

books to appreciate their decorative value in his house and who apparently knows nothing of economics, international finance or foreign affairs. Almost, it would seem that his greatest qualification for the presidency is that he is just a real good guy.

But that isn't all: he has an advisor who makes up for all he lacks in education, culture and general knowledge of things it is important for a chief executive to know. That adviser is Mrs. Henry Moskowitz, a remarkable woman whose influence in the career of Al Smith Mr. Pringle sets forth in illuminating detail. Mrs. Moskowitz and, to some extent, her husband have managed Al's campaigns and Mrs. Moskowitz has practically made him. She is in constant touch with him by telephone and rarely does the Governor decide any question of importance without first consulting her. She writes or rewrites most of his speeches, she tells him when to talk and not to talk, she has drilled in the use of good grammar and smoothed some of the Oliver Street atrocities out of his vocabulary and accent — although he still slips into "boid" for "bird" and "erl" for "oil".

The chapter on Mrs. Moskowitz should do much to allay the silly fears that are current about Al Smith's religious affiliations; if he goes into the White House his policies will not be dictated from the Vatican but by the extremely able brain of a Jewess.

Mr. Pringle has neglected to tell us what Mrs. Moskowitz's stand on the prohibition question is at present and he himself trembles in fear that Al is going to give in to the drys. Is the suspicion of a change in the Governor's attitude due to Mrs. Moskowitz's voice in the matter or is it Al's own wonder whether his known wetness is not more harmful to his presidential chances than is his religion?

Mr. Pringle has written an exceedingly interesting biography. He has almost leaned over backward in refusing to describe Al Smith as a hero compact of all the virtues and he has presented in the biography a history of contemporary politics in New York. Mr. Pringle's story of Smith's break with Hearst is somewhat confusing because it is not made entirely clear what the fight

was all about. All that is clear is that two political factions were at war and that Hearst hit below the belt with some scathing caricatures, one of which caused Al's little son to ask his mother, "Why do they say that Daddy kills little babies?" The point is repeatedly made, however, with proof, that the Governor is incorruptible, that he is a fine type of man with a sense of justice that is not affected by any pressure of moneyed power or mass emotions. The book should show good reasons to many citizens why they should vote for Smith for President unless some one else shows up who is as fine a character as he is and has more wisdom than Mrs. Moskowitz.

VARIOUS RECOMMENDATIONS

I HAVE a confession to make. This month I have been remiss in my duties to authors and to publishers and to the readers of THE BOOKMAN. And it is too late now to make up for my delinquency: the managing editor tells me that I have only so many words left to write in order to fill the space I was injudicious enough to tell her I was going to fill and that those words must be written within an incredibly few minutes; and the big boss, a most terrible tyrant (though a very understanding sort), tells me, with a sinister inflection in his voice (I could kill him for it!) that we had a tremendous bill for over-time to pay the printers because of our lateness (and he was partly responsible) last month and that it simply will not do for me to monkey around any longer with the stuff I am supposed to turn in. "Editor or not," he tells me with the most frightful acerbity (Do you have to put up with that sort of thing?), "you have simply got to pay as much attention to the deadline as you exact of our contributors. Now play your little tune on the typewriter and make it snappy! Shall I send out for a sandwich for you or a cigar? Call your luckless family on the 'phone and tell them that you won't be home until late again because papa's got to work tonight."

Well, you see, editor or critic, I still am

human. I love books and I like having a good time when there is a chance. And as I come into the office of a morning I look over the new books that have arrived from the publishers and, with that mild kleptomania that afflicts all bibliophiles, I exercise the prerogative I have as chief cook and bottle-washer and grab off the books that seem most interesting, put them on my desk, tell Miss Naar (who is responsible for seeing that books get reviewed) that I will review them. Having read and enjoyed them, at the last moment I discover that I have been reading so much that I haven't any time left to write a large number of those long, adequate, operose, visiting-English-critic sort of reviews that are so self-satisfied, so beside the point, and yet so welcome to publishers and authors, who do not read the words but count with a space rule the extent of the notice that has been given them.

In other words I have been spending what time I had away from editing the magazine and listening to people who want jobs and such emaciations, in reading a number of interesting books instead of reading only three or four of them and writing at length about them severally.

I really should have given some of these books to people who came in wanting to do book reviews. They would have written much more about them than I have time now to write and everything would have been very jake for THE BOOKMAN. I really feel very sorry.

