

Theory, Vienna; Technique, Kansas

"Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique," by Karl Menninger (*Basic Books*. 206 pp. \$4.75), looks behind the couch at some of the psychodynamic principles employed in mental therapy. The study's value for the layman is considered by Jacob Arlow, M.D., president-elect of the American Psychoanalytic Association.

By Jacob Arlow

IN MANY respects, the Menningers are a phenomenon unique in American medicine. During a time when official psychiatry in this country regarded psychoanalysis as esoteric, alien nonsense, the Menningers succeeded in establishing in agrarian Kansas a great center for the study and treatment of mental illness according to the psychological theories of Sigmund Freud. Outside the professions, psychoanalysis remained foreign to the broad American public until Karl Menninger, among others, wrote a series of popular expositions clarifying psychoanalytic concepts. Written in a straightforward and practical style, these books by Menninger made the Viennese-bred ideology seem as close, as indigenous, and as palatable as apple pie. Small wonder, then, that the appearance of a book by Karl Menninger becomes a literary occasion.

There are additional reasons for the intense interest on the part of the general public in a new work by a leading psychoanalyst. The intellectual climate of our time has accorded a special position to the insights made possible by psychoanalysis. With certain groups at the periphery of the psychoanalytic movement, an unmistakable tendency may be discerned to transform psychoanalysis into a cult. Some of our intellectuals, apprehensive over what Norman Cousins has called the "desensitization of twentieth-century man," have sought to find in psychoanalysis the basis for a new morality, for a scientific ethic which would equate evil with neurosis and salvation with deliverance from internal conflict.

This segment of the populace will not find what it is looking for in Menninger's latest book, for the author has addressed himself to an entirely

different audience. "The Theory of Psychoanalytic Technique" is a technical book. It was written for students preparing to practise psychoanalysis as a profession. "It is a book—about theory," writes Menninger. "It is not a manual of practice but an examination of some of the psychodynamic principles operative in the practice." Consideration of the fine points of psychoanalytic therapy may be reserved for the professional expert, but the reader who has a general idea of the theory of neuroses and of the fundamentals of psychoanalytic psychology will find much that is enlightening, reassuring and, at times, inspiring.

This book is quite free from the polemical stridor which unfortunately pervades many popular descriptions of analytic technique. On sound dynamic grounds Menninger cautions against an excessively artistic and intuitive approach to interpretation, as well as against an overly rigid, highly organized "ultra-scientific" attitude. Menninger cites the various technical approaches advocated by different authorities, and in his usual lucid and pragmatic spirit indicates why he rejects, supports, or questions the value of each specific technique.

The wide range of differences among Freudian analysts over questions of technique and theory may come as a surprise to many. If this book generates such sentiments, and it certainly should, so much the better. The same holds true of many of the practical facets of psychoanalytic technique with which Menninger concerns himself. Psychoanalysis, he says, cannot be carried on in a vacuum.



The exigencies of day-to-day living may not be overlooked in favor of some cherished preoccupation such as, for example, childhood sexual traumata.

For the growing number of those who share in common the experience of having been patients in analysis, a knowledge of the interplay of the many complex technical considerations which took place in the mind of their therapists will inspire in turn a sense of awe, amusement, bewilderment, and, perhaps, gratitude. The consistent application of psychoanalytic theory to problems of technique, Menninger demonstrates, is taxing and hazardous and must be carried forward in the face of our limited knowledge and imperfect humanity.

The Inner Self

"Psychoanalysis, Scientific Method, and Philosophy," edited by Sidney Hook (*New York University Press*. 370 pp. \$5), and **"Neurotic Distortion of the Creative Process,"** by Lawrence S. Kubie M.D. (*University of Kansas Press*. 151 pp. \$3), delve into the status of psychoanalysis today and, in the case of Dr. Kubie's study, reveal new hypotheses about the structure of the human mind. John Sullivan is an experimental psychologist who learned his philosophy and psychology at the universities of Iowa and Minnesota.

By John Sullivan

ONE OF the least exciting descriptions of our time is that this is an age of symposia and works of slight dimensions. Be the diagnosis as it may, one of the most exciting of recent symposia was that held at New York University last year, reported in "Psychoanalysis, Scientific Method, and Philosophy"; and clearly one of the most provocative formulations of the problems of creativity is contained in the slight volume "Neurotic Distortion of the Creative Process," by Lawrence S. Kubie.

