

trammled and flame-feathered self. "Life is too tame, but I am not tamed!" That, I submit, is the authentic cry of the natural man as story teller.

And I do not, in its undisciplined crudity, defend that cry. Only, I ask you to bear it in mind as we return to the consideration of Miss Suckow's immensely sophisticated narrative method—unemphatic naturalism. "Life, in its average reaches, is tame and dull and sad," she whispers. "I must be very careful never to raise my voice."

She never does. The hushed monotony of her tone never varies. "Thus and so was thus and so," she murmurs. "Thus the days passed, and quiet folk passed with them. I am sorry they could not have been happier, but life is not made like that. I watch and record." It is an extraordinary performance, a miracle of seeming verisimilitude—but chiefly a miracle of self-repression. There are little triumphs of meticulous understatement on every page. And it all ends by putting one to sleep.

Now is there not something wrong with a technique which in its final perfection ends in Nirvana?

Whatever the true function or functions of art—of any art—may be, doubtless it will be agreed that the arts would never have won and maintained the very large place they hold in our lives if they were mechanisms for lowering our vital spirits, our psychic energy, our will to live. Beyond this broad, common-sense assertion, I am not here concerned to propose any theory as to the arts. In the long run no human interest or activity maintains itself which is inimical to the race. In one way or another the arts, taken in their entirety, are heighteners, intensifiers of the life-current, or they would not have lasted so long—in such obvious vigor.

Yet it is equally obvious that in any given art, at a given cultural period, there may well be experimental developments which run counter to this general tendency. On a long view art is an enhancer of human values, otherwise it could not survive; but short views may easily light upon many a false lead, ranging from the decadent and morbid to the frozen sterilities of the merely polite and academic. And in our own times, for the art of fiction, I believe we have in unemphatic naturalism another such false lead into an artistic *cul de sac*.



The psychic energy of our age has gone chiefly into science—into the patient gathering (through observation and experiment) of facts, and of more or less verifiable ideas about them. Above all we have desired to understand nature, and ourselves as a part of nature. We have made—are making—swift progress in understanding. So thrilling has been this advance, so vast its consequences, that it has revolutionized human life, materially, and intellectually. And among its minor consequences has been the revolution it has produced in the art of fiction. Writers of fiction are impressionable beings, and they are apt to be more or less intelligent. Also, they wish to respect themselves. Why, they shamefacedly ask, in an age seeking truth, should we be purveyors of fantastic lies? Well, we *won't* be—not any longer! We, too, can do our bit for Science! We, too, can make exact observations, and record them with cool precision! If Fiction is to survive, it must become the handmaid of Fact! It is really a branch of descriptive psychology, with important contributions to make to sociology, anthropology, and several other -ologies!

Thus, unhappily, because they are impressionable beings with quick, illogical wits, our writers of fiction are swept away, and swirled aside by the deepest current of the age into a backwater, an artistic swamp. For there is one glory of the Sun, and another glory of the Moon. There is the glory of Science, and the glory of Art. But they are not one thing, and never can be. Art and science flower from utterly different seeds, germinated in utterly different levels of human nature.

I confess this seems to me a platitude for which it is tedious to argue. But if it *be* a platitude, why are not its critical implications more widely recognized? If art and science are really different activities, born of different impulses, then art that tries to ape or emulate science is bound to fail both as science and as art. It will fail as science because it cannot faithfully employ the technique of science. For example, it would be quite possible and perhaps desirable to make a sociological survey of a rural Iowa community. But such a survey, honestly made, would be first of all a collection of

statistics (vital, agricultural, educational, etc.), capable of being verified (with necessary allowance for small percentages of error) by any patient person for the given place, and at an approximately given time. These statistics could serve no scientific purpose if in their gathering the least color of a temperament, a personal emotion or bias, had been introduced. Now it is not amusing to read statistics; there is no reason why it should be; on the contrary. They are studied, not without pain, only by those in stubborn quest of definite information. But that is not our mental attitude when we take up a work of fiction—any work of fiction; and to say this is to say very nearly all. We turn to fiction for other values. . . . *What* other values?

