THE

NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

No other comment on the conduct of the coal strike by its leaders appears to be necessary than a statement of the facts. After a three weeks' strike, the cost of which to the miners alone has been somewhere about 20 million pounds, the Federation has obtained for the rank and file a temporary and conditional advance in wages, amounting, roughly, to about half a million a week. In other words, and on the optimistic supposition that things remain as they are, it will take 40 weeks for the miners to make up even the financial loss they have sustained. Further than this, the third poll of the campaign reveals such division of opinion among the rank and file that the utmost circumspection will be necessary to keep the Federation from splitting to pieces; and Mr. Brace's open defection to the Government, after he has done his worst or best to mislead the movement directly, will not add to the amenities of the situation. Finally, if tacit understandings have any meaning, a majority of the Miners' leaders appear to be committed to the acceptance of the principle of Payment by Results which, on every occasion upon which it has been submitted to them, the rank and file have emphatically repudiated. Not only is the Federation divided perpendicularly by districts, but laterally by grade and office. And all this is the work of a few months of the most incompetent leadership of Labour that we have ever seen.

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There is no use, however, in crying over spilt milk; and we hope that the rank and file, like ourselves, are prepared to let bygones be bygones. The experience of the leaders is dearly bought at the cost of 20 million pounds a lesson—which we offered them for nothing!—but it is apparently their only school. It is something to have got rid of the moustachio'd Mr. Brace; several Right Hon. Knobsticks should be invited to follow him home. It is something more to have won even a compromise out of the painful situation of the last few weeks. It is, again, no small matter to have a few months' breathing space for the serious consideration of future policy. But the greatest gain of all, in our opinion, is the abandonment by the Miners' leaders of the attempt to obtain nationalisation by industrial or any other means. Mr. Frank Hodges has been commendably explicit on the subject. Writing in the "Daily Herald" last week he said that "as nationalisation does not now seem to be within the realm of immediately practical politics, an attempt is to be made to make private ownership of greater value to the workman, owners and the nation generally. . . . (The Federation will aim at) a scheme which will distribute the values of the industry, both as regards profits and wages, on well-known and easily understood principles." In its repudiation of nationalisation as an immediate object of policy, this statement is perfectly definite; and we have to welcome it as the first sign of returning sanity.

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What, however, does Mr. Hodges mean by the alternative policy he has here indicated? What exactly is it? The "Times," which is so much better informed on these matters than any Labour journal, guesses, after an interview with Mr. Hodges, that "the well-known influence of the Guild-Socialists" may afford a clue to the direction of the Miners' Federation. Beginning with a National Wages' Board and Joint Committees on Output, the "Times" forecasts the formulation of "a scheme of joint control and direction," with "the possibility of a *financial* bond throughout the industry, both on the employers' and the men's side." Furthermore, if the industry is to be nationally organised, and the more fortunately situated mines are to contribute to the less fortunately situated, "it may be anticipated," the "Times" suggests, "that the contributors to the pool will claim a voice in the affairs of the beneficiary concerns." At the first glance, this inspired account of what may be in the minds of the Miners' Federation would appear, indeed, to testify to the belated influence of "Guild-Socialists"; and the suggestion of a possible financial bond between the producing parties might even afford ground for the hope that, at long last, the new planet of Credit had begun to swim into the Miners' ken. The conclusion of the "Times'" leader, however, nips that tender hope in the bud; for we are at once presented with the very objection which for the last three years we have been engaged in answering. Would not such a partnership of Capital and Labour, the "Times" asks, constitute "a great combine or association of combines"? "It is one of the flaws which the Guild Socialists themselves recognise that they have no adequate safeguard against a guild becoming a purely self-interested monopoly. . . . It would be within the power of a federation of coal-owners, backed by a federation of miners, to convert the mining industry into a close corporation exploiting every other industry and every private consumer for its own advantage."

We have no hesitation in saying that, however effective this line of argument may have been against "Guild Socialism" as first sketched, it is not in the smallest degree valid against the Scheme that has been put forward in THE NEW AGE. Not only, as the "Times" admits, have we always been aware of the "flaw" in the original statement of the theory, but all our recent endeavours have had as their object the discovery of the means of eliminating it; and just as sincerely as we have always admitted the flaw, we now sincerely affirm that it has been overcome. *By the control of prices and of credit-issue in relation to prices, the community is absolutely guaranteed against any of the deleterious effects of industrial combination.* The "Times" is, indeed, much less exigent in its demands for safeguards on behalf of the consumer than we are ourselves. Foreseeing the possibilities already suggested, the "Times" puts in a claim for the representation of the consumer on the supreme governing body of the mining industry. "The public cannot afford to remain outside. It must have its paramount interests protected, and the only protection is a direct representation on the body which will, from the very outset, in certain matters, be the governing authority in an industry supplying an essential commodity." A precious deal of protection for the consumer is to be found in representation of this kind! The consumer could not be in a majority on the governing authority; and no governing authority could consent to the exercise of a prejudiced veto. It is certain, therefore, that the consumer would be virtually powerless. The Scheme put forward in these pages is far more protective of the consumer than any possible representative system. Leaving the control and administration of production to the producers (owners and miners jointly and severally), *policy* and *price-fixing* are reserved absolutely to the community.

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People who say that prices cannot be effectively brought under any social control and regulated in the common interest must be quite unaware of what can or cannot be done in this area of economics. As a matter of fact, it is perfectly easy to regulate prices; and not only easy, but it is already done for us every day of our lives by what we must call anti-social powers. The relation of Money to Goods is the measure of Prices at this moment; and it therefore follows that whoever controls the amount of Money or Goods in circulation effectively regulates Prices. Again, it must never be forgotten, after the Government has taken such pains to remind us, that price-regulation is a function of the sovereign State. Would the State claim a function that could not conceivably be exercised? There would be no point in reserving price-regulation to the State if, in fact, price-regulation were impossible. Finally we direct the attention of the doubters to the discussion in Committee last week of the clause in the Agriculture Bill which defines the method by which the Commissioners shall fix the minimum prices of wheat and oats in relation to the cost of production during the ensuing years. There is nothing arbitrary in the method, however much we may and do dispute the principles underlying it. But, as Capt. Pretyman said, "the duties of the Commissioners would be purely actuarial." Having ascertained the cost of production, the regulation of prices would "automatically follow." That is precisely what we wish to arrive at, on the basis of a more radical principle, and in relation to all industries—the automatic regulation of Prices in relation to Production and the Cost of production. What has hitherto been left to the self-interest of the financial classes (not all of them even national, let alone social); what the Government claims the right and the power to do; what the Government has done in the case of wheat and oats—that and more might be done in the general interest and over all industry.

The Labour movement loudly professes to believe in "open covenants openly arrived at," and certainly secrecy has never done the Labour movement any good. In view of the deadlock that exists in the Mining industry we will, therefore, make this open offer. We undertake, if our advice is followed, to put the Miners' Federation, the Mining industry, and all the economic problems therein involved, in such a favourable position within the period allowed for negotiation (that is, by March 31 next) that, outside a small circle of financiers and their paid servants, no class in the community will withhold its support from all the legitimate demands of Labour. We further undertake, on the same terms, to enable the Miners' Federation to set an example to the rest of the world of how the industrial problem of the ages can be solved by peaceful means and to the simultaneous satisfaction of owners, workmen and the consumer. One or two preliminary conditions must be imposed, but they cannot be regarded as onerous. In the first place, we should require Mr. Hodges to do what he failed to do before the disaster of the coal strike: communicate Major Douglas' Scheme and our explanatory commentary on it to every member of his Executive. Next, we should expect that a committee be appointed to examine the Scheme in the closest detail, and in conjunction, if desired, with its authors and sponsors. Thereafter, it would be perfectly in order for the Miners' Committee to invite the co-operation of Mr. Greenwood's "experts," but, of course, on the understanding that the original sponsors of the Scheme were invited to be present when the criticisms of the "experts" were being considered; for we do not intend that the Scheme shall be stabbed in the back or suffocated in the dark. Finally, we should expect that, if the Scheme passed these ordeals, it would become the definite policy and programme of the Miners' Federation; and we may add that our services thereafter would be completely at the disposal of the Federation, to employ or not to employ at its discretion. We cannot, we think, make a fairer offer. It is for the Miners' Federation to consider whether their existing alternatives are more promising of results.

