

Hares, brought over to Australia, run wild, and multiply in such numbers as to menace human life. Ideas, brought over to America run wild and, becoming gaseous in a void where nothing resists them, menace human thinking. Among such ideas are those of Gurgiev, Einstein, Freud and Croce.

Expressionism with its cry of "So far shalt thou go and no farther," is absurd. It forbids the critic to ask, "Is it worth doing? Could it have been done better?" It is an unwarranted limitation of the impression which a work makes on a critic.

In criticism as in creation expressionism is the inveterate enemy of the Grand Manner.

George Santayana70%

In taking refuge in a sense of beauty, evades the whole analytic problem of aesthetics; but, let him be crowned with roses and asparagus.

Paul Elmer More71.3%

As Santayana exploits literature for its philosophic, so More exploits it for its moral content; but, let him be crowned with bay, vine-leaves, myrtle, laurel and parsley.

T. S. Eliot70.4%

His work ignores philosophic and moral content; but, let him be crowned with faded oak seedlings.

Gorham B. Mumson6.43%

"I am compelled to reject (The Waste Land) as a harmoniously functioning structural unit."

Stuart P. Sherman42.2%

"The Puritans, as a matter of fact, used both wine and tobacco—both men and women."

In descending from the 17th to the 20th Century, Sherman carries pomposity with him, as when he says of a passage of Mr. Kipling's:

"It vibrates still in the memory with an authority nothing of Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald's quite possesses."

Stephen Leacock43%

"There is something about a lighthouse that you don't get in the modern drawing room. What it is I don't know; but there is a difference. . . There is something about a lighthouse—the way you see it in the earlier scenes—with a lantern shining out over the black waves, that suggests security, fidelity, faithfulness to a trust. . . Lo! we are in the tower. . . with the roar of the storm heard like muffled thunder outside. . . The lighthouse keeper trims his lamps. How firm and quiet and rugged he looks. . . Hear the howl of the wind as he opens the door and steps forth upon the iron balcony eighty feet