For aesthetic values, if you will—which is to say, for some quite special sort of emotional values. We wish to be moved—to be made to vibrate to the wonder and beauty and tears and terror and laughter of the world. We wish—through the suggestive power of language and through the contagion of another personality, the author's—to be made to throb with a deeper pulse of life. We are seeking contacts with vitality. We are hoping, are we not, to be charmed out of our quotidian selves into that emotional zone of harmonious awareness which men call—joy?

Surely art, in its fullest scope, is above all the joy giver. Surely, it is little or nothing if it does not (whether reasonably or absurdly) make us glad we have lived, and are still alive—if it does not persuade us to live more abundantly. It is neither a prettier, nor a moralizer of life. It is an added pulse, a stronger heartbeat. Well . . . at the very least, it is not, or should not be, a depressant, a soporific.

Now unemphatic naturalism—. But why continue? The one possible sequel is sufficiently clear.



Illustration by Elizabeth MacKinstry for "Tales of Laughter" (Doubleday, Page).

On a Certain Deference

THE AMERICAN IN ENGLAND DURING THE FIRST HALF CENTURY OF INDEPENDENCE. By ROBERT E. SPILLER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1926. \$4.

Reviewed by NORMAN FOERSTER
University of North Carolina

THIS book is concerned with the first phase of that problem of a distinctive American culture which still remains unsolved. It is difficult to see that the young intellectuals of our time (some of whom are not so very young) have really added much, save verbiage, to the excited lucubrations of Emerson and Whitman, the most illustrious signers of our declaration of cultural independence. Possibly our wisest course is to refrain for a time from indignation and prophecy, and to employ our energies rather in making studies of the problem from an historical point of view—a task for which the present age is peculiarly fitted. We cannot, apparently, expect European scholars to make such studies for us: they are not particularly interested in the problem of American independence. In recent years Americans like J. L. Mesick and Allan Nevins have written historically on the English traveler in America, and now Robert E. Spiller has written historically on the American traveler in England. Although Mr. Spiller's scene is England, his subject is America—the attitude of early Americans toward their old home.

For this reason the chapter divisions of the book are based, not on aspects of the English scene, but

on the classes of American travelers—Students, Artists, Envoys, Practical Tourists, The Philanthropic Traveler, A Note on Women, A Literary Wanderer and Others, Critics and Controversy, and Journalist Adventurers. Their letters, journals, diaries, diplomatic correspondence, poems, stories, essays, travel books, all have been examined to determine why they went abroad, what they observed and experienced, how they revealed their attitude toward England. Within the period under consideration, from the achievement of political independence to the year 1835 (perhaps 1837, the year of Emerson's "American Scholar" address would have been better), their attitude was one of diminishing deference.



Deference was the result of American inferiority and British complacency. After the Revolution, England did not look upon America as a hostile foreign power. America, indeed,

was not thought of as a nation at all; sometimes not even thought of. Her independence had been grudgingly granted, and the common belief was that it would be of short duration. An error had been made, an oversight which time would remedy. Meanwhile the best policy was good-natured tolerance for this handful of rebels, a patronizing calm which would show them how little their victory really harmed the great nation of England.

England was amply sure of herself; America soon realized the poverty of her culture. In field after field, from the industrial arts to theology, America patiently served her apprenticeship under her parent-enemy, till, with the passing of the years, she became something of a master in her own right, and grew less and less deferential. Thus, for example, "When the American merchant arrived in England in 1830 or thereafter, he was not an agent from an undeveloped wilderness, but a business or scientific man on an equal footing with his social equals in a foreign land."

