

and by which the needs attain their special measures of their satisfaction. Nothing less than the literature of each age affords the answer, nothing less than the temper of the life of each age gives the clue; for it is ever the specialized setting that makes the play, however much the eternal motives of the human drama partake of the same communion.

We are thus thrown back upon two sources of the literary product: the vicissitudes of the human scene, and the insight conferred by more expert and specialized exploration of human motives. The first proceeds largely in terms of the social order, including political ventures, economic occupations, social competition, personal rivalries and all the varied business of living, general and special, formal and intimate, intellectual and emotional. The varieties of human experience offer dramatic moments, the varieties of human response offer the *dramatis personae* of character. The latter may and must become a matter of science, at least in intention. Ants in a hive or humans in their cosmopolitan gyrations may be all one to the rigid behaviorist; yet neither yields its secret until the biological drama in the one case, the humanistic in the other is added to the photographic registry. It is not the "motion picture" record of successive positions in the dance of life, but the "moving" picture of the sympathetic appeal to our own emotions and motives that holds our attention. The camera has added enormously to the possibilities of record, as we travel by proxy to remote lands; can psychology hold a similar camera up to human nature?

Before the Freudian advent the answer would have been negative or ambiguous; but since psychoanalysis, *nous avons changé tout cela*. For better or worse, for richer or for poorer, the psychological temper has been intruded into the entire set of social controls by which we regulate the conduct of life including the play of human relations in which literature finds its opportunity. The consequence in one direction is quite obvious. The poets, the dramatists, the novelists, find themselves justified and explained by the introverted trend; it is not the human scene but the human psyche that engages their attention; incidents and plots become mere stage-setting for urges. The clinical fuses with the dramatic sense. Writers find themselves scheduled or costumed as psychologists of a sort.

The psychological temper in literature derives from the benefits and penalties of living in a psychology-saturated age, invited and precipitated by the Freudian flood. Freud, at first a lonely Noah, building his ark amid sceptical and contemptuous on-lookers, found his Arrarat, when the troubled waters subsided, becoming the Mount Sinai of a new dispensation. Or, in commercial terms, literature invested in psychology as in a reckless bull market, and writers according to their temperament and *métier*, projected the counterparts of psychological problems in their literary employments. The theme of the sexual life is the outstanding meeting-ground of the two approaches. What claims for damages literature could present against Freud I have no intention to discuss. Psychology and literature, have a common material in motives and behavior, in urges and instincts and reflections. The future historian of recent literary currents will readily distinguish between the pre-Freudian and the post-Freudian epoch.

My personal reaction to the *rapprochement* (or is it the *liaison*) questions the value of the over-psychologized temper in literature. A more competent littérateur, and one more familiar with the several writers who have been notably influenced by the psychological invasion, might audit their works and report the profit or loss to their literary output of their delving into psychology. I am content to question whether literature and psychology combined in any recipe make a palatable emulsion. The clinical and the dramatic interests are not the same; egg merchants and embryologists have nothing in common, though they deal with a common material. The reply is obvious.

It points out that human relations have suddenly and violently altered, pushed and disturbed by social catastrophes, by the war, Freud, decline of religion, questioning of moral codes, emancipation of women, radical recklessness, jazz, assertion of youth, removal of inhibitions generally, that of sex notably, the scramble for possession, the crash of ideals, the sense of futility sophisticated into disregard for all values. If life and those who live it have so transformed the human complex that a changed being has resulted, it is the primary business of the literary recorder to

reflect that *volte-face*; and if reconstructed psychology is responsible for it, the man of letters must follow the movement to its source.

The confusion in the reply is this: that the support to be found for any phases of this *bouleversement* in authentic psychology is a minor factor. It proceeds otherwise. The psychologist's interest in its provenance and the littérateur's in its delineation still demand disparate techniques. Psycho-analysis pretends to proceed scientifically; the *genre* of literary analysis is otherwise perspectival. My advice to the literary entrant to the psychological laboratory is still: "Keep out! This means you." The scalpel and the pen are not similar instruments; and the discussion of which is mightier, is irrelevant.

