**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

Readers of these notes who are also readers of the "Daily Telegraph" will not have failed to notice the column in the issue of that estimable journal dated June 8, headed "The Coming Crisis," and signed by Sir Oswald Stoll. He asks in parenthesis, "Who can deny that we are on the verge of a great financial and economic crisis?" goes on to say, "Hundreds of enterprises are held up by costs too high to admit of sane capitalisation! Thousands of enterprises necessary to keep the economic wheel revolving are on the brink of failure because they cannot buy cheaply enough or sell dearly enough." [Our italics.] After observing that "Financiers' finance, with its checkmates by rival groups, is ruining the country," and that the aim of National Finance should be some prosperity for all Nationals, not all prosperity for some Internationals," he points out the solution "... a true conception of National Finance and National Credit." This is all very gratifying to our prescience, if not to our space forbids us to include, we disagree totally with the conclusions drawn from them—"that Production on the great scale will save us." Now, some months ago, there appeared in these pages this statement: "In spite of the apparent lack of enthusiasm with which any attempt to examine the subject of credit and price control is apt to be received in the immediate present, there is no doubt whatever that its paramount importance will, within a very short time be recognised, although perhaps not so quickly by British Labour as elsewhere. The real struggle is going to take place, not as to the necessity of these controls, but as to whether they shall be in the hands of the producer or the consumer." That is just exactly the point at which we join issue with Sir Oswald Stoll, and the super-Productionists. The practical implication of their policy is a continuous rise in the level of prices of necessities; we look to a continuous fall in such prices.

We believe it is no longer necessary to labour the point that whoever controls credit controls economic policy; and it follows as a simple syllogism, that just to the extent that control of food, clothes and housing is control of society, so producer-control of credit means the enslavement of society to Industrialism, whereas the whole world now rocks to its social base in an effort to subdue the dragon of the industrial machine to order that men may be free. Any housewife who ordered from her tradesmen "as much as you can lend me of everything" would be deserving of, and would receive, reprobation, even in a time of scarcity; but where the real capacity for supply is far in excess of any real demand, such an individual would be in danger of certification as insane. The public is the housewife, and its business is to order the right quantities of the right things in the right order, and to see that it gets them; not simply "more." The productive system is easily capable of giving the public what it doesn't want, e.g., "employment." The existing financial system exists by the superstitious belief that "employment" is the inevitable condition antecedent to "pay," and for this reason we welcome the support given by the numerous local Trades and Labour Councils to the resolution put forward by the Minimum Income League on the agenda of

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the Annual Labour Party Conference to be held at Scarborouah on the 22nd inst. To students of the psychology alike of industrial and of world movements (which is, in essence, identical) it requires an effort to avoid cynicism at the similarity in the real aims of orthodox Socialism and ultra-Capitalism. The idolator of the State says, "I will make it impossible for you to live except by my standard of conduct." Lord Leverhulme, amongst others, says very little, but, being more capable, obtains world control of essential products, and lays down a policy both for his employees and those who must have his goods. Bismarck understood the situation perfectly when, speaking of the German Socialist Party, he observed: "We march separately, but we conquer together." The will-to-govern is identical in each case. Against this essentially insolent tyranny, the idea underlying inter alia, the Minimum Income proposal, is the only defence, and we therefore congratulate its authors on the excellence of their achievement in planting it in somewhat difficult soil. But having said so much, we are bound to point out the ineffectiveness of the suggested mechanism, which is based on the error, made in company with others such as Professor Bowley, who, we think, ought to know better, that the National income equals the sum of the price-values of the National production.

This would be true if all wages, salaries and dividends charged to production, were used, at the instant they were earned, to buy the production in respect of which they are earned. But they are not so used, and on this gap between production and delivery, which the complexity of modern co-operative production is widening, a mass of credit purchasing power is erected which never appears as income at all, and which is completely ignored by such proposals as that which we are considering. If A ordered a house off B and B, having built it, lived in it for ten years and then insisted on charging his rent to A in a lump-sum addition to the price, A would probably complain; but when B puts his overhead charges, the rent of his control of production, into the price of bricks for A's garage, A seems to regard it as an act of God, or, alternatively, of the King's enemies. Possibly he is right in both cases, but we do not know which is the right man for the job; but we do know that it makes very little difference to the result, after an initial short period, which organisation makes the rules, if either of them is in a position to lay down conditions to the public as to the use of the houses after they are built. That is exactly what this maintenance pay idea amounts to—that all be nicely fed, watered, groomed, and stabled if we will leave policy to the productive organisations; and the pity of it all is, that it won't work.

* * *

Some years ago, one of the largest State-owned industrial organisations in this country imported from a commercial firm the idea of the suggestion box, into which any employee of any grade from the highest to the lowest, was invited to place any proposal either for the smoother and more efficient running of the organisation or for improvement in the processes of manufacture. An elected Committee was set up to deal with the matter, and a fund, for which a Government grant was obtained, provided a source from which rewards, varying from a few shillings to several hundred pounds, could be paid. On the whole the scheme was a failure. During the first year of its life a flood of suggestions, good, bad, and indifferent, from the Selection Committee's point of view, were submitted, many of them were paid for, and some of them were acted upon. The second year showed a great falling-off both in number and quality, and in subsequent years a mere trickle of, in general, impracticable proposals, usually emanating from newcomers, was the only output, and what was probably worse, the general run of workmen in the undertaking openly derided the plan as a scheme to "suck their brains." (This in a "Nationalised" undertaking!) As a consequence of considerable familiarity with this and similar devices, we have no hesitation whatever in saying that the main cause of failure was not inadequacy of reward, or even dissatisfaction with the decisions of the Selection Committee, although both of these were alleged; but was rather a subconscious irritation at the complete impotence of the authors of the suggestions to superintend the process of giving their ideas a run. Now, each of these suggestions, where they were original, betrayed nascent initiative, and it is out of personal initiative that all progress of any description must come. In the case we have just instanced, it was possible to watch the straining of initiative taking place; and the explanation was also obvious that the people of lowest grade will not risk economic disaster—the loss of their job—for the sake of an idea. But it is highly probable that many most valuable additions to the knowledge of industrial organisation and processes were thereby lost to the community and are daily so being lost; and only the grant of economic independence and the consequent freeing of personal initiative will stop this immensely important channel of social waste.
Our esteemed contemporary, the "Spectator," has started a sort of symposium on the subject of "the Jewish Peril," both the book which has recently been published under that name and the hypothetical thing itself. Our readers are no doubt familiar with the general legend, if legend it be; it was the core of the Dreyfus case, which convulsed France some years ago, and is constantly reappearing in the guise of the Hitler Hand. Stories of various descriptions which crop up at any time of national crisis.

It presupposes the existence of great secret organisations bent on the acquisition of world-empire and the overthrow of their "enemies," and directed by Governments as its tools and the lives of men as the raw material for the fashioning of its projects. Like the "Spectator," we have no means of knowing how much of this idea is pure moonshine, or even whether the whole matter is a malignant stimulus to anti-Semitism; but, with that journal, we can understand that it might have some foundation in fact, and that, as it puts the matter, we have a good many more Jews in important positions in this country than we deserve.

And not only in this country, but in every country, certain ideas which are the gravest possible menace to humanity—ideas which can be traced through the propaganda of Collectivism to the idea of the Supreme, impersonal State, to which every individual must bow—seem to derive a good deal of their most active, intelligent support from Jewish sources, while at the same time a grim struggle is proceeding in the great international financial groups, many of which are purely Jewish, for the acquisition of key positions from which to control the World-State when formed. We are anxious not to be misunderstood. We do not believe for a single instant that the average British Jew would countenance such schemes for a single moment, but in view of the curiously circumstantial evidence which is put forward to support such theories and the immense importance of the issues involved, we agree that it is very much better that as much daylight should be allowed to play on the matter as may be necessary to clear it up. The alternative will be an outbreak of popular fury in which the innocent will suffer with the guilty, if there be any such.