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We should be the last to deny that the principles underlying the scheme, being novel, are somewhat difficult to grasp offhand. But the Sphinx-question of the ages, to which so many Empires have fatally failed to discover the correct answer, ought not to be expected to require no thought or no more than is cheerfully expended upon fixing the price of wheat and oats. Fortunately, moreover, the current controversy concerning Output has already opened the way to a comparatively popular comprehension of one, at least, of the economic mysteries involved. In the case of the Mining industry it is perfectly clear to every miner to-day that a considerable part of the Total Production for which Labour and Capital between them are responsible is not Output, in the sense of deliverable Coal, but Development, meaning by Development the production of the *means* to producing Coal. This distinction goes to the very roots of the matter; for if, in the case of Coal, Total Production is partly Output and partly Development, it is obvious that the same holds good of industry in general; and hence that the Total National Production consists of two parts, of which one is the Output of consumable commodities, and the other is Development, or the means to Output. What is the exact proportion these two parts of Total Production bear to one another is a matter for calculation; but we are well within the mark if we say that Development is, at least, three times Output; in other words, that if we divide Total Production into four equal parts, three of them represent Development as against one part that is Output or consumable commodities only. Assuming this to be as true as we believe it to be, the inferences are obvious. Of Total Production all that is actually divided and consumed is Output. All wages,

salaries and dividends are, in fact, hypothecated to Output alone. They "buy" and "consume" the Output, since there is nothing else for them to buy and consume; and they are exhausted in the process, since the *price* of the Output is determined by the amount of Wages, Salaries and Dividends dispensed. It, therefore, follows that the residue of Total Production; in other words, the three parts we have called Development—all goes to the capitalist class under the name of Credit, and becomes their exclusive property, though, in fact, its whole cost has been paid for in the price of Output. The Labour fallacy of the past should now be perfectly clear. Labour and the consumer have been quarrelling about the division of the Output among them. They have concentrated their attention upon Output to the complete neglect of Development. But it is right that Development-values as well as Output-values should be divided among the community that produces them; and since, as we say, Development-values are, at least, three times Output-values, we have a means at hand for quadrupling consumptive capacity or, the same thing, of reducing prices to one-quarter of their present dimensions.

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The novelty of these doctrines lies mainly in their application to social problems; for they are not novel to the financial "experts" who absorb our national increments of Credit to their own private advantage. We do not say that if these doctrines could be controverted, they would have been controverted before now; but it is certainly strange that, with all their agents at work in the whole of the Press, the financial classes have not hitherto found an opportunity to attempt to traverse a single one of our propositions. No serious reply or criticism has been anywhere made of "Economic Democracy" or of the Scheme and Commentary which we have been publishing during recent months and years. We are quite prepared to believe that the opinion is entertained that our ideas are ridiculous; but they are none the less dangerous; and it would not be the first time in history that dangerously ridiculous ideas were found to be dangerously practical. In the absence of reply from any of the thousand and one agents and journals of the Financial power, we shall be forgiven for concluding that no effective reply is possible; and we are confirmed in this confidence by the striking resemblance of our diagnosis to the current exxplanations of the various financial and commercial crises. Turn, for example, to Canada, where prices are beginning to tumble on account of deflation or the restriction of Bank credit. Reading between the careful lines of the "Times'" Financial Editor, the explanation offered is perfectly simple, rational and acceptable. Prices are determined by the relation of Money to Goods. The inflation of Credit (or increasing the quantity of Money) raises Prices; the deflation of Credit (or decreasing the quantity of Money) reduces Prices. Thus it will be seen that Inflation hits the Consumer and profits the Manufacturer, while Deflation hits the Manufacturer and benefits the Consumer. Finance, or the Power that issues or restricts Credit at will, is thus seen to be able alternately to raise and reduce Prices, to hit now the Consumer and now the Manufacturer. When the Banks pull out the Credit-stop up go Prices; and when they push it in again, Prices fall. The image of a concertina is irresistible; only the tune that is played by Finance is composed of the alternate groans of starving consumers and bankrupt manufacturers.

The resolution to commemorate Armistice Day again by a few moments of national meditation is wise, and we thank the authors of it, whoever they may be. We would that all Europe could be included in the same sacrament; and not only all Europe, but the whole world. It would be impertinent for anybody to suggest a subject for the common meditation of those few moments. The common spirit of the nation will know how to express itself in that brief interval of illumination. But the prevenient grace of seeking is implied in the act; and the search, thus directed, surely cannot be in vain. Though the war is over, peace does not reign upon earth. Nor can its kingdom come until the causes of war have been sought out, and understood. The world is on the eve of mighty changes. Everywhere spiritual activities are astir in the depths of the unconscious mind of mankind, preparing for their advent into the conscious world. They are the "Spirit of the years to come yearning to mix Himself with life."

World Affairs.

WHATEVER may be thought of the reconstruction of history which we have been making by the aid of, let us call it, psycho-analysis, from the Jewish mythology, it will scarcely be denied that the interpretation covers a greater number of the anomalies of the Jewish problem than any commonly offered. Let us suppose that there had been no recorded mythology, no written or pictorial symbolic and psychological history of the Jewish race, and that we had been invited to construct, by imagination alone, an hypothetical history that should "account for" the facts as we know them to-day, a more all-embracing theory than the one we have sketched could scarcely be conceived. If they are no better than pure assumptions that the Jewish race was originally a coloured people—one of the embryological pre-Aryan races; that it was "chosen" to become the first-born of the White race, segregated itself for that purpose and dedicated itself to that mission; succeeded and, at the moment of success, collapsed and destroyed its own accomplishment—at least these assumptions are almost demanded by the corresponding phenomena required to be explained. For how else to account for the ineradicable faith of the Jews in their chosen character, their divine mission; for their profound pride; for the contempt, nevertheless, in which they are held, and their marvellous tolerance of it; for certain of their physiological as well as psychological qualities; for all, in short, that they are? Yet it is not merely as a hypothesis of the imagination that the explanation we have offered is to be accepted; for all we have said, and a great deal more, is unmistakably decipherable under the symbology of the Old Testament allegory itself.

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And the story of the Jewish people from the moment of their rejection of Christ-consciousness (which, we say once more, is the norm of the White race, the Aryan distinction) only confirms the interpretation here given. For on the suppositions already specified, what would rationally be expected to be the fate of a Chosen People that had failed to realise when its mission had been accomplished, but precisely what explicit history and common observation have to offer us? Would not such a people be "under a curse"? Would they not be likely to retain their belief in their mission and in their "chosen" character? Would they not continue to wait, to expect, to look forward, to hope? Would they not cling more fiercely than ever to Jehovah, in the belief that, the false Messiah having been sent to try them, redoubled zeal in the service of their group-soul would ensure the early appearance of the true Messiah? And, if the interpretation be correct or the hypothesis warranted, would it not be the fate of the Jews to carry out their mission in all respects in spite of themselves? As they had produced the Messiah and crucified Him, would they not become Aryans by contrariety, anti-Aryan, in short—doing Aryan work but in an anti-Aryan way? All this, it appears to us, is strictly logical. Moreover, there can be little doubt that they are facts.

