

without trumpeting. You may insist on "meanwhiling" with your eyes focussed far ahead. You may plan and work and build, — something.

Occasionally, also, you may recall with some alarm the Tower of Babel and its final confusion of tongues.

DONALD F. ROSE

Freud and Beyond

RECALLING a student's conviction that the purpose of Caesar's invasion of Gaul was to complicate college entrance examinations, one faced with the formidable pages of Dr. Trigant Burrow's *SOCIAL BASIS OF CONSCIOUSNESS* (Harcourt, Brace, \$4.00) inclines to the belief that this disquisition was prepared to make the way of the transgressing reviewer hard. Dr. Burrow resents the imputation that he is a mystic; he must accept the objective finding that he is a mystifier. Whatever may be said to indicate the trend of his ingenious combination of the suggestive and the hopeless, must leave much more unsaid and understood. Freud began with sex as the central motive power of whatever normal and neurotic consciousnesses there be; Jung moved it toward the dynamo of power, mastery, the will to prevail; Adler enlarged it to the total works of the ego; Burrow makes it the social system of control. Yet each successive stage of this kaleidoscopic progression whirls or gyrates with intricately intertwining orbits, making man a fearful wonder to behold, as the psychoanalyst's vivisection reveals him.

In Dr. Burrow's volume, which is edited for the International Library of Psychology by C. K. Ogden, M. A., of Magdalen College, Cambridge, a confusing juxtaposition of the cleverly intelligible with the still more cleverly unintelligible awaits the intrepid reader.

Through the device of the motion-picture there is reflected the social drama that comprises our day, just as through the device of the dream there is reflected the individual drama that is our night. It is in this illusory *bidimension* of the photoplay that we are so much at home. . . . The same narrative would appear too utterly obvious and banal to pass muster in the solid

perspective of the spoken drama. . . . We like moving pictures because we are moving pictures. . . . For in the active motor images of the social mind with its manifold gestures of a self-reflective actuality, there is inherently no less unreality than in the passive sensory images of the individual mind in the private theatre of its self-reflective phantasy-building.

It is in this strain that, for two hundred and fifty arduous pages, the thesis is maintained that all is vanity, because we are in the shadow of our own light; because we interpret by the insanity of our own (alleged) sanity; because we confuse our own socially imposed projection as sources of illumination; because until by Freudian reconstruction the world is pulled inside out like a sleeve through its own lining, we can not attain to the revelational clarity of "the social basis of consciousness". Like a psychological Einstein, recognizing our actual world of time, space, and energy as only one of a score of equally valid, inclusive systems, Dr. Burrows contends that we must await a Freudian salvation of our whole psychic universe, substituting the social solar cosmos for our prejudiced terrestrial dwelling-place of a shadow consciousness. And if this is not clear, a direct consultation of the original will remove any vestige of clarity that remains.

Writing as one brother to another, William could ask Henry James whether, if he found utterance so painfully laborious and involved, it would not be better to remain inarticulate. Dr. Burrow has a mind and a message that is to be taken seriously, however unlike other minds and other messages. It has something of the spontaneous glow of the William with the impenetrable artificial fog of the Henry James, both authentically derived from the mystical trend of the Henry Sr. Those acquainted with the peculiar optical vertigo that results from long watching the gyrations of the Japanese dancing mouse, may have a similar response to the restless mazes here presented, with a key that is more puzzling than the lock, which, we are assured, it opens. The biologist informs us that the mouse's ceaseless activity results from a hereditary disturbance of the semicircular canals, by which

normals (mice as well as men) retain stability in an unstable world. Dr. Burrow's three-dimensioned psychic canals seem to us disoriented.

Dr. Burrow owes it to his readers to attempt a statement of his views that falls within the horizon of the limited psychic dimensions of the ordinary professorial and medical mind. There is something here of moment; there is a concept that has carrying power to affect theory and practice. For it all arises out of the actual clinical contacts of psychoanalysis. It out-Freuds Freud, yet there finds its fulcrum and motive power. Who would have thought that from the psychic symptoms of one distraught hysterical maiden in Vienna, there would grow within half a century a cosmic reconstruction of the entire universe of consciousness? Yet who would have thought that within a shorter period, the salivation of one dog in Petrograd would have inspired the equally comprehensive behavioristic assurance that there is nothing in all this mental mystery to explain, except a simply conditioned reflex? It isn't men, so much as psychologists, who are fearfully and wonderfully made.

JOSEPH JASTROW

Tom Paine, Martyr

BY his contemporaries and their posterity Thomas Paine has been awarded little of the praise he has deserved. Commentators like Leslie Stephen and Theodore Roosevelt have relied upon fictitious documents and personal prejudices for their evaluations of the great libertarian. Therefore, Mary Agnes Best has accepted it as her task in *THOMAS PAINE — PROPHET AND MARTYR OF DEMOCRACY* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.50) to resurrect the public man, — the valorous antagonist and the passionate protagonist, — from the entanglements of unjustified accusations. She has diligently investigated the documents of his time and the public history of the man himself to give his valor and passion immediate meaning for us. Her research has vindicated his contribution and invalidated the censures. Her carefully gleaned documents reveal Paine's unselfishness and devotion to freedom. She is pugnacious and vigilant in his defense and writes with her sleeves

rolled up; but at the same time she is shrewd in her recognition of his limitations as a controversialist and tactician.

Miss Best spares her own pen wherever documents are more revealing. This may be a form of creativeness, but it does not make for the best appreciation of the entire man. A biographer must view the individual less from the evidence of documents than from the evidence of his own conduct, and for this the biographer must acquaint himself with his subject's private life even more than with his public life. In Miss Best's biography of Paine we miss the private man, — the man as an active unit. That we glimpse as much of his personality as we do from this succession of quotations is a result of Miss Best's diligence and judgment. Nor does she give us the real significance of Paine's martyrdom. Paine, unlike his compatriots, was no mere rebel; he was a revolutionary.

HARRY ALAN POTAMKIN

Let's Write a Romance

HOWEVER shallow, deep, prudish, or frank the main trend in contemporary fiction may be, publishers always maintain an inconspicuous, steadily beating pulse of swashbuckling romance. Sometimes a romance, refusing to be passed by, will wring unwilling recognition from the sophisticated, as Conrad's novels did. *TALL MEN* by James Stuart Montgomery (Greenberg, \$2.00) is part of this year's output of romance, written very much in the tradition of Jeffry Farnol and John Buchan, although feebler than anything these two have ever put forth.

Being laid in Civil War times, it might be interpreted as an added symptom of reviving interest in the conflict that is just now getting remote enough to captivate our imagination. It might be called the romantic counterpart of such soberer books as *Marching On* and *Forever Free*. It deals not with pitched battles and faithful slaves, but with the English blockade runners who, in those times, coined a kind of piratical gold by supplying Lancashire mills with Confederate cotton.

Johnnie Holt, the hero, having drunk too much for an Oxford undergraduate (extraordinary lad!), signs as supercargo