

**OUT OF RESPECT TO MR. GEORGE SYLVESTER** Viereck it is impossible to review his psychoanalytic study of Theodore Roosevelt (Jackson Press; New York). He has prophesied that it will not be reviewed in the American press, and a prophet must not be left without honor in his own land. Besides, the book is of a nature to confuse the unsophisticated reviewer. It has nothing to do with psychoanalysis; little to do with the late president; and everything—oh! pages and pages—to do with Mr. Viereck. Why should a student of psychoanalysis give himself away so completely: is it that he lacks the Freudian technique of self-analysis? The author of *The Erotic Motive in Literature* (Boni & Live-right), Mr. Albert Mordell, will be happy to supply him a vocabulary which will obviate the necessity for his studying the subject. Mr. Viereck cruelly publishes Roosevelt's ante-bellum eulogies of Mr. William Hohenzollern, late German Emperor; therefore he is sadistic; he suffers from his admiration for Mr. Roosevelt; therefore, he is masochistic; he peeps at Mr. Roosevelt's naked soul; therefore he is voyeuristic; he exhibits the true inwardness of his own personality and career, and therefore he is exhibitionistic! Mr. Viereck must not object to this reciprocal analysis of his character, for as he himself has aptly paraphrased, those who take up psychoanalysis shall perish by psychoanalysis. Of course this has nothing to do with Mr. Viereck's repute as a literary man, or with the decision of the Author's League to take away his union label. And, to speak frankly, Mr. Mordell is not capable of contributing a valid criticism of Mr. Viereck's standing in that department: his appreciation of literature is as deep as Mr. Viereck's knowledge of the psychoanalyst's technique, and may be expressed mathematically as varying inversely with the number of terms the author has extracted from the work of Freud, Brill, and others. A rich Freudian vocabulary, however, is hardly an adequate substitute for a mature insight

into human motives and actions. An author who can cite the mental evolution of John Ruskin from art critic to economist as an evidence of eccentricity is incapable of evaluating the most simple psychological development. The assumption of the Freudian technique in the case of such a person is a simple defense reaction to prevent the exposure of his incriminating lack of common sense. The method is to substitute a verbal symbol for a genuine idea. It is a mark of the pseudo-Freudian that he holds the symbol to be more significant than the fact. His mythological conception of human origins does not begin with the union of Adam and Eve; it begins with the serpent. And the serpent leaves the slimy trail of its symbolism across the whole garden of existence.

The Bellman [b.1906-d.1919] "will not overstay his welcome or overplay his part. . . . Other times and other manners, also other journals to suit them."

The Review [b.1919-d.?] "takes itself so seriously that the difficulty will be . . . simply to secure readers, or enough of them, in this country, who were born without a sense of humor."—*The Bellman, Farewell Number, June 28, 1919.*

IT IS NOT WITHOUT REGRET THAT THE DIAI turns to look down Grub Street after the departing figure of The Bellman. For thirteen years this dignified person has gone this way each week garbed always in the red waistcoat and three-cornered hat which set off to best advantage a florid countenance glowing with respectable sincerity. Of late a puzzled expression has become familiar to this face; The Bellman's voice has seemed a trifle querulous; the notes of the Bell itself have at times been scarcely audible among the multitudinous new voices in the street. But bravely now, if thinly, tinkles its swan-song:

At last, on June 23, it was officially announced that the republican government of Germany had acceded unconditionally to the allies' terms, and thus peace was at last assured, with democracy triumphant in every part of the world, and the League of Nations created as a promise for the future of mankind.

And, on June 28, having rung in the new, the Bell falls silent! But not before the Bellman has met and saluted another figure, bound out into the town. This stranger, an infant in stature, has the parchment face, the solemn vacant eye, the fumbling gestures of extreme age; his broadcloth garb, his slow and measured step, and above all the convincing angle at which he carries his cane proclaim him a gentleman of immaculate lineage and indisputable good taste. With a well-bred, humorless smile of skepticism, he listens to the last optimistic echoes of the Bell, shakes his head sadly, and crosses the street, stepping daintily round the puddles in the roadway and pausing at the nearer curb to buy a paper and drop a penny in a beggar's cap. Then he tucks his stick under his arm,

spreads the paper for convenient reading as he goes along, and displays before our very eyes an arresting headline: "Democracy Triumphant . . . Russia . . . Hungary . . . Rumors of Something Happening . . ." For a moment the little old gentleman's savoir faire deserts him. Then his expression of puzzlement gives place to one of anger, and he calls out—after the manner of a town crier—"Hear ye! Hear ye! Nothing shall ever happen here!" And at that he shakes his cane excitedly, as though it were a bell, apparently oblivious to the fact that it gives forth no sound. Thus crying and gesticulating, he goes on his way, and in a moment his dry monotone is lost amidst the multitudinous new voices in the street.

IN THESE DAYS OF DISILLUSIONMENT AND ECONOMIC upheaval there no longer inheres in statesmanship such dignity as resided there when nationalistic politics were in full glory. The statesman is a liberal or a conservative—never of revolutionary tendencies, except perhaps where revolution is purely political in character. It would seem then that Sir Horace Plunkett and the other founders of The Irish Statesman have limited by a name the cruising radius of their new weekly, just launched out into the stormy Irish Sea. However Sir Horace's record in the Irish cooperative movement promises wider economic interests than the name of the publication implies. For the time being, the periodical "will devote its main, but not its whole, attention to the immediate satisfaction of . . . the fundamental right of self-government," realizable, the editors believe, through the creation in Ireland of an instrument of government modeled upon those of the British overseas dominions. With liberalism in politics the new journal will combine the expected modicum of interest in the arts, giving Sir Horace Plunkett a running mate in the person of W. B. Yeats, who proposes, so the announcement says, "to deal with new tendencies and rival theories [in the arts] rather than with the comparative merits of individual works."