

ture. He suffered three attacks of the mental disorder known as manic-depressive insanity, and he placed the physicians interested in such disorder under great obligations to him by analysis of the aberrations of his perceptions, as no one has done since then until the advent of "Reluctantly Told" which is now just off the press. It would be difficult to compress more misinformation into a short paragraph than the following:

John Humphrey Noyes, of the United States, professed and believed that he was endowed with the spirit of prophecy and established at Oneida a sect which recognized no human laws, looked upon property and marriage as robbery, and were assured every action, even the most trivial, to have been inspired by God.

In the concluding chapter entitled "The Remedy" there is a great deal of sense, but it is often badly expressed. "Real freedom is not to be gained by restriction in belief, prohibition by law, or constraint as to industry," and "the great war of the future will be that of self-realization" are pregnant with thought but not with lucidity.

Dr. Hyslop's talents and accomplishments justified us in anticipating a more convincing contribution to the knowledge of mental abnormality than he has given us. Newcomers to the subject may find it very acceptable.

Morley Abroad

THE ROMANY STAIN. By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1926. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

IT is appropriate that "The Romany Stain" should make its appearance in the spring, season of nostalgia, vague longings if not for the infinite at least for such poor earthly copies of it as can be found in other lands and foreign faces. In the spring the middle-aged man's fancy turns to thoughts of Europe. The tarry smell of Paris floats across the sea, the bootlegged tongue thirsts for the pure apéritif, and one's feet go wandering all night down endless English lanes or climb delightfully interminable Italian stairs. It is a rare treat, now that May is here, to steal a few hours from one's desk and loiter in European by-ways with Christopher Morley, eyes sharpened to his, thoughts stimulated to racing, nerves soothed by the philosophic odor of his eternal pipe. Needless to say, the France of these essays is neither the France of *tourisme* or the France of political despatches, and the England is not the England of unemployment and labor troubles, but those other more real, intangible countries that one knows but can hardly analyze, constituted not by governments and laws but by the flavor of places, the varying aromas of food, the expression of faces, gestures, habits, the little intimacies of close acquaintance that reveal the Anglicism of England, the Frenchness of France.

Although written before "Thunder on the Left" or "The Arrow," pre-natal hints of both are found—the essays indicate more faintly the same attitude toward life as the later productions, an attitude so appealing to some of us, so repellent to others. Mr. Morley's chosen field is the shadowy no-man's-land where the soul and body meet, never in irreconcilable Pauline enmity, but fraternizing amiably, half indistinguishable in the obscurity. Here on the edge of the sub-conscious he seems to sport and play but warily alert to catch the spiritual meaning of each "conditioned reflex" and rescue from oblivion the burden of the moment ere it passes. If the mind is, as has been said, primarily "a consciousness of the body's interests," then Mr. Morley has intuitively gotten at the root of it. But he abstains from abstract theory. This intellectual indifference, if it be called such, seems to be partly native, partly voluntary. He is too enthusiastic, too generous, to be keenly critical of men or life, and in harmony with his temperament he deliberately chooses the beauty of appearances—and I know of no other contemporary writer who has given us so much of pure sensational beauty—rather than search for what he suspects to be the ugliness beneath. Sometimes, indeed, the undercurrent of doubt and pessimism flows up to the surface, as in the beginning and ending of "Thunder on the Left," and we have then a more poignant beauty; but there, too, the bitter brew and the dregs, so loved of realists, are rejected with a gentle shake of the head.

Not everyone, however, will care to accompany Christopher Morley in these travelings and musings. Simple, earnest souls there are, of Puritan extraction, still shockable by his perpetual gayety—more apparent than real—and his penchant for persiflage.

What other writer of repute, indeed, would dare to print above his name: "the time, the place and the loved one all together," or "the old fellow sat staring at the fire in a serene despair, more like Santayana than Santa Claus," or "the fields of the Somme were won, not on the playgrounds of Eton, but in the tea-rooms of J. Lyons. You've heard of British Lyons." But however indecorous such boyish levity may be, the puns are at least no worse than some of Shakespeare's that actors still mouth upon the stage after three centuries. And if Mr. Morley is gay even in Pere-la-Chaise, why not? 'Tis in truth the gayest of cemeteries, like a pleasant dinner-party where each guest has his appropriate place-card and his souvenir, and there are no after-dinner speeches.

