

Modern Sociology

THE BEGINNING OF TOMORROW: An Introduction to the Sociology of the Great Society. By HERBERT ADOLPHUS MILLER. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Company. 1933. \$2.50.

Reviewed by SHERWOOD EDDY

PROFESSOR MILLER is the well-known sociologist whose liberal views precipitated a controversy while he was lecturing at Ohio State University. His expulsion from the university, much to the discredit of that institution, gave nation-wide publicity to the lack of academic freedom and the absence of security of the teaching profession under the present economic order in this country. His present volume of modern sociology is, quite unconsciously, a vindication of the sanity of his own views and of the unreasonableness of the financial control of a state university which is supposed to be free.

The book shows the results of his wide travel and study as a guest of Mr. Gandhi in India, a friend of President Masaryk in Czechoslovakia, a student of the Russian experiment, and a discerning interpreter of present developments in China and Japan. Opening with four chapters devoted to the study of problems connected with the nature of revolution, nationalism, race, and the sources of Western civilization, he turns next to the Orient in a pragmatic sociological survey of the developments now taking place in Russia, Japan, Korea, China, India, and the Near East.

Professor Miller's study shows that we have long been conditioned to glorify war and to despise revolution. He calls attention to the increasing importance of revolution in the social process as following very definite laws which are at present little known. His chapters on race and nationalism reveal him as a specialist in these fields. Race has become an acute problem largely because of Anglo-Saxon prejudice and claimed Nordic superiority. Neither education nor religion seems to have much influence on race attitudes. Christianity professes an ideal of brotherhood which it prevailingly contradicts in practice, but Mohammedanism and communism have gone beyond race prejudice and exclusion in the beginnings of a classless society or an unbroken brotherhood. The final and distant stage may be a biological merging of all the peoples of the earth.

In the chapter on Russia Professor Miller shows that her people had long had a social pattern of communal life in the village *mir* and the *artel* as a cooperative productive organization as well as an absolutist experience under four centuries of Czarism which prepared them for the soviet experiment. The revolution transferred powers from the privileged three per cent to the ninety-seven per cent to whom it had been denied. For their icons many substituted first the picture of Marx and later that of Lenin. A fanatical religious spirit is the drive of communism, and the psychological basis of religion remains even with its atheistic professions which have sought to destroy its theological base. Soviet Russia is trying to compensate for the denial of economic freedom by greater liberty in personal morality. The abolition of private property has remained one incentive to crime and the Reform Labor code has worked a penal revolution which is without parallel in actual practice in any other land. While communism will do much to modify the change the world economic system the experiment is not final and some day a successor of Marx will indict communism for its restrictions as Marx challenged the evils of capitalism. It promises to be as inflexible and incomplete as the capitalist system. Its ideology will not become dominant over the psychology of countries like China and Japan which may absorb some of its doctrines but will never conform to its tyranny.

The chapters on Japan, China, and Gandhi are among the best in the book. As the book was published in 1933 it does not bring us up to date in many recent events, but as providing data and raw material for a sociological study of the changing Orient and the transcending of

narrow nationalisms by the formation of the growing international Great Society, the volume is valuable.

Sherwood Eddy's "Challenge of the East," which has just now been followed by "The Challenge of Europe," is one of the most arresting discussions of the problems of the Orient in their relation to the rest of the world to have appeared in recent years.

Chronique Scandaleuse

REVOLUTION, 1776. By JOHN HYDE PRESTON. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1933. \$2.90.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

IF the history of the American Revolution were in need of further debunking, Mr. Preston may be credited with a substantial contribution to the task. His raking attack on the sacred and his joyous exaltation of the profane have had, apparently, three incentives. One is "those fantastic fairy-tales we call textbooks," which have inculcated such legends as that the British army in America "was a model of efficiency and was defeated only because God was down on the Crown from the beginning." Another is the historians, some of whom "write of the Revolution as a holy crusade," while others, by inference at least, have imitated Bancroft in thinking that Washington "was God Him-

self and that nothing good could come from anybody else." The third is the artists, who have done "appalling" things to the Revolution (witness the "glorious lie" of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," with Washington "standing in (sic) the helm like some presiding angel guiding lost souls to heaven"), left it "not even recognizable," "embellished it with all the doodads of the gospel according to Bancroft," and made it emerge from their canvases "as a cluttered mess of holiness, sugarplums, and brassware." Such being the case, there was clearly need of a reformer, and Mr. Preston has sallied forth, not as a crusading knight to recover the holy places from the infidel, but as a remorseless spirit bent upon toppling the mighty from their seats and showing up the incapacity, venality, immorality, and horror of fifteen years of chaos.