It is always difficult to know how much weight to attach to Press expressions of public opinion in the United States, and that difficulty is greatly enhanced at this time both by the immanence of the Presidential elections, and the selective censorship which our own Press exercises in its quotations. But there seems no reason to doubt the general truth of the impression which is conveyed both by them and by a perusal of the American political reviews, that anti-British feeling is steadily gaining ground, not only, and not even so much, in the eastern cities such as New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, but in the Middle West and on the Pacific coast. Because of the constant flow of passenger traffic between Europe and the Eastern States, and the consequent tendency of European newspapers to quote American journals with which they are familiar, there is an impression prevalent that the centre of gravity of American action is resident along the Atlantic seaboard. Such an idea is probably far more mistaken than to imagine, for instance, that London opinion is British opinion. All through the Middle West, including such considerable cities as Chicago and Milwaukee, there is probably an actual numerical preponderance of people of definitely anti-British extraction—Milwaukee, in particular, is overwhelmingly German, while Chicago is politically in the hands of Irish emigrants largely of a generation having much greater and more solid grounds for hatred of British Governments than any which exist to-day. This population has on the whole not done well out of the War; it is hit by high prices, and irritated by all sorts of hindrances to peaceful progress, ranging from Labour troubles to a moribund railway system and a negro problem. Such a soil is the perfect matrix of an international hatred, and the seed of such a hatred, already dormant, is being cultivated with a skill and assiduity which should command our attention, if not our admiration. All sorts of misrepresentation both of fact and of policy, particularly in respect of Ireland, Egypt, and India, are circulated with an utter disregard either of essential truth, or contingent circumstances. On the Pacific Coast, where Japanese expansion is an obsession, our alliance with that country is a special reason for dislike, and is exploited to the utmost. This is not the place to examine at length the motives behind the persistent efforts to embitter the relations between Great Britain and the North American Republic—we have referred to some of them in previous issues—but to anyone who realises, as we do, the appalling horrors to which their success must lead, the situation is one to excite the gravest concern.

C. H. D.

DE PROFUNDIS.

(An interview with the poets of to-day.)

Ah! Sitwell, Sitwell in that teeming brain,
What enterprising fancies prance?
What cheerful cries of, "Here we are again,"
Or "Will you, won't you come and join the dance?"

Silence in Sitwells never can be golden,
So break the limbs of art on giddy wheels,
And Youth will be eternally beholden
To those who utter what it dumbly feels.

I see you smile, and murmur "Badinage!"
Or "Quite! he's pretty crushing he is—what!"
And turn to join your jasming entourage—
Then I'll be plainer, "You are writing rot."

Ah! Ha! I mark your eyebrows-elevation,
Your pained, "Et ego in Philistia."
You think my crudeness needs an explanation?
Well, let me show you what a crowd you are.

You hold, you Blackwell poets, that's in verses,
A man must be inspired. I grant you that.
But when you add the poet's direst curse is
His intellect, you're talking through your hat.

I really do not care if you're annoyed;
I say you let the blind "unconscious" speak,
This is your method (vide Jung and Freud)—
The phrases bubble up—and then you squeak.

I too am rather tired of ancient light,
I also know our age is young and tense,
But you were never born to set it right
With platitudinous inconsequence.

A. RYAN.

AN INVOCATION.

Come from forest and come from fountain,
Come from the tideless sea,
Come from the wild, wide heart of the moorland,
Come from mountain or plain or river,
Ye whose hands are strong to deliver,
Loosen our souls and set them free:
We are bound with bands that stifle our heart-beats.
Give to us liberty!

Shield and buckler,
Armour and charger,
True, bright steel have we;
Only we lack the power to use them
Born of self-mastery.

Constance MacQueen.
Smith and Jones.

III.

JONES (maliciously): Your suggestion, Smith, at the end of our last conversation—that the workers should set up a rival bank—has set me thinking.

SMITH: But you surely didn’t take me seriously?

J.: And why not? We said that under the present system you held your capital in trust for the people who issued credit for it and so were in a real sense its masters. Well, now you suggest it, I can’t see any better way than this to ensure your holding the capital in trust for the right people, instead of (or, if you like, as well as) for a business house and a set of casual shareholders, many of whom will buy your stock just to gamble with it. At any rate, it would be a better idea than the illusory “share in control” offered by co-operative schemes or administrative boards, with the workers “represented” in this or that proportion and flattered by the occasional adoption of unimportant suggestions.

S.: But I don’t want to be controlled by my workers; I want to control them.

J.: Why not do both? You could still go on controlling them, in the only satisfactory way that one free man can control another, by giving technical instructions which the other man carries out in the ordinary course of his job. But as for the second kind of control—financial control—you have to submit to that anyhow if you want credit, and it’s surely better that if anybody is to share in that control it should be those who have an interest in the business, or in allied businesses; especially as financial control means control of the course that production is going to take; and this may be for the good or harm of the community as a whole.

S.: You mean that at present the banks only lend money where they expect a good return, irrespective of the real use of the articles produced?

J.: That is a mild way of putting it, seeing that the businesses in which there is really “money to be made” are those supplying luxuries and not those supplying necessities, which often have to be subsidised in order to be carried on at all. Look at all the workers who ought to be building houses and are now turned on to put up cinemas and improve shop-fronts. The ordinary consumer has had too little say in the question of what has the prior right to be produced. Well, here is his chance; a workers’ bank would at any rate be likely to finance, in the first place, the making of things that were really necessary to the community.

S.: Possibly; but you can’t expect a man with a weekly wage to become a financier at a moment’s notice. The idea is absurd. He can hardly live on his wages as it is.

J.: But as it may be... I’m not, however, suggesting that he should at once take the place of the other financiers. You said a “rival bank,” and I take you at your word, as I believe such a bank to be not only possible but necessary; it’s necessary because society is not altogether safeguarded merely by bringing down prices against production’s taking a wrong turning. No doubt, a greater diffusion of spending power would to some extent make the channels of production flow with the kind of goods needed by the new class of consumer; but this is not enough, unless the pumps of credit are directly applied as well, with the same object. Also, the producer is not just a wild man of the woods. He stands to society both as effect and cause, and at every step he is responsible to the society which makes him and is changed by him. It’s the present social structure that doesn’t build that makes your business possible at all; while as a maker of boots you are a maker of civilisation as well, and not merely as producer of actual goods, for the improvement in process has also its effect in modifying the structure, for good or ill. New machines may result in nothing but the enrichment of owners and the starva-

S.: But it seems to me that you will still have to provide employment for the earning of your wages, or dividends, or whatever you like to call them. And the ordinary man couldn’t surely earn enough in two or three hours a day to live on himself. And if a man doesn’t work, why should he eat?

J.: Why should he not, if there’s enough for him to eat? Are you proposing to cut off Finkelstein’s supplies while he’s at the Riviera?... It’s just an assumption of present-day capitalism—backed up with dubious theology—that a man can’t be allowed to have...
the goods that are there except in return for a vast amount of work, possibly on goods that aren't wanted. Change the system, and the assumption vanishes. Anyhow, you needn't worry about lack of work. Not to speak of continuous services, of transport and the like, there would always be enough real work in the improvement of goods, by advance, and our social conditions, to occupy generations of Englishmen, even if they didn't touch a tool. And the only way to effect this is to make the provision of necessities the starting-point and not the goal of men's lives. The first step is to bring down the real cost of living; the second is to keep it down by a fresh start about workers' bank first of all as a simple means to that end.

S.: Not so simple as you think. The establishment of such a bank was discussed in Manchester, and I remember reading a long article by the financial editor of some paper showing that as a practical proposition the thing couldn't be made to work.

J.: Ah, I knew there was one argument in its favour that I had forgotten... Thank you.

A Reformer's Note-Book.

RELIGION. It is doubtful whether one in a thousand among modern men would confess to having a religion. Thanks to one thing and another, the confession of religion is commonly regarded as something unmanly. There is, of course, another possible explanation of the phenomenon: it is that a man's religion is supposed to be taken for granted, as his taste or veracity or honesty is. A man is not expected to confess his honesty—why should he be expected to confess his religion? Taking it as it is, however, this explanation will not hold water; for it is not in public alone that the modern man hesitates to confess his faith; he hesitates in private. The explanation must therefore lie somewhat deeper than in convention; and it is probably to be found in the intellectual honesty of the modern mind. The modern mind, we must remember, is in the generality of men a one-legged affair consisting of intellect only. Intellect, based ultimately on sense-perception, is the chosen faculty of to-day's chosen people; and just as certain classes believe only what is reported in the "Morning Post," whole civilisations to-day believe only what is reported in terms of the intellect. That actually other news than comes through the intellect is both current and true we have every ground for believing. Indeed, the most intellectually-minded of modern men would admit the fact as a concession to theory. But until such news receives the imprimatur of the intellect, it is regarded as if it did not exist. The truths of religion—or, let us say, the assertions of religion—fall unfortunately under this head. They cannot get themselves reported in the "authoritative" and "official" organ of the intellect; and, in consequence, nobody who likes to be thought up-to-date or "in the swim" of ideas is disposed to refer to them without more than, at most, a pithy kind of respect. How is this to be changed? For changed it must be, if we are not to ignore "truths" of the utmost importance. How are we to raise the submerged truths composed of religious doctrines and set them, at least, on the level with the "truths" of science? It is useless, we may feel certain, to attempt to do this by a kind of spiritual Jacobinism which would seek to discredit scientific truths and intellect without at the same time bringing into credit religious truths and the religious faculty of faith. Levelling down is likely to be no more effective in the region of ideas than in the region of classes; for all it would effect would be the stripping of the intellectual matters without conducing to the revival of faith in religious matters. If we wish to raise the status of faith, in fact, we must raise the status of