The simple, earnest souls may be dismissed, but there will be other objectors, of stouter breed, lovers of substance who sniff impatiently at every suggestion of mere ornament. These will be partly right and largely wrong. It is true that Mr. Morley sometimes invites us to a banquet composed wholly of condiments. His champagne occasionally needs one of those little wooden paddles—he will know the French name which I've forgotten—to remove the froth. He has too a way of disconcerting his admirers by plunging them, on an open road and all going well, into a sudden tangled jungle of inexplicable metaphors, or dragging them across arid wastes where strange words stand out like stone monoliths amid the surrounding emptiness. Thus when he tells us that he is a "solifidian" in the defence of "inkling" artists, I doubt if his readers will be greatly moved. And when he writes of Mont St. Michel, "In all that clean vacancy, framed in the blue scabbard of Normandy and Brittany, the holy boulder rises, a pinnacle of stone jewellery," there is one reader at least who gets no impression of Mont St. Michel or anything else, being too deeply engrossed in the difficult task of sheathing



CHARLES LAMB'S ROAST PIG

Drawing by Walter Jack Duncan for Christopher Morley's "The Romany Stain"

that pinnacle. Such criticism, however, is even easier to write than is the sentence criticized which, bad as it is, is still on a different level from the repertorial style of many of our novelists. Mr. Morley is a lover of words and may be forgiven if he sometimes loves not wisely but too well. One hesitates to ask him to weed and prune his garden lest some rare blossoms get thrown out by mistake. His defects are the defects of his qualities. Christopher Morley is all Christopher Morley,—spontaneous, unsentimentally tender, delightful, with a marvellously fertile fancy, ever fishing for beauty with too loose a net.

Four French Novelists

FOUR NOVELISTS OF THE OLD RÉGIME.

By JOHN GARBER PALACHE. New York: The Viking Press. 1926. \$3.

Reviewed by RICHARD ALDINGTON

MR. PALACHE'S four novelists are Crébillon *fils*, Choderlos de Laclos, Diderot, and Restif de la Bretonne. It is a good choice from the extensive and comparatively unhackneyed region of eighteenth century French novels. The period between the Regency and the Revolution is particularly interesting to us today for several reasons. It was an age when the secular traditions of European society were subjected to very searching and destructive criticism, when multitudes of ideas were thrown out by minds like Voltaire's, Rousseau's, Diderot's, Montesquieu's, when even monarchs like Frederick of Prussia, Catherine of Russia, and Joseph of Austria dabbled in *philosophie* or reform, when the claims of science, commerce, democracy, and free thought fretted against the double tyranny of church and throne. And it was also an age when the novel became more and

more fertile, absorbed some forms of literature and crushed others, threw off obsolete traditions inherited from decadent Greece and the Middle Ages, opened its pages to life in many forms and classes, analyzed character, diffused ideas, satirized abuses, fashioned Utopias. Above all, the French novel of this period studied women and the relations of the sexes, certainly with no more freedom and frankness than the great English and French writers of the sixteenth century but with more subtlety, with more perception of the fine interplay of character, with a more delicate license.

Obviously this sexual freedom and more or less delicate sensuality form one of the greatest differences between the French and the English-speaking novelists. The French have always tried to deal with their passions by refining them, the Anglo-Saxons by concealing or repressing them. Nine times out of ten the American and English are less shocked by brutality than by sensuality, however refined the latter may be; both nations are pleased to ignore the plainest facts of physiology and psychology. Indeed, they take up much the same attitude towards sexual matters that the French do towards their national finances; they will not face facts, they rely on blind conservative measures and, when things go wrong, they blame the influence of foreigners and clamor for the repression of everybody who points out the truth. French literature is comparatively free from the parasitic cant and false sentiment with which the English-speaking peoples have concealed the relations of the sexes; but this very quality has caused us to ignore, to condemn, to misunderstand or to deplore the French novel of the eighteenth century. Only in our own time do we observe Mr. Aldous Huxley joining hands with Crébillon *fils*. Yet all the old brutality and lack of delicacy reappear in Mr. James Joyce.

