

CORRESPONDENCE

The Real Münsterberg

1917 ten per cent, between 1917 and 1919 twenty-three. It is not improbable that there was a further decrease in 1920. Between 1909 and 1913 the output of rye averaged nearly twelve bushels per acre, while in 1919 it was a little over ten. The small decrease was due primarily to the extraordinarily good crops of 1918 and 1919. The drought of 1920 reduced the output far below the average of 1919. The situation became alarming. The peasant obviously "sabotaged" at the expense of the city, producing little over the minimum necessary for the maintenance of his family.

It was this crisis in food production that dictated the new economic policy inaugurated last April. The grain monopoly was abandoned. A tax in kind was introduced. For the year 1921-1922, the quota was fixed at 230,000,000 poods. As the total crops are estimated at 2,200,000,000 poods, the rate was supposed to be a little in excess of ten per cent. The extraordinary drought in the Southeast, however, and the ensuing ruin of the crops in an area occupied by no less than twenty millions, may upset all calculations. The new policy allows the peasant to sell in the open market the surplus of his produce which remains after the payment of the tax. This in turn made freedom of trade a necessity. Other measures, such as encouragement of private cooperative production, are only a logical consequence. Strenuous efforts are being made to import agricultural tools. The redistribution of the land has been forbidden for a series of years to come.

It is premature at present to guess as to the consequences of these measures, particularly in view of the horrible crisis which has smitten the country as a result of this year's drought. It is well to remember, however, that famine has not been unknown in Russia these last thirty years and that the endurance of the Russian masses is beyond Western comprehension. The Soviet organization, with its quick and decisive method of action, may turn out more capable of facing such a crisis than any other administration. It may be assumed with a degree of certainty that even the present famine will not disrupt the social fabric of new Russia.

The famine only throws a glaring light on the urgent need of economic reconstruction. In the field of agriculture, the path of progress leads apparently through peasants' cooperative organizations, which are now being greatly encouraged. Buying cooperatives, selling cooperatives, and producing cooperatives will have to take the place of the present anarchic methods of agriculture, if the peasants are to secure a better life. The strips will have to be abandoned, intensification of tillage will have to be introduced. Enormous fields of phosphorites in various regions of Russia and the potash of the Caucasus will furnish the necessary fertilizer. Agricultural implements of the smaller variety are the greatest need.

The middle peasant will probably remain the prevailing type in the village for many years to come. Free trade and private initiative may create a new group of "kulaks," but if the present system survives, ways and means will be found to hold the group in check or even to combat it. The average peasant has always been an enemy of the "kulaks" and where the mass is in control it will not make their existence easy. As to cooperation with a proletariat engaged in nationalized industries, it must be borne in mind that, fundamentally, the peasantry is no less interested in increasing the productivity of industries than the worker, and that under conditions of fair exchange between city and village, there is no occasion for clashes.

MOISSAYE J. OLGIN.

SIR: Why in your recent remarks about Münsterberg did you imitate the very fault you were so successfully criticizing? You say "we suffered from Münsterberg's pseudo science." Why did you say that and just what did you have in mind? Surely not the *Beiträge*, nor the *Grundzüge*, nor the *Laboratory studies*, nor *Psychology and Life*, nor *The Eternal Values*. All of these works are able, some profound, all technically superb and they are the bulk of his output. True, there was at Harvard a complacent, calmly arrogant group who seem to have made it one of their chief concerns in life to make Münsterberg look contemptible and ridiculous. In this they were assisted by the jealousies of one or two lesser lights outside and the neurotic rages of one of Münsterberg's colleagues within. In their eyes his sins were numerous and scarlet. He wrote articles in the *Sunday American*, a paper not recognized in the best families; he did not conceal his pleasure at the public approval his popular works received; he never seemed to have respected the dogma that popularity and scholarship were incompatible; his perhaps not inconsiderable vanities, so unlike the less amiable and less frank conceits of many of his colleagues, loomed to them like crimes. So Münsterberg was excommunicated, his faults industriously magnified, his virtues denied and his work derided; by some he was scorned and insulted. When the war broke out, these animosities were doubly poisoned and inflamed. Münsterberg, the erstwhile vigorous exponent of German civilization, was set upon with a malignity that was positively ruthless. In this soil of snobbery, jealousy, hatred and unreason was grown the myth of his scientific and intellectual incompetence. How dark a shadow on the name of fair Harvard this persecution of Münsterberg has been you can see by a glance abroad.

