, or merely to understand. How, unless divinely illuminated, could we then pretend that we knew what was good for him better than he knew it himself? Nothing would be left for us except to thrash him: which at present we should be wisely disinclined to attempt; because in the arena of democratic jealousies and journalistic eloquence he would probably thrash us. No; we must boldly threaten him with hell fire; he shall be thrashed in the other world, in the world of spirit to which he appeals; and though the more picturesque forms of this threat may be out of date, and may raise a smile, there are other forms of it terrible enough in themselves and near to our daily experience. We have but to open the newspaper to read the last confidences of some suicide, and to learn how the torments and the darkness of hell descend on the desperate rebel and the forlorn pleasure seeker. We must rely on the horror which the facts of earthly life, when faced, inspire in the innocent conscience. We must appeal to the profound doubt, the profound unhappiness, the profound courage in the human soul, so that she may accept our revelation as the key to the mystery of her profound ignorance.

The alleged happiness of the epicurean or the romantic we must assert to be a lie. In them, too, we must believe a supernatural Christian soul is leading a painful and disgusted life; for nothing can be more unnatural to her than naturalism. Evil souls and ugly bodies are degenerate, not primitive; we are all wretchedly fallen from an estate to which we secretly aspire to return, although we may not clearly perceive our plight or understand the nature of that good which alone should render us happy. We need to have the way of salvation preached to us, whether it be salvation in this world or in another; and this preaching we must receive on authority, if not on that of a special religion, at least that of the high philosophic tradition, Indian, Neoplatonic, and Catholic, which represents the spiritual wisdom of all ages. If we reject this authority and neglect to seek the supernatural happiness which it prescribes, we shall be systematically sinning against ourselves, and literally losing our souls.

The same doctrine of a supernatural soul is indispensable if we would justify another conviction dear to the absolute moralist, I mean, the consciousness of free will. A supernatural soul would have a life and direction of her own: she would be an efficacious

By George Santayana



member of an invisible cosmos, in which—since the whole is the work of God—every being would have its appropriate gifts, functions, and destiny. The soul cannot create herself: she cannot determine the point of space and time at which she will begin to show her colors: she cannot tell how long her influence may be allowed to count in this world. But while her union with the body endures there will be a tug-of-war; and the issue will never be determined by either side taken alone. A man will therefore be no helpless slave of his body; his acts will not be predetermined physically without his soul's leave; they will be determined by the interplay of the physical with the spiritual forces in him: and on the spiritual side there will be two principal factors: his soul, with her native powers, affinities, and will, and the will and the grace of God, putting that soul in contact with particular circumstances and allowing her in that trial some measure of victory.

The soul, being an independent centre of force, would have come, on this hypothesis, into the body from without, and would continue to act upon it from within, until perhaps she escaped to pursue elsewhere her separate fortunes. This independent initiative of hers would be her free will: free in respect to material laws or solicitations, but of course conformable to her own instinct and native direction, as well as subject to the original dispositions and dynamic balance of the total universe, natural and supernatural. We must not confuse the dualism of origin in human acts, asserted by this theory of a supernatural soul, with any supposed absolute indetermination of either soul or body, or of their natural effects upon one another. Indeterminism, if it exists, belongs to the unintelligible foundations of things, to chaos, and to the sub-human: it is so far from vindicating the power of spirit over matter, that in this contest, as everywhere else, a real indeterminism would dislocate the normal relations of things and render them, to that extent, fortuitous.

THE notion that absolute freedom might save many a critical situation, and that in general the intervention of groundless movements would tend towards a happy issue, rests on a complete confusion. It is the gambler's fallacy. Empty possibility seems to him full of promise; but in fact sheer chance, throwing dice, would seldom throw sixes. The only force that really tends towards happy results is the innate force of the soul herself: for the soul, whether natural or supernatural, is an organizing principle working, as in seeds, for a particular form of life which, if realized, would make her good and her perfection. If in this labor any groundless events occurred in her or in the circumstances, she would to that extent be the victim of chance. Energies dropped into her and not exerted by herself would evidently do no work of hers; they would not manifest her freedom, but only her helplessness; they would be interruptions into her life of that primitive contingency which is identical with fate. The result would, to that extent, not be after her own mind, and she would not be responsible for it. Sheer indeterminism, like the danger of earthquakes, if the healthy mind did not disregard it, would put all human labor in jeopardy: it would dislocate all definite hopes and calculations; in a sane life it would be the worst and the most alien of agencies. Such a possibility is like the other face of the moon, for ever turned away from human interests.

