

Romain Rolland

THE SOUL ENCHANTED: Volume II: SUMMER. By ROMAIN ROLLAND. Translated by Eleanor Stimson and Van Wyck Brooks. New York: Henry Holt. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ERNEST BOYD

READERS of "The Soul Enchanted" in English have had the advantage of getting both volumes within the same year. For "Annette and Sylvie," the first part of this work, was published last season. In France an interval of a couple of years separated them, and since 1923 nothing more has been heard of a work which promised to be the successor of "Jean Christophe." It is usual to declare that novels issued in several volumes may be read as if each volume were a book complete in itself, but this is obviously a polite fiction encouraged for the convenience of author and publisher. The work either is or is not a homogeneous entity, and if it be the former, criticism of any incomplete part or parts must be as hazardous as it would be to pass judgment upon a serial after reading an isolated instalment. To this day there are people—Bernard Shaw, for instance—who do not hesitate to pronounce upon James Joyce's "Ulysses," although they have seen only the fearfully mangled fragments which appeared in *The Little Review*.

"The Soul Enchanted" assuredly does not promise to be anything comparable to "Jean Christophe." That is not, I am afraid, the reason why it has been so indifferently received by the French press, which is still nursing the wounds inflicted upon national vanity by Romain Rolland during the war. But, in the circumstances, the policy of boycott and depreciation which "The Soul Enchanted" has had to endure from the more influential critics in France has not worked so much harm as it might otherwise have done. It has failed, for one thing, to damage the author's reputation abroad, much to the chagrin of his innumerable adversaries. In fact, amongst other grievances which are nursed by the present mood of "integral nationalism" in France is the conviction that "un-French" French writers are those most esteemed outside their own country. The idol Barrès had no following save amongst his own countrymen, but wicked fellows like Anatole France and Romain Rolland, dissimilar in everything but their lack of self-satisfied chauvinism, belong to world literature.



Romain Rolland shares, therefore, with France and André Gide the attacks of the literary Grand Inquisitors, Henri Massis, at their head, calling down the wrath of heaven upon all French writers who show any signs of being aware that culture is not a monopoly of the French mind, that Thomism is not a substitute for intelligence, and that the muttering of incantations about monarchy, aristocracy, Catholicism, and the classical tradition will not produce great literature, or help to situate France in a world from which her cultural hegemony has definitely disappeared. But Rolland's own writings can hardly be cited to prove that a mere reversal of the traditionalist position can produce a work of literary art. André Gide has said that "Jean Christophe" in French "never reads so well as in a translation," and this is true of "The Soul Enchanted," as the excellent version of Mr. and Mrs. Van Wyck Brooks shows.

Gide went so far as to declare that Romain Rolland "would lose nothing by the disappearance of the French language, of French art, of French taste, and of those gifts which he denies and which are denied to him. The final disaster of France would definitely establish the supreme importance of his 'Jean Christophe.'" I quote Gide because he is the antithesis of Henri Bassis, and his criticism of Rolland is wholly free from the reactionary bias of the Right Wing. It is a striking judgment upon the inherent weakness of Rolland's style, whose defects Remy de Gourmont was one of the first to point out, and those defects have become more noticeable as the author has had less and less to say. His ear is soothed by the hollow sonority of his libertarian ideas, but to the harmonies of words he is so indifferent that one is shocked by the jolting cadence of a prose interwoven with blank verse.

As for the ideas, in the present work his aim apparently is to celebrate the freedom of the senses, to develop the thesis of the Free Woman, Annette Rivière, as he has already developed that of the Free Genius, Jean Christophe, of the Free Thinker, Clerambault, of the Man of Feeling, Colas Breug-

non. In the first volume we left the frivolous Sylvie safe and happy, but the grave Annette was the unmarried mother of a child. Now the narrative unwinds at great length and shows how fate continues to bludgeon Annette while sparing Sylvie; how she loses the love of her own child, the affection of her friends, and the friendship of Sylvie. Annette's second encounter with sex is as disastrous as the first, and when the book closes with the outbreak of the war she is alone, resigned to this as to all other struggles, for war is just another name for life itself. Annette is the idealist of sex, and, like all Rolland's idealists, she not only gets the worst of it, but is regarded by her creator as all the better on that account. His sympathy for minorities and lost causes has come to seem little better than a glorification of defeated revolt, for defeat's sake.

