exact comprehension, but knowledge of relationships. Hygiene, government, physics, biology, ethics, psychology, all of which have been at one time or another the theme and content of poetry, have been taken over in that great advance of science which is the outstanding phenomenon of the modern world.

But literature has refused to give up lightly its extensive claims upon the primary attention of humanity. Even as late as the latter nineteenth century, Matthew Arnold is still calling it the criticism of life; even as late as the twentieth century, the New Humanists, disregarding the humane sciences, which by that time had accumulated impressive data for the explanation of experience, are maintaining that science is valuable only for the lower plane of things, and that man's higher nature can be interpreted only by literature, philosophy, or religion.

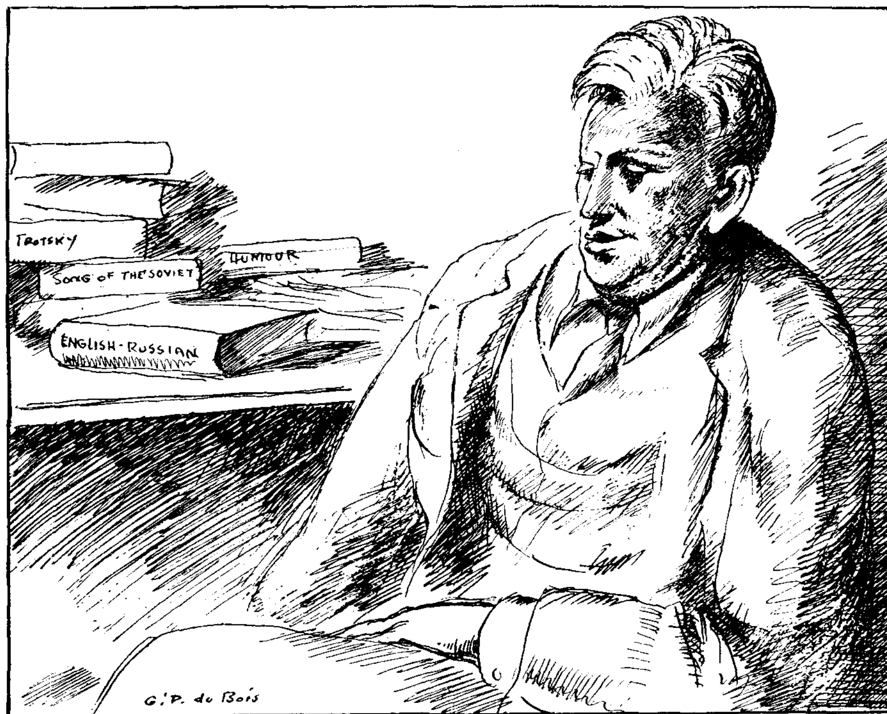
The artists themselves (Mr. Eastman continues) have been less dogmatic, but they have felt their sphere of influence shrinking beneath them. The modernist poet has given up as futile the attempt to teach, to preach, to interpret, or even to criticize, realizing that knowledge is essentially the province of the scientist. He has retreated into "pure poetry" which is content to intensify experience and heighten consciousness of things as they are. And yet he still clings (like the critics) to the priestly prestige of the literary craft, and so makes a mystery of his experience, relapsing into that cult of unintelligibility to which one of the chapters of this book is devoted. Joyce, Cummings, Edith Sitwell, make little attempt to *communicate* at all, although communication is the primary business of literature. And these moderns, whether writing creatively or critically, oscillate between anarchy and orthodoxy (as T. S. Eliot's example illustrates) because they are aware of the futility in the modern world of a poetry which competes with science as a contributor to new and ordered knowledge.

Hence, too, the sense of superficiality among teachers and critics of literature. The ground slides away from under them. They begin to realize that the ethics, the psychology, the history, or the sociology they try to draw from literature will not stand comparison in its exactitude with the products of science. They refuse to be mere purveyors of joy, refuse to be mere interpreters of the experience embodied in literature, are indeed not entirely competent to be the latter bcause of their lack of training in psychology, and hence rebound, the critics into mere rhetoric about "beauty," "prophecy," or "values," the teachers and scholars into the study of literary history, which at least gives them a body of facts to disinter and a standing as scientific investigators.*

And what is the cure? The cure for poets and novelists and dramatists, is to realize that whatever may have been true for Isaiah and Shakespeare, they must forego the search for factual relationships and be content with intensifying experience and with the depiction of what to their sensitive minds things essentially *are*. Their business is with life, as lived, not with its explanation—or rather, their explanations, as in "Hamlet," are not the exact analyses of the psychologist, but the felt experience of cause and effect, of complexity and perplexity, which recreates life as it was nobly and most troublously lived. And they must escape from the childish muddle into which the dominance of mechanism in our generation has thrown them, have confidence in the validity and immense importance of their recreation of life, and communicate their experience with the lucidity and confidence of a Horace or a Chaucer.

