

Book two describes the chief patterns of life, starting with the first or highest phylum, the vertebrates, with their several subdivisions; the semi-vertebrates; the arthropods, such as the shrimps, crabs, and barnacles; worms of diverse sorts; jellyfish, sponges, and so on, down to unicellular forms. Plant life is also discussed in a comparable way. "How does it feel to be a plant?" A natural question, yet our authors believe that it is difficult and probably wrong to think of conscious individualized plants, for their tissue is organized in quite a different way from our own, and they should be regarded as an unconscious race rather than as a number of rigidly differential persons. Aside from a fundamental contrast of food sources, with all that it implies, this is perhaps the most striking distinction between the two great kingdoms of the organic realm. Of the lowly and minute forms, some of them are plants, some are animals, and some lie in the borderland between the two, but the extreme smallness on the part of many is perhaps the most remarkable fact of all.

Our knowledge of living forms is far from complete, and yet, of larger organisms, there probably does not now exist anything that is new, despite the rumors of sea-serpents and other strange beasts which are continually being reported.

Book three sets forth the incontrovertible fact of evolution, and contrasts the older belief in special creation with the newer and more logical interpretation. The rocks, with their contained fossils, give us our first line of proofs. The nature and scale of these records, the degree of completeness, and the way in which the continuity of evolution is shown by the familiar horses, and less familiar sea-urchins, all are set forth with clarity and considerable detail. "Missing links" there probably always will be, and to those who reject evidence which lacks perfection, these have often been a stumbling block. Many of the so-called "missing links" of our forefathers have come to light as the result of startling discoveries, every one of which strengthens greatly the chain of evidence. Their absence does not greatly disturb the scientific evolutionist, but he rejoices when they are found. Much evidence for evolution is also gained from the comparative study of plant and animal structure; likenesses are fundamental; the differences, on the other hand, arise from adaptation to peculiar needs. The vestigial structures which result from the discarding of useless organs, once valued by their ancestors, can be interpreted in no other way. Finally, embryology, or rather the individual life history, is used as evidence.

Other topics treated in the first volume are variation and distribution; a general statement as to the evolution of man, his place in nature and in time; fossil men; and the evidences for evolution found in Mr. Everyman's own body, which is a veritable museum of evolution in itself.



Perhaps the greatest single test of the value of this work lies in the simple, clear, yet sufficient exposition of the various controversies which have arisen concerning the how and why of evolution together with the most widely accepted modern explanations of what is an extremely complicated process. Belief in the fact of evolution is universal among the informed; but in the ways in which it came about there is room for honest difference of opinion, and probably always will be, for it is true of all knowledge, perhaps, that the more we know, the less sure are our convictions, and we are more and more impressed with the futility of some of the earlier, simpler explanations. Here technicalities necessarily enter in; but our authors have everywhere preserved a happy balance between the use of technical terms and that simplicity of language necessary for the understanding of Mr. Everyman. Having reviewed such factors as genetics, the growth of the individual, the determination of sex, variation of species, and selection, the story of the majestic process of evolution in time is presented. Sundry environments, such as the sea, the fresh water, and the land, react strongly upon their inhabitants whose adaptations are of the utmost interest, as are some special aspects of life, such as size, range, color, mimicry, and the chemical wheel.

A comparatively new science is Ecology, the relation of the organism to the environmental complex, and the discussion of this naturally leads to its application to man—the assaults of various diseases, his nourishment, the influence of fresh air and sunlight, and his general health.

Book eight is on behavior, feeling, and thought, the rudiments of which are traced among lower animals, especially insects and other invertebrates, next the vertebrates, and finally mankind. A detailed dis-

cussion of the brain and its functions leads to that of human behavior, modern ideas of conduct, and those curious phenomena on the borderland of science—dreams, telepathy, clairvoyance, spiritualism, the mythology of future life, and the supreme question of the survival of personality after death.

Book nine deals specifically with the biology of the human race, and the work reaches its fitting conclusion in the present phase of human association.

This work is to be commended for its clarity, freedom from factual error, charm of literary craftsmanship, but, above all, for its appealing human interest. General readers, as well as the authors and publishers, are to be congratulated on its appearance.

