

The Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

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"Apocryphal Gospel"

JESUS THE UNKNOWN. By Dmitri Merejkowski. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1934. \$2.75.

Reviewed by WILLARD L. SPERRY

"The New Testament of Our Lord Jesus Christ.
Translated into Russian.
St. Petersburg, 1890."

A small book in 32mo, 626 double-columned pages of small print, bound in black leather, which, according to the "1902" inscribed on the title page, has, in this year of 1932, been in my possession for thirty years. I read it daily, and shall continue to read it so long as my eyes can see, and by every kind of light, by rays coming from the sun or from the heart, on brightest days and in blackest nights, happy or unhappy, sick or well, full of faith or doubt, full of feeling or devoid of feeling. And it seems to me that there is always something new in what I read, something unfathomed, and that I shall never plumb its depths or reach its end.

THESE are Merejkowski's credentials as he presents them in this book on Jesus. We respect them, since there are no substitutes. The Bible, and in particular the Gospel story, has suffered in recent years the fate which has overtaken most classics; we read books about it, we no longer read the original. Merejkowski's words serve to recall us to the sources. If we wish to know the truth of Jesus of Nazareth, there is no better method than to read and reread the Gospels. Contrary to popular report the Gospels are more nearly self-explanatory than pedantry would have us suppose. The most rigorous New Testament scholar I have ever known said, at the end of a long life spent on this literature, "There is no important truth about Jesus which may not be had by any one who will read the King James version of the Gospel of Mark with open eyes." The crux of the matter is Merejkowski's qualifying words, "so long as my eyes can see."

If the author had not feared that in so doing he would lay himself open to misinterpretation, he might have called his book more accurately, "The Apocryphal Jesus." He cites the apocryphal gospels, which were excluded from the Canon, as his literary precedent and warrant. But he insists that the term shall be accurately defined to designate, not a false gospel, but a "hidden gospel." The hidden or apocryphal Jesus of whom he writes is therefore one who is recreated by devout imagination. He distinguishes in his chapters between statements which profess to

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Tragedy

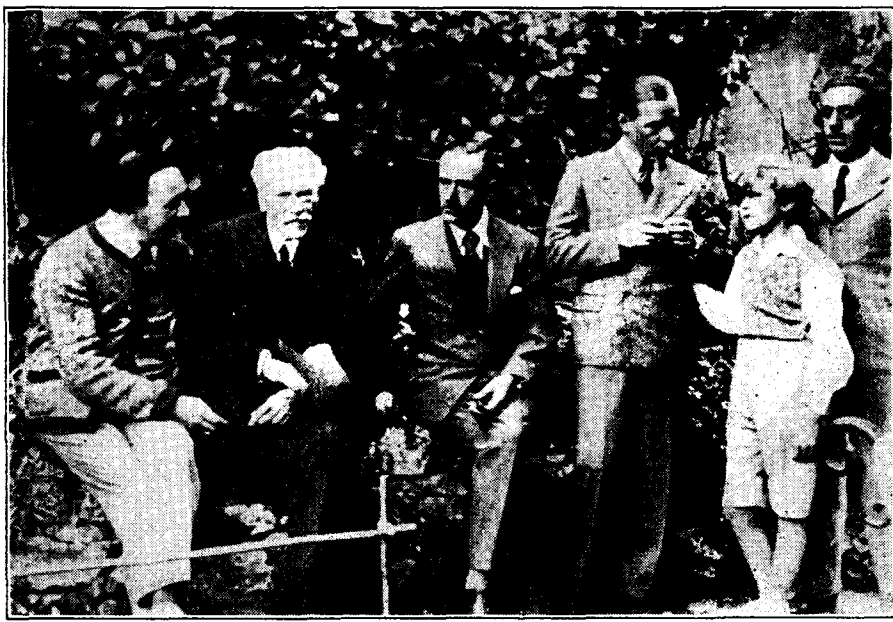
By THEODORE MAYNARD

PITY the hippopotamus!
Ugly enough he seems to us,
And yet the hide that plates each
part
Purses a very tender heart.

An aching heart—or why those eyes
Complaining to the cruel skies
That, though he longs, he has no hope
To leap the nimble antelope.

Birds perch upon him. On what wings
Dare he aspire? And radiant things
Strut, bloom and flash by the river side:
His finest instincts are denied.

