

As for Roxana, she was never seen again. Some say she was poisoned, and that the Lord Mayor's State Bedroom at the Mansion-House is haunted by her spectre, though others maintain that this loyal and gifted cat, after her master's decease, made her way back to the scene of her former splendours, ending her life in *Mon Repos* as the honoured guest of the Emperor. But this second report does not seem to me altogether likely, for Sir Richard's great business capacity and enterprise had been responsible for supplying every kingdom in those regions with the most advanced weapons of modern warfare, and, by the time each of these countries had given the rest a New Order, and had then liberated one another, it is not to be supposed that many dwellings, many Emperors—or many subjects—were left. . . . And the most glorious war of all, the Crusade for the Lowest Common Denominator, was still to come. But, at least, it has been stated in the last few weeks by reputable travellers that the Temple the Emperor raised to Roxana still stands unscathed in the remote mountains of Tongador.

SELECTED NOTICES

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE PUBLIC¹

By EDWARD GLOVER

FOR some time past the popular attitude to 'Psychology' has become increasingly complacent. This change in reaction is the more remarkable in that it cannot be attributed to increased understanding on the part of the general public. Man has always been afraid of his mind or, as we would now say more accurately, afraid of his unconscious mind; consequently he has reacted to the study of psychology with a superstitious dread which is often thinly concealed by contempt or indignation. The reaction has been enhanced by three circumstances. As organic medicine began to free itself from obscurantist traditions and became a more respectable 'science', fears of the mysteries of the body were transferred to existing fears of the mysteries of the mind. The other and more important factors were the discovery by Freud of the unconscious mind and the development of psycho-analysis which owes its existence to that discovery. Ancient fears of magic and mesmerism were promptly displaced by the new science. Indeed a good deal of the early abuse of psycho-analysis was due not so much to its supposedly pan-sexual views—a myth which is still extremely tenacious of life—as to the fact that study of the unconscious mind was identified in the popular imagination with dabbling in the occult.

¹ John Layard: *The Lady of the Hare*: a study in the healing power of Dreams. London, Faber & Faber. 12s. 6d. net.

A similar explanation may be given of the lively though uninstructed interest at one time taken in the defection from psycho-analysis of some of Freud's early adherents, in particular Jung and Adler. Their repudiation of fundamental Freudian principles must have been a comfort to all who had been shocked by the, usually garbled, accounts they had heard or read of Freudian psychology. To this day it is a comfort to academic psychologists to point to the existence of warring 'schools' of clinical psychology; and well-meaning general physicians vie with less well-meaning psychiatrists to draw the preposterous conclusion that because Jung and Adler disagreed with Freud, the monumental structure of Freud's unconscious psychology must rest on shaky foundations. So when it appears that 'psychology' itself is being accepted as 'respectable' we may reasonably suspect either that the public has developed fresh misconceptions on the subject or that the psychology they now come in contact with has in fact become more 'respectable', that is to say less realistic. Actually there is some truth in both surmises.

If we ask ourselves what 'psychology' is generally supposed to mean the answer is that in the great majority of cases no supposition at all exists. Setting these cases aside, we conjecture that 'psychology' is popularly identified with 'psycho-analysis' and 'psycho-analysis' with 'Freud', but a rectified Freud, unobjectionable and even salutary when administered in a highly diluted form by some non-Freudian 'specialist'. No doubt there are some in whose imagination 'psychology' is pictured as a sort of hyphenated monster answering to the name of 'Freud-Jung-Adler'. This misconception was strengthened when, not long before the present war, 'Psychiatry' awoke from its non-psychological slumbers in mental hospitals to find that it had been invested with psychological attributes overnight. And with the expansion of army psychiatric services, whose personnel is largely recruited from asylum officers, a rapid deterioration of psychological science has in fact set in. War is a bad time for 'depth' psychology and it will take anything from 20 to 50 years to recover the ground lost by pitchforking psychologically untrained psychiatrists into the field of mental science.