The result is a book which does not lend itself to characterization in a single phrase. Mr. Preston has evidently made an intensive study of the military side of the Revolution, and his accounts of battles and campaigns are exceptionally clear and detailed. For this his vivid style, full of the vulgarisms of the tabloid but attaining at times, notably in the description of André's execution, a real brilliance, is an important help. The most striking novelty of the book, however, is that it brings together more material of the type of the *chronique scandaleuse* than has ever before, I think, been assembled in any one history of the Revolution. Unmindful, it would seem, of the fact that the truth and nothing but the truth does not necessarily mean the whole truth, Mr. Preston ferrets out one scandalous story after another for examination, acceptance, or dismissal, and strews his pages with references to drunkenness, profanity, army prostitutes, British officers' mistresses,

and other savory morsels. One wonders at times how either army, the British deep in debauchery and the American adding starvation to drunkenness and lewdness, found energy to fight. Precisely where Mr. Preston found the picture of the Revolution which he spurns is not clear, unless it be in out-of-date schoolbooks or histories which few people today study or read, but he attacks it as if copies cumbered every household, and splashes on his own assortment of colors with unfailing vigor and liveliness. He reminds us, for example, with a slap at the historians, that John Hancock kept quiet about the "huge warehouses full of smuggled tea" whose value would fall if the East India Company tea were landed, tells us once more that a good deal of the story of Paul Revere is fiction, and suggests that the patriots at Lexington drank too much before they fought. Israel Putnam is presented as "a bad general and a big bluffer," a "muddled egoist" with "a flair for self-advertising." The traditions that both a fog and strong northeast wind aided Washington's night crossing from Long Island to New York provoke more than half a page of comment, and the remark that, for the "older historians," "the correct weather was always the most dramatic weather, and they created whatever Nature failed to provide."



WASHINGTON AND LAFAYETTE AT THE BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE.
From "American Folk Art" (Norton).

The most scathing treatment is reserved for Washington. Mr. Preston lets slip no opportunity to tell us how heavily Washington could drink, how terribly he could swear (he seems to be acquitted of swearing at Lee at Monmouth), how much he was taken with the flirtatious wife of Nathanael Greene, and how incompetent he repeatedly proved himself to be as a commander. His expenses, we are reminded, "far exceeded any salary he might have had," and he perhaps "calculated the finances rather carefully" before refusing compensation. The story that Hamilton was Washington's illegitimate son is raked up for examination and refutation. Charles Lee, on the other hand, instead of being branded as a traitor and a coward, deserves "credit for having made one of the most rapid, intelligent, and far-seeing retreats of the entire war."

Fortunately for Mr. Preston, the last half of his book leaves a better taste than the first. There is less of personal scandal and more of really able handling of military operations. The description of the Yorktown campaign is admirable, and the account of Washington's dreary two years between 1781 and 1783 is distinctly worth while. It is pleasant to find such redeeming excellencies in a book which paints so much of the Revolution as a thing one would like to forget.

A prize of \$10,000 has been announced by the Atlantic Monthly Press and Little, Brown & Company for the most interesting and distinctive novel submitted to them on or before March 1st, 1934. The competition is open to everyone, without restriction, except that the manuscripts must be typewritten and in English, and must not have been previously published or serialized; translations are ineligible.

Presenting Mr. Fox

UPTON SINCLAIR PRESENTS WILLIAM FOX. Los Angeles: Upton Sinclair. 1933. \$3.

Reviewed by EDWARD KENNEDY

IN the fall of 1929 the motion picture companies of William Fox owed large sums which they could not pay. In the spring of 1930 a banking group which was also the largest creditor, took over control of the companies. Mr. Fox was paid \$18,000,000 for his holdings, but his departure was most involuntary. "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox" is the story of this crisis as told by Mr. Fox to Mr. Sinclair. If the book were admittedly fiction, it could be dismissed as such. But since it pretends to be an historical document, its influence may be out of proportion to its merit. For Mr. Sinclair can discuss his subject only in terms of assumption, aspersion, insinuation, and libel.

On page xii of the Prologue he says: "... the elder Pierrepont Morgan deliberately brought on the panic of 1907 in order to wreck and take over three independent trust companies." On page 82 of the text he says: "If Theodore Roosevelt is President . . . the only way you can make a merger is, first, to precipitate a panic, as the elder Morgan did in 1907, thus forcing from Roosevelt permission to take the Tennessee Coal & Iron Company into the steel trust."