As for the critics and the teachers, they should be guides to the intensified experience which is literature, and must equip themselves, not merely with literary history and a knowledge of the masterpieces, but also with the new humane sciences which are already competent to throw light upon the methods of genius to an extent far beyond their present use. The sense of caste, the social privilege, and the financial opportunities, which inhere in a class that has taken over many of the perquisites of the church, are the real reasons (so Mr. Eastman says) why men of letters, professors of literature, and literary critics refuse to admit that they are no longer the elect among "those who know."

This argument, which I hope I have not over-simplified, Mr. Eastman advances with erudition, wit, and a wide reference to authorities, using very frequently the deadly method of self-conviction, in which the humanist or professor is quoted against himself, or in words which under careful analysis show an underlying confusion. And indeed it would be wise for the subjects of his attack to read this book with care and admit its at least relative validity, for there is no escaping some of its more important conclusions, which, indeed, in some instances have already been driven home by that other iconoclast of literary criticism, I. A. Richards (whose definition of poetry, however, Eastman ably attacks in an appendix).



MAX EASTMAN.
DRAWN BY GUY PENE DU BOIS FOR *The Saturday Review*.

We must grant, I think, Eastman's history of the division of labor between science and poetry, and his contention that knowledge, defined as accurate information as to measurable relationships, belongs to science, or will belong before science has reached its term. We must grant, also, his further contention, that critics and teachers (though not necessarily poets) must have as part of their equipment a deep-lying knowledge of psychology and sociology. We must grant these contentions, although enough is here admitted to reorganize every graduate school of literature, the teaching methods of the majority of courses in English, and the critical approach of a whole generation of literary critics. Indeed I feel that "The Literary Mind" and Richards's "Practical Criticism" are two books (the forerunners of many) appearing at a crucial moment in the history of literary criticism and the practice of education in literature, which cannot be carefully read by those deeply concerned without one of those shifts of direction, slight perhaps, but important, which mark the turns in a road.

And yet, valuable as are the general theories of this new school which is trying to bring science to bear upon literature as it has been brought to bear upon everything else in modern life, their entire rightness is most disputable, and even such close arguers as Mr. Eastman argue sometimes strangely.

He thwacks away cheerfully on the dusty backs of what he calls the left wing of the teachers of literature, calling upon them to say what they get from their absorption in facts, dates, and sources but facts, dates, and sources. I should say myself that not their failure to define accurately their ends, but their lack of concern with any end that is literary, is their chief offense. But surely these patient researchers in literary history are following his precepts in applying to the study of literature all that they can get from the science in history and the science of philology; and surely when his reformed scholars shall plunge into psychology (which I trust by that time will have more matters of agreement beyond physiology than at present) they too, being human and therefore easily obsessed by the tangible, will lose sight of that joy of experience, to which they are to be guides, in a debauch of psychological analyses of the states of consciousness of Hamlet and Joyce's Ulysses!

But it is when his slings and arrows fall upon what he calls the right wing of the teachers and the critics that questions most spring up in protest. It is no personal feeling that leads me to choose this point in his argument for a rejoinder, although somewhat to my surprise I find myself classified in this group, and the statements of my own purporting to define the essential nature of literature, which he quotes, stand analysis, I freely admit, no better than the citations from more distinguished authorities. I speak with humility not resentment upon entering further into a subject so full of pitfalls both of language and of logic, and only ask that the would-be scientists also will try not to be overweening.

The crucial question is the nature of "literary truth." A volume could be written upon this theme because it involves the whole question of the nature, the use, and the scope of literature. I shall restrict what I have to say to a single question, but that one, so it seems to me, fundamental. Is there *no* essential and unique value in pure literature beyond the intensification of experience which Mr. Eastman assigns to it? Is there no such thing as poetic truth beyond truth to experience?

Mr. Eastman is scornful. "A literary truth," he says, "may therefore be defined—provisionally at least—as a truth which is either uncertain or comparatively unimportant." That is, it is a truth which cannot be verified by science and so uncertain, or it is a truth-to-facts, like the sociology of Zola's novels, comparatively unimportant in comparison with the solid discoveries of science.