faith; there is no other means. But how to raise it? Scientists with the remains (at any rate) of the religious sense have hoped that by pushing scientific inquiries to their farthest limits, the infinite of faith might be revealed. The last logic opens upon mystery, and intellect, it might have been thought, would bow its head in adoration, and the mood of the faithful at least enter. But this is a misunderstanding. Face to face with mystery, logic does not adore but despairs; and the mood induced is not religion but resignation. The alternative means is the alternative method. If intellect even upon the edge of infinity cannot transcend itself, a fresh start must be made from the faculty of faith. Our adventure, in fact, must be born again and born differently. We must try the jump with the other foot. This neglected foot, moreover, is by no means without use; we walk upon it daily. For intellect gives a certitude only after the event; but it is faith that gives us certitude before the event. Faith, in other words, is a condition of action, as intellect is a condition of reflection. To raise the status of faith, we have thus only to recognise its indispensable value, and to see it as the condition even of intellect. Thus seen, its whisperings become as "true" as the conclusions of science. Their assurances are demonstrated to the heart. The Fatherhood of the Creator and the Brotherhood of the Created—these are its confident doctrines; but they contain also the whole of religion.

DANCING. Dancing has been defined as the poetry of motion; and the metaphor is certainly apt. But just as verse needs to be carefully distinguished from poetry—since all verse is by no means poetry—"dancing" in the common use of the word is to be distinguished from dancing as here defined. It would be interesting to make a comparison of the respective conditions of our contemporary arts; and there is little doubt that one conclusion would be established by it, namely, their uniformity of phenomena. Invention abounds in all the arts, but of creation there is little. Take the case of the two arts here specially associated: dancing and poetry. Nobody can fail to be struck by the parallelism of vers libres and every variety of experimental rhythm in verse with the "pas libres" and experimental steps of the recently introduced fashionable dances. And no good judge, again, can refrain from remarking on this absence of poetry from the one and the absence of dancing from the other! We shall have to examine the subject a little more closely, however, to arrive at the distinction between the two worlds of the same art. The gulf that separates verse from poetry need not be examined here; but the question must be asked what distinguishes "dancing" from dancing? We have remarked that it is the distinction between invention and creation; but what is creation? Let us boldly say that creation is discovery. All "created" works of art, whether of poetry or dancing, are in reality the discoveries of their putative authors rather than their manufacture; they are "found," or "given." This should put us on the track of the real nature of dancing, for dancing as an art, as the "poetry of motion," must plainly result from a discovery—a discovery of the already created. Of what, then, is it the discovery? Certain of the Elizabethans, Ben Jonson chiefest among them, speculated on this subject, and his answer to the question may be found in a delightful introduction to one of his masques: "Pleasure reconciled to Virtue." Note the significant association of ideas—the motto of all true art. The poem deserves to be better known; and since it contains the truth here sought to be expressed, it may be quoted at length:

Come on, come on! and where you go,
So interweave the curious knot
That 'e'en the observer scarce may know
Which lines are Pleasure's, and which not.

Then as all nations of mankind
Are but a labyrinth or maze;
So let your dances be entwined,
Yet not perplex men unto gaze.

But measured and so numerous, too,
That men may read each act they do;
And when they see the graces meet,
Admire the wisdom of your feet.

For dancing is an exercise
Not only shows the weaver's wit,
But maketh the beholder wise,
As he hath power to rise to it.

Jonson's insinuation—let us remember that he was a Rosicrucian theosophist—is that dancing is a symbolical representation in movement of the wise movements of cosmos. And it is in this sense that the creation of dances may be said to be discoveries of the laws of nature.

The Psycho-analysis of the Psycho-analyst.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

I have just come across a little book* which is really a great book, for it gives us something quite new: the fantastic seen from within. It will be difficult, after a perusal of it, to consider this unfortunate person as an entirely irrational being (as we moderns have done hitherto), for Dr. Hart has succeeded in throwing open the dissociation he means a loss of that homogeneity of personality. The mind, so to say, splits into two parts, it becomes disintegrated into two independent portions, each following its own course and development without reference to the welfare of the whole.

What, now, is the reason for this splitting, this dualism, this disintegration of the mind? The reason, Dr. Hart answers, is the existence in the mind of a conflict. "Wholesome homogeneity has disappeared because the mind contains elements which are incompatible with each other and dissociation has arisen as a method of avoiding the storm and stress which the warring of these naturally hostile elements would otherwise invariably produce." Thus whenever the symptoms of megalomania are present, whenever we meet with imaginary bearers of jewels, crowns and laurels, we may be sure that their mind became unhinged on account of a conflict which they have tried to avoid.

We may gather from their conduct that they have found a refuge in dissociation and retired into an imaginary world, wherein they may lead to neurosis or even insanity. All this has been seen thousands of times hitherto and no doubt will be seen as frequently again in future ages. What really is was unexplained is the great number of neurotic cases and persons which have no such simple tale to tell—the ever-increasing frequency of nervous diseases with which we moderns are nowadays confronted: a fact not only proved by statistics (which prove nothing), but by every-day observation around us and even within us.

Freud, the founder of psycho-analysis, discovered the origin of many cases of conflict and mental trouble in that important factor, sex. This has been considered, as indeed it is, a too sweeping statement of an otherwise indisputable observation. Other investigators (like Jung and Adler) have therefore rightly drawn our attention to other important instincts and passions of the human heart which may likewise give rise to conflict and subsequent nervous troubles.

Dr. Hart belongs to those who, while understanding Freud's thesis, doubt its possibility of universal application. But he likewise differs from Adler and Jung in one very important respect: in the discovery of the validity of the primitive instinct. By primitive instinct, Hart, if I understand him aright, means the instinct of the ego, of its self-satisfaction and self-development in contradistinction to the instinct of altruism, of 'mutual aid,' of the values of the herd. It is in consequence of this novel discovery that I wish to draw the reader's attention to the work.

"Hereditary," says Dr. Hart, "is that great power which supplies a vast part of beliefs to modern man, which influences his conduct more than any other faith. It provides the mechanism by which the ethical code belonging to a particular class is enforced upon each individual member, so that the latter is instinctively compelled to think and to act in the manner which the code prescribes."

Now, as said before, the interesting and novel point about this little book is, that its author seems to have his misgivings about the all-round validity of herd values and class traditions. From other authors, from his colleagues in psycho-analysis, Dr. Hart differs in that he not only holds the patient responsible for his state of mind, but likewise the conditions under which he lived. Neurosis, according to him, is due to a conflict; this conflict may be due to battle between the ego and herd values, but the herd values are and may be just as responsible for any fatal issue as the ego.

"The individual who is oppressed by the herd instinct finds a refuge in dissociation and retires into an imaginary world, wherein all his mental processes incompatible with his world are rigidly excluded. The patients have lost the gregarious attributes of the normal man and the variations of traditional conduct have no longer any significance for them. In the milder cases this shows itself merely as a loss of interest in the affairs of their fellows, a tendency to be solitary and unsociable; in the advanced cases the change is much more marked and the mind is completely withdrawn from participation in the life of the herd: the patient becomes slovenly, filthy, degraded and shameless."

Here, then, we have three well-known characters of the modern world explained: the crank, the artist, the madman. All three are prompted by a reaction against the herd instinct, against "modern conditions," and very often these three are not distinct types, but each type contains potentially the two others.

How, then, can all this be helped? Where is the cure for all this evil—where does it come from? Of course, it is easy enough to see that in a girl who has been jilted or in a stockbroker who has lost his money there must arise a conflict, a conflict between pride and humiliation, which may lead to neurosis or even insanity. All this has been seen thousands of times hitherto and no doubt will be seen as frequently again in future ages. What really is was unexplained is the great number of neurotic cases and persons which have no such simple tale to tell—the ever-increasing frequency of nervous diseases with which we moderns are nowadays confronted: a fact not only proved by statistics (which prove nothing), but by every-day observation around us and even within us.

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"The individual who is oppressed by the herd instinct finds a refuge in dissociation and retires into an imaginary world, wherein all his mental processes incompatible with his world are rigidly excluded. The patients have lost the gregarious attributes of the normal man and the variations of traditional conduct have no longer any significance for them. In the milder cases this shows itself merely as a loss of interest in the affairs of their fellows, a tendency to be solitary and unsociable; in the advanced cases the change is much more marked and the mind is completely withdrawn from participation in the life of the herd: the patient becomes slovenly, filthy, degraded and shameless."