The symposium was organized by Sidney Hook, who—to recall a little history—with Horace Kallen twenty-five years ago brought out a book titled "American Philosophy Today and Tomorrow." The comment is made to indicate something of the modern temper, the drift even in philosophy from the analysis of the problems of philosophy classically conceived to the analysis of psychoanalysis and a philosophic probe into

the problems of the inner self. Professor Hook has one of those minds sensitive to the polemical opportunities and thus has been energetically engaged, if not as an innovator, at least as a "clarifier" of the important issues of our time. An inventory of the causes he has defended and opposed is a catalogue of the contemporary intellectual problems of the last thirty years. For this reason the attention of Professor Hook to psychoanalysis, although it lags by many years and much thought the study given to the problem by philosophers like Gustav Bergmann and Herbert Feigl, is an indication of the ripeness of the problem of the conceptual status of psychoanalysis.

TO expect symposia to generate ideas not originally cranked into the programs by the selection of the participants is to be naively optimistic. Although the book is a much edited statement of what actually took place, the members could still be easily identified with their professional stakes and their personal themes in their respective fields. The philosophers, with the exception of one who attacked metaphysics as largely determined by unconscious motivations, took the usual position that psychoanalysis as a doctrine lacked clarity, coherency, and confirmation. To the sociologists the doctrine, in its emphasis on a theory of feeling states and mind lacked an equable balance between these inner states and the outer social behavior and the external eliciting conditions of such behavior.

The psychologists, oddly enough few in number and none a specialist in psychoanalytic theory, stressed need for probabilistic predictions and the experimental verification of psychoanalytic hypotheses. The psychoanalysts were clearly out-classed as theoreticians and methodologists but seemed to be the only ones with much substantial presentation of the psychoanalytic doctrines as interpreted in orthodox circles today. While claiming large domains for their theories, they freely admitted the looseness of their formulations. The philosophers, when not bickering among themselves, gave the analysts Lecture I (and done brilliantly by Nagel) on the problems of theory construction.

Let it be said that however familiar their themes, men of the rank of Ernest Nagel, Philipp Frank, Raphael Demos, Professor Hook, Michael Scriven, Abram Kardiner, Heinz Hartmann, and Dr. Kubie are a good sample of the East Coast intellect. The fruition of the symposium will come, if it comes, in the next five

years as the various positions presented are studied and given long thought.

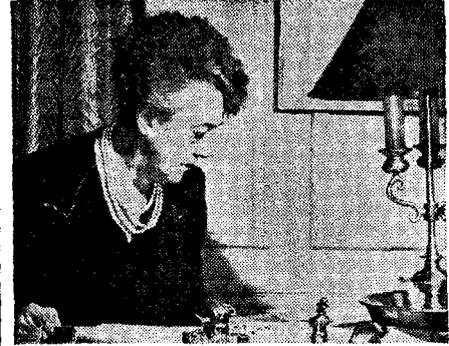
Lawrence Kubie's book vigorously attacks the thesis that the unconscious is the source of creativity. This ridiculous doctrine is probably best viewed as a perception that reason and consciousness do not define completely the creative process and what is presumably left out is based upon the description of mind on the assumption of a conscious-unconscious polarity. Kubie hypothesizes that all behavior is a blend of three processes: the conscious, the preconscious, and the unconscious. Creativity, rather clearly seen as the novel combination or relating of elements, depends upon the flux of the preconscious system. The preconscious, he holds, is inhibited by too much dominance by reality and consciousness (the practical mind) at one extreme and by blind drives and the repetition compulsion (the neurotic and psychotic mind) on the other.

The trick of such theorizing is to assert the reality of such systems as the conscious, preconscious, and the unconscious—Freud's theory of mind in his middle period—and give each appropriate properties to make it fit the clinical observations. This is at best a scholastic enterprise until the properties of these systems are capable of independent specification, but it is not useless for it embodies directives of what to look for in research on these systems and is thus capable of confirmation or disproof. Since a careful inspection of Freud's metapsychological papers and the Kubie proposals for the same systems reveal that the two are not in complete agreement, we will have to wait for the evidence of these systems to come in before the definitive formulations can be proposed.

ALTHOUGH we can withhold conclusive agreement about the correspondence of Kubie's hypotheses to the structure of mind and the creative process, his formulations are credible and genuinely creative. Whether or not the distortions of the creative process are uniquely predicted by his theory, his clinical comments are fascinating. The failure of most writers on creativity is due to their rather flat, thin, gray, simple, tired statements of the problem and observations of the creative processes. Kubie's book recommends itself by its lively style, richness of example, and basic novelty.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 15, 7, 10, 6, 4, 1, 11, 12, 5, 14, 13, 3, 9, 16, 2, 8.



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SATURDAY REVIEW

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At John D. Rockefeller's funeral are (1 to r): his son, John D. Jr., and grandsons David, Nelson, Winthrop, Laurance, and John D. III.

—Wide World.