The assumption that J. P. Morgan & Co. caused the panic of 1907 is in itself reckless and gratuitous. But it is even less permissible to argue at one moment that the banking house caused the panic to eliminate competitors and in the next to give as its motive the acquisition of Tennessee Coal & Iron. The association between the House of Morgan and panics is merely one of Mr. Sinclair's Articles of Faith, employed when it may be useful in furthering one of Mr. Sinclair's hallucinations.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Fox selected so poor an advocate, for his cause merits a more intelligent pleading. The banking group, as represented by Mr. Stuart and Mr. Otterson, did show the influence of personal animus as well as of banking principle. And they seemed at least as much interested in ousting Mr. Fox as in getting back the money which their companies had loaned him. The theory that they took from Mr. Fox a great business which he had built up and from control of which they were to profit mightily overlooks the fact that Mr. Fox had already burdened both his companies with a crushing debt. The theatre company subsequently went into a receivership, and the picture producing company is hardly in a thriving state. But it is difficult to understand how any bankers could have permitted the Fox companies to accumulate a debt of some \$90,000,000 without raising new capital through the sale of stock and bonds.

But as far as Mr. Sinclair is concerned, the Fox case remains obscured rather than presented. The most unfortunate aspect of the Sinclair version is that many readers are likely to gulp it down as gospel. Perhaps the following considerations will in some measure act as an antidote. It was Mr. Fox, giving a demonstration of one-man control gone wild, who borrowed the money that put himself and his companies in their hole. It was Mr. Fox who bought 400,000 shares of Loews stock, despite the Clayton (anti-trust) Act which forbids acquiring the securities of a competitor without also purchasing its physical assets. It was Mr. Fox who then purchased an additional 260,000 shares of Loews, using the money of his companies but keeping the stock in the name of himself, his children, and his other relatives. It was Mr. Fox who, early in December, 1929, agreed that he and Mr. Stuart and Mr. Otterson could jointly vote the controlling Fox shares. But although when the agreement was signed he appeared to be on friendly terms with his banking friends, a week later he was attempting to repudiate the agreement on the grounds that he had been tricked and defrauded. And when Mr. Fox was finally forced to abandon ship, he swam ashore with \$18,000,000 in his pocket and an extremely unseaworthy craft in his wake.

One of the Olympians

MEMOIRS OF HECTOR BERLIOZ.
Translated by RACHEL (SCOTT RUSSELL)
HOLMES and ELEANOR HOLMES. Revised
by ERNEST NEWMAN. New York: Alfred
A Knopf. 1932. \$5.

Reviewed by CARL ENGEL

THE Conservatoire National de Musique et de Déclamation in Paris preserves among its many priceless treasures the holograph score of Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique." If the cautious white-bearded guardian of these treasures is satisfied that you have some claim to be admitted into his Holy of Holies, you will behold on the front page of that symphony's fourth movement, "La Marche au Supplice," the composer's puerile pen and ink drawings of chains and instruments of torture. Berlioz's whole existence turned out to be a "march to the gallows." Some of his tortures were imaginary, many were self-inflicted. He could be fantastic in his actions as well as in his music. With rare exceptions, his life and his work are marked with the sign of doom.

Berlioz was not the first to emphasize in a title the fantastic element of a musical composition. There are plenty of "fancies" and "fantasias" dating from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. What he introduced into music was diseased fancy, if one may call it so; it was the musical *idée fixe*, or obsession, which threads its way through his Fantastic Symphony.

On December 9, 1932, it was one hundred years that the "Symphonie Fantastique," in its final form, had its first performance in Paris, and, in the composer's own words, "created a tremendous effect." Wagner, in his memoirs, said that the work had "much impressed" him. But that was many years after his first written comment on the symphony, in the Dresden magazine *Europa* of May 5, 1841, where he called it a "strange, unheard of thing," born of a "rich and monstrous imagination." In 1835, when the redoubtable F. J. Fétis published the second volume of his "Biographie Universelle des Musiciens," the learned but crabbed lexicographer characterized the music of the revolutionary young Berlioz as "Effects, always effects! that's what he sees in music, and, one might say, they make up three-fourths of his own."