The slavery of revolt, of liberty conceived not as a right but as a duty—it is this which renders lifeless and depressing Romain Rolland's studies of free souls. The pardonable excesses of sentimental youth are transformed into the futile wriggings and squirmings of obstinate doctrinaires. A method and a point of view which luckily fitted the purpose of "Jean Christophe" are inadequate to the themes of "Clerambault," "Colas Breugnon" and "The Soul Enchanted." The ascetic, Protestant mind of this protester cannot evoke for us figures of a full-blooded humanity which would explain their struggles and triumphs and weaknesses, when caught in



Ermyntrude, First (and Last) Countess Boole: Lord Chancellor of England.

From a drawing by G. K. Chesterton for "Mr. Petre," by Hilaire Belloc (McBride)

the toils of fleshy passion. He preaches the religion of the senses and urges the claims of the body in the tone of a Huguenot sermon or a pamphlet on behalf of universal disarmament. The French spirit of pleasant *libertinage*, or the clean logic of that spirit, might have made "Annette and Sylvie" charming or moving, but, actually, a mealy-mouthed furtiveness makes the relations of the two girls ridiculous and morbid. In "Summer" the requirements of fiction are deemed to be satisfied by all the recognized melodramatic devices for producing tears for the poor girl-mother.

As I have said, here is no promise of another "Jean Christophe," but rather confirmation of the feeling that Romain Rolland had only that one great novel in him. For the rest, one should think of him as a musical critic of distinction, and pray that he restrict the play of his libertarian enthusiasm to the propaganda of specific ideas in a more appropriate vehicle than that of the novel.

The Crystal Cup

THE CRYSTAL CUP. By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1925. \$2.

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

AGAIN Mrs. Atherton has made an elaborate gesture and produced a stuffed rabbit out of the hat. Its skin is real but its eyes are glass, and its little insides are cotton and excelsior. The effect is distressingly lifelike. The more you tint a Tussaud image, or curry a corpse, the more shocking its resemblance to the living creature. Mrs. Atherton's realistic verisimilitude of detail merely stresses the artificiality of her people and their doings. There is no life in either: they are simply tricks of an experienced performer. Always, to begin with, we have the stunt theme: in "Black Oxen," rejuvenation; in "The Crystal Cup," love the primeval urge vs. love as "an over-secretion of hormones in inter-

stitial cells adjacent to the Graafian follicles." Wedded to, or rather built about this theme is an action singularly obvious and commonplace. Gita of "The Crystal Cup" has been early affronted by sex, wishes she were a boy, tries to be like a boy. A novelist, mature and male, becomes her chief friend. In order to be sure of his companionship, she becomes his wife—in name only. Later she falls in love with another man; and matters are duly arranged. The hat is real, but only the performer's compelling eye and experienced gesture put the wriggle in the rabbit.

The Perfectly Proper

FURTHER REMINISCENCES. 1864-1894. By S. BARING-GOULD. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. \$6.

Reviewed by SIR A. MAURICE LOW.

IN the days of Good Queen Victoria, when in every properly conducted English household on Sundays such impious things as novels were removed from the parlor tables to prevent the corruption of youth and *The Quiver* and other pious literature substituted, the books of the Reverend S. Baring-Gould might almost have escaped the ban. For Mr. Gould was a very proper person and much beloved of middle-aged ladies of the Victorian era who wore mittens and dresses tightly buttoned up to their necks, and over their tea and crochet deplored the bad manners of the rising generation and wondered what the world was coming to. There was everything in Mr. Baring-Gould's favor. He was a clergyman of the Church of England, he had aristocratic connections, he inherited ancestral property. He wrote novels that never brought the blush of shame to the cheek of maidenly modesty. He wrote articles for the religious press. His hymns made a wide appeal. He was a model of propriety; old ladies might with perfect taste adore him and young people detest him because he was so very, very good. How with all these advantages he managed to escape being translated from a rectory to a bishopric will always remain a mystery. However, he had his consolation. Lord Palmerston's object in the selection of bishops, he tells us, "was to select characterless men, but plausible."



