



LILLIAN GISH IN THE CRADLE SCENE IN "INTOLERANCE"

The vogue of Mr. Griffith's gigantic moving-picture production seems to be growing at an alarming pace. Already it has been shown—and repeatedly—in every sizable city in America. The cradle scene depicted above is, in a sense, the keystone of the whole "Intolerance" arch!

AN IMPROVEMENT ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS

The Psychology of the Unconscious—for Dinner-Table Consumption

BY ALEISTER CROWLEY

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS, the investigation of the nature of the mind, is an old diversion.

But science—if it really be science—has had a new method for such analytical parlor es. By it the reactions of a man to various sessions, through the nerves, are measured. quickening of his pulse, when the pro- or suddenly shouts the word "Muriel" at ; the depressed expression when he whis- the words "income tax"; all these can now eighed in the scales of science.

fter a laborious research of months the le nature of the soul is laid bare, and the ons of a preference for Cherrystones over le Neck clams, unmasked. Even the char- r of a man's dreams is supposed by this ol to reveal his hidden nature.

rofessor Freud of Vienna is the best known ose who have been developing this line of y, but recently Professor Jung of Zürich, challenged his teaching and his supremacy e with a book called "Psychology of the onscious" (Moffat, Yard & Co.).

here is, in short, a split in the psycho-analy- amp. This essay will give in outline the n doctrine of psycho-analysis, and explain nature of the quarrel between Freud and g. The subject is quite a fascinating one, will probably be discussed at every dinner- e during the coming social season.

OUR grandmothers, before we had finished teaching them to extract nutriment from ova (by suction), were wont to spend the hours of night-lights with divines—or rather, with their Works. They would interpret their own dreams by the air of a variety of theological works. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* To-day our grandmothers dance the hula-hula at Mont- martre, or at the Castles in the Air, until the dawn breaks, and they now interpret their dreams by the aid of Professor Freud or Professor Jung, for Joseph and his ilk have been tried and found wanting.

Psycho-analysis has been but ill understood by the average man. Most of us, however, will acquiesce in the necessity for an enquiry into the cause of dreams—and of the poet's dreams, dreams which are in reality the myths of a race. For all effects have psychic or hidden causes.

THE Victorian age was distinguished by its mechanical interpretation of all phenomena. Not only did it destroy our ideas of the divine nature of the soul, but it would not even permit us to be human. A live man only differed from a dead one as a machine in motion does from one at rest. The only exception to this analogy was that we did not know how to restart a man that happened to have stopped.

DREAMS, therefore, were regarded as undigested thoughts. I made a small research of my own in this matter, recording the dreams of a month. All but two of some fifty of my dreams were clearly connected, either with the events of the previous day, or with the conditions of the moment. Rainfall on my face would start a dream of some adventure by water, for example. Or a battle royal with a man at chess would fight itself all over again, with fantastic additions, in the overtried and over- excited brain.

I am bound to say that the theory that dreams come from natural causes in our every-day life seems to me perfectly an adequate and satisfactory one. I conceive of the brain as an *édition de luxe* of the wax cylinder of a dictograph. I imagine that disturbances of our blood currents (intoxications, and the like) reawaken some of these impressions at random, with the same result, more or less, as if you started a victrola, and kept on jerking it irregularly. Our thoughts are normally criticized and controlled by reason and reflection and will; when these are in abeyance they run riot, combine in monstrous conspiracies, weave wizard dances. Delirium is but exaggerated nightmare.

But since the Victorians, the universe is conceived more as dynamic than kinematic, more as force than as (Continued on page 137)