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Everybody has remarked on the existence of opposites in the Jewish mentality. The Jew is simultaneously at

the two poles of extreme aristocracy and extreme plebeianism. A Jewish nobleman in the Aryan sense is a contradiction in terms; but equally a Jewish slave in the Aryan sense has never been known to exist. The polarity of the race which we have observed before in its simultaneous production of mutually antagonistic movements and personalities—characterised by extremes, never by the Aryan quality of the mean—is manifested no less in the individual than in the race. There are, of course, exceptions to-day as there were when the Messiah Himself appeared. Heine was a super-Jew, an Aryan; so was the gifted Weininger; and the occasional appearance of such "White men" in the Jewish race is, perhaps, evidence of the race's ultimate redeemability. But in general it may fairly be said that every Jew is at once proud and humble, masterly and servile, elect and canaille, isolated and gregarious, refined and gross, idealistic and sensual, super-human and sub-human, divine and profane—but never White, never Aryan, never human. We have said that this syzygy of qualities would be the logical outcome of the events recorded in the Jewish mythology. Side by side in the Jewish racial unconscious there exist these two "complexes": the one, their indubitably "Chosen" character, their divine call and mission, that gives them the sense of their unique distinction among the races of mankind; the other, the complex of their tragical failure, their unconscious betrayal of their racial mission. Given these two complexes in the Jewish unconscious, and the polarised character manifested in the Jewish mentality is their natural outcome.

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The persistence of the Jewish race in their pre-Messianic beliefs is quite as notorious as the polarity of their character. The Jews remain a tribe in a world slowly but surely developing racial organs; and Judaism continues to be a tribal cult. Nothing is more startlingly anomalous in modern civilisation than the intimate presence among the Aryan ruling classes of gifted Jewish individuals who retain both consciously and unconsciously all the distinguishing marks and beliefs of a pre-Aryan and even pre-racial cult. It is needless to report rumour when it asserts that the Rothschilds, the Swaythlings, and the Burnhams, for instance, practise the Judaic cult in the privacy of their homes—the evidence is much more explicit in the peculiarities of their public manifestations. No critic of penetration can doubt that side by side with an assumed European outlook, usually exaggerated in the direction of a kind of Aryan chauvinism, there exists in such families a private outlook, unmistakably Judaic, tribal. While with one part of their mind they are ostensibly pursuing the mission of Europe, with another they are back in Judea pursuing the lost mission of Zion. When in direct contact with Europeans they are a tribe stretched out; but, as soon as they withdraw into themselves, they are a tribe and nothing more.

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This "stretch" that is put upon the Jews in contact with Europeans is again, it appears probable, one of the penalties of their historic racial failure. Assuming it to have been the case that the Jewish people was "chosen" to be the first-born of the universal White race, to whom was to be entrusted the functional organisation of mankind, it is singular to remark on the caricature of their mission, which, in spite of themselves, the Jews have been forced to make. They appear, as it were, to have been compelled to universalise themselves, but not in the intended Aryan way by means of a voluntary and manifestly ruling policy, but involuntarily and by the secret arts of apparent servility. Where the Aryan is international, the Jew is cosmopolitan. Both have a world view; but whereas the Aryan would articulate and organise the world, the Jewish function is to reduce all organs to a common level of the unconscious. Aryan internationalism would make of the world One Great Man, functioning consciously and intelligently by races and nations. Jewish cosmopolitanism would make of the world One Great Amœba, undifferentiated, unconscious, Eastern. Similarly in method. Whereas the Aryan works openly, governing and ruling and conquering visibly, in the light of human consciousness—the Jew works secretly, conquering, ruling and controlling invisibly, from behind the Aryan throne, in the dark (which to him is light) of human unconsciousness. It is not, as sometimes asserted, by mere historic accident that the Jew governs by means of Finance. Money is a precise symbol for the "blood" of civilisation and Credit is its psychological counterpart. Though the Aryans control the visible organs of mankind and visibly rule its destinies, it is Jewish mentality, whether in the Jews themselves paramountly, or in individuals of other races of the same order, that controls the blood by means of which the organs are nourished or impoverished. And the disposition of the Jews towards blood is well known; perhaps it was the Red Sea which they once crossed, but to which they returned; in any case, the Jewish genius for Credit, the blood of society, has not been an accident.

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It is particularly in his world-aspect that the Jew creates problems; and since we believe that the Aryan mission is the functional organisation of the world, the Jewish ex-mission, as we may call it, that nevertheless remains as a living mission in the Jewish race, may clearly be said to run, if not counter to it, at least, at a conflicting angle. It is not, therefore, as anti-Semites that we write, but the case is rather, if anything, that the Jews are anti-Aryan. Theirs is the opposition, the negation, to Aryan ideals; and if Aryans are driven to appear to be anti-Semitic in the popular sense, they are only anti-Semitic because the Jewish "mission" is at cross-purposes with the Aryan mission. Moreover, it is not the case that the conflict of the living European mission with the revenant resurrected Judaic mission is alone responsible for the anti-Semiticism that exists. On the whole, indeed, it is the typical Aryans who have tolerated with the greatest magnanimity (as becomes them) the activity of the Jewish ex-mission side by side with their own. The failure of the Jewish race was a failure which the whole of the world had to bear. To put it plainly, the Jews are responsible (unconsciously, no doubt) for the delay of world-evolution by several thousands of years. The reaction to the Jews (again unconscious for the most part) is, therefore, world-wide; and we believe it is the fact that the more unconscious the race, the greater is its revulsion from the Judaic Jew. However this may be, the fact remains that the Jew takes with him wherever he goes a world-problem. If it does not already exist, he creates it; and where it already exists, he multiplies and intensifies it. That the Jews have everywhere suffered for their uniqueness nobody with any knowledge of history would deny. The Jews are, indeed, a tragical people. But suffering alone is not a virtue, nor does it testify to the possession of virtue. In this world, both vice and virtue suffer as well as enjoy; and it would be hard to say, from external observation, whether virtue or vice suffers the more. The sufferings of the Jewish people may be said to prove nothing against them or for them. Judgment must depend upon the historic facts of the case as interpreted in the light of mythology in the absence of the light of logical reason. From this it would appear that in a transcendental but historic sense the Jews have brought their sufferings upon themselves. They have experienced the "wrath of God" manifesting itself through the unconscious of Man for their "backsliding" from the proud eminence they attained as the Chosen Race, the first-born Son of Man. In a further article we propose to consider their future in relation to the Aryan ideal.

M. M. COSMOI.

Our Generation.

THE other day a man was charged with fighting in the streets. Brought before the magistrate he was asked to give the name of his opponent so that he, too, might be charged. But although the defendant was suffering from injuries, he refused. "The other man wasn't to blame," he replied, "I asked for it." Now this story, told in any company of men, would be recognised at once as English in the authentic tradition; a variation on the noble commonplace of fair play. But reported in the Press it appears literally extravagant. Why is this? It is simply because we are unaccustomed to seeing in print nowadays a phrase showing generosity or magnanimity. We shall look in vain in the Press for the parallel of this police-court sentiment. But on the other hand we shall find everything that is antithetic to it, we shall see the Press not only refusing to asknowledge that it is wrong when it is wrong, but even refusing to admit that anyone else is right when he is right. The truth is that the Press has made meanness a public imperative, so that collective generosity now appears to be against the public advantage. We cannot *afford* public magnanimity, it implies. Government is altogether too serious a matter for justice. And these degraded values have been accepted by us, almost insensibly. The newspapers spread them wherever they go. Already unquestioning magnanimity is most easily found among those who are called illiterate—among those *who do not read the newspapers*.