If at first England did not regard America as a foreign land, no more did America so regard England. The birthplace of innumerable Americans, England was also "the home of the mind and sentiments of a nation largely composed of pioneers. She was home even to those who had never seen her, but had heard her spoken of with affection in intimate family circles, and with respect in the public prints." Sillman's "Journal," published in 1810, was "the first book of travels by an American which attempted to describe and discuss England as though she were actually a foreign land." Henceforth this sense of the foreignness of England (with its counterpart, the sense of American independence) was more and more manifest. Towards the end of the first half century, after extensive economic, and social changes had occurred in both countries, this attitude was displayed in an interesting way.



The new order arising in England—expressed, for example, by the Reform Bill of 1832—was ill understood, while the old order, already moribund, strongly appealed to the imagination of the pioneer Republic of the West. "Although the American was brought up in an atmosphere of social and political idealism, as soon as he found himself in the land of his fathers, his mind turned backward, and he sought, by way of contrast, those elements in the British social order which the English themselves were rapidly leaving behind them." "The reverence of Irving for the type of life represented by the old English gentleman, the keen joy which Willis and Rush took in the fashionable society of the West End of London, even Jefferson's study of gardens—to say nothing of the common pilgrimages to ruins by other travelers—all show this tendency to seek out that which was already passing or past." "In almost every line of cultural or economic thought, the supposedly radical—almost savage—American was more conservative than his English brother." Witnessing the great changes in England, Ballard, White, and many others cried: "This is all very impressive, but the older agricultural order makes for greater happiness. Learn from England's example to hold to the established orders of economic structure." In literature, the American's first shrine was Abbotsford. As soon as the conservative reviews and fashionable society had pronounced favorably upon such authors as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Rogers, Campbell, Maria Edgeworth, Hannah Moore, James Montgomery, Wilson, Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, they were placed in the American's major constellation, whereas Jane Austen, Shelley, Keats,

Lamb, Hazlitt, and others who had not received the stamp of approval were in the main ignored or scorned.

Irving and Willis both advanced the pleasing theory that the interval of space which separated the two countries might function as the interval of a century and that American judgment was therefore in some respects a prophecy of the judgment of posterity. Yet their own actions and comments gave the lie to their pleasing ideas. Irving more than any one else made Stratford the chief literary shrine of the old country, and Willis, with his spirited gossip, made Bulwer and Disraeli popular in the new.

Mr. Spiller has conducted his study with exemplary patience and good taste. His method—dividing the travelers into classes, and following each individual traveler separately—has, to be sure, obvious disadvantages. What he says of a certain Quaker tourist may in a measure be said of himself, namely, that "his pages are crowded for the most part with notes on one thing after another, viewed in rapid succession and with little descriptive or critical comment." If the reader wishes to know what impression Americans derived from St. Paul's, for example, he must piece together the comments on pages 27, 28, 81, 159, 218, 230, 255, 313, 316, 339, 384, and 385. The figure of Wordsworth, now younger, now older, now younger again, stalks upon the page some score of times. It is only fair to remember, however, that Mr. Spiller's object was not to give a picture of England, but to study the points of view of Americans. To have done both, would have been to write two books. Had he written as an Englishman, he would have described the England of that age; as an American, he chose to contribute to our understanding of the problem of a distinctive American culture.

The Almighty State

MAN AND THE STATE. By WILLIAM ERNEST

HOCKING. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. \$4.

Reviewed by WARNER FITE
Princeton University

AS one of the "state-sceptics" thus named by Professor Hocking I shall not be expected to applaud too enthusiastically this latest argument for that Almighty State which is the modern substitute for Almighty God. Mr. Hocking does not indeed, with the late Bernard Bosanquet, attribute all questioning of the authority of the state to childish "petulance." Nor, with Professor Norman Wilde of Minnesota, does he present the curious phenomenon of an American state-university professor speaking of the state's as "the King's business." Mr. Hocking is too essentially good-tempered to present his state arrogantly; too democratic to think of the social order in terms of "higher and lower" classes. Nor is his state of necessity either all-benevolent or all-wise (though I fear that his argument to this effect confuses the state with the "leaders"). Nor is the state, again, a super-person, a group-person; nor is it (blessed word!) an organism; but simply a "general will-circuit," related to the citizens as the baseball field is related to the players, something non-mystical, yet (somewhat mystically, it seems) "nothing less than mankind in gestation with the better mankind to be." Like all good Hegelians, however, Mr. Hocking repudiates Hegel. And he even coins a queer word, "statolatry," to prove that he is no state devotee.