Uncritical Criticism

MASSACRE. By ROBERT GESSNER. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1931. \$3.

Reviewed by MARY AUSTIN

"MASSACRE" is another of those Indian books which are appalling because too close to reality and at the same time regrettable because not quite close enough. It is true that our treatment of Indians has been inhuman, dishonest, and stupid. It is true that many Indians still lack the ordinary decencies of living; that their death rate from diseases brought to them by our civilization almost qualifies the book's title; and that the paid medical service provided by the Indian Bureau has been negligent and too often incompetent. It is true that the educational facilities granted have been inutile and debilitating, in addition to being cruel and debasing. It is true that a practice has been made of kidnapping Indian children and keeping them for years from their parents in boarding schools where they have been systematically beaten, underfed, overworked, and exposed to contagious diseases. It is true that the Pima Bridge, the Navajo Bridge, and numerous other alleged improvements on Indian property paid for by Indian money, are really conveniences made for Whites in direct opposition to the needs of the Indians. All these things that Mr. Gessner says in his book, and many more of the same character, are true, and *you know it*. At least, you have been told it steadily year in and year out, ever since Helen Hunt Jackson first told you in "A Century of Dishonor." But it is also true that many of these things have changed for the better within so short a time that it is unbelievable that Mr. Gessner's neglect to note these changes is entirely without guile.

"Massacre" is interestingly written. It is also, to a serious extent, misrepresentative. It errs even as most public business errs in the United States, because of a rooted belief among American people that all causes, and especially good causes, should be stated in terms of a preferred solution. Because in a democratic society like ours even the best of causes is eaten by the unsatisfied hunger for applause, for the distinctions of moral preferment, and for an aristocracy of well doing among its supporters.

Our Indians are, and have always been, ever since we appropriated their country, in evil case. They are in need of help, in need of intelligent help and common justice. Mr. Gessner has evidently been deeply stirred by their plight, and as most of us are who know that plight, profoundly indignant at the hypocrisy which has kept it a continuing condition. Mr. Gessner has also discovered John Collier, Executive Agent of the Indian Defense Association, and has either neglected to inquire into, or has deliberately overlooked other agencies of relief, other measures of reform, other methods of achieving them. He has credited to Mr. Collier ideas which in the main have been the goal of other friends of the Indian for a quarter of a century before Mr. Collier saw Indians. He has totally failed to take into account two or three movements now proceeding steadily on behalf of the Indians, two or three fundamental factors otherwise contributive. And with so much of what may be a genuinely unconscious bias, he has also been unfair to the present Administration in dealing with Indians.

It is obvious that nothing can excuse Mr. Gessner for failure to acknowledge more candidly the recent gains in raising the appropriation for feeding the school children. Many of his statements referring to recent contentions of the Bureau are directly contradictable by the facts. There is no excuse for overlooking the fact that the most fundamentally remedial effort that has ever been made on behalf of Indians is proceeding successfully with the full co-operation of the Department of the Interior.

Like everybody else who honestly attempts to befriend the Indians, Mr. Gessner discovers the immense share that stupid ignorance plays in our treatment of them. But he does not yet know the Indian well enough to realize that our prime stupidity has been to try to force all Indians, whether they have any inherited disposition toward it or not, to make a living by farming. The tribes have been given farming land, not in every case absolutely sterile, land upon which white men with their inherited aptitude for agriculture and their ready access to agricultural experience, might have managed to live. The lamentable condition of many of the tribes at present is due to the fact that they have not known how to live on these lands. In the meantime, we have failed to discover that the chief factor in the Indian's unfitness for agriculture is compensated for by extraordinary gifts for hand craft. The movement now well launched and successfully working out among several Southwest tribes, of reinstating the Indian in his hereditary arts, should not be left out of any consideration of the Indian's situation. This work, while initiated before the present Administration went into office, has been heartily seconded by that Administration and is carried on with its full knowledge and approval. The question naturally arises why should Mr. Gessner have failed to include even a mention of this new departure. It should have had at least a chapter in any book purporting to deal with that subject.