Let the "unimportant" ride and consider the "uncertain." What is the area of the uncertain in life? Not the cure of cancer or of war, not the mechanism of the electron or of light. We are quite willing to admit the potential power of science to cope with these relationships. What is most uncertain is precisely the nature of reality. Now if one asserts that the only reality with which we are concerned is the reality of the material world, then it is possible to say that literature, which is not the best agency for the analysis of material fact, must be regarded merely as a register of experience, a purveyor of joy and of heightened consciousness. But this is only an assertion. It is sure that material reality is not ultimate. Both biologists and physicists assume a cause which escapes analysis. A chair is demonstrably not what we see or feel, certainly not a mathematical formula, and presumably a manifestation of some ultimate and fundamental reality. To exclude, then, from poetry, which deals, not with knowledge, but with the experience of things as they are, the possibility of an apprehension of reality beyond measurement, is quite as dogmatic as to assume that it is the fount of all wisdom.

This is not to argue for "inspiration" or "transcendentalism" or for any other form of knowledge which can be compared with the concrete knowledge that science affords. It is to say no more than this:—that if there is any reality behind experience and not susceptible to the grasp of science, if there is any quality, uncertain, unprovable, not analyzable, which is apprehended as a whole not as a part, then poetry (and literature in general) is unquestionably a medium for the experience of such a reality, and as such has powers beyond heightening and intensification. If this is not a function of poetry, if these "glimpses of the moon," these intuitions of what in highly unscientific language has been called—

> a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused,
> Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,

then we must be persuaded by arguments more exclusive than Mr. Eastman's book offers. His attempt to separate ideas from emotional experience and to equate the first with facts and the second with mere heightened consciousness is not convincing.

He may be right that the only knowledge which can come to us through poetry is knowledge of the uncertain, which therefore is not knowledge at all; but by his own definition this pseudo-knowledge, which is usually called wisdom, cannot come through science, and his dilemma is therefore to deny its validity utterly or to admit a value for "literary truth." And to deny is not to prove. And to deny is to counter a host of human authorities who cannot lightly be gain-

* In this last I go a little beyond Eastman, but it is an implication of his thesis, and a sound explanation of a familiar happening.

Vignette for Christmas Eve

By FLORENCE RIPLY MASTIN

NOW when the leaf is etched upon the pane
In exquisite remembrance of green days
And, pricked with frost, the shriveled apple lays
Its dark branch on the roof against the rain;
When lighted candles lift their golden peaks
Into the shadows of the ancient house
Where creeps for carnival the meadow mouse,
And in the rising wind a shutter creaks,—

It is most welcome to the traveler
In time and space, to close and bar the door,
Only to see the hearth fire shift and stir,
Only to hear the cricket in the floor,—
And honeysuckle at the window blowing
A fainter music now that it is snowing.

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said. And indeed the curiously unsatisfactory nature of all present and all possible scientific explanations, of beauty, or the beautiful experience, or of mysticism, is at least an argument that in their analyses some factor (capturable presumably only through experience) is left out of the whole.

And the critic, like the poet, is not merely a purveyor of joy. If he approaches poetry as if it were a sacred mystery out of which practical truth can be drawn, then he may speak foolishly. John Drinkwater, quoting Shelley's dictum that poets are the acknowledged legislators of the world, is not impressive in 1931. They are not. If the critic regards the poet as a wise man who possesses the secret of all human relationships, he is likely to write some very muddy psychology. If he pontificates about the higher plane upon which literature moves in an area where science has no place, he will probably miss whatever values apart from ethics that poetry actually possesses. But if he is sufficiently creative to put his imagination *en rapport* with the writer's, a process in which scientific training is of the greatest help, he can interpret for us a literary experience which may contain an apprehension of things as they are, otherwise inaccessible. Perhaps Mr. Eastman would admit this possibility in his definition of poetry. If so, he should not speak quite so contemptuously of the "uncertain" as a source of wisdom. For it all comes down to this. He makes knowledge and wisdom identical. I do not know that they are not; neither does he know that they are. I do not know what the components of wisdom are, though I can accurately gauge the components of knowledge; but there is a vast amount of the kind of statistical evidence he praises, to prove that wisdom contains elements of the uncertain and the immaterial. I refer him to his fellow men.