Here, then, we have three well-known characters of the modern world explained: the crank, the artist, the madman. All three are prompted by a reaction against the herd instinct, against "modern conditions," and very often these three are not distinct types, but each type contains potentially the two others.

How, then, can all this be helped? Where is the cure for all this evil—where does it come from? Of course, it is easy enough to see that in a girl who has been jilted or in a stockbroker who has lost his money there must arise a conflict, a conflict between pride and humiliation, which may lead to neurosis or even insanity. All this has been seen thousands of times hitherto and no doubt will be seen as frequently again in future ages. What really is was unexplained is the great number of neurotic cases and persons which have no such simple tale to tell—the ever-increasing frequency of nervous diseases with which we moderns are nowadays confronted: a fact not only proved by statistics (which prove nothing), but by every-day observation around us and even within us.

Freud, the founder of psycho-analysis, discovered the origin of many cases of conflict and mental trouble in that important factor, sex. This has been considered, as indeed it is, a too sweeping statement of an otherwise indisputable observation. Other investigators (like Jung and Adler) have therefore rightly drawn our attention to other important instincts and passions of the human heart which may likewise give rise to conflict and subsequent nervous troubles.

Dr. Hart belongs to those who, while understanding Freud's thesis, doubt its possibility of universal application. But he likewise differs from Adler and Jung in one very important respect: in the discovery of the validity of the primitive instinct. By primitive instinct, Hart, if I understand him aright, means the instinct of the ego, of its self-satisfaction and self-development in contradistinction to the instinct of altruism, of 'mutual aid,' of the values of the herd. It is in consequence of this novel discovery that I wish to draw the reader's attention to the work.

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sure that by such discrimination no other valuable attributes of the mind would be lost, then selective breeding would obviously be the most effectual method of reducing the incidence of insanity. It is equally possible, however, that the future may demonstrate the fault to be not in the tendency to dissociation, but in the nature of the conflict which has produced it. The only remedy would then lie in altering one or other of the antagonists so that incompatibility no longer existed. The primitive instinct [the 'will to power'—though Hart never gives it that name] cannot presumably be altered and the attack would therefore have to be directed against our traditions and codes which obtain their force from the operation of herd instincts."

This, in my opinion, is quite a new point of view in mental science. It is a discovery which must likewise have a direct bearing upon psycho-analysis. I have often been asked by friends and colleagues why I looked askance at this movement, which had so many followers and which just by its success in the world produced its dire necessity to the world. My answer has invariably been: "I do not trust these new physicians of the mind; I find they are at bottom physicians of the 'soul,' that is to say, theologians." Look at Adler: in the preface to the second edition of his "Der nervöse Charakter" he condemns the 'will to power' and the man in the street will find that the world-war had no other causes. Hear Dr. C. G. Jung, who, in his "Collected Papers" (authorised translation by Dr. Constance E. Long, Bailliere, Tindall and Co., London., 1717, p. 267), preaches as follows: "Man bears the social law within himself as an inborn imperative; otherwise our civilised humanity would fare badly, having to subject itself to laws imposed on it from outside only: it would be impervious to the inheritance of the earlier religious faiths and would soon fall into complete anarchy. Man would then have to ask himself whether it would not be better to maintain by force an extreme belief in religious authority such as prevailed in the Middle Ages."

"So ungefähr sagt es der Pfarrer auch" (Goethe: "That's how a parson would talk").

Now, I confess I stand in fear of a holy Hippocrates such as this, and I very much doubt whether he or his colleagues are the real saviours of this world. There have been so many "Saviours" (including the one!) who have made matters worse instead of better. There have been so many whose sympathies they lacked insight, they lacked love for the very errors—nay, sins—of Humanity, without which the tremendous art of psycho-analysis cannot and must never be practised. But I had nothing to object to the art itself. It is a necessity in the modern world, which has a very pronounced, a very dangerous tendency to isolate every human being from his friends. This, of course, is a consequence of Protestantism, which creed, as we may frankly confess nowadays, has thrown too great a burden upon the individual conscience. Our conscience wants to talk; there is no doubt about it, and must have somebody to talk to. The physician is the right person for this now that the more intelligent part of the public has grown suspicious of the priest—but what if the physician is himself nothing but a priest? And a bad priest into the bargain: for science recognizes human nature less and less even theology! Look at Freud, who, while assuming that the conflict between sex and convention as the source of neurosis, not even suspects the existence of much more important conflicts—that between the ego and the mass, nor that between different sets of values, such as masculine and feminine, aristocratic and democratic, sane and neurotic values—conflicts about which every experienced theologian, or even a budding novelist, could have enlightened this otherwise excellent physician. I objected to these physicians, but only to the men and not to their measure. I objected to the doctors and not to psycho-analysis. I objected to the priests and not to their creed. My constant fear and question was: "But who guards the guardians? Who heals the healers? Who confesses the confessors? Who psycho-analyses the psycho-analyst?"

"The physician who is a philosopher is godlike," said Hippocrates. But the physician who is a theologian is a public danger. I was haunted by the fear of this danger, until I read Dr. Hart's book. Dr. Hart is no longer a Church-Physician—one with the evil eye for what may be evil in his patients. He frankly recognises the necessities of the ego and of primitive instinct; he has his doubts about the universal enforcement of herd and traditional values. Needless to say, the defenders of the Faith and the Herd begin to have their doubts about the end and are trying to direct ("to the very extent of all due respect") his "dangerous" advocacy of "unhampered development," his implicit attack upon "the traditions and codes which obtain their force from the operation of the herd-instinct."

In the "Hibbert Journal"—a journal that is good in spite of its "goodness"—of April, 1920, pp. 513-514, Dr. Edward Holmes (to whose review of the book I am indebted for my knowledge of its very existence) takes exception to Dr. Hart's statement, that "It is not the individual that must be eliminated, but the conditions which must be modified." About this final sentence in Dr. Hart's book Mr. Holmes remarks: "Here our author goes perilously near to suggesting that the only way to prevent insanity is to make concessions to primitive instinct!"

Now this is really a somewhat unfair comment. Dr. Hart never said that the "only way to prevent insanity is to make concessions to primitive instinct." There are certainly many other ways and the treatment must always be adapted to the patient. "Il n'y a pas de maladies: il n'y a que des malades." It is quite possible that a large number of patients are not treated by the herd-code recipe: to the herd one should not preach anything else but herd-values. What Dr. Hart doubts is the advisability of the universal application of the herd-code. But that is just what is done nowadays and is the reason why the new insurrection brewing against the herd-code and the spirit of tradition. An insurrection, however, from above, a rebellion that does not wish to destroy the faith of the herd, but only attempts to transplant it to its proper place amongst the proper people.

Higher men have always had a rough time in this world: Darwin's law of the survival of the fittest was only true for shallow-minded Victorians. The ruin of the higher man is the rule: that is what a closer observation of human events teaches us. And this higher man will run all the more risks when the conditions of his existence are altogether ignored, when primitive instinct is considered as "the setting sin" by all the "good" and the "just"—as was done during the whole of the nineteenth century. This instinct will then become suspect to its bearer, who will begin to slander the best part of himself, who will try to suppress it (and who will succeed!), who will acquire a "complex," and then fail a prey to neurasthenia, morphia, alcoholism, or insanity. The fact that many neurotic patients are people of the highest intelligence, need make us suspicious. The observation that many inebriates are endowed with superior wit and knowledge should teach us caution.
The insanity of Nietzsche, who held saner views on Life and Death, on Past, Present and Future, than all his contemporaries together, is perhaps more a reproach against the age than against Nietzsche. The discovery by Dostoievsky of the strongest and most intelligent types of his time and nation amongst the common criminals of a Siberian prison (see his "Memoirs of a House of the Dead") is likewise a hint what sort of "progress" the world has achieved hitherto.

A little air, a little sunshine, a little understanding for the values, under which exceptional men alone can thrive, would have done a great deal of good in the world before the year 1914—if only to avoid this year and its consequences which are justly characterised by, and are perhaps entirely due to, the absence of exceptional Guides and Rulers. The world which drives sane people into a lunatic asylum will finally end by becoming a lunatic asylum itself.

Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

This translation by Wilfrid Ridgeon and Emilie Jackson, comes appropriately to a time when the speculators are leaving the theatre, and there is a prospect of the production of plays that have some purpose other than that of merely filling the theatre. It is curious, too, to notice how France seems to be affecting the London stage at the moment; the Guitrys at the Aldwych have had to extend their season, Mrs. Patrick Campbell is appearing as George Sand (and although I have not seen her yet, I know that she is worth seeing), and the translators tell us that some of these plays have been freely adapted for production on the English stage. That we may soon be able to see them is my fervent wish; I particularly want to see "Crainquebille" produced by Mr. Norman McKinnell, or someone like him. I would undertake not to sneer at a production even by Mr. Bernard Fagan, although he has no particular genius for crowds. Meanwhile, we must make the most of the translation, for the appearance of a volume by Anatole France is an event.