The popularity of the dramatic version of "Tarzan and the Apes," recently produced at the Surrey Theatre, is more interesting than popularity usually is. The story of the child who was washed ashore on the coast of Africa and was brought up by the monkeys is, of course, well known. Its popularity both in book form and on the cinema has been one of the myriad blots on our culture. It is a blot psychologically significant, however. All books which are widely read are, it may be said, interesting psychologically. For what the public seek in literature is the expression—the triumphant expression—of their unexpressed desires. This explains, to take a few obvious examples, the popularity of stories about love, adventure and riches—we all desire love, adventure and riches. The subject is inexhaustible; but in general it may be said that as dreams express the repressed desires of the individual, so popular stories indicate those of the public. What repressed desire finds relief in "Tarzan and the Apes"? It is obviously the desire to return to nature, to shake off vicariously the burden of an artificial existence which has become too oppressive and to give the instincts freedom. This desire may in its expression be entirely salutary or in the last degree dangerous. To give the instincts freedom without counting the cost is to go back psychologocally for thousands of years; to give them freedom in order to transmute them is to advance—how many years it is impossible to say. At present, however, there is clearly a need, almost a command, to descend among the instincts: our being, cut off by "modern existence" from its instinctive source, takes every opportunity to escape, even if it is only in imagination. The popularity of stories about animals during the last few years is more than enough to indicate what is happening. The force which threw up Jack London and that which initiated psycho-analysis was the same. The latter did not come too soon.

A new definition of journalism was given the other day. "It is the duty of the special correspondent," Sir Philip Gibbs is reported to have said, "to tell the truth, as far as he can without risking his job." Whether the remark was sordid without intention or ironical with intention, it is impossible to say; but, in any case, the fact that it can be said without raising a cry is discreditable. Observe that it is not simply pardonable for a journalist to tell the truth only "as far as he can without risking his job"; it is not something which fallible humanity may be expected to pardon: it is a duty which having performed the journalist places himself among the virtuous. They are *good* journalists who behave in this way! *They* do not lie by taste, like the evil journalists: they lie, these intrepid soldiers of humanity, only when they are asked to. This is not merely a statement in another form of Sir Philip Gibbs' creed; it is a statement of the unconscious attitude of all respectable journalists. They do feel that they are better than those who do not trouble about the truth at all. In reality, of course, they are worse, for they compromise values. The liar sans phrase can always be abashed by confronting him with the truth: but the man who tells a little truth and a little falsehood brings truth itself to confusion. It is easy to see why this loosening of values should be taking place. There was a time when values were recognised as unconditional, and conformity to them as difficult of attainment. When men failed to conform they recognised the fault within themselves, and they were conscious of sin. On the one hand were the values which men could not alter; on the other were men, capable of loyalty to the values, liable to failure. But now men—or, at any rate, journalists—can no longer endure the idea that they sin. The necessity of possessing ease of conscience has forced them to bring the values down within their reach. Values are now within reach of everybody.

Mr. J. R. Clynes, M.P., was guilty the other day of another blind definition. Speaking before the Rural Library Conference, he said, what is true, that the need for libraries and books among the working class is great. But what benefit the working class is to derive from them you would never guess. Mr. Clynes, it is reported, "would like to see an educated working class who would be able and anxious to enjoy the best of music and what was in art galleries, for until they got the masses of men turned more into the type of gentlemen than at present they would be faced with greater danger in regard to the country." A meaner conception of culture has surely never been expressed. Granted that "the gentleman" is, or at least was once, a fine ideal, granted that the enjoyment of music and "what is in art galleries" is a grace, and therefore good: the postulation of these as the aim of culture at present is a greater crime against culture than the simple abstention from reading which Mr. Clynes condemns. The time is past when enjoyment, or even the capacity to enjoy, can be set up as the mark of culture: those who merely enjoy culture are its enemies. What reading must do for the workmen of this country is not to polish but to quicken them. It must not merely initiate them in a convention, however praiseworthy; it must reveal what the human spirit has attained, and what it is still capable of doing. They will add a cubit to their stature not by relinquishing one tradition to take up another but by a re-birth, a spiritual discovery, and after that by the creation of a tradition from within. Otherwise they will simply cease to be dead workmen in order to become dead gentlemen. For the ideal of "the gentleman" too is lifeless; it exists outside and not within us. It is nothing more than one of the "ghosts" of which Ibsen spoke. The substance of Mr. Clynes' speech should now be clear. He was not speaking to workmen, but to a class who by convention are born to the name of gentlemen, and he was simply expressing the hope that the working class would become like his audience. Whoever has lived among workmen, however, and has observed their single-minded struggle for knowledge, their almost touching reverence for wisdom and greatness, will know that Mr. Clynes' hope is as vain as it is plebeian.

EDWARD MOORE.

Readers and Writers.

In the course of his comparison of Blake and Milton, M. Saurat says some penetrating things. How happy, for instance, is the phrase: "Blake is a wild brother of Milton"; and this, that "Blake is often a magnifying-glass held over Milton." These judgments strike me as being not only well-expressed but as true; and they are entitled to be put with the material indispensable to our final judgment. Scarcely less true and felicitous are some of M. Saurat's other perceptions; as that there was much of the "spoilt child" in Blake, that Milton was Blake's *mind,* his reasonable element, that Milton "controls and concentrates" where Blake "lets go and expands," that Milton was pre-eminently a man of action while Blake believed that Empire follows Art, that "Blake created mythology while Milton interpreted it," that "Blake is intellectually a sort of inverted Milton," there being at bottom as much "passion" in Milton as "reason" in Blake. Again, I am impressed by M. Saurat's analysis of the respective places occupied in Milton's and Blake's minds by their common dichotomy of the soul of Man as Reason and Desire or Intellect and Passion. At bottom, as we have seen, both elements were included in the psychological scheme of both Blake and Milton; but whereas Blake deliberately followed Desire Milton even more deliberately followed Reason; and the character of their work follows from their respective assumptions. Even Blake's rhythmic lines, dithyrambic, free, Dionysian, are in contrast with Milton's Apollan workmanship. The one looses Desire, as it were, gives it rein while still, however, guiding its direction; the other drives Desire on the curb, and nevertheless contrives to make it draw something. Both have power, it is clear; but the power of Blake is more obviously extended than the power of Milton.

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It is at this point that I begin to feel that M. Saurat has not arrived at a final conclusion of the respective values of Blake and Milton himself. Having made so excellent a comparative study of the two great writers, he might be expected to proceed to sum up in favour of one or the other. I must admit, of course, that such a summing-up may not have been within the plan of M. Saurat's essay. It may, furthermore, be reserved for the monograph on Milton to which reference has been made. Without charging M. Saurat with shirking a final judgment, I may nevertheless observe that there appears to me to be one excellent reason why he has not attempted it, namely, that he has not yet got to the very bottom of the psychological problem presented by Blake. For Milton, as an apostle of Reason, it is natural that M. Saurat should have a complete understanding; but I think that for Blake, at present, he has only a profound sympathy. Blake, it is obvious, attracts him, compels his admiration, provokes him to comparisons with Milton, even persuades him to regard Blake as the complement of Milton, the wild brother of Milton, and, therefore, in this sense as the equal of Milton. But it is his sympathies that are mainly at work in all this; I will not say that of understanding of Blake there is none, for there is much; but I do say that M. Saurat does not understand Blake anything like so completely as he understands Milton; and for the reason, I think, that M. Saurat understands the conscious and even the super-conscious mind, but he has only sympathy, and not too much of that, with the unconscious of which Blake was alternately the master and the victim.