But whereas we may hope that sooner or later this misfortune will be overcome, the same cannot be said of the Eclectic Psychologist who, it is to be feared, we shall always have with us. The term denotes not any coherent school of thought, but merely a class of unclassifiables having in common a perhaps excessive disregard for the claims of logical consistency. For although it is possible to take a little bit of Freud, a little bit of Jung and a little bit of Adler, the bits are, even for practical purposes, extremely small. In matters of principle, Freud and Jung are poles apart while Adler inhabits an entirely distinct and not very important planet. Among the Eclectics are many very useful persons, aiming at, and in favourable cases obtaining quick therapeutic results; or, at worst, intervening between the sufferer on one hand and on the other the massed misunderstandings and moral indignation of his family, his family doctor and himself.

Besides this practical and pedestrian kind of Eclectic we have a sublimer race of beings whose only discernible object is to astound. These very often affect a sort of super-Freudianism mixed up with anything else they fancy. A favourite dodge is to pity and revile Freud for his initial errors with the

implication that these errors were ultimately corrected not by Freud but by the triumphant super-Freudian and his allies. The typical Eclectic has often an instructive tendency to edge away from the Deep (Freudian) Unconscious, preferring (superstitiously) the term Subconscious, which has the advantage of meaning anything or nothing. Sometimes he seems to have no suspicion of any distinction of meaning between the two terms.

Omitting many interesting varieties of Eclectic Psychologist, we are now obliged to introduce the Crank: one whose main interest is a fad or good intention of some sort accidentally linked up with something supposed to be of a psychological nature, perhaps merely a small but ill-chosen vocabulary, perhaps a fairly ambitious system (of nonsense) based on a fairly complete misunderstanding of Freudian, Jungian, or some other psychological doctrine. For the Crank's purpose Freud has the advantage of notoriety, but combines less readily with pure mush than do some of his competitors. Jung has obvious attractions, chiefly his turn for uplift, also perhaps his curious fairy-tale symbolism so readily transformed by ignorance into a mythology. Adler too, has his appeal having fathered a simple one-way system to counter the complexities of mental life, but on the other hand his barren simplicity does not lend itself to the mystical afforestations of the Crank.

Mr. Layard, author of the book now before us, has chosen to attach himself to the skirts of the Jungians. Not unwisely: feeling perhaps that 'his nonsense suits their nonsense'. The result is more *palpable* nonsense than he could probably have produced alone. The Jungian collective Unconscious (or his notion thereof) does give him something to muddle himself about. Without some such 'framework' he must have wallowed indefinitely in the foamy seas of his own revivalistic emotions and might perhaps never have become a psychologist. It was, significantly enough, a country parson who had the idea of prescribing 'psychology' for the troubles of a young parishioner, 'Margaret Wright', and 'psychology' was luckily forthcoming in the shape of Mr. Layard, who readily consented to try what he could do. Margaret, however, who was mentally defective to begin with, was in such a state of internal tension as to be inaccessible to a direct approach; so Mr. Layard decided to tackle the problem from an environmental angle. Not at all a bad idea either. It is well over twenty-five years since Abraham pointed out that the neuroses of mothers can, *via* the unconscious, stimulate the formation of neuroses in their children. And for a long time now child-psychologists of all brands have sought to bring influence to bear on their patients by contacting (and sometimes by analysing) the parents. It is equally well known that defective children are even more sensitive to unconscious anxieties than neurotic children, although the muted exterior of their minds has even less chance of expressing such fears. And since defective children are almost invariably handled with unwisdom, they naturally respond by retreating into their lonely interiors, from which it takes a good deal of love and reassurance to entice and rescue them.

It is all the more curious therefore that Mr. Layard should have passed over the claims of an unlucky neurotic 'Aunt Bertha' (who, living in the 'Wright' household, was the bane of Margaret's life as Margaret was of hers) to attack the problem *via* the girl's mother 'Mrs. Wright', the predestined Lady of the Hare.