The kind of free will which concerns the moralist asserts rather the autonomy of the soul, her power of manifesting herself, often surprisingly, in the realm of matter in ways which, since they express her innate impulses, may have been already vaguely prefigured and desired by her conscious mind. This freedom, or external initiative, will be proper to the soul whether she be natural or supernatural: in either case she will have a chosen good to pursue, and a certain limited power of achieving it; but if she is natural, her dispositions may change with the evolution of animal life, and one of her forms will have no authority over another; whereas, if she is supernatural, these material shifts will change only the theatre of her activity or its instruments; her nature and her perfection will remain unchangeable.

If, then, the American humanists hope to maintain an absolute criterion of taste and morals, I think they should hasten to embrace supernaturalism, in

case they have not done so already. The word supernatural has long been out of favor, partly because it denied to science an omniscience which, in theory, science never claimed, and partly because it pointed to possible realities far beyond that subjective sphere which is the only reality admitted by romantic idealism: but neither reason seems to have any serious force. Supernaturalism, being an extension of naturalism, is far sounder philosophically than subjectivism, and morally at once humbler and more sublime. And that form of supernaturalism which lies nearest at hand, Christian Platonism, has the further advantage, in this case, of being remarkably humanistic. It deifies human morality and human intelligence.

Socrates and Plato, and some of the Fathers of the Church, were excellent humanists. They had not, of course, that great rhetorical joy in all the passions which we find in the humanists of the Renaissance and, somewhat chastened, in Shakespeare. Platonism and Christianity, in their beginnings, were reactions against decadence, and necessarily somewhat disillusioned and ascetic. These philosophers were absorbed in preaching: I mean, in denouncing one-half of life and glorifying the other half; they were absolute moralists; and this dominance of ethical interests was confirmed by the Jewish and the Roman influences which permeated that age. Moreover a learned humanism was involved in the possession of Scriptures, demanding studies and eloquent expositions, which could not remain exclusively theological or legendary. In the Old Testament and even in the New, there were humanistic maxims, such as that the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. Epicurus had crept into Ecclesiastes, and Plato into the Gospel of Saint John; and by a bolder stroke of humanism than anyone had yet thought of, God himself had been made man. Man consequently might be superlatively important in his own eyes, without offence to the higher powers. He might proclaim his natural preferences even more vehemently and tenaciously than the heathen since round his conscience and his intellect he believed that the universe revolved, and had indeed been created expressly for his dubious and tragic glory.

This marked, and even absolute, humanism in Platonism and Christianity seems indeed to some of us, who have no prejudice against supernaturalism in general, an argument against supernaturalism of that kind. There is a sort of acoustic illusion in it: the voice that reverberates from the heavens is too clearly a human voice. Is it not obvious that the reports contained in this revelation are not bits of sober information, not genuine reminiscences of a previous life, not messages literally conveyed from other worlds by translated prophets or visiting angels? Are they not clearly human postulates, made by ignorant mortals in sheer desperation or in poetic self-indulgence? Are they not ways of imagining a material vindication of lost causes, by a miraculous reversal, in the last instance, of every judgment of fate? Don Quixote, after twice mending and testing his ancestral helmet, and finding it fall apart at the first blow, mended it for the third time with a green riband—green being the color of hope—and, without testing it this time, deputed it to be henceforth a trusty and a perfect helmet. So when native zeal and integrity, either in nations or in persons, has given way to fatigue or contagion, a supernatural assurance needing no test may take possession of the mind. Plato wrote his "Republic" after Athens had succumbed, and his "Laws" after Syracuse had disappointed him; Neo-Platonism and Christianity became persuasive when ancient civic life had lost its savor. A wealth of wisdom survived, but little manly courage; a dreamful courage of another sort, supernatural faith, transposed that wisdom into meekness; and sanctity sprouted like the early crocus in the loam under the leafless giants of antiquity.

FAR be it from me to suggest that anybody ought to exchange his native religion or morality for a foreign one: he would be merely blighting in himself the only life that was really possible. But the traveling thoughts of the pure philosopher may compare the minds and manners of various men; and considering the supernatural world of Platonism and Christianity, he may marvel to observe

how very mundane that supernatural world is, how moralistic and romantic, how royal, ecclesiastical, legal, and dramatic an apotheosis of national or pious ambitions. At best, as in Plotinus, it lifts to cosmic dimensions the story of spiritual experience. But how shall any detached philosopher believe that the whole universe, which may be infinite, is nothing but an enlarged edition or an expurgated edition, of human life? This is only a daylight religion; the heavens in its view are near, and pleasantly habitable by the Olympians; the spheres fit the earth like a glove; the sky is a tent spread protectingly or shaken punitively over the human nest.