M. France is above all things a Frenchman, and he reveals it quite simply in the assumptions that he makes. English poetry lives by inspiration, the French by technical excellence; and I think that it would hardly occur to an English poet to deal with matters in which he did not believe. But M. France has no such limitations; his sceptical, positive, satirical intellect is quite capable of illuding itself with lively belief, as he declares in his preface to "The Bride of Corinth," and of consciously adopting what he believes to be the appropriate method of treatment. "To have treated what is pious with impiety would have been to lack the sense of harmony," he says; "I bring a sincere respect to bear on matters sacred. I know that there is no certainty outside science. But I know also that the worth of scientific truth lies in the methods of its discovery, and that these methods are not to be arrived at by the common run of mankind." But this is not the mood of poetry as we understand it, for poetry is the religion of the Beautiful; at best, this mood can only produce rhetoric, with quite obvious decoration and embellishment of phrase, and a rigourlessness in the expression of feeling that makes the reader smile. "The Bride of Corinth" is perfectly well-mannered; these Christians and Pagans say just the right things at the right time, behave, in short, like traditional but not like living Christians and Pagans. The intellect of M. France can find the most just, the word in season; but the spirit of religion is the living word, and these rhymed couples run sentimentally on without exaltation of emotion. One opens at random, and reads:

* "The Bride Of Corinth, and Other Poems and Plays." By Anatole France. (Lane. 7s. 6d. net.)

Whether thy days bring honey or black gall, Accept the thread of life Fate spins for all. He whose disorderly passions vary his breath Hath wished to live, and known not life but death. Beware of vain desire and keen regret.

I do not wish to see "The Bride of Corinth" on the stage.

But when we come to the prose plays, "Crainquebille," "The Comedy of a Man Who Married a Dumb Wife," and "Come as You May," we see that M. France is working in his own medium. He does not have to make assumptions, to put on the appropriate air of piety or wed his intellectual conceptions to Science and rhyme. His art is inspired by Life, not by Science, nor by Science as the policeman was suffering from hallucination, and the costermonger from irresponsibility, and after a most effective speech, secures the conviction of his client—one knows not whether to admire most the theatrical skill with which the scene is rendered, its comic effect or the satirical intention of it. It hits the auditor everywhere; it shows us so simply, so naturally, apparently reasonable.
men going solemnly about absurd business, and producing tragic effects by their absurdity in simple ignorance.

I have left myself no space to write about the other plays; "Cranquake" is enough to fill the bill at any theatre, and I long to see it on the stage. It would give some of our actors a chance to show what they can do, and could give them something worth doing; I could almost cast the play myself, so vividly does it present itself to the eye, so powerfully does it move the reader. What it may be in the French, I do not know; in English it is a masterpiece, and unlike so many masterpieces, it can be played, and needs to be played to produce its full effect. I hope soon to see it with a worthy cast and production.

Indiscretions; or, Une Revue de Deux Mondes.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

The little Euripides, son of Thadeus, son of Ezekiel, etc., was probably the first white male child born in the northern part of Wisconsin. He had, as we have indicated, an abortive urge for leisure; he showed no evil impulses; his curious praenomen, diverging from the cultural tradition of the house, was a pure tribute to the classics. One of Ezekiel's brothers read Greek. Ezekiel had ridden behind the first locomotive. Joel lived to be ninety-six, hale to the end, and he "looked after" the younger and weaker Ezekiel, three years his junior.

This residue out of a lot of thirteen resided "at the end," presumably in parasitic capacity, on "the farm," whereof the large central building had a slate mansard room encompassed by a cast-iron railing. Of the other ten brethren no fact is recorded, nor have they left a traceable issue. This may have been the swing of the pendulum.

Apart from his admiration of the warm and human driper of tears, no other fact is known of Uncle Joash. Euripides did not "take to" the new learning; his name's augury did not work. He retained four words of the Chippewa Indian dialect: Bouduj michishin, we wipp, of which the first appears to be a corruption of the French-Canadian bon jour.

He had a boat on the river, guarded by a pet gander; there was no other boat-guarding gander in Wisconsin. With the advance of civilization he learned to drive his father's racehorses. His sister was told to acquire a "sketchy invitation." My "Uncle" Amos had retired from the "feed business" and from business in general, prematurely. He had built a housekeeper she remained till his...
end, whereupon she went into deep mourning; she desired to wear a veil. This luxury of grief was denied her, and this inhibition so injured her finer feeling that in the ensuing complications she suspended immediate contact with the family, appearing only on more formal occasions. She was, however, present at my great aunt's third wedding—a Rubens-Tiepolo sort of affair—I know, for she sat in front of me. I had dodged familial enclaves and was sitting in a less prominent pew with Mr. Bohun, a tall gaunt Andy Jackson type who had been on oil and made terms with "The Standard!" (Oil Co.) "soon enough."

When the sacrament had been pronounced Mary Pinker turned in her pew and said: "Oh, Mr. Bohun, it does so remind me of poor, dear Mr. Easton's funeral!" Mr. Bohun said: "Shut up, Mary Pinker!" She was crapey and very narrow of beam. All of which does not much help the reader to grasp what Rip Weight was "up against" when he first "struck" New York City. Merely it is difficult for me to visualise the family of the Eastons without imagining Mary Pinker, shrivelled and swathed, and Clementia Eulalia Horne (Rosa Bonheur) and certain additional but less constant female figures in attendance. They would have been younger, possibly, in the late 'seventies, and earliest Easton remained, invisible. Younger, possibly, in the late 'seventies, and earliest Easton remained, the verb may be taken in all of its senses; he was at last report still remaining, invisible. She referred to her, and this inhibition so injured her finer feeling that so far as research can discover, ever been worn in New York. Especially significant is it to the merchant captain or the pilot who has to work a ship into the harbour. Yet I doubt if the most aesthetic pilot has ever been found poring over the pages of the nautical almanac in a state of ecstasy. Nor is expression essentially artistic. The face of a person with the toothache, the scream of a virago, are for she sat in front of me. I had dodged a Sixth Avenue barber once asked me if I had seen him. For the first twenty years of my life I was led to suppose Haddon deceased. It is not suggested that he had "done anything," but rather a sort of persistency in various forms of re-action rather connected, in the familial mind, with his "having ideas." "He always had plenty of ideas." He did not, for example, continue to support Mary; he had put "Hermey" in a concert school for a few months, and refrained from paying the bills; he had, as definite manifestation of kinetic potentialities, "punched Amos' head" when the stubbier and more industrious brother had, on the front porch of the country gentleman's place in Tarrytown, declined finally and conclusively to lend Haddon any more money; and he had remained in, or retained an interest in "the business." If Amos saw him occasionally, the rest of the family did not. Maria Easton earned her living, and Miss Hermey gradually became part of the family, i.e., the group of whom having its centre in Amos or in Amos' wife, as the observer chose to regard it.

Two groups of things must be gathered: firstly, that Rip was from Wisconsin; that Maria Easton had "other ideas about" Hermey; and that Rip's overcoat, though of very durable material and capable of resisting a great deal of weather, was neither of a cut nor of a timbre and colour combination that was then being, or had, so far as research can discover, ever been worn in New York.

Secondly, Maria Easton did not "really" approve of Aunt Hebe (pronounce "Heeb," not that the Eastons were ignorant of the correct pronunciation of Hebe, but for expedition's sake and compactness). Maria Easton was a Westoner; we admit that her father's name was Almeny, and that her brothers were all three called Almeny, or rather so addressed on their envelopes. Maria admitted no lex Salica. She had small opinion of Almenys dead or living. She referred to her brothers, of whom she was fond, by isolated praenomen; she remembered that her mother had been born a Westoner at birth. She was indeed the Westoner's cousin Maria, and so remained till her death, recognizing a Beadon connection in New England, where the Westoners had not manifestly remained.

Rip was from "The West," where, as he once told a member not of one of the oldest, but of the oldest Philadelphia families, not merely a Snowden, but a Lowden (pronounced Laoden)—Snowden that a man was lucky to know his own father. It will perhaps help to date the repartee, as it was then called, if we note that Euripides had used the adjective lucky without modern intensive qualification, though in male company at the time.

The Artist.
By Jan Gordon.