Though vast his skull, his wits are dim:
No irony can comfort him,
Nor can he ease his aching heart
By turning anguish into art.



GERMAN WRITERS EXILED IN SWITZERLAND

From left: Emil Ludwig, Count Metternich, Thomas Mann, Erich Maria Remarque, Ludwig's son, and Ernst Toller.

Who Killed Adam Smith?

BY JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

IT is a truism that most men are insular in their thinking. But to call the thought of Cobden, Adam Smith, and other formulators of the theory of international liberalism "insular" would seem, on the face of it, to be a contradiction in terms. However, no group of thinkers was ever more strictly insular than the Manchester philosophers of the Free Trade movement. All of their leading ideas were shaped by the matrix of the relatively tiny island off the northwest coast of Europe which happened to possess iron and coal in close proximity in the ground and which chanced to have the inventive genius to harness steam and to provide the first effective industrial machines.

The Manchester thinkers, as Clark Foreman shows in an able, closely knit little book, "The New Internationalism,"* mistook a temporary position for an eternal dispensation. As their school formulated its thought, it stipulated the desirability of a natural division of labor, with various countries growing, producing, and manufacturing commodities that were native to the land and the genius thereof. These commodities, and various services, could then be exchanged freely among the individuals of the nations, with benefits diffusing themselves naturally over the widest possible area. Governments, if you please, had best keep their hands off the process. Of course, the long procession of Clives, "Chinese" Gordons, and Kitcheners, agents of Empire, completely belied the Cobden theory of trade without governmental intervention.

On a "Crusoe economics" or a barter basis, Free Trade is extremely sensible. But the doctrine of its desirability cannot be considered apart from the problem of debt and the problem of price levels. The professors who, like Henry Pratt Fairchild, argue for Free Trade by presenting the Crusoe economics analogy woefully miss the point; they are speaking of a wholly illusory or hypothetical world that exists without bankers, without idle capital seeking an outlet where interest charges are high and investments are relatively safe. Or, it may be, they are

talking of an equally hypothetical world of proprietary capitalists, all pupils of Henry Ford or Andrew Carnegie, men who own their own industries without encumbrances and who are thereby enabled to shut up shop and wait for the storm to blow over when they can't sell the goods. (This hypothetical world would be one in which unemployed workers could miraculously return to the land and make a living for themselves while the proprietary capitalists were hibernating.) Free Trade must fall into a pit every time price levels drop, leaving debt levels at the mercy of chance until a protected market can somehow bring price and debt into alignment.

When the industrial revolution was getting under way in England, the Manchester philosophers didn't have to worry particularly about debt and price levels. For (again as Mr. Foreman demonstrates) England had a peculiar monopoly position. She was at once the world's manufacturer and the world's money lender. Theoretically, she could buy her raw materials from countries of colonial status, ship them to Liverpool in her own bottoms, transform them (with her own cheap labor, dispossessed from the land) into finished goods, and then sell the finished goods abroad. If England ultimately imported more than she exported, she could more than balance the payments for the excess of imports by the income from her growing investments abroad. Thus there was no debilitating drain upon the national currency.

But the delusion that foreign lending can perpetuate the conditions necessary for free exchange of goods, which is peculiarly attractive to Twentieth Century Manchesterians like Sir Arthur Salter, cannot last forever. When Adam Smith was writing (the year was that of the American Declaration of Independence), it was generally assumed that the United States was destined always to be an agricultural country and therefore, as Mr. Foreman says, "always willing to sell raw materials to Great Britain and to buy from her manufactured goods." In other words, the United States, under British Free Trade doctrine, was unconsciously

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A German Liberal's Flight into Egypt

I WAS A GERMAN. By Ernst Toller. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1934. \$2.75.

Reviewed by DOROTHY THOMPSON

THESE is, about Ernst Toller's latest book, a strange remoteness. Once upon a time, one thinks as one reads it, men were like this; once upon a time men thought like this; felt like this; believed like this. It is then a shock to realize that Toller is only forty years old, and that in this memoir he looks back upon his life from the age of thirty. It is the *apologia pro vita sua* of a very young man, and yet he writes of a world which seems already to belong to ages far past.