Mr. Baring-Gould's "Further Reminiscences" (as the title suggests, this is a sequel to more of the same sort) are not thrilling and his publishers need fear no danger of any of the persons whose names are used bringing suit for libel. In fact, to speak with truth, they are deadly dull; the kind of thing that a country clergyman making his parish rounds might bring into the lives of middle-aged ladies wearing dresses buttoned up to their chins, crocheting with hands encased in mittens, sitting on stiff and uncomfortable chairs decorated with antimacassars and eagerly drinking in the wit, brilliance, and knowledge of the world of their beloved pastor.

There was a spice of malice in the good man, which he is not ashamed to reveal. He once attended a Ruridecanal meeting at which the Rural Dean recommended his clergy to be studious.

Then up stood an unctuous Evangelical and said: "We have one Book, one Book that contains all we need. If we go outside the covers of our Bible, we err and go wrong, etc., etc."

Another suggested the advisability of commentaries.

"I allow a Scott's Commentary," said the first.

"And a Cornelius à Lapide," I suggested. No one at the meeting had heard of him or of it.

The reverend gentleman's wit is delicate and chaste, as these two anecdotes, italics and all, certify.

Archbishop Tait was dining one evening at the house of the Duke of Westminster. During the meal his face became ghastly. Laying down his knife and fork by the plate, he said to himself in a suppressed voice: "It has come to pass at last as I feared. I have been dreading, expecting, a stroke."

"Console yourself, your Grace," said the Duchess of Sutherland, who sat beside him. "It is not *your* leg but *mine* that you have been pinching."

The Dean of Norwich gave a garden party to celebrate his golden wedding, and a visiting Frenchman was one of the guests. He asked to have explained to him the meaning of a golden wedding.

The Dean put his hand on his wife's shoulder, patted it, and said: "This good lady and I have lived together for fifty years."

"Ah! now I do understand," exclaimed the Frenchman as his face lightened with intelligence, "so now you are at last about to marry her."

So This Is Behaviorism?

BEHAVIORISM. By JOHN B. WATSON. New York: The People's Institute Publishing Co. 1925.

Reviewed by JOSEPH JASTRONS,
University of Wisconsin

MR. WATSON began his psychological career as a student of animal behavior. In the complete isolation of the Dry Tortugas, he noted the responses of terns in a natural uncontaminated habitat. Returning to civilization, he decided to study humans as a complicated order of terns. After a series of important contributions to animal behavior, ingenious and rigid in method, he launched his "Psychology from a Behaviorist's point of view." The substance of his doctrine is now presented in a course of twelve lectures addressed to a popular audience. The formulation must be accepted as authoritative for the Watsonian brand of behaviorism. Cavalierly in the treatment of other positions that clog the acceptance of behaviorism, he is occasionally papal in manner. He claims a proprietary interest in the system and warns against other psychologies bearing a similar label.

"In 1912 the behaviorists reached the conclusion that they could no longer be content to work with intangibles and unapproachables. They decided either to give up psychology or to make it a natural science." Despite this modest decision the triumph of behaviorism remains incomplete. "Indeed we should point out that behaviorism has not as yet by any means replaced the older psychology—called *introspective psychology*—of James, Wundt, Külpe, Titchener, Angell, Judd, and McDougall." But in due course the reader is furnished with a contrasted ledger, showing that all that is of value in present-day psychology and will influence the future, is to be credited to the behaviorist. The debt side shows other psychologies as survivals from an obscurantist past, "dominated by a kind of subtle religious philosophy." Apart from the central salvation promised by behaviorism, there are such incidental assurances as that all educational difficulties in rearing the human young will vanish as parents are properly behaviorized; and yet more casually, that mental disorders are a myth, for which a will-o'-the-wisp of the psychiatrists is responsible. The folly of accredited views of consciousness, imagery, memory, attention, emotion, and the futility of the stock of psychological tools exhibited in unregenerate laboratories and lecture-rooms is freely and gleefully exposed,—with what effect upon an indiscriminate audience, may be surmised.