A very active Münsterberg baiter, one of the high priests of Harvard, who recently referred to J. M. Keynes as "a popular writer on subjects connected with the peace treaty," was one day raging with especial virulence. A friend of mine asked, "But is Münsterberg not competent in his own field?" "Not at all, not at all," was the answer, "He is 'rotten' even in his own subject." It so happened that on the day this conversation was reported to me I was reading a book by E. A. Taylor, perhaps the most ruthless and sophisticated critic in English philosophy. This is what I read: "Thanks to the masterly researches of Münsterberg, we may now say that this important problem is definitely set at rest." Just after reading your review, I looked into a very important volume by Aliotta, one of the greatest of the Italian philosophers, and found him devoting twenty-four closely reasoned pages to this "pseudo-scientist"; while Watson, himself in the front rank of living psychologists, tells me today that "Münsterberg was really a great psychologist; his early work was of unexampled promise; the *Grundzüge* is a magnificent and masterful performance; even the later propagandizing volumes, his incidental work, should not be as harshly criticized as they were. They were very instrumental in initiating our modern vocational psychology, and helped pave the way for the important work done by psychologists in the American army."

Of course this is not the place to argue the final merits of Münsterberg's contributions, but it is always in season to protest against injustice, and it is high time that this mean canard about him was disposed of. Münsterberg was really a great scholar who made important additions to the intellectual life of America. His penetrating and organizing genius effected substantial advances in the realms of scientific psychology; even his popular works imparted sound method and much solid information, displacing a good deal of the sentimentalism and ignorance that discredits so many American enthusiasms. His philosophy, while not directly available to many, has been a wholesome and correcting influence. Münsterberg was perhaps the only scientist of distinction working in this country who really understood the nature, scope and limits of scientific method, perhaps the supreme question of our era, and his contributions to this problem have been of utmost value.

Don't be unfair to a genuine scientist, a first class philosopher, a useful public teacher, a prophet sorely reviled in his own country, who was above all, to the very moment of his death, a brave, serene, high minded man.

You ride with such gallantry and skill against so many abominations, that I feel uncomfortable in the rôle of a fault finder; but I am sure that you do not want unwittingly to lend vitality to anything false or unjust.

ARTHUR UPHAM POPE.

Go Easy on the Professors

SIR: You and your esteemed correspondent, Professor Dickinson Miller, are unduly harsh in your treatment of the lecturing professor, whom you picture as a lazy drone chiefly engaged in searching for the easiest kind of respiratory exercise. You want to improve him, to turn him into a drill master, a quizzer, a commentator, and a general fetcher and carrier for college students—one who lives laborious days to inspire the sons and daughters of farmers, bean kings, and stock brokers.

Having left the teaching guild for all time and having no vested interest in the lecture system, I venture to protest against your savage treatment of my former colleagues. The drilling, cramming, stirring, and poking business, which you assign to the college teacher, is none of his business. I was myself for seven long years a student in American and European universities, and the bright spots in those weary months were the brilliant lectures I heard by undoubted masters like H. Morse Stephens, York Powell, and Moses Coit Tyler. They were real teachers. They knew things that were not found in books and they moved me to rush to the library and find out more for myself. My drill masters have disappeared in my limbo of oblivion. All they did was to make learning odious to me.

The trouble with you and Professor Miller is that you want to force learning on the youth by hydraulic pressure. You want to coddle and nurse them along by "personal attention." Nothing could be more wasteful of professorial energies. See how Benjamin Franklin and Abraham Lincoln learned their lessons. Lincoln had a few books and a rush light to read by. The modern student has a whole library, trained librarians to slave for him, electric lamps hung by efficiency experts, and comfortable chairs to sit in. The gateways of learning are open to him.

The college teacher's business is to follow the precept of Dr. Johnson. He should say to his students: "Ladies and gentlemen, there are the books and in the corner is the rod. Learn your lessons." In the meantime he should keep supple and avoid drilling, grinding, quizzing, conferring, cramming, up-lifting, and hand-holding. He should devote himself to matters of the spirit and have something to say that is worth while. A teacher who cannot do that ought not to be teaching. It is a crime against suffering humanity to set a man who cannot inspire by the spoken word to cramming the uninspired.

I pray you, therefore, to cease your attacks on the professor. Between drive committees engaged in raising relief funds for him and Vice-President Coolidge busy convicting him (for fifty cents a word) of Bolshevism, he has enough troubles. His friends and well wishers should not turn and rend him.

New York City.

CHARLES A. BEARD.

P. S. Recently at a week end party of a dozen college men and women (old "grads"), I heard no mention of college entrance examinations, the lecture method, requirements for admission, or books written by professors. The nearest approach to a discussion of "education" was a roar of laughter over the efforts of a college president to break into the British empire.

Women in Politics

SIR: In your issue of July 20th appears an article, in which the author calls attention to the undeniable fact that women are still far behind men in the importance of the public positions which they hold, despite all the opportunities which education and the franchise have given them. The reason which she gives for this is the "inferiority complex" of women which makes them timid about grasping the opportunities which might be theirs. I daresay there is much truth in this, but to my mind she has failed to stress a far more important and universal factor.