And yet, with all these disclaimers, what I seem to find is the same old Hegelian, even Treitschkean, state. The dominant question in political philosophy today is as follows. Each of us is a member, say of a state, of a church, of a college, of a labor-union, or, (if you like) of a lodge—and of many other such: how are these several allegiances to be related? Radical political theory tells us, following Laski, that one or another may be supreme, according to circumstances. Mr. Hocking will show that the state is necessarily and always supreme, supreme by natural right. And from his distinctively psychological avenue of approach this means, by right of human nature. The college, the lodge, the labor-union (the church appears to present a special and rather confusing issue) stand for interests that are more or less individual and casual, the state for what is generically human. What, then, is this generically human? Now Aristotle said that all men by nature desire to know; the Epicureans, that all men by nature desire to enjoy; Mr. Hocking says that all men by nature desire power—and the state exists to furnish the conditions of power. "The

will to live, in man, takes the form of the will to power, *i. e.*, the will to be in conscious knowing control of such energies as the universe has, and to work with them in reshaping that universe."

The will to control nature—this is mainly what we seem to see here. Elsewhere we learn more. The state is the "unified will surplus." By the will surplus he means the desire, in each of us, to control, not himself alone, but others. "Each individual would like to make his neighbors and his community *just*, after his own idea of justice." Each of us would, undoubtedly—it is "human nature." But is it too mischievous to say that Mr. Hocking is here justifying his state by the natural itch, of each of us no doubt, to meddle with the lives of other persons?

This, however, is probably not the best angle from which to view his state. His most deliberate, also his most finely imaginative statement is that the state—as expressing the will to power—is the "maker of history." And history is a course of events made significant by "the common judgment of mankind." This it is in conception, but now what is it concretely? Says Mr. Hocking:

In times past, making war and playing for diplomatic advantage have been its (the state's) most typical activities. Even now, it is when the state makes war that the nation becomes most nearly a psychological unit. But war-making is only one of a genus of activities which make up the conversation of state with state; the number and variety of these activities now increases from year to year by leaps and bounds. They bid fair to furnish a genuine moral equivalent for war in keeping alive the common mind, will, and morale of peoples, an equivalent which cannot be found in dispersed private enterprises. The domestic activities of *peace* (italics mine) are not enough. The tonus of the entire group of state-functions depends upon the vigor of its outwardly-directed action.

Had Mr. Hocking omitted the two words italicized, I should have thought that his mind was occupied only with the "moral equivalents." As the passage stands I can take it to mean only this: without a state we cannot have war; and war is necessary if we are to "play a part" in history—that is, if we are to help in making human life a dramatic spectacle. I had supposed that this courtly view of history was peculiarly one of those "theories of the first look" characteristic of the popular mind. It is indeed a conception of history "diplomatically correct." But I wonder if anything could better suggest the minor importance of states in any larger view than to suppose that, let the intercourse between peoples be as significant as you please, it could never have the dignity of history except as conducted properly, through the medium of generals and diplomats.

