

of LITERATURE

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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GOBI DESERT RUINS, NEAR TURFAN From Owen Lattimore's "High Tartary" (Little, Brown)

American Letters

CREATIVE AMERICA: AN ANTHOL-OGY. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1933. \$3.75.

AMERICAN LITERATURE: A PERIOD ANTHOLOGY. The Roots of National Culture, by Robert E. Spiller. \$1.50. The Romantic Triumph, by Tremane Mc-Dowell. \$1.50. The Rise of Realism, by Louis Wann. \$1.50. The Social Revolt, by Oscar Cargill. \$1.35. Contemporary Trends, by John Herbert Nelson. \$1.25. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933.

Reviewed by Howard Mumford Jones

IFTY years ago it was possible to represent American literature within a book of moderate dimensions. But with the growth of our letters in the last half century, and with an increased understanding of the complex intellectual history which lies behind earlier periods, it has become impossible in one volume adequately to illustrate American literature on historical principles. There were two modes of escape from this difficulty: one may give up historical principles in favor of some other canon, or one may demand more volumes. Mr. Lewisohn has in a sense chosen the first method; Mr. Cargill and his associates have undeniably chosen the second.

I say that Mr. Lewisohn's method is the first method "in a sense," and I am justified in my hesitation because his anthology neither quite represents the adventures of Mr. Lewisohn's soul among masterpieces, nor quite fulfils the needs of a properly historical anthology. His preface says that his book seeks to answer the question: "What have been and what are the dominant strains in American thought and art and aspiration?" His "Introduction" adds that the book is to justify "the faith that the creative expression of the American people has never been esteemed at its true value because it has never been exhibited in its totality nor viewed with severity of taste by any previous anthologist . . ." I do not know what Mr. Lewisohn means by "totality," but I note with some amazement that the seventeenth century is represented by about one hundred seventysix inches of matter (including head lines, and also including Cotton Mather); that the eighteenth century is represented by about one hundred sixty-seven inches; and that the selections from Mr. Lewi-(Continued on following page)

Conquering the Gobi

RIDDLES OF THE GOBI DESERT. By Sven Hedin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. \$5.

Reviewed by OWEN LATTIMORE

VEN HEDIN is the Old Master of Central Asian travel. He was only a boy when he began to travel in Persia, and in the eighties and nineties one startling journey after another in Turkestan, the Lob Nor deserts, and the wastes of Tibet raised him to a major place among the explorers of his generation. Those were the days when an explorer was a lone adventurer. Few great explorers have been so well known to the general public, because in addition to his monumental contributions to technical literature he recorded his own achievements in a series of popular books that were stirring and full of color and conveyed the excitement both of adventure and of scientific discovery, in a way that no man of imagination could resist.

In 1927, at an age when any man of ordinary ambition would have retired contentedly on so brilliant a record, Hedin undertook to explore all over again the hidden regions of Central Asia across which his name was already so boldly written. To one great reputation he would add another: he would reach the front rank in the newest technique of exploration—that of the large expedition, including scientists of many kinds, working largely in scattered groups, over an enormous field.

He had first to overcome violent Chinese opposition, for nationalistic feeling was categorically against any independent foreign investigation of the remote interior. Yet he not only succeeded, but triumphed. The Chinese have become enthusiastic supporters of the expedition,





"SPEAKEASY" From Glenn O. Coleman's painting, now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art

Bedtime Stories of Prohibition THE NIGHT CLUB ERA. By Stanley

Walker. New York: Frederick A. Stokes & Co. 1933. \$3.

Reviewed by Edward Anthony

Before the second secon

Past the book reviewing stand, in this volume, files an endless procession of colorful figures—all the well-known Broadway names and many not so well-known but just as interesting. The book is history —history so breezily written that the reader, absorbed in anecdote and incident, may not take time out to ponder its authenticity and importance.

The chapter on Broadway's Keyhole King-Walker calls it "That 'Dreadful' Winchell Man"-is a keen, factual estimate of the columnist who drives us lowbrows to the pages of The Mirror to learn who is being Reno-vated, who is blessedeventing and who is That Way about whom. The author, in this illuminating brochure, gives us the story of what really happened when Winchell, as the result of one of the most daring paragraphs ever to appear in an American newspaper, had a brush with the underworld, a passage at arms that made it necessary for him to make his rounds of the town with a bodyguard. As one who has heard a dozen different versions of the incident, I got a genuine kick out of reading Walker's simple account of what really happened. And how convincing the unadorned facts, presented by an honest-to-goodness newspaperman, can be! As you read these lines I am writingassuming, for the sake of argument that you are reading them-the legalized sale of liquor is but a few weeks off. Perhaps, as far as the liquor question is concerned, that is what lies uppermost in your mind. But there is always the possibility that perhaps you are interested, not merely in (Continued on page 289)

An Exciting Novel of Europe Today

KARL AND THE TWENTIETH CEN-TURY. By Rudolf Brunngraber. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1933. \$2.50.