Of Mr. Gessner's direct attack upon the present conduct of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, one can only say that it seems somewhat beside the mark. The real evil perhaps, consists in their being a Bureau at all. The inutility of all bureaucratic methods in dealing with human problems was never so clearly demonstrated. And back of that lies the characteristic incapacity of the average American to apprehend and judge inherent racial capacities different from his own. The remedial measures which the author of "Massacre" attaches to Mr. Collier's name are mostly sound, but they would reach only the obvious difficulties. So long as there are current, and operative against the Indian, such misconceptions as Mr. Gessner's own book reveals, the recommended reforms will afford no real spiritual and cultural relief.

The Case of Casement

TRAITOR OR PATRIOT: The Life and Death of Roger Casement. By DENIS GWYNN. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. 1931. \$3.50.

Reviewed by FRANK MONAGHAN
New York University

JOSEPH CONRAD in 1903 wrote of Casement: "I can assure you that he is a limpid personality. There is a touch of the conquistador in him too; for I've seen him start off into an unspeakable wilderness swinging a crook-handled stick for all weapons, with two bulldogs, Paddy (white) and Bidy (brindle) at his heels, and a Loanda boy carrying a bundle for all company. A few months afterwards it so happened that I saw him come out again, a little leaner, a little browner, with his stick, dogs, and Loanda boy, and quite serenely as though he had been for a stroll in a park. . . . He could tell you things! Things I've tried to forget; things I never did know." The following year his official report to the British government on conditions in the Belgian Congo told an astonished world things that it had never known and which it has not yet been able to forget. Casement began his career modestly as a purser on a boat in the West African service, became fascinated by the dark mystery of the jungles, and spent several years in explorations. He spent some time lecturing in the United States before returning to join the British consular service in Africa. When he returned he was shocked to observe the great changes in the conditions of the natives and the horrors which had been introduced by the Belgian rubber concessions in this vast Congo district which was under the personal protection of King Leopold. Under the régime of that generous and enlightened monarch the natives had discovered that the rubber tree was the most noxious and fatal of the forest plants and that the agents of the rubber companies were the most savage of the beasts of the jungle. Casement became a special commissioner of the British government to investigate. Alone he penetrated the depths of this wilderness to discover how a large native population had been reduced to abject slavery, to forced labor; how they had been made the victims of inhuman

punishments and wholesale butcheries. They were defenceless and, before the arrival of Casement, without a voice that the world might hear. The publication of his documented exposure, which H. W. Nevins calls "the most appalling revelation of human abomination known to me," brought about sweeping reforms and gave Casement a brilliant international reputation. He returned to Ireland and the quiet glens of Antrim. There he became engulfed in the rising tide of bitterness between the Ulster Unionists and the Nationalists in the south and, although he was an Ulster Protestant, he joined the Sinn Féin movement.

His political activities were interrupted by an appointment to a consular post in Brazil; within a short time this impetuous and adventurous figure with his "enthusiastic attachment to romantic humanitarianism" was called to a greater and more dangerous task. The British Foreign Office asked him to investigate conditions in the Putumayo, a region exploited by a Peruvian rubber company with headquarters in London. To the natural difficulties and dangers of this inaccessible region of the Amazon was now added the threat of assassination. In the Putumayo he found even more revolting conditions: massacres of natives, barbarous punishments. After a lengthy investigation he drew up a blacklist of the worst offenders; this was sent to the Peruvian government, but their prosecutions were so tardy and ineffective that Casement returned to South America and again reported. At length in 1912 the British government published his report which aroused an outburst of indignation throughout the civilized world. Those who today read Seabrook's travel tales with feverish awe might still turn to Casement's published reports to observe the horrible and the weird in the jungles of the Congo and the Amazon. Casement, health shattered by long years in the tropics and mind haunted by ineffaceable memories of human atrocities and depravity, now retired to Ireland with a record of noble services to humanity, a small pension and a knighthood.