Here (still stalling) I can mention one book in extenuation of my dereliction of duty. One of my earliest heroes was Leonardo da Vinci. There is a book by Emil Ludwig that has just been translated called *Genius and Character* (Harcourt, Brace) in which there is a study of Leonardo (among biographical studies of many other geniuses), and in this study much point is made of the fact that Leonardo was a great procrastinator and a most undependable sort of fellow when it came to doing jobs he was supposed to do.

"Neither his sense of duty nor his desire for fame could drive him to complete a work, so that he hardly ever abided by any of his contracts; and since none of his contemporaries understood him, and least of all his

biographer, Vasari, no one who gave Leonardo a commission was ever satisfied with him."

And yet he was perhaps the greatest universal genius the world has ever produced. Leonardo had an ideal of completeness, an ideal founded upon a desire for universal knowledge and universal culture: he was an animated question mark that was never satisfied with an explanation of the visible world which he could not analyse and prove to be either false or true.

All of us can have heroes, of course, without ever imagining that we are anything remotely like our heroes, except possibly in some disagreeable trait, some weakness, some physical fault, or some downright mental disability. I know a rather prominent and rather successful author, a novelist, who has a hero in history and imagines himself to be like him whereas his only point of resemblance to that hero is in the fact that they both have blue eyes, or at least history seems to support the view that the hero's eyes were blue. And I know an eminent publisher who believes that he and Julius Caesar are very much alike because both of them happened to be bald. At least, then, I have this in contact with my hero, Leonardo: he was, and I am, rather more than likely not to get our stuff done on time. And all because (if you will pardon me the alignment) of a disinclination to do anything that is not pleurably creative — or, if you will be so mean, to do anything. It distresses me indeed to read in Ludwig's book:

"The old man (Leonardo) toward the close of his career, tried to collect and order his material. He did bring together a few treatises, but it was too late: the constant experimentation of a lifetime could not at the last be assembled into the systems which he had always despised. When one has consistently become a learner one does not become a teacher in old age. . . . Then he felt his strength was diminishing. He apportioned his property among his friends, dignifiedly put all his affairs in order, and in the spring when he felt that death was near, the dying prophet wrote in his monologue:

"Man, always festively awaiting the new

spring and the new summer, complains that the longed-for things are slow in coming, and fails all the while to notice that he is longing for his own end. Yet precisely this wish is the true quintessence of the elements which feel themselves imprisoned in the body through the soul and wish constantly to return to their maker. But I would have you know: this same wish is also the true spirit of nature, and man is but a cosmos in miniature."

As a critic I am supposed to find some fault with *Genius and Character* if such a fault is of particular importance. Well, Mr. Kenneth Burke has translated the book, and, although he seems to have done very well by the translation, he has used a tautology, which Ludwig could not have used in the German and which is one of my abominations: he uses the expression on page 160, "from whence."

And now, having stalled so long, dear reader, because I don't want to go to the tedious trouble of telling you which you should like among these books, I am going to list some of the books on the current publishing lists, concerning the merits of which next month I may have the time and inclination to be more specific, and recommend them to you as worth inspection.

DUSTY ANSWER, by Rosamond Lehmann (Henry Holt & Co. \$2.50), is a novel by a young Englishwoman who is the most promising apparition on the literary horizon since Margaret Kennedy charmed us all with "The Constant Nymph". In many respects I believe that part of "Dusty Answer" is the finest portrayal of the emotions of childhood and adolescence that I have ever encountered in English. Miss Lehmann has a genuine sympathy with and remembrance of the poignant tragedies of our early contact with people and our disappointments in our hopes and ideals of life. Her treatment of these tragedies is most unusual among writing grown-folk: the usual treatment is that of detachment and of humor. "What absurdly quaint and foolish little creatures they are", is the ordinary point of view. Miss Lehmann has shown that a child's disappointment in something the child expected in life can be a tragedy of tremendous consequence. "Dusty Answer" is the story of

a sensitive and affectionate girl, who found throughout life that the experiences she knew of love and friendship — even when they were perforce somewhat perverse or abnormal — were not entirely satisfying. It is not a new discovery, certainly, but Miss Lehmann has given it special significance in a novel of real charm and beauty.