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Milton, M. Saurat says, was a man of action as well as a lord of words; and to this I will add that his actions were as good as his words. His life, we know, was a long attempt to make his words come true both in himself and in the nation at large. He not only laboured after perfection in himself, but at every national crisis which he contributed by his words to bring about, he was not found wanting in his written exhortations and resolutions. Rightly or wrongly, he had called for the death of the king and the establishment of a Protectorate; equally rightly or wrongly, but with unswerving consistency, he defended the Regicides and Cromwell's assumption of supreme power. It is impossible to deny that Milton was a man of his word, who acted as he wrote, and practised what he preached. Did he subordinate Desire or Passion to Reason or Intellect in his philosophy? So he tried to do in his art, his conduct and his life. All blunders aside, Milton's life was his work; the man and the writer were all of the same piece. Not so in the case of Blake. I admire Blake this side of idolatry. His "Tiger! Tiger!" is an immortal piece of literature and psychology of titanic greatness. As "M. M. Cosmoi" would say, it is a fragment of high Aryandom, a priceless reminder of our racial source. But, for the rest—I mean for the Blake that did *not* write "Tiger! Tiger!"—the comparison with Milton is a little too flattering. There is a significant incident in Blake's life which M. Saurat insufficiently remarks. At the outbreak of the French Revolution Blake stuck a cap of Liberty on his head and walked out in it into the streets of London. At the first news of bloodshed in Paris, Blake recanted and became a reactionary. I would not like to say which was the more praiseworthy of these two contrasted acts; praise of Liberty is good, horror at bloodshed is good. But not only were they inconsistent in one and the same Blake, as they would not have been in Milton, but Blake's recantation is all the worse from being in sharp opposition not only to his immediate attitude towards the French Revoluion, but to his philosophic deliberate preference for Desire and Passion over Reason and Intellect. It could not have been true then, and native to Blake, this order of values; he was a Dionysian manqué; who had not the courage of his own unconscious. He loved to play in his unconscious, to feel its power, to let it loose and let it go; but as soon as an Act was dictated by it—outside such acts as free rhythm or putting on a red cap—he took refuge in the perfectly normal, the bourgeois, mind. Milton was aristocrat who indulged his unconscious in the belief, not unjustified, that the superconscious was somehow mixed up with it. Blake was plebeian who indulged himself in his unconscious, and was occasionally rewarded by the chance discovery of superconscious elements in it. Man for man as well as writer for writer, Blake may have been a wild brother of Milton; but he was a vastly younger brother. If Milton was his "mind," Blake was most truly himself when he was out of it.

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I have remarked on M. Saurat's omission to sum up his comparative study; and the reason, I hope, is now plain. M. Saurat's diffidence is due to the fact that he is intuitively aware of his present defect of psychological equipment. Psycho-analysis is, of course, too recent a method to be in common critical use; and it is no reproach to M. Saurat that he should not yet appear to be familiar with it. In that event, however, Blake must wait a few more years for his final court of appeal, since unmistakably Blake, unlike Milton, belongs to the order of creators from the unconscious; in other words, to the class of neurotic genius; a class that is not to be understood, however it may be sympathised with, by anybody not in conscious touch with the unconscious itself. I do not profess to be an expert in psycho-analysis or to be able confidently to "place" Blake where he belongs. But another significant incident in Blake's conduct to which M. Saurat draws attention only to make little use of it would have called for the very special attention of a psycho-analytic critic and, perhaps, have given us the key to the real character of Blake's philosophic impulses. For long,

we are told, Blake could not bear to hear the word "father." When we remember that it was "Reason" to which Blake objected and which he subordinated to "Desire," and that its other name was "Law" whose virtue was that it provoked rebellion—the significance of the incident for the understanding of Blake is plain. He was Milton's wild or unconscious brother right enough; but his "wildness" was rebellion against their common father, Reason. R. H. C.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

MR. ARTHUR WONTNER'S first venture into management does not present him in the most characteristic phase. He is not in any sense a gifted actor; he is not richly endowed either with temperament, technique, or a sense of character. There is no one thing that he can do superlatively well, although his "adequacy" has its gradations; and he showed a simplicity and dignity in "The Toy-Cart," when it was produced by the Stage Society, that indicated where his peculiar talent might be exercised. But when he comes to play such a part as that of Gervase Mallory in "The Romantic Age" he brings to it neither the "natural" tradition of character-acting nor the conventions of the romantic style. It is true that Gervase Mallory is only a romanticist by accident, so to speak; fancy dress does not make a stock-broker accept all the conventions of life as revealed in the more modern renderings of classical romance. Gervase Mallory was as much concerned about his breakfast as was a Knight of the Round Table, or is a resident of modern Balham. But in the second act, he plays at romance with Melisande, a young lady (obviously South Kensington) whose idea of romance seems to be derived from Maeterlinck and Eustace Miles—and he does not play it well. Apparently, he has no sense of effective contrast, does not feel that the comedic effect of the play would be heightened by the contrast with the romantic episode in the wood—and plays gently but firmly in an easy mezzo-forte all the way through.

In this he is ably assisted by Miss Barbara Hoffe. She is, I hope, a young actress, who recognises that she has everything to learn; at present, she is simply pretty and dressed by Debenham and Freebody. The first thing that a romantic actress must learn is how to walk; and these ungainly swings from the hips, although useful, I believe, for massaging the liver (see Eustice Miles passim), do not convey any sense of romantic beauty whatever. She is extraordinarily poor in gesture; her clasped hands bored me to death; but worst of all, she plays with an utter lack of conviction or even understanding. It is no use reciting passages from "The Lady of Shalott" as though it were the Court Circular; this girl was supposed to be one of Emerson's sentimentalists; she "'adored' poetry—and roses—and the moonlight—and the cavalry regiment," and if Miss Hoffe wants to know how it is done, let her read Shaw's "Arms and the Man" with particular reference to Raina, who in the last act, I think, describes the technique. An actress who cannot recite "The Lady of Shalott" (which is practically an "actor-proof" poem) ought to go back to the Academy and learn. She "muffed" her quotation from the turtle-dove scene in "The Merchant of Venice," too; surely, surely, she is young enough to feel and express the glamour of such lines as

> The moon shines bright:—In such a night as this,
> When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
> And they did make no noise—in such a night,
> Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
> And sigh'd his soul towards the Grecian tents,
> Where Cressid lay that night.

That is not bare narrative; it is sentimental longing establishing its identity throughout history before turning, reinforced, to its immediate object. But the poetry of the lines—but what is the use of asking young actresses to feel poetry!

In the absence of that romantic glamour (I wanted Mrs. Pat Campbell all the time), the comedy fell very flat indeed. M. Milne's wit is not a thing to rave about, although Mr. St. John Ervine managed to rave about it in the "Observer"; and in "The Romantic Age" it is more a matter of contrasted mood than of definite point. Bread-sauce, for example, is not the most effective symbol either of gross materialism or of romantic realism; and if the values of mood have not been given to it, one feels that an afternoon has been wasted on a trivial thing. But bread-sauce carries the burden of the play, which is a sort of moral homily directed to soulful young women. Romance is not a despising of life, but a glorifying of it, a sense of mystery in all vital things, a recognition and worship of the fact that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost. That is the extreme statement of Mr. Milne's position; like Sidonia, in Disraeli's "Coningsby," when the Princess, after looking round the apartment, asks, "Have these automata indeed souls?" he replies, "Some of them; as many as would have had souls in the fourteenth century." But, good God, if this sort of thing has to be said now, if the avuncular wisdom of "Punch" feels that this is appropriate to the spirit of the age, it is about time that our girls came down from the heights of "higher education" and graduated in lower education. A girl who could believe that romance was incompatible with life on the Stock Exchange could never have read the most characteristic form of modern fiction, a prospectus.

But for Miss Lottie Venne, cultivating functional disorders ("nothing organic, you understand," she told a probable suitor of her daughter) with a remarkable assiduity and skill, I should have given up the struggle with the devil of dullness that afflicted most of the cast. She had very little to play with: "Oh, Dr. Anderson, I said," is not a very funny line, but Miss Venne practically made a character from the refrain. She prattled her way through everything, revealing, even in her prattle, the lumpish, leaden-footed nature of a gross feeder. Her "romantic" reminiscences were appallingly pedestrian, or, more correctly, vehicular, for she was proposed to in a cab; and her "tact" was elephantine. She "stole away" to leave the lovers together as like an elephant treading among egg-shells as a human being could do; she made the obviousness of this woman's intentions obvious—in a word, it was a character-study, and produced a real comic effect.