While acknowledging the merit within its zone of application, of the behaviorist's position, if such is its temper, one fairly sympathetic with its findings and with no claim to authority to administer the benign chastisement, feels that it deserves a sharp rapping on the knuckles. Others have been sufficiently provoked by this attitude to dub Behaviorism an *enfant terrible*, or even a miserable bastard. Nor does this movement present a more harmonious attitude within its own camp. There are behaviorists who respect one or another of the fundamental Watsonian tenets; they find themselves—few as they are—differing aggressively among themselves. Whether Dr. Watson would read them out of the party, we have yet to learn. If this keeps on, he may soon find himself in the superior position of the Irish processionist surveying the rank and file of his marching companions with the comment: "Everybody is out of step but myself."

One must be content to illustrate by selected features what the Watsonian behaviorism asserts and denies, accepts and rejects. Its great resource is the "conditioned reflex" or response. If you ring a bell whenever you feed a dog, and keep up the process until you "condition" the animal to this stimulus, the same action of the salivary glands which makes the small boy's mouth water when he looks in at the bakeshop window, will bring it about that you get a measurable flow of the dog's saliva when you ring the bell alone. Now the nature and scope of this interesting fact is far from determined; it has obvious and narrow limitations. But all the laws and prophecies of behaviorism flow from that slight salivary stream. Under its dominion "association of ideas" becomes an obsolete misnomer; there is only conditioning. Hence you can condition any process and anybody anyhow. Training exceeds heredity; as soon as the world discards its obstructing traditions and taboos, and takes to behaviorist conditioning of the individual, the programme will be

simple. There is "no real evidence for the inheritance of traits. I would feel perfectly confident in the ultimately favorable outcome of careful upbringing of a *healthy, well-formed baby* born of a long line of crooks, murderers and thieves, and prostitutes." Of such babies, anyone at random could be trained to "become any type of specialist I might select—into a doctor, lawyer, artist, merchant-chief and, yes, even into beggar-man and thief, regardless of his talents, *penchants*, tendencies, abilities, vocations, and race of his ancestors."

By enthroning the conditioned response as the pattern of all behavior, you outlaw all remote and long-range as well as complex mechanisms of the psychic realm. "Don't get confused at this point by what the psychologist and the psycho-analyst sometimes tell you. If you read their statements, you are likely to believe that the stimulus can be applied to-day and produce its effect maybe next day, maybe within the next few months or years. The behaviorist doesn't believe in any such mythological conception." The notion is but part of the "demonological terminology of the Freudians" who in twenty years will be placed in the same class as phrenologists. For there is no such reality as instinct, no more than that a toy soldier, weighted and rounded at the bottom, demands "an instinct to stand erect." "No theory is required to explain it, only a systematic observation of the facts. All the elaborate junk the Freudians have written on humor and laughter is just so much chaff which will be blown aside as observation brings out the facts." "In accordance with his usual procedure, he decided before beginning work himself to consign to the waste basket the work of his predecessors and to start the problem over again." Dr. Watson's collection of waste-baskets must by this time be extensive and formidable.

As a fact behaviorism, when not rampant, has made far more significant contributions than this all too popularized and radicalized set of lectures, recounts. Its main emphasis is upon the objective phases of organic mechanisms; even in so complex a function as speech this insistence is helpful, and there is no more thorough analysis of the speech acquisitions than that of Dr. Watson, though again his insistence that "Laryngeal" is a blessed word to explain all that goes on when we think in words instead of with our fists, is a bit strained. As a further fact, this type of behaviorism becomes an electric selection of a few problems in psychology that happen to interest the author; and still further, when one of these problems, such as that of personality, is not amenable to the concepts and handling of the radical behaviorist method, there is nothing to prevent its confusion with the accredited and ridiculed presentations of the members of the same guild to which Dr. Watson by protest belongs. The lecture on personality is an admirable statement and not least so because it lacks the aggressive flavor of the rest.