His restless spirit again turned to thoughts of Irish independence; he came to the conclusion that the only condition under which Irish independence could be achieved and maintained was with an American-Irish-German alliance which would at the same time establish and guarantee the freedom of the seas. These views he expounded in a series of pseudonymous articles published in 1912. The more logical, the more impossible and impracticable the project the more it fascinated his imagination. Had he not already plunged into darkest Africa against monsters of cruelty like dragons to be slain in some foreboding darkness? And was not the wilderness of the Putumayo more difficult? Yet these things he had done for tribes whose languages he could not even understand; now he would do something for Ireland. The outbreak of the war found him in the United States where he had become associated with the late John Devoy, the Fenian leader, and where he had talked with Bernstorff, the German ambassador. He impulsively rushed off to Germany—alone, without advice, without plans, without purpose beyond that enthusiastic dream of freeing Ireland.

Several months of contact and discussion with the German military authorities disillusioned him about the prospects of German assistance. As early as December, 1914, he recorded in his diary:

In my heart I am very sorry I came. I do not think the German Government has any soul for great enterprises; it lacks the Divine spark of imagination that has ennobled British piracy. The seas may be freed by these people, but I doubt it. They will do it in their sleep—and without intending to achieve anything so great.

Casement had never been admitted to the inner councils of the revolutionists and during many months he had been cut off from communication with his friends. Now he suddenly learned that an uprising was planned for Easter Week. He knew that great reliance had been placed upon the German promises of officers, guns, and ammunition—promises that had been made to gain the Irish vote in America. Casement knew what cruel mockeries these promises were: the German assistance was to consist merely of several thousand ancient rifles captured from the Russians.

Now, in this twilight of doom, he saw the situation clearly. The leaders of the Volunteers in Dublin must be warned and the fated uprising prevented, though it might mean his own capture and death. In his desperation he sent two Irish-American friends to reveal the situation to Grey and Asquith in London. The Germans sent Casement to Ireland by submarine to superintend the landing of the guns.

Several hours after landing he was taken by the police; the news of his arrest quickly spread and McNeill, as leader of the Volunteers, countermanded the order for the Easter Day parade. But Casement, as well as McNeill, had been acting in ignorance of the secret plans of the small group of the I. R. B. who brought about the disastrous Easter Week uprising. Casement's sacrifice of himself to prevent the rebellion was futile—and Devoy regarded him as the blundering visionary whose activities had caused the failure of the rising. Casement was brought to trial for treason. He was found guilty and condemned to be hanged; a movement for a reprieve was unsuccessful because of personal slanders spread by the government and Casement was hanged August 3, 1916 more as an Irish nationalist than as a traitor, as Bernard Shaw, Henry W. Nevins's *Last Changes, Last Chances*, and Mr. Gwynn's book have eloquently demonstrated.

Several years ago the present reviewer inquired of George Russell why no biography of Casement had ever been written; he replied that a brilliant Irish-



JULIAN HUXLEY
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man was then writing "the book on Casement." This is the book and Mr. Gwynn the author—who has himself done much to raise the level of contemporary historical writing about Ireland. This distinguished book is his third book on modern Ireland; in interest and value it ranks with the volumes of John Devoy, Serjeant Sullivan and Darrell Figgis, while it surpasses them in power of analysis and historical perspective. There is but one question that the author could not solve: the authenticity of the alleged Casement diaries which were circulated among those groups agitating for a reprieve. They contained elaborate evidence of sexual perversion and did succeed in silencing many of his friends. The Home Office now refuses to state whether or not they actually exist. But the weight of probable evidence is against their authenticity. Whether these mysterious diaries actually represented a moral perversion of Casement's or merely a perversion of Scotland Yard must be left for some future historian to establish; the mean and dastardly measures taken by the government to assure the death of a man already condemned to die are beyond doubt.

We learn from the London *Observer* of a most peculiar book now published by Faber & Faber, though the story was first given to the public twenty years ago. No less a literary artist than Edith Olivier, author of "The Love Child" and other novels, writes a preface to the experiences of Miss Anne Moberly and the late Miss Jourdain, which was as follows: (The book is called simply "An Adventure.") In 1901, two English ladies "walking in the Trianon grounds, saw, spoke to, and were addressed by persons in the costumes of 1789. Some of the figures were apparent to the one and not to the other, but both were conscious of a strange tension and depression. A few months later, Miss Jourdain, on a visit by herself, had the same experience of being 'suddenly in a circle of influences,' and again saw and conversed with eighteenth century figures."