Mr. Palache has therefore performed a service by dragging four of these novelists on to the American scene. He writes with some reserve and caution and hardly reveals the whole truth about the subjects of his enquiries. As he remarks, not many of these novels have been translated into English, but while Mr. Palache's book was in the press a series of translations, under the editorship of Mr. Holland, made its appearance in England, and I am myself editing a more extensive series of eighteenth century French authors which will include Crébillon and, in time, many other novelists of the period. Thus, the present curiosity about the eighteenth century novel has or will soon have every opportunity for gratification.

If Mr. Palache had intended that his book should sketch the development of the novel he would have been compelled to include Marivaux, Prévost, and Rousseau at least. But he preferred to study four novelists whose work particularly attracted him and he has carried out his work with skill and considerable learning. Moreover, his four novelists are all inter-related and yet are sufficiently distinct to act as representatives of much that is most valuable in the *genre*. The most powerful and original intelligence among them is undoubtedly Diderot. But Diderot's novels were carelessly composed and hastily written, as private recreations rather than as serious work. Some of them were not published until long after his death. Diderot impresses his age more by his personality and his extraordinary powers of conversation than by any reputation as a formal writer. His mind was a prodigious exchange and mart of ideas, and his collected works are a chaos. "La Religieuse" is perhaps the most coherent, "Le Neveu de Rameau" the most original, and "Les Bijoux Indiscrets" by far the most licentious. This last book was written by Diderot in about a fortnight to show his mistress that he too could write in the vein of Crébillon *fils*. But it was impossible for a tumultuous and vigorous personality like Diderot's to imitate slavishly or even accurately. "Les Bijoux Indiscrets" may show a superficial resemblance to Crébillon's novels, but it has a force and exuberance which are peculiar to Diderot and it lacks Crébillon's observation of character and peculiar malice. The impatient energy of Diderot could not be schooled to this precise observation.

Crébillon *fils* is obviously a pupil of Marivaux, but his personality was very different from Marivaux's and his conception of the novel more mature. "Marianne" is a great landmark in the history of the novel—it precedes all Richardson's books—but it is still trammelled by the traditions of the picaresque novel, and though it breaks away from the aristocratic conventions of the seventeenth century, it is not satirical and it is romantic. Crébillon took as his special subject the psychology of sexual rela-

tions among the fashionable people of his age. These relations had evolved, from various causes, into a highly elaborate game, all the more interesting because of its artificiality and dangers. There was, for instance, always the danger that the woman might be found out or the man fall in love. The game can only be played in a long-established, very civilized, idle and clever society, and the necessary refinement can only be maintained by a whole set of delicate, curious conventions understood and practised by intelligent people. The behaviour and motives of these "lovers" interested Crébillon hugely and he depicted them in a series of novels and dialogues which are sometimes verbose but always marked by great penetration, skill in analysis of character, realism of conversation, and a slight but definite satirical turn. The ordinary English view (see *Encyclopædia Britannica*) that Crébillon was an "immoral writer" is senseless. He was a keen student of manners and the sly malice of his studies was recognized and greatly relished by sophisticated people like Gray and Horace Walpole.

In Crébillon's character there was nothing psychologically abnormal. In Diderot there is just a suspicion of excess, while Restif de la Bretonne was clearly and unmistakably abnormal—he has a place in Mr. Havelock Ellis's great work. But Restif, as Mr. Palache points out, was an extraordinarily keen observer of life among the poorer classes and a writer not only of great fertility and unevenness but at times of real power and originality. He was the son of a peasant, a printer by trade, a great worker and tirelessly curious in his observations of human nature. He was much influenced by Rousseau and his work is a positive jungle.

