

generic to the American enterprise. Are not the novels of Willa Cather, with their imperfectly bridged intervals between episodes, and her seemingly naive rejection of the superior consciousness of the bystanding Intellectuals as a medium of integration, exactly what is to be expected of the folk attitude toward American society? In the same manner do the characters of Mr. O'Neill's plays fail to take any account of any other penetrations of their problems than their own. And are not these the normal reactions of sincere artistry against the duty which the older English novelists and playwrights, Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, and Shaw, exhibit, of being aware at all times of the complete implication of all England in whatever their characters happen to be doing?

What appears to be happening, along with our belated recognition of our regional folk literature, is the delocalization of other literatures which are nevertheless of the folk, isolated by the range of their social perception rather than by environmental rootage. The really pertinent question to be asked here is whether, in a Democracy like ours, any other sort of literature is to be expected. For what we seem chiefly to have learned about Democracy is that however much it may equalize opportunity, it has little or no effect on the range of individual receptivity.

Rum and the "Fathers"

RUM, ROMANCE AND REBELLION. By CHARLES WILLIAM TAUSSIG. Drawings by PHILIP KAPPEL. New York: Minton, Balch & Co. 1928. \$4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM MACDONALD

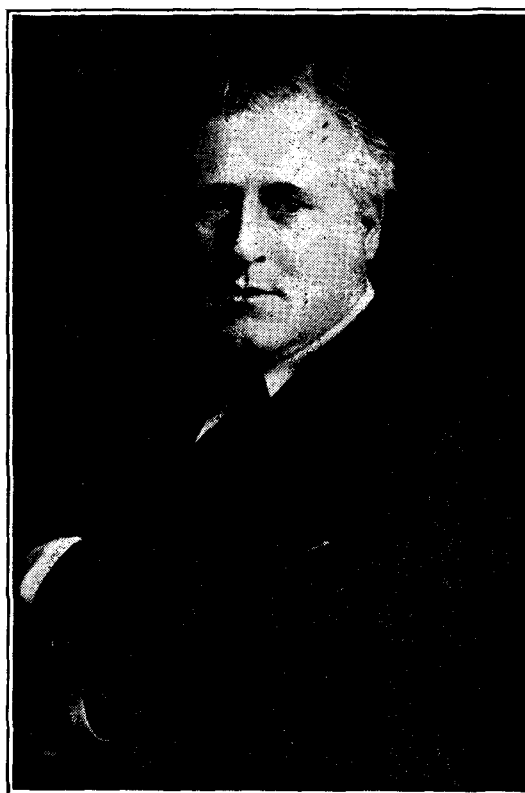
THERE is very little rebellion in Mr. Taussig's book, unless by rebellion is meant a widespread and long-continued violation of certain laws of which no considerable number of persons at the time approved. His lively account of the drinks that made the nation is an entertaining recital of facts which the present generation of Americans, bidden by the Supreme Court to regard national prohibition as constitutional, and hence of unquestioned morality, ought presumably to deplore and try to forget. Naturally, there will be many to regret that such a book should ever have seen the light, but its facts, unfortunately for the legalist or the moralist, are too much a part of our history to be disposed of by any kind of intellectual hocus-pocus, and until the book is suppressed and its circulation correspondingly increased, there seems to be nothing to do but to face the music, and admit that rum and other alcoholic compounds have played exactly the part in our patriotic evolution that history shows them to have played.

And what are the facts? Woodrow Wilson pointed to some of them when he wrote that "out of the cheap molasses of the French Islands" New England "made the rum which was a chief source of her wealth." A New England historian, William B. Weedon, had already said much the same thing when he declared, in the course of the most thorough study of the early economic life of New England that has yet been made, that in the New England trade "Negroes, fish, vessels, lumber, inter-colonial traffic in produce, all feel the initiative and moving impulse of rum." The nineteenth century was well advanced before the righteous inhabitants of the Puritan zone, and their equally upright neighbors to the south, felt it proper to launch a ship, or raise a barn, or dedicate a meeting-house or church, or celebrate a marriage or a funeral without plentiful outpourings and intakings of rum or other liquors, while contemporary descriptions of their dinners and banquets show a rich array of bottles and decanters studding and flanking the portentous list of viands. New England merchants and ship-owners, with their commercial brethren in other colonies or States, freighted their ships with rum to buy Negroes in Africa, and sold what survived of their human cargoes for molasses from which to make more rum to buy more slaves. The basis of more than one American fortune of today was laid in a trade of which rum and slaves formed the principal elements.