The aim of the artist, no matter what his creed, is to create beauty. This statement is a platitude, but one which is too often forgotten. Some persons who wish to escape, or who wish to provide an escape for others from the stigma of not being able to appreciate aesthetically some recent developments in the techniques of painting, will say that the purpose of the artist is no longer to create beauty, but to be significant or expressive. These persons are no better off than those who frankly admit that they cannot make head or tail out of modern art. They are trying to apply parallelism instead of verticility, and, refusing to admit that they do not understand nor see, they make to themselves explanations which will allow an admiration to escape by a side track. Nor is expression essentially artistic. The face of a person with the toothache, the scream of a virago, are both expressive; neither per se is art. Both in a suitable place may be material for art, as also may be the significance of the nautical almanac, but without the transposing power of the artist they remain inartistic phenomena.

The artist is the creator of beauty. The two important words are "creator" and "beauty." The latter has been considered from some aspects. The attention now must be turned to creation.

The word creation implies the making of something which has hitherto not existed, but it also implies conscious effort and a reasoned foreknowledge of what is to be the outcome of the act of creation; but when he shaped the cup, that the weather, in crumbling the mountain, in stimulating and then destroying plant-life, ultimately creates the soil. The automatic lathe does not create the screws which it turns out so rapidly. The act of creation also implies that the thing so created has henceforth an independent existence. When man, unable to catch the fleeter wild beast, sharpened a stake and flung it at the animal, he performed an act of reason which led to creation. It is this creative reason which differentiates man from the animal. When he took a lump of rough clay and formed it into a cup he was also performing an act of creation; but when he shaped the cup so that it was not only useful but pleasant to look upon, he combined in one act the two powers which raised him above the rest of the animals, and to which all his progress is due: reason (creation) and the recognition of beauty as a value in itself. Art is the exercise in combination of the only two gifts exclusively human.

The cup, the work of art, thus created is possessed of properties which arouse pleasurable emotions. It must be recognised that this power is to some extent inherent in the cup. It is to those who can perceive it a property of the cup, and no longer depends upon the existence or non-existence of the artist. This new beauty which has been called into being is henceforth—until the cup is shattered—self-existent. It can stimulate sensations of pleasure in successive genera-
qualities—shape, proportion, and so on. If the cup were too deep or too shallow for convenient drinking purposes it would lose some of its beauty were the artist to insist upon its purpose as a cup; but if he admitted a change of function, if he allowed it to become water-vase or plate, then its qualities of beauty would be once more apparent without blemish. We thus perceive that the properties in which the pure beauty lies are the abstract properties, the shape, the proportions, etc., and that the insistence upon a certain function which is obviously unsuitable only prevents us from apprehending non-representative, that is to say, it does not give us images of anything which exists, nor does it in its performance suggest definite arguments of a narrative or of a philosophical nature. It is an art abstracted from reality, and the pleasure which we derive from it is derived from imaginative, a tendency which is native to possibly eighty per cent. of the human species. That music does not delineate is easily proved by a comparison amongst the pictorially-minded of an imagined picture, a tendency which to some extent use representation, the effect of which the art-work is fashioned applies with equal force to tapestry or to carved ornament. If, then, we are to apply other rules of judgment to the work of the painter or of the sculptor, there must come a point at which a tapestry or wall decoration tures into a picture, and at which a carved ornament becomes a statue. It is obvious that no such point exists. It is also clear that when a work of art reaches the higher limits of perfection, that the aesthetic value of a picture is no greater than that of a Grecian vase, or that of a statue preferable to that of a cathedral. When a painting reaches perfection it produces the same effect, and by the same means, as any other work of visual art. Precisely what these means are, how they act, and by what these may be misunderstood, we shall discuss later.

We must now get a more general view upon the work of the artist. We have seen that in olden days the artist was the arbiter of taste (a duty now taken over by the machine). We have seen that the eye is to some extent educated in its vision of nature by the artist; that beauty is invisible to prejudice, influenced by desirability; that it appears under a thousand different forms, and that to-day humanity as a whole has to be taught the appreciation of the beautiful. And finally that in creating beauty, the artist is performing a task the most remote from the animal and therefore the noblest which man can undertake.

**Milton as Thinker.**

The value of this book* resides in the attempt which the author has made to demonstrate behind the scattered works of Milton—or rather inhering in them—a body of systematic thought interesting in itself, and not merely as a key to unlock the mysteries of "Paradise Lost." In this country, indeed, very few of us have yet realised that there are even "mysteries" in "Paradise Lost": we have regarded it as a mixture of great poetry, puerile mockery, and political propaganda. The peculiarity of this judgment—the assumption that a poet of such sublime conceptions as Milton could be a shallow thinker—would be astonishing if we did not know what an exception profound judgment is—what an exception it is even in profound spirits. M. Saurat has shown that Milton as a thinker is not unworthy of Milton as a poet. It is a discovery, and, like all discoveries, it is as simple and clear after we are shown it, as it was unsuspected before.

The philosophical system of Milton which, by a process of selection and co-ordination at once ingenious

* "La Pensée de Milton" : par Denis Saurat, Docteur ès lettres, Professeur extraordinaire à l’Institut Faculté de Bordeaux. (Librairie Félix Alcan. Paris. 20 fr.)
and just, the author builds up and clarifies, contains five chief conceptions:—

(1) The idea of God, infinite and non-manifest, out of Whom is formed the Son—the Creator and the Creation at the same time; out of Whom arises in turn Christ, the body of the elect;

(2) The idea of wills liberated by the withdrawal of God, and the association of the idea of reason with that of freedom; in which is found a proof of free choice (reason is impossible without freedom);

(3) The idea of Divine Matter, imperishable and good, part of God, out of which all things issue spontaneously and without distinction; from which follows that the soul does not exist separate from the body; all creatures being formed out of Divine Matter, and that in the regenerate Creation at the same time; out of Whom arises in elevated passion: there is passion even in his delineation of reason. Yet though he praised Reason he was not one of her favourites. He was great in her praise, but not in her service.

Significantly enough, it is in an intuition about Reason that Milton does become for once profound and illuminating. For him the proof of man's Free Will lies in his possession of reason. "When God gave (Adam) reason," he said, "He gave him freedom to choose, for reason is but choosing: he had else been a mere artificial Adam." That is surely a thought of the first order, which, as the author justly says, "n'a nullement perdu de son intérêt." But Milton did not develop it, he enveloped it—in the splendid pedantries of "Paradise Lost." Even his thought did not find expression through its own language, but through that of passion.

Having disagreed upon this point—one somewhat important, it is true, but not, perhaps, fundamental—I must hasten to agree with M. Saurat upon all his other conclusions. He has made the perusal of "Paradise Lost" twice as interesting as it was before. He has banished forever the bogey of Milton's puerile cosmology. After reading his book one can no longer regard Milton's last three great works as sublime exercises in academic poetry. We know for the first time—and the clearness of M. Saurat's demonstration is admirable—what the poet means when he speaks of God, of Christ, of Satan, of the Fall, and of Paradise regained. It is interesting to notice that the Holy Ghost always barrassed Milton in his theory of the Creation, and he ended by dispensing with it. In his last years he threw over also, it appears, the doctrine of Original Sin—a step which followed logically, indeed, from his postulation of Divine Matter, and from his personal pride and churlishness of imagination.

It is impossible to quote more than one of the many acute and just pensées in this volume. This is admirable upon Pascal:—

"Often the profundity of mind of a man like Milton or Pascal is an obstacle to his liberation from dogma—or, if one likes to regard it from the opposite side, a force which holds him in the faith. That profundity makes him discover in dogma meanings which are not there, but which satisfy him as a thinker. His adhesion is certainly a defect, even if it be the defect of a quality."

Edward Moore.

Be dim, O sanctuary.

And unespied delights: O have no sound
But the still breathing of her fragrant bosom,
And the bee's voice that singeth in the ground;
Which twin do make to me an hallowed sighing
Like to some fairy waft of music dying.

O song, I would thou wert an argosy
Rich in all colour'd wares and in delight,
Rather than like the leaf of some sad tree
Falling upon the water in the night,
Saying farewell unto the summer's pleasure,
And with one tear of dew for all her treasure:

Save that I think she sets no store on gold,
Rich in all colour'd wares and in delight,
Rather than like the leaf of some sad tree
Falling upon the water in the night,
Saying farewell unto the summer's pleasure;

This is my Love that is to riches cold,
And yet doth hold poor Grief close cherished:
This is my Love to have mine heart in hiding,
This is my Love, and here is mine abiding.

Ruth Pitter.
Views and Reviews.

THE PHYSICAL BASIS OF OPTIMISM.

