tion of the reviewer. In this case that indulgence can be forborne for the major part of the book—other writers could, no doubt, have been selected, but this group is probably as interesting as any other. For the modern period, however, it cannot be held that either John of Kronstadt with his "innocent weakness for rich silken casacks given him by his admirers, ... and his breast covered with cordons, stars and crosses" or Yelchaninov with his "desire for death" and his bitter hatred of the progressive movement in the Orthodox Church, represent anything other than the more decadent side of Orthodoxy. Gregory Petrov with his publicly expressed desire that the Church should stand with the people when he saw at the periphery of the Church, in his latter days he said much of the betrayal of its principles by the Church and saw the real Church in those who were prepared to practise the truth.

The result is a tendency on more sides than one to use Solovyov for their own purposes, as we see from publications varying from that of the Russian Catholic, D'Herbigny, through translations of an anti-Tolstoyan—pacific book in 1915 and 1916, to the present emigration—Orthodox work of Frank, with its conclusion [Introduction, pages 28, 29] that here is a message of importance "especially for the Western world, the significance of which can hardly be exaggerated". The message amounts to this: "that Christ's revelation does not promise the victory of the good over evil within the confines of 'this world' and that we must live in the expectation of the end of the world ... ".

Yet how unfair this is to Solovyov any reader, even of this anthology, will see, for while nobody will read it without disagreeing with one or other aspect of Solovyov's thought, on the other hand all will see in it the work of a rich humanitarian deeply concerned with the fate of this world and the people who inhabit it. The man who in the Russia of the Tsars denounced capital punishment as "barbaric" can hardly be claimed as a progenitor of the men of the atom bomb. Indeed, how far Solovyov stood from the theories which buttress the anti-Soviet Christians of today can be gauged from these words [pages 70, 71]: "The unbelieving promoters of modern progress acted for the benefit of true Christianity, undermining the false mediaeval world-conception with its anti-Christian dogmatism, individualism and spiritualism. They could not injure Christ by their disbelief, but they have injured material nature which many of them were champions. Against the pseudo-Christian spiritualism which regards nature as an evil principle they put forward another equally false view that nature is lifeless matter and a soulless machine. And earthly nature, as though offended by this double untruth, refuses to feed mankind. This is the common danger which ought to unite the believers and the unbelievers. It is time that both recognised their solidarity with mother-earth and saved it from deadness, in order to save themselves from death as well. But what solidarity can we have with the earth, how can we have a moral relation to one another? The progressive unbelievers are trying—as best they can—to create such a solidarity, and to some extent they have succeeded. Those who call themselves Christians do not believe in their success, spitefully find fault with their efforts and resist them. It is easy to blame other people and to hinder them. Try to do better yourselves, to create a living, social, universal Christianity..."

Stanley Evans.

LYSENKO IS RIGHT

THE subject matter and style of this book—let* are as direct as its title. The author has been converted to Michurinism and he tells us why in forthright fashion. That his was no overnight conversion is made clear at several places in the text where he refers to his own earlier opinions. Thus he now appreciates the error in trying "to understand their [the Michurinists'—D.M.R.] generalisations in terms of experiments arranged so that chromosome variation is the decisive factor" (page 56). Clearly this book is the outcome of hard study and intense discussion and it bears the stamp of these throughout.

*A SOLOVYOV ANTHOLOGY. Ed.: S. L. Frank. (S.C.M. Press, 18s.)

LYSENKO IS RIGHT. By James Fyfe. (Lawrence & Wishart, 2s. 6d.)
Fyfe does much more for English readers than to summarise the proceedings of the Soviet discussions or to expound the views of Michurin biologists. He fits this material into a general argument that is original both in presentation and in content. Seeing in the theory of the gene a sophisticated twentieth-century variety of the scholastic doctrine of essential substances, he recalls that history has witnessed the demolition of successive versions of this doctrine with each major advance in science. He shows that the scholastic doctrine is foreign to the correct handling of practical problems and from this angle introduces his readers to the opposing conceptions of practice and heredity in the Michurinist and Mendelian viewpoints.

There may be some criticism of this booklet among biologists because it does not discuss Michurin biology from the standpoint of experimental results. Yet such criticism would be unfair, since the author's aim is simply to lay bare the fundamental differences between the two conceptions, differences which give rise to experiments asking completely different kinds of questions about nature. Fyfe brings out these fundamental differences very ably indeed. He then goes on to show that the whole question can only be fully understood in relation to the new situation or epoch. So his major achievement is to make his own contribution on this point which does worry biologists. However, he might ask himself if this worry is not simply a reflection of the extent to which the chromosomes have become identified with heredity in the minds of biologists through years of mental and physical effort. Within a species, he seems to have misread Lysenko, a fact which underlines how unfamiliar we are with the practical problems out of which the general problem of intraspecific relations has arisen.

These are small points to criticise in an essay that is so admirable within the limits set, for it must be remembered that it is directed to specialists and laymen alike, a formidable undertaking. The whole is enlivened by pithy comments which bring some of the great questions involved into bold relief. I particularly liked his complete answer (in parentheses) to Malthusians of all ages: "As if all people do for food is to sit with their mouths open waiting for it to drop in" (page 51). All in all, this booklet strikes a new note in current Socialist literature and its author emerges as a gifted pamphleteer.

D. M. ROSS.

STANISLAVSKY

"THE theatre has ceased to be an academy and has been transformed into a place of cheap entertainment... The only solution for the actor is self-criticism, which is only possible if the actor is able to obtain a definite and precise idea about his work, create an ideal towards which he should aspire, and find in himself sufficient strength to scorn cheap success. To mount the pedestal of fully earned artistic fame, the actor must, in addition to his purely artistic endowments, become an ideal man." This is what Stanislavsky said in Artistic Notes of 1889: he speaks from a world in which the spectacle of young actors fighting for success through publicity agents, the opening of baby shows and the judging of beauty competitions would have seemed not so much disgusting as incredible. For Stanislavsky was no lone voice. He came to his system through long years in which he painfully assimilated many influences, made many false starts, and conquered deep and diverse personal weaknesses. Chronic hypochondria; an inadequate education; little feeling for great literature; vanity and shyness; addictions to finnicky realism and the operatic romanticism of Spanish boots and rapier; a taste, long indulged, for dictatorial production depending on crowd manipulation and coups de théâtre; these were some of the handicaps he overcame. His long pilgrim's progress to artistic and personal triumph was befriended by the advice, work, and criticism of Chekhov, Gorky, Ostrovsky; by his uneasy partnership with Nemirovich-Danchenko; by Rossi's dictum "Teach yourself"; by daily work and study in the theatre throughout the whole of his life; and finally by the coming to power of the Bolshevik party, which gave him security and the highest honours.

Stanislavsky has suffered in England more from his friends than from his enemies. He has been presented to us often with an unsatisfactory critical enthusiasm as a system-monger with a difference, as the man who always has a winner in a sealed envelope, as a teacher who can put you on the short route to success. Here* we see how ridiculous his would-be disciples have made him, and how unlike himself. He appears as a man of the purest integrity who moved steadily through one practical experience after another from an uneasy dogmatism to a mature, wise and tolerant theory that included all the multifarious human ways of approach that lead to the living vitality we can legitimately call Good Theatre.

The book is based on a collection of documents recently published in Moscow. Magarshack takes us through the master's life and work at a steady pace, correcting a widely held inaccuracy here and undermining a prejudice there. He avoids any

*STANISLAVSKY: A LIFE. By David Magarshack. MacGibbon and Kee. 21s.