In her he discerned rare and lofty qualities (of intuition and so forth) under the simple exterior of an elderly countrywoman unspoiled by so-called education, a midwife by trade, a Northern Irishwoman by birth, by early upbringing a Presbyterian. The presentation is not unlikelike: we are able to develop from what we are told certain further qualities: particularly an obliging readiness to flatter and be flattered, and a censorious attitude towards the female part of humanity, together with a tolerable conceit of herself. This was the human instrument Mr. Layard now sought to temper by the enlightening and at the same time curative or, to adopt his terminology, redemptive process of Dream Analysis.

Here we should note that dreams (according to Mr. Layard) may be taken as being 'of God' if we know how to read and profit by the messages they contain, but 'equally of the devil' if we do not. This, if it made sense, might seem alarming; but Mr. Layard, rightly undismayed, proceeds to make a somewhat arbitrary mess of the very few old dreams and visions which are all Mrs. Wright has to show for a lifetime of fifty-four years. They are fortunately sufficient to prove that there is something askew in Mrs. Wright's inner life: she is not entirely faultless. Like Mr. Darcy, however, she has chosen her faults well: a little over-righteousness, an excessive purity, and (very naturally) a little pride. To all this, and to the subsequent discovery that she has for a long time been inadvertently *exercising a maleficent influence on*, or in the simpler tongue of our forefathers, bewitching her daughter, the patient reacts with modest equanimity.

Meanwhile the dreams have become numerous and of the most redemptive sort. Visionary Blood Sacrifices, notably that of the Hare, symbolize and promote the transformation of the dreamer's 'instincts' into 'spiritual power'. 'Instincts', we are told, 'desire' to be so transmuted. Behind this statement there lie unplumbed depths of psychological confusion. A clearer head than Mr. Layard's might have perceived the advantages of always holding fast to symbolism: the idea of a hare bent on 'transformation' (self-immolation) is silly enough but not actually inconceivable. This numinous beast, the *Self-Immolating Hare*, first appears in modest circumstances. Mrs. Wright dreams that she finds him occupying a bowl in the kitchen of a cousin's house in Ireland; she is required to kill him, and does so rather incompetently with a kitchen knife. The hare manifests no concern in the proceedings: 'The hare never moved and did not seem to mind'.

Mr. Layard however, minded greatly. In Mrs. Wright's accommodating memory the nonchalance of the hare is retrospectively improved into a 'look of extreme satisfaction and trust'. (This occurs in connection with the dream sacrifice of a local tradesman, a handsome young Jew.) But the self-immolating hare becomes the hero of the book: though it was not until a couple of years later that Mr. Layard discovered him in Buddhist mythology; all that is most ancient and archetypal. The creature likewise, we are told, immolates himself to this day in the fields of County Armagh, Northern Ireland; which might be thought to abate the wonder of his appearance in the consciousness of Mrs. Wright, but Mr. Layard seems not to notice this. The *ancient archetypal* of his dream is somehow combined with the discovery and cure of the negative *articipation mystique* exercised by the lady on her child. And Mythical

Hares of all kinds romp freely through the last and much the longest section of the book (pp. 100–227).

Returning to Mrs. Wright, we find her passing from ritual symbolism to 'intellectual' instruction. After some talk of a dream featuring a Black Pony drawing a load of three-leaved clover we hear Mr. Layard saying to his patient, 'What is it that is against God? . . . Well, God is light, isn't He? Then evil is dark, that means, what we don't know' . . . 'God can be a Destroyer as well as a Creator, for all things are possible to Him. He rules over the night as well as the day. But if we say He rules only over the day, what happens to the night? . . .' (Of the Black Pony) 'He is the hidden fourth Power representing, like all animals, the instinctive reactions that we in our present civilization have tended to lose through our too great concentration on the light side of the godhead, thereby neglecting the dark . . .' (Instinct was represented by the Pony and) 'it was to the Pony that the Teacher' (a dream-figure) 'referred as being "the one higher than God", meaning not that he *was* higher than God, for as we have seen, the two should be equal and married but that he must for the moment be *represented* as higher because our instincts had been too much neglected' . . .

