

trary Jung is here, as so often elsewhere, simply recognising the limitations of the *kind* of truth that can be yielded by purely empirical science and its incompetence to usurp the functions of theology and metaphysics in the manner of Freud. Time and time again Jung has acknowledged that "a psychological consideration is permissible only in respect of the emotional and symbolical phenomena of a religion, where the essential nature of religion is in no way involved, as indeed it cannot be"<sup>(10)</sup> and that the empirical psychologist as such can speak "not of God as *Ding an sich*, but only of a human intuition which, as such, is a legitimate object of science".<sup>(11)</sup> The difference between Freud and Jung in this matter would seem to lie precisely in this, that Freud's is a *closed* system which excludes any valid function for theology, metaphysics, mysticism or religion, whereas Jung's is an *open* system which in no way intrudes upon their respective functions and leaves them completely free and untrammelled in their own fields.

Of course it is true that this leaves many questions concerning the relationship of psychology to religion unanswered; questions which the practical psychologist himself cannot evade. For can a religion which is not "true"—or at least be apprehended as true—even "work"? Is not its very "working" dependent upon its "truth"? If "truth" concerning God in Himself and His gracious dealings with man does not lie within the scope of psychology, nevertheless the yearning and need for that truth is an ineradicable and basic element of the human psyche which psychology cannot ignore without self-stultification. It is to Dr. Flugel's credit that he insists on the primacy of the claims of truth, but it is no less to Dr. Jung's to confess that we must go beyond psychology in order to satisfy them.

VICTOR WHITE, O.P.

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(10) *Contributions to Analytical Psychology*, p. 225.

(11) *ibid.* p. 62.

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## ALICE REVISITS WONDERLAND

ALICE had often wished to see Wonderland and Looking-Glass Country again, but she had never had the opportunity of doing so. In fact she had no idea how she could set about it. "And, in that case," she told herself, for she was fond of giving herself good advice, "you ought to give up thinking of it, since it is no use wishing to do something if you do not know how to do it." In spite of this, however, the wish remained.

Then, one day, when she was going down to the tube railway, the usual gale of wind met her as she turned the corner. She did not think anything of it at first, as she had experienced it before,

but it gradually became more and more violent. She could not struggle against it any longer and felt herself being blown backwards faster and faster, until she was blown right through the wall.

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"Curiouser and curiouser!" said Alice, forgetting her grammar in her excitement. "Why, this is Looking-Glass Country again. There is the expanse of squares on the great chess board. Oh, but it's Wonderland too, for here is the March Hare's house. The two places seem to have become all mixed up."

She turned and looked at the March Hare's house, and it seemed to be in a very bad state of repair. All the windows were broken, and half the roof was off. But the tea-table was still there in front of it, although the tea-things were scattered about anyhow, and, as she looked, the Mad Hatter climbed out from under the table.

"What is up?" asked Alice.

"It *was* up, I grant you," said the Mad Hatter, "but it came down."

"What do you mean?" Alice said in a puzzled tone.

"Why, something the White Knight invented," answered the Mad Hatter. "It came down beside the house, and nothing has been the same since. Nothing at all," he added ruefully.

"What a shame!" Alice cried. "He ought not to be allowed to invent things like that."

"Oh, he cannot help it," said the Mad Hatter gloomily. "It is just his nature to invent things. He will go on inventing and inventing until there is nothing more to invent and nobody left to use his inventions."

"I must go and see the Duchess," said Alice thoughtfully. "She may know what the moral of this is, for I am sure that I do not."

"It is no use your going to see the Duchess," the Mad Hatter replied. "She was beheaded at last, because nobody could stand her drawing morals any longer. Now no one is allowed to speak about the moral of anything. But you can go to her house; the White Queen has it now."

"I think I will," said Alice, and she walked off through the wood until she came to what had been the Duchess's house. There was a loud tapping sound within, and Alice felt great curiosity to know what was happening. When she entered, she found that the house was full of pawns busily engaged with typewriters. They had no time to say anything to her, but waved her on to a door which was marked: WHITE QUEEN. NO ADMITTANCE EXCEPT ON BUSINESS.

Alice did not stop to think what her business was, but walked straight in and found the White Queen at a desk intent on a mass of papers.

"Are you the Press?" said the Queen, looking up.

"I *am* rather depressed," Alice answered. "Everything seems so different from what it was before."

"I meant, do you write?" said the Queen impatiently. "Cannot you answer a simple question?"

"Well, I did write my previous experiences," Alice admitted.

"In that case I can spare you five minutes," said the Queen. "I am always willing to explain myself to someone who will write me up. But remember that my time is valuable—it is worth a pound a minute."

"A pound a minute!" cried Alice. "Why, what are you doing?"

"I am working out my plan," the Queen replied with dignity.

"What plan?" said Alice.

"Do you mean to say that you have never heard of my plan?" said the Queen. "You must be very ignorant. It is my plan for jam for everybody."

"Of course, you told me something about that when I met you before," Alice said. "I am sorry I did not remember it at once."

"Yes," said the Queen. "Jam yesterday and jam to-morrow but never jam to-day. That will make people look forward to to-morrow as they should."

"Might it not make them look back to yesterday?" asked Alice.

"That would not be allowed," said the Queen. "Have you seen all the people I have working for me? You saw the pawns in the office, I expect. Now look out of the window."

Alice looked out and saw a great many more pawns who were sitting in front of heaps of stones and steadily turning them over.

"What *can* they be doing?" she asked.