But it is not so good a play as "Mr. Pim Passes By," nor so good a production. The sense of values is by no means so perfect. Romanticism is a perfectly legitimate subject for derision, delicate or otherwise; but is domesticity of the kind suggested in the play really an ideal? These people who have everything done for them, who would, if they could, pay other people to have their children for them—what sort of a life is it that Mr. Milne offers them? It is a life in which the only thing left to talk about is food, as the mother put it in the play. Food is a good subject for conversation; it has inspired the chief movements of the human race recorded in history, and at the present time its production and distribution entail the most elaborate exercise of the scientific imagination. Ultimately, it widens out into the whole history of the human race, its toils, its inventions, its politics, economics, sociology, medicine. But it is not thus that these people talk of food; how to make bread-sauce that will not be like a bread-poultice, this is the romance of reality that Mr. Milne offers his heroine. If only she could talk about food as Disraeli's cooks talked about it in the first chapter of "Tancred," there would be some hope for her; there was the romance of cookery, because those men were genuinely interested in their craft. But this girl—oh, take her away and bury her in Balham!

A Dream Book.

WE must notice a short paper* by Dr. Maeder, of Zurich, on the subject of dreams, which is interesting as marking a transition stage between the positions of Freud and Jung. Dr. Maeder, like most others in the same boat, appears to have embarked upon his psycho-analytic life as a Freudian and to have gradually reached a point approximating to that occupied by Jung in his writings. That is to say, from regarding the dream as a wish-fulfilment he has arrived at calling it an appreciation of the dreamer's immediate problems, an "actual expression of the life-task." This is all to the good, and a distinct advance upon the Freudian notions. Dr. Maeder is very good in his statement of theory. He remarks, for example, that the real value in freeing the unconscious lies not so much in the abreaction as in the resolution of conflicts by sublimation. I think transmutation would be a more satisfactory term to employ here, as sublimation is a word overshadowed by hints of a morality that is not really germane to the matter. To return to Dr. Maeder, however, he remarks again how the Greeks when they visited the temple of Æsculapius did not seek the cause but the cure of their sickness. They examined their dreams, in fact, in order to construct a life-line from them, not for the purpose of picking them to pieces. When dreams are taken like that, there is a very immediate value in them; when they are simply dissected, they are merely museum specimens. At the same time, when Dr. Maeder comes to practice and gives us a few examples, his interpretations are found to be extremely unsatisfactory. There is a subtlety in any dream analysis, a comprehension between analysed and analyst, that it is impossible to convey to any third person; but setting this aside, the constructions put by Dr. Maeder upon his specimens are anything but convincing. To start with, he is himself solidly embedded in a foundation of conventionality that is a fatal clog to any free play of mind over dream matter. And as this *play* of mind is the one attribute that is an absolute essential to any analyst, Dr. Maeder's work suffers accordingly. Let us consider one of his examples, the dream of Rosegger. Rosegger started life as a tailor's apprentice, and finished, it is said, as a poet. What his poetry was actually like I am unable to say, never having seen any. But there is a specimen of his prose given in this book, and in it he speaks of a "well-stocked bookcase" containing "eternal Homer," "gigantic Dante, incomparable Shakespeare, glorious Goethe"—all in one breath. We may deduce that his poetry was not of the first water. And this deduction is borne out by the judgment of his own unconscious. For every night for years he dreamed that he was back working hard for his tailor, until finally one night the tailor told him he would never be any use and dismissed him. From that time the dreams ceased. Now, it should be obvious from this that Rosegger was a dilettante, a précieux, and that his unconscious was directing his attention to what the Freudians call the "reality principle." And at last, as he kept running away from it, his unconscious deserted him entirely, so that his last state was a great deal worse than his first. But Dr. Maeder spins a terrific web about Rosegger's moral development, and calls the dream an "autosymbolic expression" of this. Even if we allow Dr. Maeder his orthodox views, this interpretation seems to be upside down. For the tailor dismissed Rosegger with contempt, much to Rosegger's relief. That is to say, Rosegger was weighed in the balance and found wanting. So far from being developed, as Dr. Maeder implies, he was, as it were, half-baked. And our criticism of this analysis by Dr. Maeder can be applied to all his other analyses, as the reader can find for himself by looking in Dr. Maeder's book. We may add that it is also possible to apply to Rosegger's dream the formula, "It is now as it was then."

Now let us move forward a few paces. We have seen that Dr. Maeder has advanced from Freud and hit upon the idea that from dreams may be constructed a definite line of action for the dreamer, by following which his Wish may be liberated. There are at least two other phenomena quite definitely to be found in dreams. The first is the presence in dreams of what Jung has called the "collective unconscious"; and the second is the foreshadowing, sometimes most literally prophetic, element in them. This prophetic aspect is, I suppose, the most difficult discovery to be made in dream analysis. Usually, in fact, it can only be observed after the event. If anyone keeps a dream diary and refers back to his dreams of three or four months ago, he will see what I mean. In the meantime here is an example. In March of this year a man experienced a dream, the beginning of which was that he was on leave in Newcastle. At the beginning of June circumstances transferred him to a spot twelve miles outside Newcastle, and placed him in such a position that he was, as it were, on leave; that is to say, he was unable to continue as he wished with certain work he had in hand. It only remains to be added that Newcastle was found to fit quite well as an appropriate symbol when attacked in orthodox fashion; and also, at the time of his dream so far was he from anticipating a visit to Newcastle that he was confidently expecting to be settled in London before a month was out. The dream was extremely vivid and forcible. I am confident that there is nothing especially unique about this example; but, as I said, this very plain prophetic element is certainly the most difficult dream element to catch before the event. *Perhaps* the difficulty lies in its very plainness. At any rate, it is a point that will repay examination.

Now in the matter of the collective unconscious, Dr. Maeder has a conception of a racial unconscious to be found in myths. But beyond a general reference to this, he does not go any farther. I think we would be justified in going a little farther than this, however. The collective unconscious is really universal, or primary, consciousness. It is to be met in varying forms. In severe cases of introversion and regression bordering upon psychoses are to be found such dreams as that there is a monstrous bat upon the dreamer's shoulder draining his life away. This, combined with the dreamer's history of a complete stoppage of his dearest activities by his external circumstance, his fate, during the war, enables us at least to consider the suggestion that he is being thrown back into a bat-like, twilight state of consciousness. As, indeed, he was at the time of that particular dream. This is what might be called the sub-human side of the collective unconscious. It is possible and permissible to add that there is a corresponding super-human side. Demon est deus inversus, and deus is sometimes himself also.

This has been thrown out in conjectural fashion, with intent to furnish more food for psycho-analytic reflection. Dr. Maeder has caught the idea that there is a foreshadowing element in dreams that permits the construction of a definite way of life. And he has suggested the idea that there is a racial unconscious. On top of this we may now suggest that there is an extremely definite clairvoyance that one should eventually be enabled to disentangle from a dream, and that there is something very much more than a merely racial element in the unconscious. Perhaps at this point we may refer again to our previous conception that there may be varying *levels* of dream perception, and that what level any individual may reach at any given moment is dependent upon his psychological position at that moment of dreaming; upon the extent, in fact, of his awareness of microcosm and macrocosm.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

*"The Dream Problem." Dr. A. E. Maeder. (Nervous and Mental Disease Publishing Co., New York. $0.60.)

Music.