This factor is that no general ethics have developed upon the matter of the divided responsibility which women owe to their families, and to their jobs, and until it has developed, women fall inevitably, as men do not, into the ranks either of the married or the unmarried. Miss (or Mrs.) Martin says—"Women are ready now, whether the office be justice of the peace, mayor of New York, member of Congress or of the Cabinet." I do not think that this is true. It would be more exact to say—"Unmarried women and widows are ready now," but the chances

are that most married women, however able and ambitious, would not be ready at all. In fact it is doubtful if anyone, except in exceptional circumstances, would consider the woman with a family as even eligible for these offices. She would be unlikely to get support if she ran for them, for the public would feel that it probably indicated family quarrels or neglect in the background, and she would not be considered "sound." Perhaps Miss Martin might agree to this, but still protest—"There are unmarried women and widows enough to start with. Let's begin with them." Undoubtedly there are thousands of them as good or better than the average men in office. Nevertheless, in order to get a mass movement of women started, the mass of women must be behind it, and able to cooperate. And the mass of women, according to the census, eventually marry. A choice of experts for first-class jobs, restricted to unmarried and widowed women, is as narrow and limited in its range as a choice restricted to bachelors and widowers. The greater part of the professional expert work of men is done by married men, who in their mature years make use of the training of their youth. Unless the vast majority of married women develop a professional as well as a domestic conscience, merely removing the "inferiority complex" from those who at any time happen to be without family ties, will accomplish very little. In a recent book on careers for women fully a hundred and seventy-five careers were described, but I saw no hint that marriage interfered with any of them. Yet most of us are familiar with the fact that although many married women have had adequate training, their resignation from whatever office they held, usually accomplished the announcement of their engagement, and that this was considered right and proper. The career might go on, but a different woman held it, until she in turn deserted the ranks. Such a procedure does not make experts, and yet this married group is doubly important, first because it has so many more members, and also because its ideals are more directly passed onto the next generation.

I would suggest that this matter cannot be decided offhand. On the contrary a vast amount of preliminary study must be made. Not for the unusual women—they can take care of themselves; and not for the unmarried women free from obligations. Let them go ahead and stop feeling inferior, if any of them still do. But for average married women, the vocations must be studied one by one, by people who have practiced them, and who also realize the fact that marrying does materially affect the free use of women's time. The vocations should be studied with reference to their adjustment to home work, part-time work, more economy in household engineering, and similar questions, and the results should be at the disposal of girls and boys still in school, with encouragement for them to plan ahead for economic independence for both. With enough study of the vocations, and with an educated public willing to make use of married women experts, at times, places, hours, and on pay schedules suited to their needs, we may be able to choose the cabinet members, congressmen, mayors and justices of the peace from the ranks of all women, as from all men, according to their fitness.

Otherwise the choice of women is bound to be restricted to the office-seekers who are unmarried, and who are willing to remain so. No universal movement of either men or women is likely to succeed under any such restriction as this.

Cleveland, Ohio.

ELEANOR ROWLAND WEMBRIDGE.

Overpaid, at Three per Cent?

SIR: Mr. Jones, arguing for the bonus in your issue of July 6th, says "The man who stayed at home, whether capitalist or laborer, was enormously overpaid according to all previous standards." I, who was fifty years old, stayed at home and wasn't. My pay was raised (after a while) three per cent, while my living expenses rose to—see the published statistics. My employers, who were not in a war line of business, say their income was decreased by the war, and I have every reason to believe it. They bought Liberty bonds in six big figures in one drive, but they did it out of the money they made before the war. I do not think my case is so unusual as some of these people that were not at home during the war suppose.

Ballard Vale, Massachusetts.

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

The Unconscious

Psychoanalysis and the Unconscious, by D. H. Lawrence.
New York: Thomas Seltzer.

INTERESTING, eloquent and half-baked, Mr. Lawrence pours into this short book his version of the "true unconscious." In part his essay is a protest against psychoanalysis as anti-moral. In part also it is a dithyrambic account of the beginnings of human consciousness, poetically imagined but with some strange and unpleasant ecstasies. But above these protests and dithyrambs there comes a passionate and earnest plea for "fullness of being," to be achieved by understanding the psyche in a religious way.

First, there is Mr. Lawrence's case against the Freudians. It is based on his deductions from the intolerable supposition that the analysts find incest-craving normal. "With dilated hearts," he says in a figurative passage which I should like to quote in full, "we watched Freud disappearing into the cavern of darkness . . . He came back with dreams to sell. But sweet heaven, what merchandise! What dreams, dear heart! What was there in the cave? Alas that we ever looked! Nothing but a huge slimy serpent of sex, and heaps of excrement, and a myriad repulsive little horrors spawned between sex and excrement."