Not long ago the writer of this review had to make a baccalaureate address to a High School, and that experience was similar to the experience of reading Toller's book. For I am just about Toller's age, and looking at those seventeen year olds, I suddenly relived my own adolescence, especially my mental adolescence, and realized acutely that hardly a thought or conception which dominates the world of my youth obtains in the world today. Ours was a world of faith, hope, passionate belief in evolution—and in evolutionary socialism—confidence that war would be abolished, that reason would prevail, and that man was certainly going onward and upward forever. Toller, in Europe, might well have imagined the war. Neither Toller nor any member of his generation could have imagined the form it would take, and none of our generation could have imagined the peace, the decade following the armistice, or the decade in which we now are, heralded by Oswald Spengler as the beginning of an epoch of world wars, in which man returns to his true nature. "I shall say it again and again! Man is a beast of prey!" cries Spengler, while contemporary history terribly confirms the assertion.

Ernst Toller is forty years old, a German, a Jew, a playwright, a poet, an ex-soldier who fought in front line trenches, an ex-revolutionary, an ex-prisoner, and, at this moment, an expatriate and an exile. He was born a rather fortunate youth, for although he was a Jew, and even in

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This Week

PRIVATE PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL FROM MALAHIDE CASTLE

Reviewed by Wilmarth S. Lewis

THE CRUCIFIXION OF LIBERTY
By ALEXANDER KERENSKY

Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

WINDOWS ON HENRY STREET

By LILLIAN D. WALD

Reviewed by John Palmer Gavitt

THE LATER WORDSWORTH

By EDITH C. BATHO

Reviewed by George McLean Harper

STREAMLINES

By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

DOUBLE-CROSTICS: NUMBER 1

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

The first of a series of literary puzzles

Next Week

SPRING BOOK NUMBER

Who Killed Adam Smith?

(Continued from first page)

condemned to eternal colonial status. The Free Trade intellectuals of the end of the nineteenth century in America were, unwittingly, supporters of this position. It would be idiotic to say that E. L. Godkin of the *Evening Post* and the *Nation* was bought by "British gold," yet if he had had his way the American industrial machine would not have been built so rapidly—and the American farmer would not have been compelled to buy ploughs and clothing in a protected market and sell his wheat in a competitive world market, much to the detriment of his pocketbook and the enrichment of Mr. Carnegie's. This might have been highly desirable; but the point here is that it would have pleased England mightily, for it would have meant the continuation of the industrial subordination of the North American continent.

However, this was not to be, as Mr. Foreman demonstrates with a learning that easily assimilates thinkers as diverse as Marx and John Maynard Keynes. For industrial profits mean surplus aggregates of capital at home; and English money went into the building of the American railroads. This was step number one in "industrializing the customer," which is what defeats internationalism in the end. Step by step over a century, Mr. Foreman shows, foreign lending helped to give the industrial revolution a foothold in the United States, Germany, China, Japan. And one by one, nations that would not accept colonial status went in for protected home markets. The nature of the system, says Mr. Foreman, called for more and more backward areas to absorb excess capital, to provide raw materials, and to purchase the finished goods. Yet no way has been found, in the twentieth century, to open up the backward area of the moon or the planets. And today we are witnessing the culmination of the process; we see Japan selling textile goods in the Far East below the price which must

anced") system; it is not Crusoe economics, it is not barter. And when commercial rivalries result in the calling of bluffs which makes for war, the free gold standard must go by the board.

Mr. Foreman does not state the conditions necessary for eternal Free Trade. He believes that autarchy tempered by international barter (which is not the same animal as "national self-sufficiency," as Soviet Russia has proved) will dominate the world in the future. But we can conceive of a world made safe for liberal internationalism. It would be a world under one police power, a world in which force could prevent cheap labor conditions in one section from stealing the advantages in profit-making opportunities from a section in which labor was organized to demand higher wages and short hours. It would be a world under one monetary system. And it would be a Single Tax world. This sudden irruption of Henry George may surprise the reader. But how can you have Free Trade unless all men can get at the wherewithal to offer for goods which they have not got?

Is the reader laughing at this point? If so, we agree with him. For any institution of the Single Tax on land (which would make it highly unprofitable to hold land out of production or to value it too highly) would smash the mortgage structure, many banks, and the insurance companies. This would result in revolution, but hardly one to please Henry George.