I referred in my last article to Dean Inge's Romanes lecture on "The Idea Of Progress," in which he doubted whether progress, except in social inheritance, was a fact. That he does believe in progress in social inheritance even the recent newspaper report makes clear: "they had been driven to the conclusion that neither science nor history gave them any warrant for believing that humanity had advanced, except by accumulating knowledge and experience, and the instruments of living." But as all modern science, at least, teaches that the prime condition of life is adaptation to environment, the environment cannot be altered without effecting corresponding changes in the individual, or killing him. Shaw said years ago that ten years of cheap reading had changed the English people from one of the most stolid in Europe to one of the most hysterical; the recent history of Germany and Japan shows us that artificial selection and cultivation of a few emotions and mental faculties can effect, in a generation, extraordinary changes of character which there is no reason to doubt could be made and at least is possible; but progress demands a goal, as Nietzsche declared, and Dean Inge's pessimism is largely due to lack of definition.

But the fact remains that nescicism is un-Christian. Christianity, posing a melodramatic conflict of Good and Evil, prophesies a final triumph of Good over Evil. The modern conception of evolution by slow accumulation of favourable variations in one direction has affected Christian thought; and in place of the catastrophic theory of salvation outlined in the New Testament, we have among the younger school of Christian theologians the idea of a gradual augmentation of moral good in the world. I have, as readers of The New Age may remember, associated myself for years with resistance to what I call "spiritual" cant—and by cant I mean the treatment of phrases as though they were realities. I contend that if a thing is true, it is demonstrable; "spiritual things are spiritually discerned" certainly, but they are also materially embodied and expressed. After all, Thomas Dickmus demanded factual proof and obtained it: and although it is true the blessing or curse was bestowed on those "who have not seen yet have believed," all my experience assures me that Thomas Dickmus received the real blessing of certitude, while the others had only the verbal blessing. We walk by faith and by sight; indeed, we correct, or should correct, our faith by our observation. The final test of everything, including optimism and nescicism, is fact: and it must be admitted that optimists have not often given "a reason for the hope that is in them." But that there is a reason, a physical and material reason, for optimism, no one of my mind, at least, can doubt. Optimism is either true or untrue: if it is true, it is demonstrable—it is only untrue propositions that cannot be demonstrated. But where shall we look for the evidence? Upwards, where Christians at least have been taught to look for everything. I have referred on several occasions to astrology; and I make no apology for bringing it in again. There is a general consensus of opinion among those people who have studied the oldest science in the world that Jupiter is the Greater Fortune and Saturn the Greater Infortune. Jupiter corresponds to Whirlwind, the Creator, the Lord of Increase and Expansion, and Saturn corresponds to Shiva, the Destroyer. As with every other science, the evidence accumulates by study of the facts: and although I have no space to quote evidence, I can assure the readers of The New Age that these attributions which were found correct.

Now all that optimism wants as a demonstrable basis is some proof that the balance of power in the universe (or at least so far as this earth is concerned) is in favour of Good. I need not labour or argue the point in this connection that expansion, plenty, are generally regarded as Good; and, as I have said, these processes are astrologically attributed to the beneficent action of Jupiter. Any handbook of astronomy, or any almanac (such as Whitaker's), tells us that the magnitude of Jupiter is about eleven times greater than that of the earth, being in the proportion of 10.86 to 1. It revolves round the sun at a mean distance more than five times greater than that of the earth, and in about twelve years it makes one circuit of the zodiac. But the magnitude of Saturn is about ten times greater than that of the earth, and in about seven years it makes one circuit of the zodiac (being only about half the distance), it makes five revolutions to Saturn's two, and it is a young planet, while Saturn is an old one—and to the young the future belongs. There is in These facts not merely a promise but a sidereal guarantee of a steady accumulation of Jupiterian influence, which, as I say, is astrologically identified with Good; indeed, "Sepharial," in his "Astrological Ready Reckoner," says that "Jupiter is, in fact, in process of becoming, and because it is young it is also the symbol of Hope, and every jovian is an optimist." But even if we forget that the planets affect the earth, but not men, creatures of the earth, we are compelled to believe that the alteration of the state, particularly the electro-static state, of the earth compels corresponding modifications in the creatures that inhabit the earth. Insensibly we respond to our environment; instincly we return to our environment; and because every activity of mind and body is conditioned, the alteration of the general conditions effects a corresponding alteration in the expression of powers, and the effects of use and disuse of powers accumulate to produce new types, exhibiting new powers, or a different combination of old powers which constitutes a new individual. We may not like the New Man, but the penalty of refusing to adapt ourselves to changing conditions is death—and dead men progress only in corruption. And although it may be true within the comparatively short time known to history that man has developed no new faculties, it cannot be denied that he is developing new ideas. For example, civilisation itself is no longer regarded as a heritage, as a sort of property descending to those of a given race, but as a process, a discipline of faculties applied to certain purposes, that may be communicated to all. We no longer live by tradition, but by prophecy; the Millenium itself, of which Dean Inge denies the possibility, is a prophecy of a new dispensation, of the benefits of civilisation extended to all the people of the earth. If I remember rightly, the idea of the Millenium was unknown before the advent of Christianity; anyhow, it began to be, and ideas do not arise in vacuo. Inspiration itself is a stimulus of power operating on a responsive organism; and it is obviously a process by which the earth gave birth to the idea of the Millenium. To keep to my analogy, the earth had accumulated enough of the Jupiterian influence to stimulate men to hope for more, to prophesy that the Lord of Plenty should some day reign over the earth, and that the moral psychology of the reign of Saturn, of privation, that permitted animals to be only beasts of prey and men to be can-
nibals, should vanish from the earth. The lion may not lie down with the lamb at the Millenium—he is more likely to die out because he will not be able to respond to the increase of the influence of Jupiter.

A. E. R.

Old England—IV.
THE HISTORY OF ONE DAY.

By Bernard Gilbert.

BANNISTER HIDES.

If the Earl wasn't a doddering old fool, or if that ass of an Agent had an ounce of brain, I could strike a bargain to farm the whole Estate:

Nine thousand acres of the best land in the county:

That would be something like! I told that "Hee-Haw" Agent I would either pay the present rental and a third of my net profits, or take it all over on a twenty years' lease at double the present rental;

You'd thought by the way he looked at me through his eyeglass, I was offering him money for his Missis!

It would have been a great scheme;

And I'm the man to carry it out!

I'd have scrapped all these rotten little barns and sheds

And run the whole affair from the Estate Office by telephone,

With Fred Overton as Labour Manager, his brother,

John, as Field-Foreman

And Tommy Stower at market, buying and selling:

We could have cleared ten pounds an acre profit, every year.

Just fancy all that being missed because an old idiot can't give up his grandfather's ways!

I would make him a millionaire if he'd let me!

We should improve the value of the Estate by our better farming;

to say nothing of the increased rental.

He's short enough of cash anyhow:

His missis spends it by bucketsful, they say;

While the nation's the poorer, because

Of the Radicals would rid us of landlords I'd move heaven and earth to get Bennington in;

And he'll soon have no labourers either;

But only machines worked by pressing buttons in the Manor.

The few men he has now are engineers from Bly

To driving to Bly four days a week to

Trying to get a foundered ewe out of that cross drain—

Of course he won't be able to

And though he's very fly—

And holds off—

I reckon I've landed him at last:

There won't be such a family as the Hideses anywhere about.

MARY WILDERS.

When I'm running over the Voluntary that Aaron Tharp wrote for the organ and gave me, On condition I played Bach instead of Mendelssohn (Much against my will):

Bach's all dry twiddley runs and no music except sometimes in the very last chord, Whilst Mendelssohn is pure melody and had such a sweet face.

As I was saying—when I'm running over his Prelude, I shut my eyes and float away into the clouds:

Heaven must be like that—only more so—and no coming back with a jerk!

Fletton is very dull!

And I've passed my thirty-seventh birthday;

If only Tom Bowles hadn't been a born idiot all would have been well!

I should have made him a far better wife than that woman,

Who is old enough to be his mother—

And barren—of course!

Fancy holding that in your arms in the morning light!

I lay he never enjoys his breakfast!

I shouldn't have dragged him from Chapel and broken up the family,

And he wouldn't have looked miserable at heart,

Like he does when he goes past our shop:

If he wasn't such a pulk he would clear right off now, And take me with him.

If he doesn't, I shall have to look round—

There's several widowers in the village—

And I always liked Jackson Challands.

ABEL SNEATH.

What a fool I was to be over-persuaded!

But they cawed like a thousand rooks till I was deafened And gave up the old farm to Bannister Hides.

It's all very well for Martha to talk about the cash in hand:

What's cash if you can't turn it into stock?

Besides which when I'd paid everybody there was precious little left!

Hides will drive me scranny before he's done;

He's turning everything upside down and goes on like a madman;

You can overdo this craze for machinery, I say;

And some day he'll come a cropper:

I may not live to see it, but others will.

He's done away with horses, of course!

And he'll soon have no labourers either;

But only machines worked by pressing buttons in the Manor.

The few men he has now are engineers from Bly

Who never stop to pass the time of day.

There's only one job they can't do by steam—thank God!