Only now and then did any one object. John Adams appears to have felt some qualms about the growing number of public-houses with their attendant vices, and Franklin saw the practical wisdom of withholding rum from the Indians until some pending treaty was actually signed, but the dispensing places multiplied, the multiplication of drinks assured the traveller of a varied good cheer,

and huskings, quilting bees, and sleighing parties had their meed of alcoholic accompaniment. Washington agreed that a gardner whom he hired should have "four dollars at Christmas with which he may be drunk for four days and nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide to be drunk for two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner at noon." Throughout the inter-colonial wars, as in the War of Independence, rum was an indispensable part of a soldier's ration, and it did not cease to be a popular drink until the decline of the West India trade allowed whisky to make its way as a substitute. Moreover, with the rum, the drink of the people, went a great consumption of wines and spirits by those who could afford such quasi-luxuries. Had the stream of alcohol that flowed along the Atlantic seaboard in the days of our national beginnings been fired at any point, there would speedily have been an almost unbroken line of illumination from Maine to Georgia, and the connecting whisky streams would have carried the flame to the Great Lakes and the mouth of the Ohio.

Such is the slough from which, at the cost of some millions of dollars every year, we are in process



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of being dragged, to be laid out eventually on the sand high and dry. "There is in the sweet aromatic redolence of old rum," Mr Taussig remarks, "a mystic charm, a soft soothing fragrance that beguiles one into forgetting its more sinister and vicious history." But with fragrance at a dollar a sniff, even the memory of a mellow age has become too costly. If Mr. Taussig has any axe to grind, neither head nor handle protrudes in his pages; he tells the story with only an occasional suggestion of relish, and lets it go at that. There is nothing particularly new in what he writes, and the critic must be partisan indeed who can discover in his book the temper of the muckraker. He has been content to draw back the curtain and show us the "fathers" as they really were. No one with the fear of the Lake School of Chicago reformers before his eyes will dare to hint that the fathers, trading their rum-bought slaves at a good profit and plotting independence to the accompaniment of toddy and old Madeira, could possibly have been guilty of any wrong.

The Birthday Honors of King George recently bestowed included a knighthood for William A. Craigie, editor of the "Oxford English Dictionary." "But the event of the most general interest in the list," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "is the addition of another name to the Order of Merit. The number of civil members of that Order, reduced to eleven by Hardy's death, becomes twelve again by the inclusion of an eminent philologist, Sir George Grierson. Few men can have completed with so little public notice so great a task as he did when he lately brought to a close at the age of seventy-seven his "Linguistic Survey of India." The work has taken twenty-five years to compile. It fills twenty stout volumes, and it demanded acquaintance with 179 languages and 534 dialects."

Watson at Seventy

SELECTED POEMS OF SIR WILLIAM WATSON. Selected with notes by the author. London: Thornton Butterworth, Ltd., 15 Bedford St. 1928.

Reviewed by ROBERT UNDERWOOD JOHNSON

ON the 2nd of August Sir William Watson, regarded by many as the most artistic, if not the greatest, English-writing poet of the day, completed his seventieth year, and it is this event doubtless which has given occasion to this definitive edition of his poetry. Mr. Asquith,—I think it was at the death of Tennyson,—not then in a position to nominate the laureate, recommended Watson for that exalted position, and the appropriateness of his choice has been widely felt by men of letters both in and out of Great Britain, and the commonplace output of the two successors of Tennyson has confirmed the impression that the laureateship itself has suffered eclipse of dignity by the ignoring of a poet of Watson's performance and traditions. The present volume, covering, as it does, the full range of his verse, places him in the front rank of those who in years to come will be looked back to as interpreters of our time in noble numbers. American poets, familiar with his work, are wishing him a long life of unbroken and undimmed service to the art which has been his chief concern; and the American public, sated with eccentricities that pass for poetry, may well do penance to the Muse by according to this volume of beautiful and stimulating verse the welcome that it deserves.