The weakness of Mr. Foreman's book is that he hasn't explored the internal effects of autarchy tempered by international barter. If capital is to be cooped up at home (and Charles A. Beard in his "The

And to crown the irony, we listen to the squawks of the Manchester manufacturers as they protest to the politicians about "unfair" practices by the Japanese.

In practice, it has thus been demonstrated in the very home of liberal internationalism that protection is the normal instinctive reaction of commercial man faced by unequal soil, technological, climatic, monetary, and population conditions. Theoretically, a Free Trade world must, by definition, be one in which men can migrate at will as the soil is used up or the natural advantages of a region alter. It would be a world in which the Japanese, crowded into a tiny kingdom at home, could pull up stakes and move to Australia. It would be a world in which miners or factory workers, at a disadvantage because of the disappearance of local resources, could get out into places that offered more opportunity. But any student of the immigration laws can tell you that no such world exists. This means, in practice, that the labor "variable" in the Free Market cannot shift at will; it also means that countries must "take care of their own." Great Britain, in a hundred years of supremacy, built up a fairly strong labor movement, used to good wages and social services. These high wages naturally depend on price levels maintaining themselves, both at home and abroad. If Japan can undersell Manchester in the market for cotton goods in China, there isn't much that an English labor government can do about it. But if a Japan tries to undersell Englishmen in England, British labor can always yell for a tariff.

These and other related problems all find their place in Mr. Foreman's book. Mr. Foreman demonstrates that an international monetary standard—such as that provided by gold—is necessary to the free functioning of international capitalism. He also demonstrates that maintenance of an international standard depends on a balanced system of exchanges, in which no one nation can attract to itself a glut of the sinews of trade. But international capitalism is not a static (i.e., not a "bal-

A Monument to Boswell

PRIVATE PAPERS OF JAMES BOSWELL FROM MALAHIDE CASTLE. In the Collection of Lt.-Colonel Ralph Heyward Isham. Prepared for the press by Geoffrey Scott and Frederick A. Pottle and now first printed. Volumes 17 and 18. Privately printed.

Reviewed by WILMARTH S. LEWIS

THE present volumes bring to a close the first publication of the Boswell manuscripts secured by Colonel Isham at Malahide. They do not make cheerful reading, but they are as absorbing as any of their predecessors.

Volume 17 has the depressing story of Mrs. Boswell's final illness, Boswell's distress, his continued escape into intoxication and the society of his friends, and his subsequent remorse. His is now the jaundiced outlook of the confirmed alcoholic. Dining with Warren Hastings made him feel "how every thing human tends to diminution." Parliament which had once been so glamorous appeared to him "much of a farce." The Play had lost its spell and he "was not interested as in younger days." Even "the high admiration of London went off," and farther than that disillusionment could not go.

"The mist of mind" grows in volume 18. Boswell's pathetic hopes of political preferment at the hands of the tyrannical Lonsdale are finally dashed in a scene as vivid as any he ever wrote. There are moments of relief—when he and Sir Joshua

We are in the position of the hero in "Berkeley Square" when he went to the window and opened the blinds. The familiar and unfamiliar outlines of the age grow strong and move into life. The full tide of human existence sweeps us from Charing Cross to the West End, to the City, to Oxford, Edinburgh, Utrecht, and half over Europe. The freshness of these journals is that of the morning paper at our breakfast table. The great and the obscure jostle in the streets; the people in Zoffany's pictures leave their brocaded chairs to walk through the Soho of Hogarth. The King of England asks how the "Life" is getting on. Burke calls unexpectedly at dinner time, finds there is no company and so, presumably, not enough food and goes away without disturbing Mrs. Boswell. Boswell, in liquor, runs fast down a muddy street, slips and falls, hurts his left elbow, discovers he has lost fifty pounds, goes home not knowing what to do, hurries away to the tavern where he dined, searches everywhere, and finds the notes next day in the cabinet where he had put them.

The Journals of course throw more light on Boswell himself than on anyone else. The smiling, self-satisfied, face of the last portraits is shown to be a façade behind which the real Boswell agonized. There can no longer be many questions about Boswell's character and personality. No man ever stood more completely revealed. As autobiography the Journal unites the outstanding qualities of its greatest rivals: it is as gossipy as Pepys's, as introspective as Rousseau's, as licentious as Casanova's, as wise as Franklin's, and as readable as Trollope's. To lay upon Boswell the heavy charges which may be easily brought seems beside the point. The time is past when a genius, because he has transcended the work of ordinary men, must serve as a pattern to school boys. Boswell suffered



"REVISING FOR THE SECOND EDITION"

Boswell threatened by Sir Alexander McDonald. (One of Rowlandson and Collings's caricatures of "A Tour to the Hebrides," reproduced from "Young Boswell," by Chauncey B. Tinker.)