Mr. Layard's divinity has perhaps delighted us long enough. It remains to inquire what the therapeutic results have been. Reports are up to a point reassuring: Mrs. Wright herself who seems never to have had anything much the matter with her, has gained in stability and diffuses blessedness. The neurotic aunt is more or less cured through the merits of her sister of (seasonal) swooning and of quarrelling with Margaret. From the same cause, or perhaps because of the removal of her mother's aforementioned maleficent influences (negative *participation mystique*) Margaret has learned to speak up nicely, take an interest in her clothes, and love her Aunt Bertha. Apparently too, she has lost her addiction to miscellaneous reading, formerly much and adversely commented upon. Further news arrived about two years after the end of the mother's formal analysis: Margaret (by her mother's account) had continued to improve. A phase of daylight visions developed into 'second sight'. Visionary perceptions of a long-deceased grandfather became merged with the traditional figure of Bonnie Prince Charlie—whom Mr. Layard regards as a probable 'legendary hero' for a 'loyal Northern Irish family' strangely, we think, however Scottish their descent. This Royal 'concept' however, merged into or was replaced by a higher concept still, that of the Heavenly Father, under whose direct guidance she now believes herself to be'. It is almost needless to add that she is developing a 'power for spiritual healing', happily protected by her 'so-called mental deficiency' from the illusory belief that disease of the body is anything other than a disguised disease of the soul.

Further volumes are to be devoted to all these matters. But we need not wait for their appearance to say roundly that neither the validity of Jung's psychology, nor any of the controversies between followers of different 'schools' can be affected by any part of this book. Nor is this judgement altered one whit by the fact that Mr. Layard has padded out his essay with a collection of myth and folklore regarding the Hare. By itself and shorn of the interpretations which Mr. Layard freely interpolates, this part would make a useful addition to an anthropologist's collection of pamphlets. As a background to

Mr. Layard's theses it is of no value, for the theses depend on Mr. Layard's arbitrary interpretations, and the nature and function of myth cannot be determined by a brand of interpretation for all the world like the marginal comments on the Song of Solomon to be found in the Authorized Version. Had Mrs. Wright's Ninth Dream concerned the gutting of a herring, it would have been equally possible to produce a volume entitled 'The Lady of the Herring', containing abundant references to the mythology of the Fish, including even polite allusion to its universal employment as a phallic symbol.

But in that case, it may be asked, why bother to give Mr. Layard more than a three-line reference. There are I think, two good reasons for bothering. In the first place informed reviewers can exercise a considerable and beneficent influence by spreading objective information about psychology. If they are not well informed they can, even if inadvertently, do their readers a disservice by suggesting that any new book of arty format and precious title represents a milestone in psychological progress. Having forgotten or never having heard of the earlier stages of psychological controversy, they may hail as new and potent wine some heady brand of ginger beer that has been poured into old wine bottles.

The second reason is even more important. As I have said, the Eclectics we shall always have with us; and as they grow in numbers, the impression will no doubt be created that the old controversies between Freudians, Jungians and Adlerians have given place to a happy eclectic concert. Now to a certain extent it is true that the controversies have died down but that is largely because a newer generation of adherents are too busy with their own practices to bother about the said old controversies. In a sense of course they are well advised because they will seldom or never succeed in influencing their opponents. Nevertheless the issues remain and cannot be burked or glossed over. The Freudian will continue to maintain that you cannot abandon the libido theory, the theory of repression and the dynamics of transference, and remain a Freudian. He will never accept the picturesque Jungian concept of the collective unconscious and all it connotes in place of Freud's orderly conception of the relation of the Id to the various structures and institutions to be found in the unconscious mind. Although aware that the earliest phases of mental development are still for the greatest part *terra incognita* the Freudian holds that this lack of knowledge cannot be compensated by a vague concept which is incapable of expression in terms of mental structure, economy and dynamics. Until he knows more he will cling to the basic formulations regarding the mental apparatus which were laid down by Freud and which have served to this day to keep our heads clear when faced with the complicated problems of mental research.