My thesis has further corollaries. First and simplest: when the man of letters turns psychologist, he makes a mess of it, a varied mess, though it may be an esthetic pot-pourri. D. H. Lawrence's "Phantasia of the Unconscious" is a pitiable instance. It is poor fantasy and a caricature of the unconscious. Not that the Freudian jungle-culture at its wildest does not contain equally fantastic, equally unnatural history specimens; only that these are scientific vagaries or idiosyncrasies, while Lawrence's production derives from a false formulation of the littérateur's mission.

Similarly and yet conversely, when Maeterlinck, masterly in the "Blue Bird" fantasy, which is maintained on the literary key, "fantasies" "The Bee" and latterly "The Ant," he distorts biology. The *grotesquerie* may here and there gleam, but it is mainly moonshine. A reviewer calls it "neither science nor poetry, but just plain rubbish from the lumber-room of a muddled mind." It is hardly accidental that the Maeterlinck thus exposing his own mental foibles, also believes in talking horses, in the transcendent faculties of spirit mediums, in ectoplasm, and any miraculous science-defying phenomena with a compensatory dramatic appeal. The psycho-analyst may cruelly suggest that the failure of creative ability in its legitimate literary sphere sends a yearning mind to the uncertain frontiers of psychology, to its undoing.

Yet more relevant is another trend that has not escaped attention, the allure of the littérateur to make his own psychology. I shall not specify notable offenders. Dr. Max Eastman has done that, and he knows both his literary and his psychological onions and keeps their flavor apart. The man of letters, the poet notably, is an adept of the imaginative art. But when he posits a form of imagination reserved to the poetic mind, and assigns it a place in psychology, he is a trespasser, though his, too, may be an experiment noble in motive. The imagination belongs to psychology no less authentically than does the study of instinct or reflection. By talking vaguely and confusedly about it and assigning it a function transcendent and independent to its domain, unrelated to other fields of invention, the littérateur is indulging in a feeble attempt to disparage science and to elevate the supremacy of his own calling. The humanists are guilty of the same offence, not the authentic, liberal humanist who appreciates humanistic science, but the cultist variety more intensely devoted to the "ism" than to the "human."

The same instruction may be given to all in the form of a reminder that imagination, including the image-making power in any form, belongs to psychology. It cannot be derived from the literary pattern alone. In the naive formulation of a far older day the attempt was intelligible. Literature was the issue of an afflatus; inspiration and intuition claimed sovereign domains. But there is no authentic sanction for this view in psychology any more than for telepathy. Imagist, futurist, post-impressionist, or esoteric adept of any variety of literary form and exclusive as well as elusive content, seem to be convinced that the inadequacies of verbal expression justify an original medium unknown and unknowable to an ordinary psychological understanding. Dr. Paton, psychiatrist, detects a form of exhibitionism or minor psychopathic idiosyncrasy in many an attempt to be distinctive by escaping the admitted limitations of intelligibility.

However, I have no desire to strain a measure of protest. Just as some psychologists have found a special interest in the psychology of religion, without thereby becoming religionists or founders of new faiths, or telling others how and what to believe, so may a psychologist with a flair for the pursuit devote his analyses to the psychology of literary creation and of literary trends, and render useful service.

The psychological temper in literature has a varied, a motley origin. It does not stand alone in either the demands made upon psychology to illuminate motives and indicate a way of life, or in the attempt to fashion a psychology to order to fit varieties of human interest. Commercial psychology, personnel psychology, religious psychology are under similar temptations. Psychology and literature may continue to be good friends, provided they come to a mutual understanding of their communities of interest. They cannot exchange callings, though they may call upon one another without intrusion and with reciprocal benefit.

The world has become psychology-minded and is not likely to lose that dubious modernization, nor to revert to a mere primitive nature or a simpler life. Holding the mirror up to nature is a changing art, for the nature concerned and its reflection are of human workmanship. Cubistic painting and modernistic architecture and decoration do not follow from principles of psychology; they derive from an interplay of trends complexly social in the widest sense. The same is true of modernistic literature, but with the difference that the realm of expression through the medium of language has so much vaster a repertory, comes into so many more relations with human needs for interpretation and understanding, that its relation to psychology is inevitably more intimate and more comprehensive. How we live mentally is a science apart, that is psychology, however it affects behavior. The literary rendition of life is not a stereoscopic fusion of two collateral organs; each attains the dimensions of depth by a different route. But an *entente cordiale* is possible and desirable. Neither is God; neither is Cæsar; but by rendering to each what to each belongs, a more adjusted progress of enlightenment is assured, and the freedom of the literary calling safeguarded.