Freud and His Boswell

FREUD AND HIS TIMES. By FRITZ WITTELS.
New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. \$4.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTROW

DR. FRITZ WITTELS has done good service in presenting Dr. Freud to the public. Some years ago he wrote as much of a biography as the modest sage of Vienna would permit, and accompanied it with an outline of what seems to constitute the only drama of Dr. Freud's life, namely his work. The present volume commemorates Freud's 75th birthday. For this occasion Dr. Wittels has interpreted Dr. Freud's career, not psychoanalytically—for psychoanalysts wisely refrain from psycho-biographing one another—but in a broad, not to say sweepingly philosophic manner, with the rhapsodical glorification of a fervent disciple. What the psychoanalysts regard as exceptional, if indeed possible, seems to have occurred in Freud's own case; his "ego libido" has been turned wholly into "object libido"; the work is the man.

The difficulty in reviewing the work of such an ardent Freudian as Wittels is that his book is an epistle upon the papal authority at Vienna. We are told that Freud has "forbidden" his followers to philosophize; which mandate, if obeyed, would be tantamount to imposing a vow of silence. As for Freud himself, he has turned philosopher, and his speculations have left earthly psychology. He calls his system "metapsychology," which in truth it is. And yet it began in the deepest subsoil of the instinctive functions, intimately conditioned by the bondage of the flesh.

Questioning, as I do, the need or propriety of a metapsychology of any variety; emphasizing, as I do, the importance of a consistently naturalistic pursuit of the mental life, I should be without a common point of interest, but for the fact that I see in the Freudian approach a valuable complement and indeed a consummation of a progressive psychology. For crowning the human equipment is a psychical complication which makes civilization possible and makes reflection the distinctive human privilege. There is a story from "id" to "super-ego"; but, as I read it, it reads wholly differently from the Freudian version. To Freud belongs the credit—and it places him among the elect galaxy of influential minds—of projecting in a new light the relation of when and how we begin to where and how we end. In the core of Freudian doctrine are incorporated a few principles of fundamental import; these, I believe, will leave their impress on the course of psychology, whatever that may prove to be. For the rest—and that in volume far exceeds the redeeming nucleus—the superstructure seems to me shot through and through with logical error; the whole forms not a meta- but a mis-psychology of the human psyche.

Dr. Wittels is a consistent exponent of the Freudian dispensation in that he boldly and frankly proclaims that the method of intuition is valid, and in this field dominates the strictly logical procedure, which becomes recessive. Freud, says Wittels, has "access to a source [intuition] which scarcely needs the testimony of observation and experiment! Yet also: 'Freud confined himself exclusively within the strict bounds of science.'" In Freud as in Goethe, the intuitional artist and the scientific observer fuse, and that fusion is held to mark the greatness of both. Goethe's biological insight is matched by Freud's clinical acumen; but by turning the clinical into a psychoanalytic insight, Freud became a pathfinder, confident of his data. Clearly we differ, reviewer and writer, in our views of the validity of Freud's construction. We agree in admiration of Freud's original contributions. Let the reader decide between us.

To the prospective reader it may be said that he will find much and many things in this comprehensive survey. He will find a psychoanalytic comment upon the times that produced Freud, yet a commentary carried on in a Victorian manner that seems outmoded everywhere except in the Teutonic tradition. He will find explanations of the nature of language and its "oral" status; of the pictorial symbols of primitive peoples and the *raison d'être* of modernistic art; of what sort of psychic animal was prehistoric man; of why women curtailed their hair and skirts in 1919, and in 1929 began to lengthen them. He will read that when conversion occurs it is a shift from the father image to the mother fixation; that "police are fathers armed with nightsticks"; that sadism accounts for pacifists; that it is "the homosexual residue of our libido which in sublimated form produces culture"; that "today the of-