"They are leaving no stone unturned," replied the Queen in a solemn tone of voice. "Now let me take you into the garden and show you the other pawns who are exploring every avenue—every one without exception."

"I do not think that I want to be led up the garden," answered Alice. "But when do you expect to begin carrying your plan out? How much jam have you ready?"

"As a matter of fact," said the Queen, "we have no jam at all. But we have heaps and heaps of pepper, left by the Duchess's cook, and the White Knight has promised to invent a process for turning it into jam."

"It will be queer jam," said Alice.

"It will be very good jam," the Queen said emphatically. "But first of all, of course, he must finish inventing all the things that

end in a bang."

"When will that be?" asked Alice.

"I confess I do not know," said the Queen, shaking her head. "It is difficult to believe that he will give it up easily."

"But you used to be able to believe as many as six impossible things before breakfast," Alice remarked.

"Ah, things are different now," said the Queen. "Now I can disbelieve as many as six quite certain things before breakfast."

"Why do you want to do that?" Alice asked.

"Well, you see," answered the Queen, "if you never believe anything at all, you never believe anything false. That is all to the good, is it not?"

"But you never believe anything true either," objected Alice.

"Well, you cannot have it both ways," said the Queen. "Now I have given you enough of my time, so go upstairs and see the Mock Turtle, who is arranging the schools in our new order."

Alice felt that she had had enough of the Queen on her part too, so she went upstairs and found the Mock Turtle at another desk before a pile of papers as large as the Queen's.

"So you want to know what our new schools will be like," said the Mock Turtle. "I will tell you. When I was young, French, music and washing were extras, you remember. Now everybody is going to learn French, music and washing."

"But supposing that they cannot learn French, music or—or washing, what then?" Alice asked.

"They will stay at school until they do," said the Mock Turtle firmly.

"Then they will be allowed to leave when they have learned them," said Alice.

"Not at all," the Mock Turtle exclaimed. "If they learn them quickly, they must be given the opportunity of learning more. In fact, under our new system, all will remain at school for their whole lives, the bright ones because they ought to learn more and the dull ones because they cannot learn what we shall insist that they do learn. Instead of lessons, which grow less every day, they will be called morons, which grow more and more."

"But if everyone is at school for the whole of his life, who is going to teach?" Alice asked.

"That is the problem on which I am at present engaged," answered the Mock Turtle. "It would be premature to anticipate the details of its solution, but, when I have solved it satisfactorily, I will reveal the proposed measure in due course."

With that he turned back to his papers and paid no further attention to Alice. She was dreadfully puzzled by the whole con-

versation, but she saw that it was no good asking for further information, so she walked downstairs and out of the house.

Not far away, on a wall, she caught sight of Humpty Dumpty. He looked a bit cracked after his fall, but he was bandaged and sitting up again.

"I have been reconstituted," he called out, "and I am just as good as I was before."

"You do not look it," Alice thought, but all she said was, "I wish you would help me. I cannot make out what people mean here."

"The first question is," said Humpty Dumpty, "whether they mean *anything*."

"But they must mean something," said Alice.

"Not at all," Humpty Dumpty remarked. "I used to make words mean what I liked, but now I have discovered that they need not mean anything at all. So I say just whatever words come into my head. Take care of the sounds, and the sense will take care of itself."

"In that case you will not be of much use to me," said Alice. "I begin to think that Tweedledum and Tweedledee must be right and that everything is part of the Red King's dream. I am going to see them."

When Alice got to the part of the wood where Tweedledum and Tweedledee lived, she found them sitting on the ground together.

"How do you do?" said Alice. "I want to say that I think you were right after all."

"Of course we were right," said Tweedledum.

"No doubt about it at all," said Tweedledee.

"I think all this *must* be part of the Red King's dream," Alice said.

"Shall we tell her our latest discovery?" asked Tweedledum.

"I think we might," Tweedledee replied.

"We have discovered," said Tweedledum, "that the Red King is a dream too."

"But if the Red King is a dream," said Alice, "who dreams of the Red King?"

"Nobody," said Tweedledum.

"No one at all," added Tweedledee.

"But there cannot be a dream unless somebody dreams it," Alice cried.

"Did you not once see nobody on the road?" asked Tweedledum.

"Did not nobody walk faster than the Messenger?" asked Tweedledee.

"Yes, I remember that," said Alice. "But I do not see what

it has got to do with the Red King.”

“Well,” said Tweedledum, “if nobody can be on the road and can walk faster than the Messenger, surely nobody can dream of the Red King.”

“You must be very dull if you cannot see that,” said Tweedledee.

“You are talking perfect nonsense,” Alice exclaimed.

“Of course we are,” said Tweedledum. “Everything we say is meaningless.”

“Absolutely and completely meaningless,” added Tweedledee.

“Then why do you say it?” said Alice in exasperation.

“Because it is *perfect* nonsense,” answered Tweedledum, and Tweedledee went on, “The most perfect nonsense that has yet been discovered.”

“If that is so, there is no point in my staying here,” said Alice. “Wonderland and Looking-Glass Country are quite different from how I remember them, and I do not want to see them again.”

As she turned to go, she nearly fell into a ditch, and heard Tweedledum call out, “Mind the gap.”

“Mind the gap,” repeated Tweedledee.

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“Mind the gap,” the porter called out, and Alice realised that she was back in the tube station, and the train was coming in.

“What a pity!” she thought. “I used to be so fond of the creatures when they talked nonsense for the fun of the thing. Now they are so much in earnest, and they give themselves such airs, and I am afraid that, whatever they may say, they do not really know that they are talking nonsense any longer.”

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