If one were to choose out of the 210 items in this book the lines which represent the author's finest poetic qualities—so to speak, his norm—they might well be these:

Well he slumbers, greatly slain,
Who in splendid battle dies;
Deep his sleep in midmost main
Pillowed upon pearl who lies.

Ease, of all good gifts the best,
War and wave at last decree;
Love alone denies us rest,
Crueller than sword or sea.

It would be hard to find anything to surpass these stanzas in compactness of imaginative substance: in perfection of musical technic. The alliteration of vowels and consonants leaves nothing to be desired, and yet it is not achieved at the expense of the thought which it enhances. The poem stirs the mind by its cumulative effect and by the surprise of its conclusion, which is like the last line of the best sonnets. One may seek far in Victorian or pre-Victorian verse to find so much in so small a compass. It is to be commended to professors of the art in the classroom and to practitioners in the study in the garret.

This collection deepens the conviction that artistically Watson stands at the head of contemporary English poets. He has made little foray into the field of ballad writing such as that of Kipling and Noyes and Masfield, who have cleverly resounded popular chords; but he is much more than a superb artificer. His outlook on life, being high, is broad, and he brings to it the perception of an intellectual vision. No one has ever accused him of jingling; but nearly everything he has written is informed with rhythm. There is a lilt in his most static verse. Among his numerous pure lyrics is one, free and simple, called "I Care Not," with the refrain

If thou, my love, if thou, my love,
If thou forget not me.

One of the finest lyrics is

THE PROTEST

Bid me no more to other eyes
With wandering worship fare,
And weave my numbers garland-wise
To crown another's hair.
On me no more a mandate lay
Thou wouldst not have me to obey!
Bid me no more to leave unknissed
That rose-wreathed porch of pearl.
Shall I, where'er the winds may list,
Give them my life to whirl?
Perchance too late thou wilt be fain
Thy exile to recall—in vain.
Bid me no more from thee depart,
For in thy voice today
I hear the tremor of thy heart
Entreating me to stay;
I hear . . . nay, silence tells it best,
O yielded lips, O captive breast!

He illuminates truth with beauty, and he does so

by a choice of epithets that is almost faultless. He excels in literary taste, the one thing intolerable to the so-called "children of Nature," and yet so profound is it that a distinguished French writer has said "What is taste? Perhaps it is the soul."

Watson's finest trait is his soaring imagination and it counts most in dealing with things of the spirit. Who than he has touched more poignantly the one most haunting human thought?

THE GREAT MISGIVING

"Not ours," say some, "the thought of death to dread;
Asking no heaven, we fear no fabled hell:
Life is a feast, and we have banqueted—
Shall not the worms as well?"

"The after-silence, when the feast is o'er,
And void the places where the minstrels stood,
Differs in nought from what hath been before,
And is nor ill nor good."

Ah, but the Apparition—the dumb sign—
The beckoning finger bidding me forego
The fellowship, the converse, and the wine,
The songs, the festal glow!

And ah, to know not, while with friends I sit,
And while the purple joy is passed about,
Whether 'tis ampler day divinelier lit
Or homeless night without;

And whether, stepping forth, my soul shall see
New prospects, or fall sheer—a blinded thing!
There is, O grave, thy hourly victory,
And there, O death, thy sting.

Here, as usual, he preserves that fine proportion between thought and line which constitutes literature in verse. One may look askance at a "literary" poet, but what does the adjective imply save that every word counts by its force and appropriateness, that there is not a syllable too little or too much, that the offered cup is always full to the brim but never overflows?

Of two metrical forms Watson is master: the pungent epigram and the inspiring sonnet. Here are two of these quatrains:

EPITAPH ON AN OBSCURE PERSON

Stranger, these ashes were a Man
Crushed with a grievous weight.
He had acquired more ignorance than
He could assimilate.

AN IMPOSSIBLE NOVELTY

There are, in Painting, Sculpture, Song,
A few new ways of being wrong;
But it is plain to most men's sight
There's no new way of being right.