Apart from this it has to be borne in mind that Jung and Adler, although the best known, were not the only dissidents from Freudian psychology. They were followed by Rank seeking to develop in his Birth Trauma Theory a monistic explanation of mental development and disorder. Even at the present time the urge to reconstruct early stages of development has, in this country at any rate, led to a split in psycho-analytical circles. Already the Klein theory, which, although not strictly speaking monistic, attributes an overwhelming preponderance to the developmental significance of the instincts of aggression, and

has given rise to a 'reconstruction' of a so-called 'depressive position' existing at the third month of life and due to the infant's sense of overwhelming loss arising from the imagined destruction inside itself of the all-loving mother. Orthodox Freudians have already challenged this as a mystical deviation. And no doubt from time to time other deviations will arise and will require to be challenged with equal vigour. The fact is that the issues of modern clinical psychology are not simply therapeutic issues to be settled by some kind of Gentleman's Agreement. No clinical issue will be determined by therapeutic results alone. Many patients would get quite well if only a golliwog were put in the psychologist's chair having some mechanical contrivance capable of saying from time to time 'what does that bring to your mind' or 'you must become more aware of your redemptive process'. The psycho-analysis of Freud is not simply a psycho-therapeutic process; it lays down certain fundamental conceptions which are and will remain the test of all future progress in mental science.

L'Esistenzialismo. By Guido de Ruggiero. Gius, Laterza & Figli (Bari), L. 8.00.

EXISTENTIALISM is upon us. It dominated the thought of continental Europe before the war. We caught occasional whiffs of it in the work of Berdyaev, Unamuno, Shestov and the Protestant theologians. The names of the German existential philosophers, Heidegger and Jaspers, had been distantly heard. Kierkegaard, the *fons et origo*, was being issued under quiet, Anglican auspices by the Oxford University Press. Now the lid is off Europe, and we are appalled by the nightmare shapes which existentialism has assumed in our absence. Or perhaps we are not appalled. Perhaps, like Rudolph Friedmann, we dub 'existential' that which meets with our approval by reason of its thoroughness, profundity and gloom. But the more timid are appalled. Those who read in these pages Philip Toynbee's optimistic survey of French literature during the occupation may care to set against it an article by Claude Magny in the December issue of *La France Libre*. A philosophy which originated in Christian faith has become, in France, a philosophical *danse macabre* whose first assumptions are atheistic, nihilistic and desperate. '*La littérature et la philosophie d'à présent développent jusque dans ses dernières conséquences la "mort de Dieu" prophétisée par Nietzsche . . . L'émotion métaphysique se glissera partout, on la verra sourdre derrière chacun de ses mots, comme l'eau envahit les traces de pas laissées sur un sol marécageux . . .*' Italy provides confirmation in the form of a monograph which, containing perhaps the most acute criticism of the Kierkegaardian position yet made, opens with references (at first incomprehensible to a native of this backward land) to a body of thought which is in essence metaphysical pornography. '*C'è di più nell'esistenzialismo qualcosa che eccita la fantasia con la curiosità morbosa di un romanzo giallo.*'¹

This monograph is an epilogue to and has already been incorporated in the second edition of Ruggiero's *Filosofi del Novecento* (Laterza, L. 50), itself a

¹ 'There is moreover something in existentialism which excites the imagination with the morbid curiosity of a thriller.' Signor de Ruggiero goes on to express surprise that the professors should line themselves up with 'authors or assiduous readers of thrillers' (*romanzi gialli*, yellow novels). It is possible that in Italy thrillers are not written and read by professors.