In the East the philosopher will remember, there are, as it were, night religions, simpler perhaps than ours but more metaphysical, inspired by the stars or the full moon. Taken as information, their account of the other world is no better than ours, but their imagination is more disinterested and their ontology bolder. They are less afraid that the truth might be disconcerting. Is the color which those inhuman religions lend to morality less suitable to mankind? I am sure that a Hindu, a Moslem, or a Buddhist is amply sustained in his home virtues by his traditional precepts and rites; he does not need to transpose these virtues out of their human sphere; the universe can sanction in man the virtues proper to man without needing to imitate them on its own immeasurable scale.

That was a confused and insolent ambition in Milton to justify the ways of God to man. Impartial reflection upon ultimate things tends to purify, without condemning, all the natural passions, because being natural, they are inevitable and inherently innocent, while being *only* natural, they are all relative and, in a sense, vain. Platonism and Christianity, on the contrary, except in a few natural mystics and speculative saints, seem to sacrifice ruthlessly one set of passions merely in order to intensify another set. Ultimate insights cannot change human nature; but they may remove that obfuscation which accompanies any passion, and a virtuous passion especially, when its relativity is not understood. Human nature includes intelligence, and cannot therefore be perfected without such an illumination, and the equipoise which it brings: and this would seem to be a better fruit of meditation upon the supernatural than any particular regimen to be forced upon mankind in the name of heaven. Not that the particular regimen sanctified by Platonic and Christian moralists is at all unacceptable; but they did not require any supernatural assistance to draw it up. They simply received back from revelation the humanism which they had put into it.

John Mistletoe, XXII.

(Continued from page 517)

the pride in the job that makes publishing the happiest of trades. I do not believe adequate credit has ever been paid to Alfred Knopf, then serving an apprenticeship at Garden City, for his early pro-Conrad zeal. Alfred was supposed to be working in the Mail Order department, but the legend was that he spent all his time writing to Conrad and Galsworthy. Knopf was the author of D. P. and Co's first little biographical booklet about Conrad, printed about the end of 1913; it is a pleasant item for the Conrad collector, as is also the tiny pamphlet the house issued early in 1914 reprinting (for the first time in America) the long suppressed preface to the *Nigger*. This latter was Mistletoe's own hunch; I see a trace of his earlier manner in the words "Issued by D. P. and Co. for distribution among those interested in English literature." He was then still youthfully concerned about "literature," which strikes me now as amusing, for though frequently damned as "literary" he is probably the least so of anyone I know, and scrupulously ignorant in that field. Unless a man is just a drain for print he is likely to reach a mood when he feels he has read enough books, that it is hardly possible for any new book to come along that can say anything he has not already felt or suspected, and that what he most needs is a chance to digest a few of the old ones and make some sense out of his own intuitions.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Books of Special Interest

Life Histories of Twins

TWINS: HEREDITY AND ENVIRONMENT. By NATHANIEL D. MITTRON HIRSCH. Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1930.

Reviewed by ARNOLD GESELL
Yale University

THE study of twins is fast attaining the dimensions and status of a sub-science. Twins have been investigated from almost every angle, — biological, anthropological, physiological, medical, and psychological. The pioneer psychological investigation dates back to Galton, who in 1876 published a paper on "The History of Twins as a Criterion of the Relative Powers of Nature and Nurture."

In the present volume Dr. Hirsch takes up this very problem, using, however, new forms of mental measurement which were not available to Galton. This study has had the encouragement of President Lowell of Harvard University and the supervision of Professor William McDougall. It is monographic in character, but the material is organized and treated in a readable manner "in the hope that the study may reach some small part of the educated public as well as the specialist."

On the basis of objective criteria, but not without the hazards of subjective error, Dr. Hirsch established three groups of twins for comparative study and experimental analysis of physical and mental traits. From a larger total body of twins, by intentional elimination, three groups of twins were selected: (a) fifty-eight pairs of dissimilar twins living under similar environment; (b) thirty-eight pairs of similar twins living in similar environment, and (c) twelve pairs of similar twins living in dissimilar environments. Only like sexed twins were studied, to eliminate differences arising from sex. For the two major groups the data include anthropometric measurements, disease history, handwriting, and drawing specimens, tests of manual and motor ability, and educational and intelligence tests. The statistics are presented in tabular form in the body of the volume, accompanied by photographs and non-technical comment.