Behind us lie one hundred years of "effects" in music; and if we want to measure all that this century has done to art, we need but review the evolution of musical "effects," from the "monstrous" ones of Berlioz to those with which our vanguard tries to woo and rouse a jaded ear. While the distance covered is great indeed, the direction has not changed.

Therein lies perhaps one reason why the memoirs of Berlioz, his keen observations on the music and musicians of his day, still hold our attention with an almost contemporary application. The road he opened is still our road; the foes he thought he had slain by the wayside still lie in ambush; his deceptions have survived his conceptions. And therefore, again, the story of the man as told by himself with all the inaccuracies, prejudices, exaggerations, and omissions, stands a fair chance of outliving the music he created and for which he fought so gallantly and so bitterly.

Berlioz was the arch-type of the "romantic" in the pathological sense of the word. With Rousseau's followers he shared the need of "confessing" himself. If the confession served the dimly felt purpose of working a catharsis, the recital nevertheless was chiefly undertaken for the sake of "effect." It is the *idée fixe* and *Leitmotiv* of Berlioz's autobiography, or collection of autobiographical sketches and travel accounts. It often mars the pleasure of the reader. For nothing seems to age more quickly than "effects." And this, no doubt, explains to a large degree why, after all, the fantastic "story" of Berlioz's life seems today the duller part of his memoirs; why the fate of this confirmed eccentric impresses one as wholly consistent with his nature and as fully deserved. To be sure, for the most part it is a sorry tale, wilfully so at times, and often quite unintentionally. As a study in "emotional crises" the book has not lost its fascination. But even upon such matters we look

nowadays with less sentimentality and with a more discriminating eye. He was a child of his generation, "conceived between two battles." And he battled his whole life long; battled with adversity and adversaries; but chiefly with himself.

Not the sensualist that Wagner was, Berlioz nevertheless talked and wrote a good deal about "love"; it was one of his obsessions; but what he experienced of it was mostly the smarting wound. He suffered not only from De Musset's *mal du siècle*, but fell a victim to the *mal d'amour*, without ever experiencing the solace and fervent tranquillity bestowed upon the human heart and mind in union with the perfect mate. Julien Tiersot has said that Berlioz's love for the English actress, Harriet Smithson, was "le plus beau phénomène que l'on connaisse de romantisme vécu." Then may a kind providence defend us from romanticism, or let us admit that there is no immunity from its deadly virus.

Berlioz's memoirs end with some melancholy reflections on the two pervading objects of his life: "Which of the two powers, Love or Music, can elevate man to the sublimest heights? It is a great problem, and yet it seems to me that this is the answer: Love can give no idea of music; music can give an idea of love. Why sepa-

of these actors, they were in deadly earnest and many of them highly gifted and accomplished. They did not realize that in these performances they were really bidding farewell to the Victorian Age and ushering in a new era. The celebration of the Jubilee of Queen Victoria's reign had spread a glamor and had almost cast a spell as of an enchantment which were difficult to overcome. But overcome they were, pertinently as well as impertinently; and if this compelled antic performances these were, at any rate, the outcome of a sincere desire for freedom of expression. We may smile at these antics now, yet we may not ignore them, for they stood for ideals, and the players were loyal to their visions of beauty.

It is of these performers, as he came to know them in the days of his apprenticeship to the publishing business, that Grant Richards writes. He writes as if he treasured his memories of them and as if he were heartily glad he had, perhaps, mis-spent his youth in coming to know them and to enjoy their friendly companionship. Some of them are still living and their glory has not yet departed from them. Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Max Beerbohm, Will Rothenstein, Quiller-Couch, and Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes are



HECTOR BERLIOZ AND HIS BIRTHPLACE.

rate them? They are the two wings of the soul." One of these wings of Berlioz's soul was badly scotched in the flying; with the other he managed to soar aloft and find his perch on Olympus.

Retrospect

MEMOIRS OF A MISSPENT YOUTH.
By GRANT RICHARDS. New York: Harper
& Bros. 1933. \$3.50.