Reviewed by FRED RINGEL

HIS book—as no other in years without the claim of creating a new "proletarian" or "revolutionary" form of literary expression, without the aid of fancy terms like "Camera-Eye" or "News-Reel," actually introduces a new form of novel, including the most pertinent equipment for understanding the fantastic drama that is being fought out today. It suggests no method, no remedy; it is not a fighting book. But it opens our eyes and it shows reality as hitherto unperceived and unrecorded in literature. The conclusions which can and must be drawn from this record are clear and direct.

Its story has been told so often that it borders on banality, yet this remains one of the most modern and revolutionary books. With almost biblical simplicity Rudolf Brunngraber records the story of Karl, who comes from most humble surroundings and, after a heroic period during the war, like a boomerang is whirled back into circumstances far more doggish and oppressing. While Karl

pares himself for the position of t he acquires the typical passive o and mentality of the middle-class. The

war increases his hope and longing for a quiet hearthstone in this ever more restless world, but in 1919, covered with medals and slowly recovering from serious wounds, he returns to a home that has become parentless in the meantime and to a social system that has no place to offer him.

The last chapters are perhaps the most touching parts of the book. They describe the post-war period in Vienna where Karl, in spite of his training and war medals, despairs in his endless search for a job. These chapters are grim and true and direct, without the sentimental appeal of fictionized realities. Karl realizes the hopelessness of his situation but, because of his passive, retrospective outlook, cannot and does not try to perceive the economic entanglements of the world, which so vividly (Continued on following page)

WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD

WINTER COSTUME IN THE GOBI From a picture of the reviewer, who also crossed the Gobi

and have themselves taken part in some of its most important discoveries.

Hedin has kept his men continuously in the field since 1927, and has had greater success than anyone else in keeping a large expedition at work right through the savagely cold winters. The scientific results have been simply stupendous, both in quantity and quality. We have at present little but Hedin's own narrative of the work; the full publication of scientific results will take many years.

"Across the Gobi Desert" told of the invasion of Central Asia; "Riddles of the (Continued on page 287) GEORGE: VOLUME II Reviewed by Harold Nicolson JONATHAN BISHOP By HERBERT GORMAN Reviewed by George Dangerfield A STORY ANTHOLOGY Edited by WHIT BURNETT and MARTHA FOLEY Reviewed by Edith H. Walton THE CHILD MANUELA By CHRISTA WINSLOE Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THE BOWLING GREEN By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

CARLYLE RULES THE REICH By JOSEPH ELLIS BAKER

Next Week or Later

THE MAN OF THE RENAISSANCE By RALPH ROEDER Reviewed by Edward A. Whitney THE MUSE OF HISTORY: "MUST YOU,

DAVID, WHEN I'M SO TIRED?

A cartoon by Ernest H. Shepard, from Punch

American Letters

(Continued from first page) sohn alone, among the moderns, run to one hundred ten inches! This is scarcely "true value . . . exhibited in its totality," especially when one recalls that the seventeenth century includes Increase Mather, the intellectual giant of the Puritans, and that the eighteenth includes Benjamin Franklin, Jonathan Edwards, Thomas Jefferson, and Alexander Hamilton, who, taken all together, receive less space than does Mr. Lewisohn himself.

Mr. Lewisohn may reply that these men do not represent "creative expression," and that the principle of severity will exclude them. Waiving the question whether they ought not therefore to be excluded entirely, one turns to consider the principle of severity, and one discovers that almost everybody before Whitman is cruelly reduced in space, and that twothirds of the anthology is devoted to writers since 1870. Now I heartily agree with Mr. Lewisohn in admiring the flowering of American literature in the last sixty years, but Mr. Lewisohn writes as if he were sole and singular in making the discovery of its worth. "The pedagogical anthologists" who have preceded him, he says, "included only the 'Maud Mullers,' and the poem of signal excellence not at all, for the absurd reason that the latter is apt to have been written some time in the present century." I read this statement with amazement; then, making a list of twenty-five authors who immediately succeed Whitman in Mr. Lewisohn's anthology, I turned to the first four "pedagogical anthologists" on my shelves. Most of these do not include novelists except sparingly, and all of them have had to grapple with copyright difficulties, but one has selections from eleven of Mr. Lewisohn's authors, one from fourteen, one from fifteen, and one from sixteen! Again, Mr. Lewisohn says that "the large representation" he has given Emily Dickinson "seems