A MONTH'S search for a singer with a conception of song as an art, and capable of putting said art into practice was triumphantly rewarded at the Æolian Hall, October 21. Judith Litante meets the requirements. A song when sung should be a whole composed of elements placed in proportion, etc. During the last three years I have encountered this in rather fewer than half a dozen singers. A song should be sung from a central, main concept of its meaning, and made to express the main passion or mood of its makers; and this occasionally happens in performance when the idea or mood is trivial. After the pastel and chocolate-box voices we find with relief Judith Litante's sense of gradations and of sober colour; the voice almost ugly in the unglazed, unbuttered, iron-coloured tones of the middle register which gave the strength of the Italian songs, in such excellent scale with the delicacy of the head tones. It seriously matters for our winter enjoyment whether she sings one sort of music or another. Her programme was chosen with serious intent; even the four songs by "younger British composers" was, in a manner, negotiated, and if for nothing else she would have deserved our gratitude for singing the five songs of the Dichterliebe in the original and not in the despicable translations to which other performers have subjected us.

Yet I doubt whether the romanticism of Schumann, and of his contemporaries, any longer expresses a modality of mood which is very real to us, in the year of grace 1920; the inner significance of this music might, perhaps, seem to be nearer that of Tom Moore and the Minstrel Boy, than to the straight art, Bel Canto, of Caldara, and Vivaldi, or the bleak realism of Moussorgsky; or the hard stroke of "Le Roi Renaud" and the old French narrative lyrics. It seems often allied to the terra cotta statuettes of the noble fisherman with his lifebelt, and the noble fisherman's daughter; which do not hold their own against Shang bronzes, or Tanagra. But if singers are going to sing these songs, for God's sake let them sing the words the composers intended. Miss Litante's curious accent showed conclusively that she was not singing her mother-tongue. Neither is French the language of her pays natal; and despite the general rumour that she is "Russian," I do not believe that the Slavic gloom and melancholy really form her spiritual domicile. But by all means let her sing Moussorgsky. The Levenson songs (composer at the piano) permitted her to make two graceful pianissimo endings and one forte ending. They are not bad work, but neither, on the contrary, do they possess unusual interest. Pergolesi, Mozart, and Donizetti gave the best opportunity for her voice and for her art of using it, and neither of these can be judged in the Ed. Oxenfordism of Bantock, or the bad and indifferent vowel sequences of the English or Levenson songs. Miss Litante has the sense of rhythm which should carry her through the Hebridean songs. She has the tang and intensity which bring out the temper of Donizetti's gipsy. She has that quality of bite which one feels fit for singing Villon.

Giorgio Corrado (Æolian, October 11). Solid, vigorous, full of confidence, under-estimated taste of his audience; would have had greater success if he had given whole evening of Rossini; could be most useful if he would stick "that sort of thing."

Dawson Freer (Wigmore, October 20), an entertainer, delightful low notes (Ciampi beautifully given); has apparently no very strict canons of taste, no art-sense, and certainly no adequate rhythm sense; "Go Down Moses" ruined, and "Sheiling" Song wrenched out of its movement for sake of final sentimental sob.

Roland Hayes, next concert, Wigmore Hall, Saturday, November 20, 3. Worth hearing.

WILLIAM ATHELING.

Art.

MR. WALTER TYNDALE'S water colours of Tunis and the Near East at the Fine Art Society are full of hard work. In "The Hall of Offerings at Deir-el-Bahri" (8) and "A Chapel in Halshepsu's Temple at Deir-el-Bahri" (37) especially, the detail is as scrupulously rendered as in an etching. Everything is ruined, however, by the incredibly sentimental colouring. This actually neutralises the effect of exoticism which Mr. Tyndale has tried to obtain. The glow which covers his temples and walls is the glow of a comfortable fireside. For the rest, he has copied the East, but he has not seen it.

Miss Anna Airy's pen and colour drawings at the same gallery are respectable album work. Her goldfinches and blue-tits sitting on their domestic twigs are correct but bourgeois. There is no hint of design; the only means the artist has adopted to attract attention being sentimentality of colour and "daintiness" of detail.

At the exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in the Grafton Galleries there is the usual mass of work produced for no reason that one can conceive. In "Portrait of Mrs. St. John Graham" (72), "Mabel Ralli" (4) and "Lady in Brown" (6), Sir John Lavery repeats his trick as adroitly as ever; why, it is impossible to say, except that it is his trick. His velvets and sables are as brilliant and automatic as ever; his lack of conception as complete. Mr. Ellis Roberts in "Duchess of Lancaster" (111) is a plebeian descendant of Gainsborough. The best work is "Mr. Gari" (52) by Mr. J. J. Shannon, quiet, full of experience, competent in its rejection. "Portrait of a Lady" (106) by Mr. Kazunori Ishibashi, shows good effects of light, and "Portrait of Konago Tatsumi, Esq." (41), by the same artist, is full of character and vigour. But the whole exhibition is appalling because it is objectless. Why so much time should have been spent in copying faithfully the lineaments of so many people one simply cannot tell. It is a pleasure, no doubt, to repeat again and again a trick which one has learned; at any rate, it keeps the Royal Society of Portrait Painters in existence.

The fifty-odd paintings and drawings of M. Robert Lotiron at the Independent Gallery are full of sincerity. In "Les Bucherons" (3) there is not a line which is not economical and significant; there is no listlessness, no scepticism, but certainty and verve. The living greens and strong browns convince us; and detail is absent, that is to say, there is nothing which does not add to the dynamic effect. In "La Gare Maritime Dieppe" (9), "Les Chalutiers Allemands" (16), "Bateau de Péche" (23), and "Le Morquer" (25), the tranquillity is full of vigour, with absolutely nothing relaxing or sentimental in it. It is attained technically by an intuitive use of flat, clear tones, a subordination without distortion, and a simplification of detail not imposed from without, but rather attained from within, and dictated by the subject. M. Lotiron's treatment of masses is sincere, and he has obviously been influenced deeply by Cezanne.

The water-colours by Mr. Duncan Grant at the same gallery possess style, although they are in different styles. We are always conscious that it is Mr. Grant who is painting. His ideas are perhaps thus far inferior to his capacity: he would treat larger subjects, one feels, with perfect competence. His "The Cowshed" (77) is rendered with economy; in "The Window Sill" (81) the idea is merely clever, but the treatment is large. Mrs. Vanessa Bell's "The Mantelpiece" (70) is witty drawing, full of judicious violence. Her "Tidmarsh" (70), a study of reflections in a pool, is skilful to the point of intuition. Altogether the exhibition at the Independent is exhilarating.

R. A. STEPHENS.

Views and Reviews.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH—IV.

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, as I have shown, asserted that astrology was necessary to supplement the theory of heredity, "parental generation supplying the needful element of constancy, sidereal influences the no less needful element of variability." He claimed to establish no more than a prima facie case, and he stated, what cannot too often be stated, that astrology is an empirical science based on the exact science of astronomy. There is nothing "occult" in it, unless, as he says, "'occult' means that which is not generally admitted." The "calculations are performed by no more cabalistical process than arithmetic." It is true that the attribution of powers to the planets and to their angular positions have no known personal authority; "the principles of [the astrologer's] art have come down to him from the most remote antiquity; they have been published in a thousand books, and are open to the examination of all the world." The immediate question is whether it is possible to correlate certain definitely known facts concerning human nature with certain definitely known configurations of certain planets. The rest of the essay on "The Soul and the Stars" triumphantly demonstrates the possibility.