And even on the lower terms of verifiable fact is he prepared to admit that literature has no contribution to make to the body of knowledge where the humane sciences are at work. There is a striking difference between a personality psycho-analyzed, explained, and classified, and a personality in literature, synthesized, whole. It is not merely that it is felt there as experience. Through such an experience, just one remove from reality, we learn something about human nature which no analysis can convey. It may be "uncertain" in the technical sense, but it is invaluable. Falstaff is a contribution to knowledge, and if he is "uncertain" knowledge, nevertheless no sociological or psychological explanation can ever give us the intangible which makes the difference between his psychology and his personality. Perhaps this is quibbling with the word knowledge, for assuredly this kind of information about human nature is not what science seeks or should seek, but it is not quibbling with Mr. Eastman's argument, which very definitely separates wisdom from felt experience, and assigns all of the former to science.

The author, I think, overshoots his mark. He asserts that every experience not arising from a verifiable material world is a make-believe, an illusion, whose value lies in a pleasurable or elevating sensation of awe, mystery, rapture, or hope. But it is surely not scientific to delimit the possibilities of experience outside the realms of the measurable. Nor are the many who say that "heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter" to be lightly accused of telling fairy tales to supernaturalism. These unheard melodies are perhaps illusion, or perhaps a reverberation of ultimate reality—they tease us out of thought precisely because neither science nor Mr. Eastman can tell to which category they belong. I myself would extend his definition of literature as a heightening of consciousness, to include an apprehension of things as they are, which is perhaps illusive, but perhaps also a flash of truth communicable only through experience.

And yet, with all deductions made, this book, with Richard's "Principles of Literary Criticism," and his "Practical Criticism," strikes at the heart of much ancient fallacy, and clears away loads of learned and unlearned rubbish. Indeed the critic, who suffers such derogation in Mr. Eastman's theory, is elevated by his practice. We have had overweening humanists, we have molish literary historians lost in their delvings, we shall have psychologists and sociologists proving that they know everything but the literature they study. Such critics as Mr. Eastman are not likely to lack importance, even though they must choose a humbler task than to prove that poetry is the essence of the Encyclopedia Britannica better said than in prose. But they must not dogmatize on reality.

Annals of Statesmanship

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE VON BÜLOW. Volume II: From the Moroccan Crisis to the Resignation, 1903-1909. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by WILLIAM L. LANGER
Harvard University

IN this second volume of Bülow's reminiscences there is less pure gossip than in the first volume. The late German statesman, having made his prejudices and antipathies known, devotes himself more consistently to a discussion of policy during the most important period of his chancellorship. In the field of foreign affairs he has to relate and explain the Moroccan crisis, the famous Björkö Treaty with Russia, the naval side of the Anglo-German antagonism, and the well-known Bosnian Crisis of 1908-1909. In home politics the great election of 1907 and the *Daily Telegraph* affair of 1908 overshadow all other things.

Those who have read the first volume of the "Memoirs" will know what to expect of the treatment of these various problems. Bülow's account is always interesting, and often amusing. But it is also unsatisfactory, because, aside from its being an apology, it is thoroughly onesided. In the Moroccan question the German policy aimed throughout at the safeguarding of the rights of other nations, violated by France under the demoniac leadership of Delcassé. And the German policy, according to Bülow, was a successful policy, for Delcassé was overthrown and the Algeciras Conference secured everything that could reasonably be hoped for. As for the Björkö Treaty, it was only the irresponsible bungling of the Emperor that frustrated what was a sound policy. In the matter of naval agreement with England Bülow saw clearly the absolute necessity for at least slowing up construction, but Tirpitz and the Emperor were not only blind but obdurate.

And so it goes through a long volume. Bülow is forever talking of his readiness to admit his errors, but it never comes to that. Wherever he has an opportunity he throws the responsibility on the Kaiser, on Holstein, on Tirpitz, or on minor officials, as in the *Daily Telegraph* episode. It must be admitted that William II was guilty of gross exaggerations and distortions of the facts, and that he was forever getting himself and his government into serious scrapes. On the other hand, Bülow's statesmanship was not as able or as successful as he would have us suppose. Even his victory over the Socialists in 1907 was not as unqualified as he leads the reader to believe, while much might be said on the other side of almost all the major problems which he takes up.

When all is said and done it must be remembered that the years treated in this volume saw the formation of the Anglo-French Entente and the Anglo-Russian Agreement and the steady weakening of Germany's international position. It would be childish to attribute this development solely to the shortcomings of any one person. Its roots lay deep in the European system. But Bülow must bear not a little of responsibility. He was neither able enough nor firm and constructive enough to give the course of events a definite turn, and there is little in his memoirs to shake this conclusion. They make interesting chronicle, but for the historian they are of very indifferent value. In any case, however, they call for careful and critical reading.