## Thinking and Intelligence

EFFECTIVE THINKING. By JOSEPH JASTROW.  
New York: Simon & Schuster. 1931. \$2.50.

Reviewed by WOODBRIDGE RILEY  
Vassar College

AT a time when the American public is reported to be spending some twenty-five million dollars a year on pseudo-sciences, a book which will teach effective thinking is a valuable antidote to such ineffective thinking as is exemplified in astrology, crystal gazing, graphology, numerology, palmistry, spiritualism, and the rest of the alphabet of superstitions. As the author of that illuminating book, "Fact and Fable in Psychology," Professor Jastrow is eminently qualified to offer a cure for false and expensive ways of thinking. In the older work he pointed out how so-called mind reading was really a form of muscle reading, and how the table tipping of a party of people obsessed by the occult was due to unconscious muscular movements. The older lessons are much needed now, for, as the writer aptly says, "logical hygiene reduces the appeal of the mountebank, the promoter, and the hypocrite,—by wise mental sanitation it renders the public mind more immune to popular error. It is not a simple task. Eternal vigilance against fallacy is the price of safety. To make the world safe for democracy requires a constant endeavor to raise the thinking capacity of the democratic mind."

In spite of the prevalence of superstitions, old and new, as is here pointed out, there is a certain method in this madness. For example, under the principle of sympathy, if you want your crops to grow, plant your seeds under a growing moon, but if we still followed that feeble logic, we should buy railway stocks as the moon increases, and expect them to grow in value because of that influence. Now, the logical basis of this way of thinking the writer puts under a new, interesting idol, for he makes bold to supplement the famous Baconian idols by another set. Thus under the "Idol of the Web" there is a tendency to spin the truth from an inner conviction as to how things should be. For this Henshaw Ward has coined a word, namely "Thobbing." As this has a clumsy sound and needs a good deal of explanation to understand its true inwardness, it is better perhaps to call it merely wishful thinking, or, to use the old phrase of Lord Bacon, "philosophy as one would." It is here that the Idol of the Web is closely akin to the Idol of the Thrill, or the temptation to believe what is interesting, striking, unusual, fantastic. Such an example is a belief in the powers of intuition where prophets and seers are said to possess a "sixth" sense. Now intuition, in



this mystic sense, the author considers fallacious, for he claims that there being but two sources of knowledge, that of the senses and that of reason, intuition must be simply an intermediate stage of thinking, a variable composite of instinct and reason; it is half automatic and half rational and illustrates the logic of the unconscious mind. In a case cited it is said that a good cook is an intuitive cook; should she begin to think, her hand may be thrown out, or, as Bobby Jones once said, the way to play golf is not to think of all the directions given by the professional, but to forget them and hit the ball.

This is a valuable book. It gives not only the technique of effective thinking and the impediments thereto, such as the logic of superstition, idols subjective and objective, and prejudice and prepossession, but it also adds some interesting material on creative intelligence and the limitations of the intellect.

## A New Life of Roosevelt

THEODORE ROOSEVELT. By WALTER F. McCaleb. New York: Albert & Charles Boni. 1931. \$4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

THE emotional content, indeed the explosive qualities revealed in the life of Theodore Roosevelt as one reviews it in the perspective of time, of even a dozen years, makes it a most difficult story to tell and tell fairly. It is easy to hate Roosevelt and strafe him in a biography. It is also rather a simple matter, and has been done admirably, to adore him and write a biography which in effect makes the biographer one of the cherubim and seraphim who go about throwing down their golden crowns before the glassy sea in which a holy Roosevelt is reflected.

This biography is the first one that has appeared which obviously is striving to be fair, exactly fair, and the experiment is most interesting. And the marvel about the book is that the author evidently started to write a disagreeable book; but could not finish it on a sour note. Mr. McCaleb is almost a contemporary of Roosevelt, born a Texan in the 1870's, who left the newspaper business to become a banker. More than that, he is a Democrat, but also a scholar, being a Phi Beta Kappa, and has written a number of books, "The Life of a Bee," "The Life of an Ant," and a number of books on financial subjects. He has dedicated his book to Franklin Roosevelt, which is a sign and a token that the author has no intention of making it a Rollo book with a gold-plated hero all haloed and prettied up for company.