Ratios of average difference for the various items for the ninety-six pairs of twins in the two major groups are calculated. Heredity and environment are weighed in the balance, and the author reads the results as follows:

For the ninety-six pairs of twins in question in Table I we can affirm that heredity is about five times as important as environment in respect to differences in intelligence quotient; about four times as important in respect to differences in head length; about four times as important in respect to differences in height; two and seven-tenths times as important in respect to differences in weight; about two times as important in respect to differences in cephalic index; and about one and one-half times as important in respect to differences in head width. Thus the relative importance of heredity versus environment in explaining differences varies very significantly in respect to the particular trait or form of ability that is measured.

Approximately one person out of forty-seven in the population is of twin origin. Left-handedness is present in about four per cent of the population at large. Hirsch found, however, among fifty-eight pairs of dissimilar twins, seven pairs, or twelve per cent, with one left-handed member. Among forty-three pairs of similar twins, eighteen, or forty-two per cent, had left-handed members. These figures are strongly suggestive of the secondary role of cultural factors in the production of handedness.

Investigators of the psychology of twins, almost without exception, emphasize the preponderance of inheritance in the determination of mental traits. Hirsch's conclusions are in general harmony with previous studies by Galton, Thorndike, Merriman, and Lange. Lange's recent monograph on "Criminality as Fate" was based on a study of criminal twins, both living together and apart. He concluded that heredity, though not exclusively the cause, was probably the most important factor in the occurrence of criminality. He was so impressed with the social importance of his findings that he suggested that the state ought to undertake lifelong observations of twins.

In the monograph by Dr. Hirsch, twins have once more served as a touchstone to

establish the basic role of inheritance in the determination of mental traits. One is left, however, with the impression that there is some danger in oversimplifying the concepts of heredity and environment. The concepts should not be too sharply set into dualistic contrast. Hirsch's interesting study gives the reader abundant opportunity for speculatively testing the truth of Galton's suggestion: "Necessitarians may derive new arguments from the life history of twins!"

A Federated Europe

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE. By EDOUARD HERRIOT. New York: The Viking Press, 1930. \$3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY KITTREDGE NORTON

"QUEL HOMME!" ejaculated the city clerk.

"Quel homme!" exclaimed the schoolmistress.

"Quel homme!" exploded the chauffeur. In fact, it appeared to be the universal custom in Lyons whenever the name of Herriot was mentioned to cast up the head, the eyes, and the hands and fervently expel the words, "What a man!" No wonder that for twenty-five years his admiring fellow-citizens have annually reelected him Mayor of the second city of France. And for many of those years they have also sent him to Paris either as Deputé or as Senator. The nation has seconded their opinion by giving him a place in numerous cabinets and on one occasion calling him to the Premiership.

With all his myriad public duties, even while he was serving on important committees in Paris during the week and administering the public business of Lyons on week-end visits, he has found time to study and to write. Madame Récamier, French literature, Soviet Russia, and the philosophy of post-war youth, all have been touched and clarified by his facile pen. Who more ideally qualified, then, to expound to a waiting world the mysteries, the desires, and the inhibitions that surround the problem of "The United States of Europe?"

None. Herriot, the French Liberal who wore the double laurel of statesmanship and literature; Herriot, the collaborator of Briand, was just the man. Doubtless this was the view of the publishers when they contracted for the book; doubtless this will be the view of the public when it buys the book. It was certainly the conviction of this reviewer when he first opened the volume.

Despite this high regard for Herriot—perhaps because of it—the book is a distinct disappointment. It is wholly unworthy of the man. It is not the keen analysis, the convincing argument that we expect from one of the world's best known statesmen. It is such a compilation as might be made by a graduate student in one of our own universities as a thesis for a Master's degree. But a fraction of the text is Herriot's. The rest is made up of quotations from everybody under Heaven from Plato to Poincaré and excerpts from innumerable reports whose value is undoubted but which make dull reading none the less.

Only once in a long while does the man of political power and statesmanlike insight speak through the infinite barrier of commonplace paragraphs. It takes over a hundred pages for the author to work himself up to this:

"... the customs, with its excesses and its caprices, is only the outward and visible sign of an economic disorder, maintained and aggravated by centuries of history. *The customs barrier is an effect, not a cause.* It is chimerical to seek to cure a disease by taking account only of its external symptoms. *Customs reform can only be the result of a European reorganization*" (italics Herriot's).

But does the former Premier go on from there to attack the problem which he suggests? He does not. He dawdles with the Nordic Administrative Federation and the Pan-American Union as affording "useful lessons" for Europe. He sings the praises of the Little Entente as a regional union making for peace and economic progress. He strokes the fur of the Italian tomcat until one can almost hear him purr. Not once does he throw himself into a real discussion of the things that matter.