Reviewed by TEMPLE SCOTT

SPEAKING for myself, the reading of Grant Richards' book has been an interesting and pleasurable experience. Perhaps this is because in this reading I relived "the romantics of the 90's" which I had seen being performed on the literary and publishing stages of that vaudevillean decade. And "rum-antics" they were, especially as one sees them now in the retrospect of almost half a century—the gatherings at the dinners of the Vagabonds Club, the social crushes in the limited apartments of Douglas Sladen, the "mimeings and mimbings" of the minor poets in the "cafés," the slippery descents and the tortuous ascents to and away from Vigo Street and the "Headley Bod," the prowling of the prudes to the obligato of Mrs. Ormiston Chant, the daredevils at the restaurant known as "Jimmy's," the barkings of the "Yaller-Bok," the impudent struttings of the "Aub-Aub Bird" and "the stumious Beerbomax," the literary and artistic celebrities who gathered in the saloon bar of the Crown "pub" at the corner of Cranbourne Street and Charing Cross Road, the promenaders at the Empire and the Alhambra—all these appear now like the harlequinade of an old-time Drury Lane pantomime, as they pass before us in the pages of Grant Richards's "Memoirs."

Yet, despite the seeming "rumminess"

names publishers still conjure with. Others, though lost to sight, remain in many living memories—Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, Ernest Dowson, Grant Allen, Edward Clodd, Israel Zangwill, George Moore, and Phil May. And Grant Richards steeped these in the atmosphere of his own enjoyment of the pleasant hours he spent in their company—hours which must have been a strong contrast for him to the days of his earlier youth which strike the reader as being bleak, barren, and of slow growth under depressing drudgery. But it was when he came to work with W. T. Stead for the *Review of Reviews*, and to come into closer relations with his uncle, Grant Allen, that his world took on brighter colors for him, and enabled him to see a purpose in life. As secretary to Stead he was independent of his father's financial help and could seek experiences further afield. He found them in occasional visits to Paris, where he met Will Rothenstein and Phil May and enjoyed the gay and seemingly carefree life of Montmartre. Of these visits to the French capital Grant Richards writes with alluring gusto. As the pupil of Grant Allen, that most kindly and engaging of men, he learned more that contributed to his soul's growth than he is probably aware. One would wish to know more of his intercourse with this uncle of gracious memory.

I am hoping that this volume of reminiscences is but the forerunner of at least another, for Mr. Richards concludes it almost abruptly on the very eve of his entering on his career as a publisher. He should have much to tell us of the years that followed that adventurous undertaking. I shall look forward to the story of that adventure; it should make interesting reading.

As reader for Grant Richards in his own youth, Mr. Scott can speak with special pertinence on his book.

The Inner Man

HE WENT AWAY FOR A WHILE. By
MAX MILLER. New York: E. P. Dutton.
& Co. 1933. \$2.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE author of this book will be remembered for his "I Cover the Waterfront," a book made up of his experiences as a reporter on a San Francisco newspaper, and a singularly perceptive and sensitive piece of work. His present book is a chapter of a spiritual autobiography, so intimate that he must call its hero "He," and never any other name. When he had saved six hundred dollars, he gave himself a vacation from being a reporter and went and lived alone in a shack overlooking the sea. Here he got away from the crowds of people by whom he had been surrounded all his life; he indulged in the luxury of looking at things without thinking of the newspaper; and above all he thought about everything that came into his head, from God to a daddy-long-legs. There are a few skilfully introduced bits of information about his background, as that in his parents' home no book was ever read, and no subject ever talked about, except the Bible, but in the main it contains only his experiences and speculations.

It is perfectly and frankly inconclusive. Nothing important, externally, happens; and Mr. Miller does not achieve any decisions about the problems he considers; at the end he contemplates going back to his old job, and knows in advance exactly what it will be like. But it has a peculiar charm, in spite of inconclusiveness, or perhaps because of it, for its inconclusiveness is a part of its author's beautifully friendly candor. He tells you with the same absolute honesty how he felt the need of women and what he thought about God; he is probably quite aware that some of his speculations about God are a little naive, but he is quite content that you should have them for what they are worth. The book has a quality that is fairly common in poetry but very rare in prose, that of admitting the reader at once to the closest intimacy with the writer, yet without any embarrassment.

It is a book that is more valuable for what it suggests than for what it says. Its author is a master of the difficult art of suggestion; without saying a word about it, he knows how to convey his deep satisfaction of soul in at last thinking for himself and his belief that though he may seem to have got nowhere, the same old job will never be really the same, now that he has thought his own thoughts. It is a book that superficially seems almost slight, but one which will be found germinating in one's mind after more pretentious and insistent pieces of writing have vanished.

Lady (William) Watson, according to the *London Observer*, quotes Byron to show that the poet Moore was known not only as "Tommy," but as "Tom": the one name which never seems to have been applied to him was Thomas. Passing on to Carlyle, the *Observer* says that to a few intimates he was "Tom," but none got so far as Tommy, just as there can never have been a Bob Browning.

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