Personal History

Continued from page 21

the Rockefellers plus Mr. Manchester, it would seem, at first blush, a case of a little learning being a dangerous thing. To Mr. Manchester's credit, however, his book does not depend on *anyone's* opinion of John D. Furthermore, the book itself is only 184 pages long. But in that space the author has managed, skilfully and fairly, not only to contribute a good deal of new information on the Rockefellers (mostly by personal interviews with the present brothers) but also to synthesize, again skilfully and fairly, the host of previous books and magazine articles on his subject.

"Any man," Will Durant once said, "who sells his soul to synthesis will be a tragic target for a myriad merry darts of specialist critique." So too must Mr. Manchester. But even if he does get such darts, he is well equipped to answer them. For at least the first three-quarters of this book is as capably written as anything that has passed this writer's desk in some time. And if the latter part seems rather disorganized and to involve some repeat, this is probably due to the fact that the project was originally commissioned by *Holiday* and is, therefore, a series of magazine articles first, and a book second.

Nonetheless, here is the whole kit and kaboodle—the Foundation, the Institute, Rockefeller Center, and Williamsburg, as well as the whole family, from old "Big Bill" (father of John D.), who used to warn his sons to "never mind the crowd" down (or rather up) to the boys who, with an able assist from the late Ivy Lee (who might have been given a little more space than one sentence, it

seems) do indeed "mind the crowd"—"ascetic" John D., III, "imaginative" Nelson, "inventive" Laurance, "fun-loving" Winthrop, and "studious" David. This reviewer disagrees with certain statements—such as, "All told, John D. probably did more for more people than his son"—and this reviewer would also have preferred a bit more attention to the late Abby Aldrich (the mother of the present brothers and, in our personal opinion, one of the greatest gals who ever lived), but these critiques merely bring us back again to the "myriad merry darts."

FLESH-AND-BLOOD LEGEND: Like many outspoken men of genius, the late Frank Lloyd Wright, architect *extraordinaire* by any standard (by his own view, the greatest of our time), was a victim of that phenomenon of journalism that tends, in such cases, to meld the individual with the legend. Architectural studies excepted, the result has been an endless stream of magazine-cover stories, profiles, and vignettes about him, each seemingly vying with the other to record his latest *bon mot* or the most recent example of Wright's arrogant behavior.

It is now rather refreshing—though not necessarily satisfactory—to come across "Our House," by his wife, Olgivanna Lloyd Wright (*Horizon*, \$4.50), which neither crackles with his sarcasm nor erupts with tales of his irascible idiosyncrasies. For, as pictured by Mrs. Wright, Mr. Wright emerges—beneath the halo of wifely pride, to be sure—as a sort of mild, somewhat fussy, transcendental-type philosopher who delivers highly cerebrated, but not always highly original, comments to his students and guests on such topics as William Jennings Bryan ("he was defeated by

plutocratic power"), love ("love of an idea is love of God. Understanding is love."), and, somewhat paradoxically considering the legend, wit ("Never," he admonished his students, "let anybody catch you being witty for the sake of being witty.>").

Nevertheless, though pitched throughout in the same saccharine key, there are some glimpses of the familiar—and often delightful—egocentricity, most notably the story of Wright, assisted by his reluctant and horrified wife, secretly remodeling by night a bust of himself which is being worked on by day by the sculptor Stonorov. When Stonorov discovered the travesty, Wright shamelessly transferred the blame to his wife, admitting only that he had helped slightly.

While Wright, inevitably, is the focal point of "Our House," he is not the bulk of the book, which, in an episodic way, also tells about the Taliesin Fellowship, the famous school of architecture and allied arts set up by the Wrights, which is a way of life as well, drawing students from all over the world. In addition, there are Olgivanna Wright's opinions on everything from pills and psychoanalysts to pets. And this, alas, is the rub. It is the cross most wives of famous men have to bear that their personal opinions are by and large inconsequential alongside their spouses'. —IOLA HAVERSTICK.

A Flame to Her Son

"Yes, Mrs. Williams: A Personal Record of My Mother," by William Carlos Williams (*McDowell-Obolensky*, 143 pp. \$3.50), is a brief memoir of the poet's mother, followed by a selection of notes and jottings of her conversation taken down by the poet in the last years of his mother's life. John Ciardi is, of course, the poetry editor of the *Saturday Review*.

By John Ciardi

RAQUEL Hélène Rose Hoheb Williams, the mother of poet and doctor William Carlos Williams, must have been a fascinating woman. Born in Puerto Rico, educated briefly in Paris, and then settled in Rutherford, New Jersey, she seems to have lived a quiet but entirely valiant life, well seasoned with the mortal wit of her French-Spanish background. It was characteristic of this remarkable woman that she had no real sense of her own date of birth, dying at an age when she was held to be vaguely