His conclusions are marshalled with due dignity under Roman numerals. Most of them are innocuous enough. Number IX is particularly enlightening:

"IX. It must be flexible, prudent, and patient."

One would like to think that Edouard Herriot had instructed a secretary to collect the historical material to serve as the basis of a work on "The United States of Europe" and that, through a most regrettable error, the secretary's report was published as the master's opus.

Turkish Life

UNVEILED. The Autobiography of a Turkish Girl. By SELMA EKREM. New York: Ives Washburn, 1930. \$3.

Reviewed by C. C. EDWARDS

THREE or four years ago, Halidé Edib gave us what was, I think, the first autobiography to be written in English by a Turkish woman. Now Selma Ekrem helps to fill out Halidé Edib's picture of a girl's life in Turkey. This autobiography is less artistic, less well-written, less self-conscious; it is not less useful to an understanding of Turkish life.

Her book begins with her earliest recollections, in about the year 1906. (No date is given, but the year can be fairly accurately deduced.) To read it is to marvel afresh that the vigorous young Turkey of today has risen after a racking succession of revolution, foreign wars, defeat, and victory from the grave of the Sick Man of Europe. Miss Ekrem, who is still a young girl, has known the closing years of the reign of Abdul Hamid; the first and second revolutions of 1908 and 1909; the Italian War; the Balkan War; the Great War; the occupation of Constantinople by the Allied troops; the victory of the little Turkish army in Asia Minor over the Greeks, and the setting up of the new government under Mustafa Kemal. Because her father was a government official, many of these events had an immediate and decisive effect on the life of her family. Of necessity, therefore, they form the background of her picture. But she has wisely resisted the temptation to make of her autobiography a history of her time. She has given us instead a fresh and vivid account of the life of a Turkish family of the upper class. By her happy choice of detail, she has made her characters stand out individual, and essentially human; so that the reader recognizes, in this Turkish circle, men and women who are akin to his own family and friends.

Her first chapter is entitled "The Shadow of Fear." Constantly in her early years she lived in that shadow. In Constantinople, under Abdul Hamid, there was fear of the Sultan and of the Palace camarilla; in Jerusalem, where her father was Governor, there was fear of the Christians: their fanatical sects might at any time flame up into warfare one against the other and involve the Turkish people in the disaster. During the Balkan War, her father was Governor of the then Turkish islands of the Aegean. There the Greeks were feared; it was the Greeks who sailed one morning into the harbor of Mytilene:

The crescent had gone with the night, pale white in its field of red-hot blood. One by one my eyes counted the enemy ships, the Greek fleet whose arrival we had dreaded. One, two, three, another smaller one behind. But the ships were endless. Masses of hard gray steel, masses of dread.

By nightfall, the family were prisoners of the Greeks.

At the time of the occupation of Constantinople, there was fear of the Allied soldiers, mingled with a disgust for their rowdiness and dissipation.

... The city was covered with cheap cabarets where the Allied soldiers could get all the drinks they wanted. Every street was filled with reeling soldiers so that we hated to stay out after dark. Stamboul had never seen such drinking before and the horrors that the Allies brought with them. Side by side with these gaudy cabarets bearing foreign names lay the peaceful coffee-houses where a few wrinkled faces could be seen.

In spite of the shadow of fear, Selma Ekrem led an eager, zestful, individual life. As a child she rebelled against the custom of centuries, and refused to wear the veil. In the face of public disapproval and many difficult moments, her parents allowed her to follow her own way in this. When she was old enough, she went to the American college for girls in Constantinople. There with girls of many nationalities she studied and played under American teachers. There she became filled with a longing to visit America which was afterwards realized.

Her book is unequal in interest; but it is alive. It is written by a real person who has something to say. Though the writing is loose and often faulty, it is surprisingly good from one who learned her English in Turkey. Often a literal translation of a Turkish idiom gives quaint and lively emphasis to the narrative. It is a book to be read by those who wish to know something of the daily life and character of the Turks.

George Francis Hill, who has just succeeded Sir Frederic Kenyon as Director and Principal Librarian of the British Museum, has been keeper of the department of coins and medals at the Museum since 1912. Mr. Hill is the author of numerous books on numismatics. He has been connected with the Museum since 1893.

NO GOODNESS IN THE WORM GAY TAYLOR

THE shifting balance of the sexes in today's world is the theme of this novel. It gives to modern fiction virtually the first true expression of the modern woman's predicament in regard to building her life on the love of men. Its realism is honest and penetrating—ignoring the superficial, transcending the vulgar. Gay Taylor is a new writer of genuine talent—with something worth while to say.

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