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The point is not to find fault with Mr. Lewisohn's selections; the point lies in the absurdity of the bland assumptions underlying Mr. Lewisohn's theory of the "pedagogical anthologists." Mr. Lewisohn is an amateur in American literary history-a gifted amateur, but still an amateur; and it is scarcely to be expected that he has suddenly discovered some golden clue to the inner meaning of American literary history which has been concealed from those who have spent their lives at trying to understand and evaluate it. His book is mainly interesting as an exhibition of his temperamental preferences. He prefers to read Emerson as a collection of random apothegms instead of in representative wholes; he prefers to reprint Mencken's paragraphs on "The Hopes of a National Literature" and to ignore Channing's essay on the same subject (now a hundred years old), though Channing's essay is much more philosophical. There is no good pretending that a book of this character exhibits either "totality" or "severity" of point of view or of criticism in any consistent sense of the words.

The best answer to the vagaries of Mr.

An Ideal War Minister WAR MEMOIRS OF DAVID LLOYD GEORGE: Volume II. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1933. \$4.

Reviewed by HAROLD NICOLSON

R. LLOYD GEORGE is regarded by many of his compatriots as a volatile and inconsequent man. Few estimates could be further from the truth. In his methods, Mr. Lloyd George may at moments pursue a zigzag course: in his purpose his course is throughout obstinately recti-

linear. He is guided by certain overpowering principles and prejudices. He has in the first place an obsessive hatred of all privilege. He has in the second place a romantic passion for the under dog. The former prejudice leads him. not merely to dislike, not merely to suspect, but even to combat, the opinion of all experts or pundits. The latter affection has induced him to slide off on tangents, to rush into emotional states of mind regarding issues which, in themselves, are not centrally important.

During the war-and he was the greatest war minister that England has produced since Pitt-these prejudices and passions tempted him into many strange wavs. His distrust of the professional sol-

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to manual remained manual in interest and condemned. Yet the fact remains that during those dark years of 1916, 1917, and 1918 Lloyd George saved western civilization and the British Empire. No incidental criticism can mar the splendor of his achievement.

Both the faults and the virtues of his genius are well illustrated in the second volume of his war memoirs. It is a book, in the first place, immensely vitalizing and refreshing. Mr. Lloyd George, although he would be the last to claim any literary accomplishment, manages to convey in his pages some of that bustling compulsion, some of that mobile zeal, which was the inspiration of tired generals and dispirited politicians during the darkest years of the war. These pages throb with animation: it is only when Lloyd George quotes other people that they seem to flag. When he speaks in his own person the whole thing is breathless, dramatic, illuminated, flood-lit.

In the second place, we are given a picture of human will in action. Mr. Lloyd George is throughout his memoirs modest, considerate, and fair. At moments he will lunge at people like M'Kenna, Keynes, Simon, or Sir William Robertson. But it is not an ill-humored lunge. He never attributes to himself qualities of prevision or determination which he is unable to prove. His memoirs are among the least conceited autobiographies that I have ever read. And yet in the end one is left with admiration for his initiative, his willpower, his moral courage, and his almost frantic energy. No man or woman can read these pages without a flush of admiration to the heart. Thirdly, Lloyd George defines, and personifies, the qualities of an ideal war minister. Courage, composure, judgment, vision, imagination, initiative, assiduity,these qualities were possessed by other statesmen as well as David Lloyd George. What he alone possessed is what he calls (but does not claim for himself) "a flair for conducting a great fight." How abun-

dantly he possessed that flair! It was not merely that he exercised power: he radiated power. From this central dynamo men would return with their batteries recharged.

Like many great generals in the past, not excluding Napoleon, Llovd George had a deep loathing of the professional soldier, of the "fanatical hostility displayed by the Higher Commands to any new idea." He himself loved new ideas. Most of this volume is a story of how he fought to impose them upon the experts. It was a resounding battle. In the end

Lloyd George triumphed. In the end, with American assistance, we won the war. It was not an easy combat. 'Whatever else." writes Mr. Lloyd George, "the War Office failed to do, they at least lived up to the old tradition of the British Army of never knowing when they were beaten." He had to occupy their territory before they would admit his supremacy.