The greatest novel of all those discussed by Mr. Palache is the "Liaisons Dangereuses" of Choderlos de Laclos. This remarkable book, which appeared only seven years before the Revolution, is one of the highest achievements of the eighteenth century novel. Its only rivals for the position of first place are "Marianne," "Manon Lescaut," and "La Nouvelle Héloïse." As Comte Tilly remarks in his memoirs, the "Liaisons Dangereuses" was a "straw blowing in the wind of Revolution." Laclos was both a theorist and a realist, a disciple of Rousseau and a follower of Crébillon. His other writings are negligible but in this one novel he equalled and very possibly surpassed all his predecessors. Its verity is strikingly confirmed by the memoirs of the period and its reputation has consistently increased since its revival in the middle of the last century. The characters of Valmont and Madame de Merteuil are triumphs of the novelist's art and the whole conduct of their diabolical intrigues is the work of a master. The "Liaisons Dangereuses" is not a work of mere fiction; it is the summary and the condemnation of a whole society.

Ben Lindsey Speaks Out

THE REVOLT OF MODERN YOUTH. By JUDGE BEN LINDSEY and WAINWRIGHT EVANS. New York: Boni and Liveright. 1925. \$3.

REVIEWED BY EDWARD C. LINDEMAN

JUDGE BEN LINDSEY has come to be a symbolic figure in American life. He personifies qualities which were once native to the frontier and are still deeply cherished, though seldom practiced, by public officials—courage, artless candor, zeal for the under-dog, belligerent individualism and unquenchable idealism. Fred Howe, Fremont Older and the tired radicals of the nineties may disavow their lost ends and fruitless means but not so Ben Lindsey; he finds new dragons to slay, fairer virtues to defend. After a quarter-century of service with the Juvenile and Family Court of Denver, he chooses for his enemy that medieval recrudescence called the Ku Klux Klan.

When that battle was raging a few months ago and his re-election hung in the balance, the country looked on with amazement. Politicians in high places were timidly evading or placating this new subterranean force which here and there struck fearsome blows from the dark; Ben Lindsey went out of his way to combat it, and what is more he won!

And this is a book about Ben Lindsey. Its generalized subject-matter revolves about the contemporary morals of youth but the pervading focus is the author's point of view. In this essay he goes further in open defense of non-conventional conduct than any other publicist in America has thus far ventured. He believes, for example, in "the right of competent, unmarried women to bear, rear, and support children out of wedlock if they wish." Trial

marriages and birth control seem to him to be experimental methods for testing and improving the institution of marriage. Indeed, he views marriage as a legal and social contract on behalf of children and not on behalf of sex relations; in this area the sanctions must be above legal constraint. His pages teem with illustrations from experience which are aptly used to substantiate his views. In the light of this intimate contact with the problem, he would join hands with modern youth in a hearty attack upon the great "national conspiracy of silence that treats sex as a shameful and forbidden thing." His plea is for freedom, honesty, banishment of fears and tribal superstitions, and enlightenment. "To put it bluntly," he writes, "I am more interested in the health of these young people than I am in their 'morals'."

Judge Lindsey and his work demand a special category; his methods are largely personal and subjective and consequently have little scientific value. He cannot, for example, advantageously be compared with Miriam Van Waters whose labors fall in the same field.

What he says carries conviction only to those who already have faith in him as a person. His methods are not transferable and are hence valid only for him. I should think that even his most devoted friends would wish at times that he could bring his intelligence into harmony with his emotional idealism. They must shudder when they see his portrait and testimonial in full-page advertisements of correspondence courses for "scientific mind training." But he is *courageous*—and there are so few.

Inner India

INDIA. By SIR VALENTINE CHIROL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1926. \$3.

Reviewed by HOWARD SWIGGETT

THIS is not a book written in the defence of India. It is an important attempt to supply, for fragmentary opinion about India, at least the beginning of a unified history. The literature on India is voluminous, and as chaotic as her politics and religions. Much of it has been mere Army and Service memoirs and letters. Few people have ever tried to select from the amazingly complex history of 320,000,000 people living and the millions dead, who in Hinduism so profoundly affect the living, the materials for their single history. The focus for the material, the spot from which to regard the pomp and circumstance of Simla and "the small villages and hamlets which reproduce in our own times immensely ancient conditions of life which have survived all the vicissitudes of Indian political history" would have been too hard to find.