PROFANE EARTH, by Colger Cahill (Macaulay Co. \$2). This is a novel by a new American writer, whose distinctive style, sense of character, and facility in description makes him bid fair to become one of the novelists most to be reckoned with in the younger generation. "Profane Earth" is the story of the son of an immigrant family and of his adjustments to life, first in the poverty of a large family on a farm, later in a village, and later still in Chicago. Mr. Cahill has got into his descriptions of Chicago one of the most vivid and authentic portrayals of that city's crude and relentless power that I ever remember having read. There is a love story in the novel and it is a moving one; but the love interest is subordinate to the ambitious story of a whole generation of immigrant offspring and what they had to deal with in life in the middle-west when their parents failed to provide them security.

LAND OF THE PILGRIMS' PRIDE, by George Jean Nathan (Alfred A. Knopf. \$2). A philosophical treatise, written in a deceptively light and even flippant vein, on life and love and morals in America. Mr. Nathan holds pretty much with Moses in the final analysis, but he believes that something has happened in our national *mores* to make what was once called immorality a distressingly light and frequent occurrence.

So **THIS IS ART**, by Percy Hammond (Doubleday, Page. \$2). These are some of the best pieces that Mr. Hammond has written upon first-nighters, the present condition of dramatic art in America, the things that audiences laugh at, and other matters about which a dramatic critic is required to write. Mr. Hammond has invented a style peculiarly his own — a cadenced and polysyllabic style, in which a feigned sententiousness is employed for humorous effect. His book, like his daily dramatic reviews, is a civilized treat.

A NEW THEORY OF NEUROSES

By D. H. Lawrence

THE SOCIAL BASIS OF CONSCIOUSNESS. *By Trigan Burrow. Harcourt, Brace. \$3.75.*

DR. TRIGANT BURROW is well known as an independent psychoanalyst through the essays and addresses he has published in pamphlet form from time to time. These have invariably shown the spark of original thought and discovery. The gist of all these essays now fuses into this important book, the latest addition to the International Library of Psychology, Philosophy and Scientific Method.

Dr. Burrow is that rare thing among psychiatrists, a humanly honest man. Not that practitioners are usually dishonest. They are intellectually honest, professionally honest, all that. But that other simple thing, human honesty, does not enter in, because it is primarily subjective; and subjective honesty, which means that a man is honest about his own inward experience, is perhaps the rarest thing, especially among professionals. Chiefly, of course, because men, and especially men with a theory, don't know anything about their own inward experiences.

Here Dr. Burrow is a rare and shining example. He set out, years ago as an enthusiastic psychoanalyst and follower of Freud, working according to the Freudian method, in America. And gradually, the sense that something was wrong, vitally wrong, both in the theory and in the practice of psychoanalysis, invaded him. Like any truly honest man, he turned and asked himself what it was that was wrong, with himself, with his methods and with the theory according to which he was working?

This book is the answer, a book for every man interested in the human consciousness to read carefully. Because Dr. Burrow's conclusions, sincere, almost naïve in their startled emotion, are far-reaching, and vital.

First, in his criticism of the Freudian method, Dr. Burrow found, in his clinical

experience, that he was always applying a *theory*. Patients came to be analysed, and the analyst was there to examine with open mind. But the mind could not be open, because the patient's neurosis, all the patient's experience, *had* to be fitted to the Freudian theory of the inevitable incest-motive.

And gradually Dr. Burrow realised that to fit life every time to a theory is in itself a mechanistic process, a process of unconscious repression, a process of image-substitution. All theory that has to be applied to life proves at last just another of these unconscious images which the repressed psyche uses as a substitute for life, and against which the psychoanalyst is fighting. The analyst wants to break all this image business so that life can flow freely. But it is useless to try to do so by replacing in the unconscious another image — this time, the image, the fixed motive, of the incest-complex.

Theory as theory is all right. But the moment you apply it to *life*, especially to the subjective life, the theory becomes mechanistic, a substitute for life, a factor in the vicious unconscious. So that while the Freudian theory of the unconscious and of the incest motive is valuable as a *description* of our psychological condition, the moment you begin to *apply* it, and make it master of the living situation, you have begun to substitute one mechanistic or unconscious illusion for another.

In short, the analyst is just as much fixed in his vicious unconscious as is his neurotic patient, and the will to apply a mechanical incest-theory to every neurotic experience is just as sure an evidence of neurosis, in Freud or in the practitioner, as any psychologist could ask.

So much for the criticism of the psychoanalytic method.

If then, Dr. Burrow asks himself, it is not sex-repression which is at the root of the