Idea of National Interest" has made out a good case to prove that foreign lending carries with it problems of sovereignty that invite trouble), and is to attract low rates of interest because of the attendant glut, then what will be the effect on the wage level as entrepreneurs refrain from doing business? A drive for profits in a world of industrial concentration must seek to take it out on the worker if it cannot gain increase from abroad. This leads us to a world of strikes, of NRA, of growing resentments, of the stir of fascism and of communism—in brief, to the world as we are beginning to know it today. Autarchy tempered by international barter has its own tremendous problems. These Mr. Foreman omits.

The omission is crucial. Yet John Strachey, Fred Henderson, and Lawrence Dennis, all of whom have covered much of Mr. Foreman's ground in their various books, have had such a poor hearing that one hopes Mr. Foreman will be read and discussed widely, in spite of the omission. He is on the firing line of reality. What we should like to see, before the discussion is carried further, is a critique of Mr. Foreman's book by a natural opponent of his ideas—say, Henry Hazlitt, Fabian Franklin, Simeon Strunsky, or Alexander Dana Noyes. There may be a shot or two left in the locker of internationalism, old-style. We doubt it, but Henry Demarest Lloyd was expressing similar doubts in the nineties. So, "Lay on, Macduff."

are given the seats of honor at the great dinner of the Stationers Company, and when he and Temple are given grapes by Lord Falmouth at his estate, but illness and melancholia are never far off and return with deadly certainty. The "Life" appears and succeeds beyond expectation and there is the somewhat muddled second edition to be done, but Boswell complains of lack of steady employment, and that he never again achieves.

There is in these two last volumes little diminution of the earlier brilliancy—it is, after all, the period of writing the "Life." There are the same unforgettable epitomes of character and events. Boswell expresses his pleasure at seeing Horace Walpole again and finding him, as ever, "genteel, fastidious, priggish." These three words probably give a better impression of Walpole than any other three that could be found. The same conciseness is found in the story of the unhappy apprentice, John Constantin. It is as direct as a story in Genesis. What might in less skilful hands have been confused is reduced to its essentials. Irrelevant details have been discarded and the whole boiled down to just proportions. We read this story without doubt that we are learning exactly what happened and we see the principal although not a word of physical description is given.

It is this sense of being admitted to a private view of the eighteenth century that gives the Journals their great charm.

and at twenty-eight he achieved fame as an author, and was the friend, or at least the acquaintance, of most of the leading men of his day, abroad as well as at home. This feat may be compared with the early success of Sheridan and the younger Pitt. In the beginning, if Boswell had wished with equal singleness of purpose to be a leader at the English Bar or a Cabinet Minister there is no reason to suppose he would not have succeeded. At the end of his life when we see him snubbed by Pitt and "carried to Mary Le Bone Watch-house for calling the hour in the streets," we are depressed by the contrast with what he then wanted to be, but even while enduring degradation he was completing the biography which still stands unrivalled in his own or any other language and which was the conclusion to a preparation of twenty-eight years. Boswell is in the position of a man who having set his heart upon one difficult goal regrets, in his hour of achievement, that he had not obtained one or two others as well.

Good fortune has now come to James Boswell. His papers were not lost, after all, but reached the hands of as skilful editors as any man ever had. When one contrasts the jumble of unsorted manuscript which came out of the ebony cabinet and croquet box at Malahide with the completed set one begins to appreciate the editors' achievement. The cataloguing of the material was a formidable task in itself, but that was trifling to the difficulty of establishing the text. After recent deletions made with india ink were removed there remained the much greater problem of deciphering Boswell's hand. How extraordinarily difficult much of the manuscript is may be seen in many of the facsimiles. This difficulty was heightened by Boswell's Latin and Italian and by hundreds of obscure proper names. Finally, the condensed Journals (Mr. Pottle's heaviest labor) offered puzzles in every line. A catchword must often have taken days of research to understand. Mr. Pottle's ultimate triumph came when he deciphered Boswell's cipher and discovered