That's tending the live stock!

I found old "Shep" Dawson down at the bottom of the Marsh this morning,

"Marsh" this morning,

Trying to get a foundered ewe out of that cross drain—

It always was boggy—

So I slipped my coat off and was helping him out,

When who should come across the meadow but Hides in a Yankee car!

He gave me a nod as if he wanted to be friendly;

He didn't talk to a man that drives motors across his farm!

CURTIS FULLERTON.

I crept out at half-past four to catch 'em,

But only got one little runt the size of a mouse,

While all the rest bolted back into Long Wood;

Their bellies full of my corn; blast 'em!

Just because I have a farm that isn't on the Estate

(Which runs up three sides of me with Long and Round Woods)

I suffer worse than I can tell with the game;

But receive no compensation as the tenants do.

Look at Young Todd across the road!
Only paying sixteen shillings rent for exactly the same sort of land as mine, That costs me forty-two-and-sixpence! What's worse, you're rated on your rental, So that I pay three times more rates than Todd. There's something very wrong about that: But they all hang together over the Land Question; And a fellow like me hasn't a chance. What I complain of is their keeping it in such a close ring:

When old Strawson died I bid the Agent for his farm; Offering two pounds an acre—grass and arable; He looked down his nose and said it was promised to the son of an old tenant, Which was a lie; because George Todd didn't know a word about it till a week later, When it was given to him at sixteen shillings: A present of nearly seven hundred a year for being the son of an old tenant! I was just as ready to vote straight and touch my cap

And when I went to Lawyer Ferrett about the rabbits, The Woods swarm with birds, rabbits and keepers—

I was just as ready to vote straight and touch my cap to the Family

Or keep as pockies and Labour Unions as George Todd! Meantime the game's ruining me.
The Woods swarm with birds, rabbits and keepers—

To say nothing of wood-pigeons.

And if you begin to fancy things is leaning out of the window, You never know what may be about;

It's no joke for a man as does night work in these woods And the schoolroom floor is as rough as Dad.

And makes the silliest excuses to rush off when I stop

He was as quiet as a mouse for nearly two days!

When I first came home I gave Mr. Rowett the glad eye

And if you wake

I know he means to kiss me,

And when he tries, I shall give him such a slap!

Dad wants me to marry old Woods!

But he's after Miss Burtonshaw—

The stuck-up, putty-faced thing—

Who screams at the sight of a dead rat!

When I first came home I gave Mr. Rowett the glad eye And he's followed me about ever since!

For all that I could have Parson off his perch any time he calls;

Though we've inquired

He said all I wanted was a dose of jalop and less gin.

The knot must have come undone;

If it comes to that, his own father ought to do something For all that I could have Parson off his perch any time he calls;

He's doing well in the Agent's office

And can't earn money in so many ways.

Only I daren't risk losing my Xmas coal and blankets;

From that Nurse comes poking round Paradise Row again She'll get something for her new ones

I'd a scare yesterday when I thought I'd lost Grandmother's ring.

And I ought to have a farm of my own, to leave to my

That's a fat lot of good!

She'll get something she doesn't fancy.

But he swears

She lived on the Hunt:

That's a fat lot of good!

I was fined five pounds at Quarter-Sessions?

His Missis has her long nose everywhere, and hears too much!

But a pension is my right!

Fifteen shillings a week would be very nice,

And when that handsome Oliver Waddy gave him a

She gave me one of her nasty looks!

"Don't step in my shadow," she says, in her horrible voice.

"Or you might see things you don't care about,"

And give up the gamekeeping altogether.

You never know what may be about;

And if you begin to fancy things is leaning out of the branches to snatch,

Or lying under bushes to grab you by the ankle;

And if you wake up in your cottage all of a latter from horrible dreams;

You'd be scared!

That damned old hag squints at me out of her eye-corners as she sits in her doorway pretending to knit:

Till I shall do something desperate to her!

I want to Doctor Berry, but he's a fool!

He said all I wanted was a dose of jalop and less gin.

When you're bothered in your mind little things work on you as you wouldn't notice other times;

That sneaking Fullerton's at his tricks again:

He lays a trail of maize from our hedge right out into his meadow

To get my birds away from the Wood.

He's took a game-licence for himself and his lurching boy,

While all his labourers have gun-licences!

They're nothing but a gang of poachers from Hordle; But I can't touch 'em unless they cross our hedge.

Then there's George Barks and Cousin Peg-Leg and

Alec Barley always cawing about his mangy pullets!

He lives on the Hunt:

Yet he ain't satisfied!

I know he lays poison for the foxes, but I can't prove it—yet—

Though we've inquired of every chemist in Bly.
He gave me a saucy look in the barber's last Saturday
As if he'd something up his sleeve:
He'd better be careful!
We always nab them chaps at the finish.

BETTY WILLIAMSON.
Mogg comes past my door every Sunday morning
Singing hymns about forgiving your enemies,
But I'm all for paying 'em out first,
And let them have a chance to forgive you.
I'll larn 'em to say things agen me!
When anybody treads on my toes I feel as spiteful as a cat!
If folks thinks you can do things to 'em, it's just the same as if you could:
After Parson preached about me—
Nine years ago come the twenty-third of the month—
On account of Jos Swinton losing his eye from a spark
after we'd had words—
And I'd told him to "mind his eye"—
I let it be known as he'd get paid for it sooner or later:
He's never had a child to his name!
Mind you I've a lot of ghostly power from my mother—
Black Bess—
I can cure headaches and other pains like she could,
Although it tires you out
(The power running from your fingers);
Any fool can charm warts
Or put a spell on boys to make 'em fall in love,
And farmers come for something to keep swine-fever or strangles away;
But the real business is letting folk think you can do whatever you want.
Mary's the present left at my back doorstep,
And I can scratch a better living in my old age, than either of my daughters
(Who take after their fathers),
By sitting at the front door with a stocking on my knee
And one eye on the street.

JEFF SHARPLES.
There used to be worse lives than a carrier's,
When you'd plenty of passengers and parcels to Bly market;
So long as your horses didn't begin to cough or start splints,
Or get stones in their feet, or fall down and break their knees,
Or your waggon-wheels didn't come loose or get wrenched off in the ruts,

Or market-merry farmers didn't smash into you when they galloped past with loose reins,
'Or the fog didn't come so thick across Hordle Waste
that you had to walk at the horses' heads;
And there was no competition:
But things aren't what they was:
Them motors have spoilt everything.

But now of all what used to sing,
There's no one left But me;
And always takes half-a-dozen farmers, or their wives, to market;
The police ought to stop him!
But Daniels hangs to them as has money;
Folks complain that I don't pull out for 'em, he says!
Mebbe they think I'm going to drive home from Bly on the slope of the road,
With one wheel in the ditch,
So as they can do the nine miles in twelve minutes!
Cunning Jim tells me Stower's going to have seats fitted
on his new motor-lorry
And run to Bly every Tuesday and Saturday:
I shall draw up on the bridge to wait for him
And keep slap in front all the way!
If I could get a little place like Hiram Jorkins,
I'd let somebody else have my van
Anybody could cut Thompson out—
Even my fool of a brother!
Liz says she hears he's minded to give the Mill up.
I must remember to get her medicine at the drug store,
She hasn't been well the last fortnight

BLIND JOHNNY.
(This poem was sent anonymously to the "Bly Chronicle" and published there. It seems certain that it must have been written in Fletton and has been attributed to Aaron Tharp.)

He stepped inside the barber's shop,
With hardly strength to go,
And painfully across the door,
Went creeping, week and slow.

"Do try an orange, Mester,
They're good and cheap to-day;
I've selled no end this morning;
You'll find 'em nice, I lay."

His failing arms no more could stay
The basket, worn and old;
It fell and swiftly rolled away;
A cataract of gold.

"I'm growing old, 'tis true, my boy,
It bothers me to talk,
But I won't have no Workhouse,
As long as I can walk.
I've done my share of honest work
For three-score year and ten,
And now I'm not a-going to shirk,
While I can keep my sen.

It's fifty year or mebbe more,
Since first I came around
To sing the carols at each door
With merry Christmas sound.

Here's nobody could do as well
At carol-singing then;
Bill Bones, Bob Pratt, young Georgey Bell,
Tom Burrows and myself.

For I could sing in tune, my boy,
And keep as true as owt;
While Georgey Bell did near as well;
We never missed a note!

But now of all what used to sing,
There's no one left but me;
And I'm not fit for anything;
'I'm growing old you see!'"

......

They took him to the Workhouse
He feared as much as hell;
But p'raps in dreams he goes again
His oranges to sell;
Or p'raps to roam a-carolling
The tunes he loved so well,
With Burrows, Pratt and Billy Bones,
And poor old Georgey Bell.

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