Horrors, admits the Freudian, but once let in the honest daylight of analysis, and "sex" and "excrement" will lose their darkness, foulness and morbidity.

But, Mr. Lawrence retorts with anger, "Freud's unconscious amounts practically to no more than our repressed incest impulses . . . must we therefore accept the incest-craving as part of our natural desire and proceed to put it into practice, as being at any rate a lesser evil than neurosis and insanity? It is a question." But, with D. H. Lawrence, a rhetorical question, for he believes that "the Freudian unconscious is the cellar in which the mind keeps its own bastard spawn. The true unconscious is the well-head, the fountain of real motivity."

Rebounding from this supposed conclusion of psychoanalysis, that "the inhibition of incest-craving is wrong," Mr. Lawrence shows, or attempts to show, how he, for one, resolves such a difficulty. He goes back to "the identity of love with sex, the single necessity for fulfillment through love, these are our fixed ideals." And he disowns these ideals, and all ideals of mechanical principles concocted by the brain. Whether this ingenuity disposes of an incest-craving, he does not say. At any rate, it shifts the reader's attention from incest to "the true unconscious."

"What then is the true unconscious? It is not a shadow cast from the mind. It is the spontaneous life-motive in every organism . . . You can only deal with the unconscious when you realize that in every individual organism, an individual nature, an individual consciousness, is spontaneously created at the moment of conception." Mr. Lawrence, in other words, affirms his faith in "the old mystery of the divine nature of the soul. Religion was right and science is wrong. Every individual creature has a soul . . . We need not explain the unconscious, any more than we need explain the sun. We can't do either, anyway . . . There is a whole science of the creative unconscious, the unconscious in its law-abiding activities. And of this science we do not even know the first term. Yes, when we know that the unconscious appears by creation, as a new individual reality in every newly-fertilized germ-

cell, then we know the very first item of the new science."

Having connected incest with "idealism" and "the dead machine-principles of ideas and ideals," Mr. Lawrence is free to speak (or present new ideas) authoritatively about "the pristine consciousness which lies integral and progressive within every functioning organism."

The pristine consciousness, he says, inhabits "great primal nerve-centers," "the great sympathetic plexus." "The great ganglion of the spinal system, the lumbar ganglion, negatively polarizes the solar plexus in the primal psychic activity of a human individual." "On the first field of human consciousness, which is the basis of life and consciousness, are the four first poles of spontaneity." So Mr. Lawrence works it out. There is no place here for the Freudian unconscious. What there is, as he proclaims it in his peculiar jargon, is "the root of all our consciousness" in "the powerful pristine subjectivity of the unconscious on its first plane, . . . this first plane of psychic activity, polarized in the solar plexus and the lumbar ganglion of each individual unit established in a circuit with the corresponding poles of another individual."

Does it sound barbarous? Well, even if it is, (and I stagger wildly among these "polarized circuits of the dynamic unconscious"), it works up to a perfectly intelligible comment on "the amazingly difficult and vital business of human relationship."

"No human being," he says, "can develop save through the polarized connection with other beings. This circuit of polarized union precedes all mind and all knowing. It is anterior to and ascendant over the human will. And yet the mind and the will can both interfere with the dynamic circuit, an idea, like a stone wedged in a delicate machine, can arrest one whole process of psychic interaction and spontaneous growth."

"How," then, "to establish and maintain the circuit of vital polarity from which the psyche actually develops?" Mr. Lawrence says, "Psychoanalysis won't tell us." Neither will current slave-morality, "all this nonsense about love and unselfishness, more crude and repugnant than savage fetish-worship." Well, who will tell us? Mr. Lawrence vouchsafes the information himself that, a) "love is a thing to be *learned*, through centuries of patient effort;" b) "Who can do it? Nobody. Yet we have all got to do it, or else suffer ascetic tortures of starvation and privation or of distortion and overstrain and slow collapse into corruption. The whole of life is one long, blind effort at an established polarity with the outer universe, human and non-human; and the whole of modern life is a shrieking failure. It is our own fault;" c) man lives "essentially from the nourishing creative flow between himself and another or others;" d) "mental consciousness . . . provides us only with endless *appliances* which we can use for the all-too-difficult business of coming to our spontaneous-creative fullness of being."

These ideas are mainly negative. They follow, however, a definition of the interactions of human relationship—separating as well as joining, demanding independence as well as dependence, submission as well as domination—which is certainly full of poetic and spiritual suggestion. Still, even in the sweep of this suggestion, one feels that Mr. Lawrence is erecting a queer elaborate apparatus to explain what has to be done with a morally unacceptable craving. It is true, always true, that the human psyche "should be understood." But is an introverted man appeased in the knowledge that "there are six dual centers of spontaneous polarity"?