Yet what, to American readers, will be the main interest of this second volume? Mr. Lloyd

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George writes fairly and impartially about the American attitude in 1915 and 1916 and quotes some interesting and characteristic letters from Roosevelt. This will not interest them overmuch since Lloyd George, when discreet, is somewhat dull. Nor will they be able to iden-

ing a short we want the Fig. 6. Standard States and st entration countries to explored for the outline

and and an even and man which are at allows of the without family advantage or inherited privilege, emerged to dominate the feudal machinery of Great Britain and succeeded, by personal force and magnetism, in leading the country from the depths of inertia to the maximum energy which she has exercised since the seventeenth century. And above all this volume will delight American readers as a portrait of a fierce, resourceful, and immensely individual human being, triumphing against overwhelming odds. Americans are perhaps too apt to interpret our shy reticence as evidence of a decline in national confidence. These memoirs may help to show them that, although tired, we have immense forces of resilience. No country can be really decadent if it can produce in moments of crisis a Lloyd George.

A Novel of Europe Today (Continued from first page)

influence and determine his own microscopic destiny.

At the very beginning of the book we discover that the real story is that of the times, of half a century of technical development and triumphant capitalism, of the constitution of a new form of physical and spiritual slavery. Karl's personal growth and development are merely reflected against this powerful drama of truly magnificent proportions, while he himself hardly grasps the correlation and dependency of significant economic developments. The value of this book lies in its forceful establishment of the fact that individualism today has been replaced by a submersive entanglement of world-wide economic trends and individual fates. This remarkable first novel is the kind to which a reviewer feels unable to do full justice. He may describe it elaborately and quote profusely and still in the end say it is a book to be read and not read about. It is a most interesting novel, but even more it is an economic survey of the world intensely gripping and exciting.

Herbert Gorman's Historical Novel

JONATHAN BISHOP. By Herbert Gorman. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. \$2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE DANGERFIELD

HIS is a novel without a hero. Mr. Gorman's intentions are sufficiently indicated by his title. He intended to have a hero. But it is the sad lot of historical novelists that they have to fit their characters to their period: it is only on very fortunate occasions that the process is reversed. Mr. Gorman's period is the France of 1870-1871, a period so rich in drama that it appears (most excusably) to have absorbed the better part of his attention. The scene was ready; history had provided most of the players; but no one seemed cast for the useful part of hero.

So he concocted a young American called Jonathan Bishop, whose adventures would serve as a clue through the bloody labyrinth of Sedan, the Siege, and the Commune. Characters born of second thoughts in this way are not infrequently stillborn; and Jonathan-excellent guide though he is-does trail behind him a strongish smell of lamp.

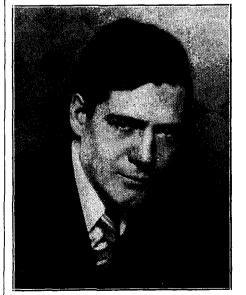
He arrives in Paris fresh from Harvard, just in time to see the waning glories of Napoleon III's court, and to have his innocence despoiled by one of those Napoleonic cocodettes, or female political spies. War is declared with Prussia; Napoleon III and his armies leave for Berlin; but to the love-sick Jonathan everything is a little illusory, a little fantastic. And then the lady proves faithless, the illusion is destroyed, and nothing is left to our hero but his enviable faculty of being in at the death. He arrives in Sedan just before that tragic little city capitulates; he carries back a message from the Emperor to the Empress Eugénie; he accompanies Eugénie on her flight to England; he sector de Briteir

woodeney anoparate allots a second scenes of rage and misery. The best one can say of him is that he is a convenient eye-witness who is always on the spot. In the end he is captured on the outskirts of Belleville and "pressed" into the service of the Commune and of that Chestertonian revolutionary, Gaultier de Saint-Just. Wearing a uniform which he has learned to hate, he comes to a somewhat disembodied end in the shambles of Père-Lachaise: and the tear that one drops upon his corpse is at best a perfunctory one. Poor fellow, he was less a character than a convenience.

And Alter March Spectrum

Inverse a case?

But oddly enough, Mr. Gorman's book is a memorable piece of writing. The se-



Lewisohn is the thorough, orderly, and discriminating survey of American literature represented by the five "pedagogical anthologists" listed above. Here one really has the opportunity to understand the origin and progress of the "dominant strains in American thought, and art and aspiration." Here, if he wants it, the reader can really make an orderly survey of American thought and art and inspiration from the voyages of the discoverers with their wild and unconscious poetry to the novels of William Faulkner and Glenway Wescott. The reader of Mr. Lewisohn's volume, on the other hand, is likely to rise from it strengthened in his favorite prejudice that the only authors worth considering are "modern authors," and that "creative expression" improves in **p**roportion as it approaches New York City and the year 1933.

HERBERT GORMAN

cret of that, I think, lies hidden in one of Jonathan's comments: ". . . The Commune had spat in the face of history . . . history was a giant that would devour the Commune." Our hero at last reveals himself-he is Tradition; our villain is unmasked-he is Revolution Those who