Mr. McCaleb confesses that he approaches his task with an appreciation of its dangers. In his foreword he declares that "there appears to be no neutral ground" between the "blatant panegyric and the fault-finding criticism." And yet he has done the difficult thing. It is fortunate that although he had seen Roosevelt in the flesh and had heard him speak, yet he had not come near enough to him to "be taken captive as was nearly everyone who approached him." The earlier part of the book reveals more resistance to the Roosevelt myth than the latter part, and yet even in the later chapters of the book, when he is dealing with Roosevelt as a crusader in those last years after the passing of the Bull Moose party, Mr. McCaleb holds an even balance. Apparently he believes that Wilson was right but he does not question Roosevelt's sincerity. Even in the discussion of the Panama Canal and the events leading up to the revolution in Colombia under which America acquired her title to the canal zone, Mr. McCaleb does not shield his hero. He tells the truth, disagreeable as it is. But he is not bitter or carping and we see Roosevelt striding to his goal in this episode, rather humorously conscious that he is participating in a sort of vast Pickwickian pretence of diplomacy, when he is relieving Colombia of her title to the canal zone.

So we see emerging from the picture not a villain, certainly not a wax-works saint, but a man whose flaring patriotism had made him choose a course which afterwards his country itself had to disavow by the payment of damages to a weaker nation. But there is the canal. Appraising the theft of Panama, Mr. McCaleb cites the so-called Mahan law, as formulated by Captain Mahan, our naval authority, which affirms that if primitive peoples are permitted to retain control of a land it is in defiance of any natural right, but because it is being developed in "such a manner as to insure the natural right of the world at large, that resources should not be left idle but be utilized for the general good." Whereupon Mr. McCaleb declares:

These adventures did not come about because of native failures but because there were goods to be appropriated and peoples to be exploited. When people can no longer protect their possessions by force of arms they become fit subjects for the operation of Captain Mahan's law, which in simple English is that might makes right. Panama offers a perfect example of the operation of the law. Roosevelt called it imperialism in the process of unfolding.

Since the earlier biographies of Roosevelt were written during the first five years following his death, much correspondence has been published in letters and memoirs which has revealed an inwardness, for instance, of the relations between Taft and Roosevelt—relations that were not known at the beginning of the third decade, and Mr. McCaleb has availed himself of this correspondence. Particularly has he had access to the Archie Butt letters and the Lodge correspondence. The story of the rise of the insurgent movement and the formation of the progressive bloc and finally the Progressive party as it unfolded from 1910 to 1912 has never been told better than it is told in this biography. One gets President Taft's slant on the break that was inevitable when one reads that he warned Norton, his secretary, not to commit him "to anything which would look like fawning or seeking favor at the hands of the ex-President." Also we read that Mrs. Roosevelt was



Lytton Strachey

included in an invitation to the White House only at the suggestion of Major Butt, so far had personal relations disintegrated between the two when Roosevelt returned from Africa in 1910. It was inevitable that the two should differ. It was probable that they should quarrel and it was well for the world that the issues between them should have been dramatized by their gargantuan struggle in 1912. In that day America went to school in certain fundamentals of democracy, and in discussing that day Mr. McCaleb makes it evident that he followed the more strenuous teacher and sympathized with the progressive movement.

There rises from the pages of this book a robust figure, full of foibles and frailties, but also strong and wise and very brave; not omniscient, prone to mistakes and errors and, alas, often proud of them. But the new generation can read this book, fairly certain that it is getting an approximation of the truth, as much truth as any other one book about Roosevelt and his times will reveal, certainly more truth than may be found in the outgiving of either his panegyrists or carping critics. Mr. McCaleb has done a difficult thing well.