These are but a few of the more crucial points in a book that is ripe with scholarship, full of genial observation on human nature, full, therefore, of interesting materials for discussion. And I might add that even as a state-sceptic—*i. e.*, as one who believes, with the framers of the now forgotten preamble to the Constitution of the United States, that the state is simply a convenient institution for the transaction of our common business—I have been compelled by Mr. Hocking's presentation to appreciate this convenience somewhat more warmly than before—by his interesting suggestion that the state, in freeing us from the tyranny of other groups, shows a greater regard than they for the individuality of each of us. Generally speaking, I feel that he is right; and if I found myself in the position of one accused of crime or dishonor I should much prefer, under most circumstances, simply as a matter of dignity, to take the case to court rather than to refer it to a college administration or to an association of college professors. There I should be claiming my rights as a man, not merely the privileges (somewhat doubtful) of a professor. But what does all of this mean? Hardly that the state is to be described as more finely considerate than other associations—this, in spite of Mr. Hocking, is to make the state a person; rather that the state loses its whole argument, and becomes one among others of the close corporations, so far as it excludes me or any other person within its territory. But this is only to say that the authority of the state under any given circumstances will be a question, not of natural right, but of fact.

Yet this comparison of rights and privileges is alone enough to suggest the change that has come over our political and social philosophy. Among the traditional chapters of political theory is one on "natural rights," conceived as individual rights. I find nothing corresponding to this in Mr. Hocking's

book. Evidently he assumes that the question has ceased to exist. In other words, there is no longer any question of the state *vs.* the individual; it is now only a question of the state *vs.* other groups; and the individual is hardly considered except as a member of this or that group.

Greek and Frenchman

DEMOSTHENES. By GEORGES CLEMENCEAU. Translated by Charles Miner Thompson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. \$2.50.

Reviewed by ARTHUR W. COLTON

THERE are several quite different questions involved in M. Clemenceau's "Demosthenes." One of them regards Demosthenes and Athens, and whether this defense or panegyric is a true account of the man and the situation. Another regards France, and what one is to think of the advice he gives to his countrymen, both directly and allegorically. Another is how much of a parallel he intends, and whether there is as much in the parallel as he thinks.

He thinks France, like Athens, the preëminent leader of the culture of the age; like Athens, indeed, in respect of being too intelligent, witty, artistic, and not sufficiently robust. Like Demosthenes, he is himself all for aggressive action, for a serried front, and has no use for "defeatists" such as Æschines and (presumably) M. Caillaux.

The parallel is more implied than stated. M. Clemenceau nowhere claims that it is specific or entire. He does not of course mean himself by Demosthenes, or specifically M. Caillaux by Æschines, or William II and Germany entirely by Philip and Macedonia. He is bringing out suggestive points of likeness here and there. Demosthenes is the ideal patriot and his policy the only right one, then as now. Æschines is the typical defeatist; Macedonia the brutal power threatening to destroy the exquisite flower of a civilization—too exquisite, insufficiently resolute and downright, too ready to discuss and distinguish, qualify and compromise.

Doubts and questions of all kinds swarm around M. Clemenceau's outlook and doctrine. That France or Frenchmen in any sense lack unity of front or resolute robustness seems, since the late war, an odd suggestion. Apparently there was not enough to satisfy M. Clemenceau's iron concentration, but others have thought that the bulldog grit displayed was phenomenal, even unexpected. He thinks that Athens lost the Peloponnesian war through the "foolish policy of Pericles in fighting only on the defensive." Others have thought she lost by deserting that policy after his death—that the apparent deterioration of Athens in the fourth century was due more to the loss of the flower of her young men in the Sicilian expedition (which Pericles would never have undertaken) than to her problematical over-refinement. The Fabian policy saved Rome and might have saved Athens.

As regards the policy of Demosthenes, historians have differed. Grote's admiration was almost as unqualified as M. Clemenceau's, to whom the Athenian orator is the greatest, wisest, and noblest of all Greeks. Of later historians, Adolf Halm thought the Greeks knew very well the Athenian feeling that only Athens really mattered, and knew her as little to be trusted as Philip, with the liberties of Greece. In Holm's opinion, Demosthenes's own attitude, however it may have stimulated his countrymen's course by encouraging their self esteem, nevertheless ruined his cause by alienating the Spartans and the other allies. J. B. Bury finds him a purblind patriot, who only saw (or only cared) that the increase of Macedonia meant the curtailment of

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