Literary Progress

THE NEGRO AUTHOR. His Development in America. By VERNON LOGGINS. New York: Columbia University Press. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by JAMES WELDON JOHNSON

THE so-called Negro literary renaissance is popularly supposed to be a phenomenon which suddenly manifested itself within the last decade. It is possible that most of those who think about this matter at all think of the Negro writer as a product of the recent settlement in Harlem—an unprecedented product. It is true that an almost instantaneous change has taken place within the last ten years or so; and it was brought about largely through the efforts of the Harlem group of Negro writers; but the major portion of that change has taken place in the general American public rather than in the Negro race. The significant thing that has recently happened is, a quick growth in awareness of the Negro's literary efforts on the part of America at large and in its willingness to accord them due recognition.

The literary efforts of the Negro in America extend back over many years. The first extensive survey of those efforts is made in "The Negro Author." Mr. Loggins has considered and brought to the attention of his readers the work of more than two hundred Negro authors embraced in the period between the years 1760 and 1900. This number of writers and the mass of material considered are in themselves impressive and will be, no doubt, surprising to those acquainted only with the outstanding names of the present generation. The book begins with the poetry of Jupiter Hammon and Phillis Wheatley and includes a survey and study of the subsequent writers of poetry, history, fiction, sociological and theological treatises, and the numerous slave biographies down to the end of the period embraced. There is also an important section dealing with the writings and published speeches of the leading Negro anti-slavery workers, of whom Frederick Douglass was the most able and the most famous.

Mr. Loggins is in no sense an apologist. He has done his work in a thorough and scholarly manner. He has arranged clearly a prodigious amount of research and made sound critical appraisals of the material that has passed through his hands. However, in making these appraisals, he finds several almost utterly unknown names that he deems worthy of a place in American letters.

The book is of both artistic and historical importance. Readers will find in it not only a record of the Negro's literary progress, of his struggle toward the attainment of adequate expression in poetry, fiction, history, memoir-writing and oratory, but also a key to the social development of the race. Many of the steps in that development taken by Negro leaders of the past whose names mean nothing to the general public of today stand out as examples of courage and daring. Mr. Loggins quotes from an address made by Henry Highland Garnett before a Negro anti-slavery convention at Buffalo in 1843 in which the speaker called upon his brothers in bondage to engage in an unheard of insurrection—to go on a general strike; he urged them to:

> cease to labor for tyrants who will not remunerate you. Let every slave throughout the land do this, and the days of slavery are numbered. You cannot be more oppressed than you have been—you cannot suffer greater cruelties than you have already. Rather die Freemen, than live to be Slaves. Remember that you are Three Millions.

The student will find the book of the greatest value, for not before has such a vast amount of material on the subject been brought together in orderly fashion and published. It should also be interesting to the general reader, for Mr. Loggins has absolutely avoided the dry-as-dust method so commonly used in the doing of a thesis, and has written the book in a very engaging style.

James Weldon Johnson, one of the foremost members of his race in America, is both a musical composer and an author. He has been in the United States consular service, and is now secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Among his works are "The Book of American Negro Poetry" and "The Autobiography of an Ex-Colored Man."

HEADS OF NEGROES, BY RUBENS (ROYAL MUSEUM, BRUSSELS).

Ridge-Runner Culture

THE OZARKS, An American Survival of Primitive Culture. By VANCE RANDOLPH. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1931. $5.

Reviewed by STANLEY VESTAL

WITHIN living memory the humanities have been extended on the scientific side to include a great and growing shoal of studies, now already classified, endowed, and provided with presses and appropriate dignified names. Two generations ago, all books on matters of an anthropological, ethnological, or sociological nature had to make their own way in the world, and as a result their authors were amateurs, enthusiasts, and their readers of the sort called general. Books and memoirs of that day were necessarily readable and often amusing.

But now that the Museum and the University Press bear the costs of printing, the humanities are fast becoming the prey of the pedant, the expert, and the graduate school; money corrupts the scholar, as it did the monk, and papers issued by our learned societies are often as barren of any human interest or value as the worst of monkish tomes. The most likely subject turns lead in the hands of such worthies, who seem to consider a well-written book a kind of profanation of their arcana.

It is, therefore, with a secret joy that one settles down for an evening with Vance Randolph's racy account of Ridge-runner culture. For on his first page he modestly disclaims any attempt at a complete survey, and freely admits that he intends to present only diverting and picturesque matters for our delight and instruction. And the pages which follow,

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