No fundamental psychological position can claim significance that does not provide the problems, by which the science advances; it cannot endure by assailing and correcting other "ologies." In this respect Freudianism—and that much of it is extravagant, even unto junk, is admitted—has stimulated more real psychological interpretation than the entire behavioristic activity. Behaviorism has its fetishes as well. It has a faith that if you avoid a word, or at least use it in a new sense, you achieve salvation. So long as you taboo "consciousness," "introspection," "instinct," you are saved, and you must put your tongue in your cheek when you say "image," or "emotion," or "fear," or "rage." But when you say "conditioning," or "reconditioning," you are of the elect and have eschewed false gods completely. Another equally futile faith is that an observation when made by a behaviorist under modern conditions is a totally new product worthy of scientific respect. A fact derives its significance from its setting, its provenance, its interpretation. The worship of facts is as idolatrous as that of words or images.

Until behaviorism outgrows its iconoclastic zest and achieves a constructive responsibility, its influence will be properly under suspicion; it has been treated more considerately than its temper warrants. Not altogether unlike the "homeopaths" who insisted that those who did not believe that "like cures like," necessarily believed that "unlike" did so, and hence were "allopaths," behaviorists call the other camp "mentalists." But it is about as sensible to ask what is the opposite of a behaviorist as to ask what is

the opposite of a Presbyterian or a Christian Scientist. The difficulty with behaviorism is its adherence to a meagre eclectic stock of concepts, its working these beyond their capacity and at times mistaking the form for the substance, for it is by ignoring the real essence, (and this is the familiar administrative fallacy) that the apparent simplicity results.

Thus the "delayed response" is a favorite type of explanation, but ignores that the essential thing is not the delay but takes place during the delay. Teachers are quite familiar with the delayed response among students, but are unable to correlate the depth of the reply when it comes with the length of the delay. Rip van Winkle probably holds the record for a delayed reaction, but his sleep brought no great philosophic discoveries. And likewise for conditioning. No system of education could be based upon it. If we have music with our meals, then according to the strict behaviorist, we should either learn to be content with the music and omit the meals, or get so conditioned that the hearing of music would always make us want to eat. Or by having "jazz" during examinations, students would soon demand examinations frequently, and conditioning in the academic sense would be unknown. It is time for the behaviorist to take his performance more responsibly, and remember that throwing aside old errors does not confer new wisdom; nor are those who disagree with him so completely foolish as they deserve to be.

The Social Surplus

ECONOMY OF HUMAN ENERGY. By THOMAS NIXON CARVER. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1924. \$2.50.

SOCIETY AND ITS SURPLUS: A Study in Social Evolution. By NEWELL LEROY SIMS. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1925. \$3.

Reviewed by FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS
Columbia University

THESE books should be read together. They have the same thesis, but expand it on different lines and unequally. Professor Carver, formerly of Oberlin, now of Harvard, once taught sociology but he became more occupied with political economy. Professor Sims was a preacher in Presbyterian pulpits, then a professor of economics and sociology at the University of Florida. From there he went to the Massachusetts Agricultural College as professor of sociology. He is now a professor of sociology at Oberlin.

A good while ago Professor Carver made a distinct place for himself in economic theory by cutting loose from the cults which taught successively that political economy is the science of wealth, the science of market values, the science of marginal utilities, and maintaining, as Adam Smith had done, that its theme is national prosperity. It may have taken courage to do this at the time, for the brilliant but paradoxical Simon Nelson Patten was then proclaiming the same idea; and Patten was more dreamer and seer than realist, while Carver, a realist always, must of need check up his facts and his conclusions. Patten saw in an ever-augmenting social surplus a new basis of civilization, and he attributed surplus largely if not, indeed, chiefly to changing habits of consumption, whereby natural resources are economized. Carver, hard headed, questions Patten's assumptions. He finds the adequate cause of prosperity in human energy, husbanded and wisely applied, and maintains that "economics, sociology, and ethics are all concerned with the economizing of human energy."

Professor Sims has taken up the notion of a relation of surplus to civilization, and says that the

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