Leaving aside the high-minded and courageous sonnets on the Boer War and "The Purple East," by which the "dauntless teller of truths unsweet" stirred England to the depths, we find this one on the approach of middle life finely paralleled in octave and sestet and most subtly human:

THE FRONTIER

At the hushed brink of twilight,—when, as though
Some solemn journeying phantom paused to lay
An ominous finger on the awestruck day,
Earth holds her breath till that great presence go,—
A moment comes of visionary glow,
Pendulous 'twixt the gold hour and the grey,
Lovelier than these, more eloquent than they
Of memory, foresight, and life's ebb and flow.

So have I known, in some fair woman's face,
While viewless yet was Time's more gross imprint,
The first, faint, hesitant, elusive hint
Of that invasion of the vandal years
Seem deeper beauty than youth's cloudless grace,
Wake subtler dreams, and touch me nigh to tears.

In this circumscribed space there is no room to sample the rich quarries of his longer poems—the tributes to Burns and Shelley, "Wordsworth's Grave," "The Eloping Angels," the "Ode on the Coronation of King Edward VII," and others. But the impression is the same throughout, that of a high standard of genuine poetry, admirable in scope as well as detail. While the volume is full of separate lines that rest in the memory as adequate to a hundred experiences, the poet's large treatment and his architectonic sense of proportion give roundness to his thought and a sense of satisfaction to his reader.

May William Watson, still in his vigor, live long to offer to this prosy and indifferent age the inspiration of a man wholly in earnest and wholly a poet.

Yet another Life of Christ is to be published shortly. It is the work of the late Robert Keable, who wrote many books on religious subjects and also on Tahiti, where he died. Sir Hall Caine's Life of Christ, on which he has been engaged for a considerable time, can also be expected soon.

Watson's Behaviorism

THE WAYS OF BEHAVIORISM. By JOHN B. WATSON. New York: Harper & Bros. 1928. \$3.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

IT is important to distinguish between behaviorism as a psychological position, and the specific tenets of Dr. Watson, who claims a proprietary right to the term. I shall make the distinction by confining the Watsonian variety between the double bars of quotation marks. Behaviorism refers to the generally accepted position of substantially all psychologists that their science deals with human behavior: "behaviorism" is an electric assemblage of doctrines approved by John B. Watson, together with a remarkable set of claims concerning their value, that involves a repudiation of the contributions of his fellow-psychologists. Such are the ways of "behaviorism" in the year 1928.

It was not always thus. Dr. Watson made important contributions to animal psychology and to specific phases of human psychology. He followed and developed the objective method in psychology—a position fully approved by his professional colleagues. At Johns Hopkins University he did important work on the native responses of infants. His "Behavior, An Introduction to Comparative Psychology" is a careful scientific survey containing many original contributions; his "Psychology from the Standpoint of a Behaviorist" continues largely in the same temper, but makes some extreme and more questionable statements, which a sympathetic critic might ascribe to an over-zealous advocacy. His "Behaviorism," a set of popular lectures, shows an amazing deterioration. Considering the uninformed clientèle to which it was addressed, its cavalier treatment of what generally circulates as psychology is as questionable in taste as in logic. His recent pronouncements: "The Ways of Behaviorism" and "Psychological Care of Infant and Child" constitute astounding performances.

The "behaviorist's" stock in trade is rather limited, considering the business he claims to do. There is the conditioned reflex (generalized to the response), the nature and limitations of which are still in doubt. Yet the entire range of human habit and acquisition is explained as conditioning, and human conduct however complicated becomes predictable, because it may be spoken of as stimulus and response. "Why do men and women get married—why divorced—and what effect prohibition has on human behavior—woman suffrage? Let us study the problem as we would study the effect of continuous light upon the growth of a plant." Then there is the (by no means new) discovery of the few complete patterned responses in the new-born infant.