Sir Valentine Chirol has chosen for his focus the all but impossible problem of unity in a sub-continent that is overpopulated, hampered by caste, and by religions as warlike and incompatible as the Mohammedan and Hindu, broken as well into a hundred fractures of Native States and British India.

He has written a profound book, neither patriotic nor partisan. Only such questions as the responsibility of British rule for the famines break his scholarly reserve, as Balfour's was at Washington until, under the goading of the French, he spoke of the British dead in France. He has little patience for "the reckless critics (who) write as if there had been no famines in India before British rule." So, too, with taxation. There was no Golden Age without it.

India means to most people such association-words as Taj Mahal, mutiny, oppression or ingratitude, and little more. This book on India disregards all the symbols and shibboleths about her. A reader entirely ignorant of India might read Lord Robert's "Forty-one Years in India," Curzon's two volumes, "British Government in India," or Gibbon's "The New Map of Asia," and there would be little to suggest when he read Chirol's "India" that it dealt with the same country. The other books are, in Bain's phrase, "but little isolated fragments of her lore."

There are no sweeping condemnations of Government or Indian in the book, and yet what to Western minds must be the horror of the Hindu religion has never been made plainer. On the other side the story of Amritsar. The reviewer heard Mr. Lajpat Ral's impassioned denunciation of British rule in India after the massacre in the Jaliarwala Bagh, but the horror was not as plain as it is in this grave book.

The story of Gandhi and Swaraj is told with painstaking fairness, but for all the judiciousness it is never admitted that India is in the grasp of the "Satanic civilization."

The Government of India may have failed, may have accomplished little for the peasant in a hundred and fifty years; the British color line, her Manchester trade, her use of the Indian Army outside of India, treatment of Indians in Kenya, especially the fact that she may have grown inclined to regard the possession of India as an Imperial asset to be administered in accordance with the complex interests of an expanding Empire may all represent tyranny or incompetency in individual cases, but the author sees in them rather the fact that the contact of Western industrialism and thought with the East involves men and the issues they are seeking to administer in a Niagara over which they have small control and which they can only begin to control by an acceptance of the facts involved.

The glitter of India is omitted from the book. Mountstuart Elphinstone, the friend of "Doughty Deeds," who went to a great work in India at fifteen, is mentioned, but the great Henty figures, like Roberts, Younghusband, and Lumsden, the founder of the Guides, even the Northwest Frontier itself, have apparently left nothing in India which is significant "in a picture of the country as it is today." Possibly "the sooner they go the better for the country."

The beginning of an adjustment and of progress in India, the author feels, lies in the admission that higher Western education has been poured too fast into the Indian minds. (It would be interesting to know the psychological data an expedition such as Jung's to primitive Africa might secure in Hindu India.) Agriculture and the land are the beginning of the solution. Besides them nothing is of much consequence. The book sums itself up in the moving passage, "India must be overwhelmed by the economic tide which is beating upon her from the outside world unless her rulers are prepared to meet it with all the great reserves of strength still waiting to be roused to life in her own soil, and in the countless millions whose immemorial devotion to it, as deep as that of any peasantry in the world, still waits release from the twofold incubus of ignorance and poverty."

Wit and Poetry

WHAT THE QUEEN SAID. By STODDARD KING. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1926. \$1.50.

THIS first volume of Stoddard King's "facetious fragments" is a garnering from the verse originally printed in his daily column in *The Spokesman-Review* of Spokane and elsewhere. Stoddard King is of the genus "colyumist," and also, incidentally, he wrote a certain popular song that was intoned everywhere during the late War, namely, "The Long, Long Trail." Vachel Lindsay has been enthusiastic in introducing his work to Eastern readers.

The author has won his spurs in the lists of verse. He enters, with "What the Queen Said," a select group of singers; F. P. A., Don Marquis, Arthur Guiterman, Ted Robinson, Keith Preston, Deems Taylor (when he is not writing music), Newman Levy, and who have you? When the next truly selective and modern anthology of American light verse is collated he ought to occupy a notable place. And he is quite likely to write more of his fantastic verse which crosses the shadowy border into the realm of real poetry.

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