The always watchful F. H. P. remarks the following in a recent issue of the *London Observer*:

"A pathetic interest must ever attach to Bowling Green House, on Putney Heath, which is being offered for sale by Messrs. Constable and Maude, of Mount Street. There, in a first floor room, on January 23, 1806, died William Pitt. The house, of which he had taken a lease some eighteen months earlier, had been marvelously translated. It owed its name to its original status as an inn with a cockpit and a bowling green, but had been enlarged and made into a rather elegant abode for a gentleman, with a verandah, French windows, and a projecting porch. As regards size, it was never more than a cosy villa, but it stands in rather more than five acres of wooded grounds, with lawns and masses of rhododendrons. It was, however, large enough for the modest needs of 'The Great Commoner' and his niece, Lady Hester Stanhope, and it is a curiously interesting circumstance that the house is a mere quarter of a mile from the dell in which Pitt had fought his duel with Tierney. The story that it was at Bowling Green House that he received the news of Austen's death, and told his niece to roll up the map of Europe, appears to be apocryphal."

## Vignettes of the Small

PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE And Other Essays. By LYTTON STRACHEY. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co. 1931. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

WHEN the *New Statesman* hailed the advent of Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" with the words, "a masterpiece that will influence the art of biography," that organ was certainly endowed with the gift of prophecy. In fact, its utterance was, if anything, too cautious. It would hardly be going too far to say that Lytton Strachey in that work created the art of modern biography. Immediately before his day, biographies were usually written by friends and relations, or at any rate admirers, of the mighty dead, and their highest goal was to attain sympathetic understanding. Mr. Strachey started the vogue for a new type of work the keynote of which is critical detachment. As the modern world already prided itself on its detachment from Victorianism without knowing much about the subject, it welcomed a book which enabled one to say, "Ah, that is what I always thought about the smug, hypocritical crowd; now I know that I am right." And, possessing the happy human faculty of generalization, people came to the conclusion that probably other periods as well needed a sharp looking into. There resulted that critical revaluation of history by means of biography which has formed the distinctive literary achievement of the past decade.

Mr. Strachey's followers have been legion, but it is generally agreed that no one of them has quite learned to bend his master's bow. The Strachey detachment, though difficult, may indeed be acquired. And that saturation with events and characters which enables Mr. Strachey to envelop his subject and to give the impression always that he is telling only the smallest part of what he knows about it—that, too, with sufficient time and effort might be acquired. But over and above these qualities Mr. Strachey is an artist, one of the greatest writers of English prose now living. His insight into both patterns and idiosyncrasies of character, his narrative skill, his eye for the significant detail, above all, his charm of style with its ease, lucidity, and restrained irony—these are the latest flowering of the classical tradition in a unique personality, and are not to be repeated at either wish or will. The character of Mr. Strachey's style is fundamental to his work even considered purely as biography. What he says, in his latest volume, of Edward Gibbon's masterpiece, that its whole scope and nature were determined by its style, is equally true of his own writings.

Thus it is almost a positive gain that in his latest work the subjects, for the most part, have no obvious interest of their own to interfere with that which Mr. Strachey finds in them. Aside from the six historians at the end of the volume, of the eighteen figures presented in "Portraits in Miniature" only Congreve and Boswell are generally known. Students of English literature may recall the eighteenth century Richard Bentley, impeccable scholar and redoubtable tyrant of Trinity College, Cambridge, or Sir John Harrington, the Elizabethan translator of Ariosto and inventor of the water-closet, or John Aubrey, the seventeenth century antiquarian, all of whose affairs, as he said himself, "ran kim kam," and who was, as a contemporary said, "inclined to credit strange relations." But who has heard of Dr. Colbatch of Trinity, or Dr. John North, or Lodowick Muggleton? Mr. Strachey has found significance in these shadows and given them their hour of kindly if unflattering immortality. Humor governs the tale of Colbatch who wasted his life endeavoring to oust the terrible Bentley from Cambridge and succeeded momentarily more than once only to have the despot immediately restored by tricks of law or fate—a dazzling academic battle which modern universities can only imitate afar. The story of Dr. North of Cambridge is gruesome-humorous, that of a timid, repressed student, who on being made Master of Trinity suddenly became so assertive a disciplinarian that all the college hated him—until, one day, after years of arid pedantry, he fell in a fit of apoplexy and awoke half-paralyzed, to solace himself henceforward with bibbling and ribaldry companioned by a gay young scholar of the university. The account of Muggleton again is pure humor—Muggleton, a masculine Aimée Semple Macpherson of 1650, who with his cousin Reeves founded the sect of Muggle-