On these premises we are informed that everything is acquired by conditioning, though the truth is that if we were generally subject to "behavioristic" conditioning, behavior would be chaos and a rational life impossible. Heredity is declared a myth, and all the scientific workers in this field are dismissed as on the wrong track. The "behaviorist" will make of any ordinary infant whatever you choose to order. Insanity is a delusion of the psychiatrists not of the patient. The subconscious is a figment of another abnormal deviation, and Freud and the phrenologists are of one stripe. "In one sweeping assumption after another, the 'behaviorist' threw out the concepts both of mind and of consciousness, calling them carryovers from the church dogma of the Middle Ages." Instinct is another imaginary creation, likewise imagery; and thought is but verbalized or subvocal behavior. Like the brave little tailor, it is "seven at a blow"; and the "behaviorist" chuckles as the giants fall, for to him they are pigmies. Yet the instrument of the "behaviorist" is not even a sword or a sling; it is merely a waste-basket. With everyone holding a different opinion consigned to oblivion, the "behaviorist" finds himself in full command, with decks cleared and no impediment of crew or cargo.

The intriguing question relates not to the ways of behaviorism, but asks how the "behaviorist" gets that way. His own explanation is that he is concerned with what men *do*. Using what others would call imagination, he becomes an emissary from Mars, hovers over New York, notes the scurrying movements of its inhabitants and brings back the momentous conclusion that these human ants

are going to work. Now all is translucently clear. "Just think what a volume I could carry back to Mars on the behavior of New Yorkers if from some central position I could observe their whole twenty-four hour behavior for a few weeks or months." That volume would be as meaningless as the scratchings on the sand in a barnyard, until it is interpreted by just those instruments of psychology that the "behaviorist" repudiates and the true behaviorist utilizes. The "people are going to work!" Sheer inference! Nobody who didn't know infinitely more than what observers could see, could ever reach any such conclusion. Why not conclude that these creatures, whether by early conditioning or the peculiarities of their equilibrium apparatus, were so built that they couldn't see a hole without, like the rabbit in "Alice," running down it? How can a "behaviorist" ascertain that they are darting down into the subway on the way to work? And why are Washingtonians without this habit?

But why anything? In wonderland you at least know what set of rules you are staying away from; in "behavior"-land, which is supposed to be a land of prediction, the last thing you can predict is what the "behaviorist" will hold on any question. Why does it follow from "behaviorism" that when parents fondle their children, they are breeding neurotics and dependents? Yet Dr. Watson says so. What to make of it all I frankly don't know. So I appeal to others. An eminent scientist tells me it is preposterous nonsense, not worthy of scientific attention; another that it is an exhibition of colossal impertinence, that even granted that Watson is the superman of all times, he could hardly be so uniformly right and everybody else so incorrigibly wrong on so many different varieties of questions. I asked the question some years ago of a group of professional women who had listened to a course by Dr. Watson, and they replied: "We do not take him seriously," though one confessed: "I did so to begin with." I asked a Freudian, and he explained: Watson found early in his career that he had no *flair* for psychology, and so decided that he would call psychology whatever he found he could do; "behaviorism" is a form of compensation. I asked a fellow-psychologist and he sets forth that it is the desire to be different and attract attention; it is modernism in psychology by appealing to the allegedly ultra-scientific. I ask a business man and he says it is advertising. I ask a sociologist, and he says it is just an attempt to put something over, and Watson is laughing up his sleeve—doesn't believe a word of it. I ask a philosopher, and he says that that kind of mind, though shrewd and intelligent, is as devoid of a sense of logic as other able and worthy minds are devoid of a sense of humor. And I ask myself and give it up. But whatever it is in motive, in argument it is sophistry; and the constant fallacy is the fallacy of ignoring. Ignore all the evidence to the contrary on any position, and you can prove what you will, and incidentally disclose the folly of those who hold otherwise.

Perhaps we are all on the wrong scent. On the opening page we read: "There was possibly too little science—real science—in Freud's psychology, and hence it held its news value for only a relatively brief span of years." "Now the newspapers are beginning to feed it ('behaviorism') to the masses, but still in broken doses." Perhaps a new era is upon us and doctrines are to be judged by their news value. Perhaps the historian of the future will record: "In the early twentieth century Einstein put across his doctrine of relativity; much credit belongs to his publicity agent." There is only one man who can solve the puzzle of the ways of the "behaviorist," and he does not choose to tell.

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