Mercury and the Moon are universally described by astrologers as the chief significators of the mental faculties and their activity; and it is clear that in any case of disturbance or suppression of the mental faculties there should be what astrologers call an "affliction" of Mercury and the Moon. "Affliction," I may say, is chiefly ascribed to certain aspects, such as the quartile of ninety degrees, or the opposition of one hundred and eighty; with certain planets, called "malefics," the conjunction also will "afflict." Mars and Saturn are the classical malefics, Uranus and Neptune are added to the list by modern astrologers. Dr. Garnett begins by giving instances of "nine sovereign princes, notoriously insane or deficient in intellect, upon whose birthdays Mercury, the Moon, or both, will be found to have been affected by the conjunctions, quartiles, or oppositions, of Saturn, Mars, or Uranus. They are: Paul, Emperor of Russia; George III, King of England; Gustavus IV, King of Sweden; Ferdinand II, Emperor of Austria; Maria, Queen of Portugal; Charlotte, Empress of Mexico; Charles II, King of Spain; Murad V, Sultan of Turkey, and Constantine of Russia (abdicated in favour of his brother)." I cannot reproduce the astronomical symbols in this journal, so the readers must take my word for it (unless they refer to the essay in a library) that, in each of these cases, there are marked afflictions to the mental rulers. In the case of George III, for example, Mercury was in conjunction with Saturn, the Moon was in conjunction with Uranus and in quartile with Mars; and similarly in the other cases.

This may be chance, or "coincidence," as people say—although the only thing it coincides with is the astrological theory. Dr. Garnett then adduces six cases of insane persons of genius; Gérard de Nerval, Alfred Rethel, Agnes Bury, Jullien, Pugin, and Paul Morphy; and again we find the same configurations of the same planets. I may say that the position of the planets in the zodiacal signs does not seem to be important in this connection; in the fifteen cases already quoted, Mercury has been in Libra, Gemini, Taurus, Sagittarius, Cancer, Scorpio, Virgo, Aquarius, eight of the twelve signs, and one, at least, of every "element," air, earth, fire, water, being involved. The "affliction" is limited to the angular positions of the "malefic" planets. Dr. Garnett next gives four cases of highly gifted men who lost their faculties in old age, Swift, Southey, Moore, and Faraday; and again, there are the same configurations of some of the same planets. Perhaps it is necessary to say here that not all the malefics afflict in every case; there are differences even in lunatics, and in a collection like this, maniacs (governed by Mars) and melancholiacs (governed by Saturn) are not distinguished. Dr. Garnett continues with six cases, five of them assassins, Sefeloge, Nobiling, Rusakoft, Oscar Becker, and Guiteau, and a female lunatic; and again there are the same configurations of the same planets.

At this point, Dr. Garnett says: "To the question why aspects so similar should produce in some instances genius with a tendency to insanity, and in others insanity with no affinity to genius, we reply, on account of the variations of physical constitution and the hereditary conditions which the astral influence finds awaiting it, and which necessarily modify it as the produce of a seed is modified by the soil." This is by no means a complete answer, which could not be expected in a statement of a prima facie case for inquiry. I incline to the belief that a more elaborate statistical inquiry and classification would reveal differences even in these apparent similarities. The Hindus, I believe, have meanings attached to every six minutes of longitude in the zodiac; and there are astrologers in this country who are working to demonstrate a correlation between degrees of the zodiac and different occupations and activities of man. There is also the very important factor of "nurture" to be considered; environment constitutes a "limitation of presentation" to the mental faculties, and it may require insight to detect the same faculties at work in, say, a pamphlet indicating the causes of our present discontents to be located in the false principles of government acted upon by certain people, a pamphlet written with the deliberate intention of overthrowing those people, and an attempt on the lives of those people by others who see the causes in the persons. In both cases, there is a perception of causes; in both cases, there is an attempt to abolish those causes; it is obvious that the same faculties are at work, although on different levels—but why those faculties should find expression in a pamphlet, in the one case, and an attempt at an assassination in the other, is a question most likely to be answered by considering the environment of the persons concerned.

A clear instance of what I mean is given by a case put on record in Raphael's "Manual of Astrology" published in 1837 (I quote from Alan Leo's "Key To Your Own Nativity," p. 301). A Mr. Samuel Hemmings was born on the same day, in the same parish, at nearly the same moment, as George III. He succeeded to his father's business in the same month that George III ascended the throne; he married on the same day; according to another account, had the same number of children of the same sexes; and died on the same day and at nearly the same hour as the king. The same aspects corresponded with similar events, but the different environments into which the children were born modified their expression. There are several cases of astrological doubles or parallels on record; and it is obvious that the difference petween a real King and, say, a "Coster King" (there is such a case on record) born under the same aspects is due to the different training and the different means of expression; the faculties and the fortunes correspond in type. When one man races horses, and the other donkeys, as in this case, it is not difficult to perceive the similarity.

Dr. Garnett demonstrates the same aspects operative in the horoscopes of religious enthusiasts and visionaries such as Swedenborg, Prince Hohenlohe, Joseph Smith, Katharine Emmerich, Lady Hester Stanhope, Brother Ignatius, D. D. Home, and Eglinton, the two latter being the well-known spiritualist "mediums." Even eccentricity accompanied with great mental power (examples, Borel, Baudelaire, Voltaire, Lord Westbury, Roebuck, Jerrold, Whately, and Faber) show the same aspects, in these cases "usually formed from the signs

which the Sun enters at the tropics and equinoxes." The same cross aspects "in connection with a bold, turbulent, and unscrupulous disposition," are demonstrated in the cases of James Fazy, Marshal St. Arnaud, Count de Morny, Cardinal Antonelli, Parnell, General Cluseret, Saint Simon, and Proudhon." Gladstone and Newman are bracketed as similar types of mind with the same aspects, operative in Gladstone's case, from tropical signs, and in Newman's case, from common signs. To contrast with these "instances of extreme mental subtlety" the cases of Bacon and Bishop Thirlwall, Gibbon and Hume are given; but, in these cases, the mental rulers are in fixed signs, and receive the good aspects of Saturn and Mars.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Sir Mortimer. By Mary Johnston.
Slaves of Freedom. By Coningsby Dawson.
Haphazard. By W. F. Casey.
(Constable's Westminster Library. 4s. 6d. net each.)

Constable's Westminster Library continues to grow both in number and price, a reprint now costing as much as a new novel did previously; and although there is nothing in these three reprints comparable with Merejkowski's novels (when, by the way, do the publishers intend to reprint "The Anti-Christ"?), or even "Broke of Covenden," they are each of them as well worth reading as novels written at the present day. "Sir Mortimer" is early work of Miss Mary Johnston, first published in 1904, and its bravura treatment of English filibustering in the Spanish Main is well sustained. The subtlety with which Sir Mortimer is led to believe that he had, under torture, betrayed his comrades to their death is better conceived than the scene in which he learns that he had falsely accused himself, and suffered unnecessarily the stigma of treachery. But if the sense of honour of the Elizabethans is somewhat hectically treated, it is a very welcome change from the assumption of modern literature that honour is of no account compared with love or money. Miss Johnston handles her euphuistic passages with the skill in using historical style that we have now learned to expect from her; and "Sir Mortimer" is worth resurrection in spite of its air of extravagant youth. Mr. Coningsby Dawson's "Slaves of Freedom" is worth reading to correct the impression make by his war books; he is not quite the intolerable, pietistic prig that he seemed, and although he uses a cheap paradox for a title, the type that he here satirises at great length deserves it. It is a borderland study of velleity, of a woman with enough vitality to attract love but not enough to respond to it, with enough ability (or perhaps enthusiasm) to make her feel that she would be sacrificing a career as an actress by marriage, but not enough to impel her to make that career a fact. The conflict of the lover and the genius is always worthy of respect, at the very least; but this woman, who has neither, who plays with both, and runs away from every crisis, is less respectable than a fille de joie. Long before the end she has annoyed the reader beyond all bearing; she is clever, but she lacks the skill of mastery because she lacks purpose, does not know what she wants and is determined not to pay the price for it, whatever it is. She thinks that she can successfully cheat others—and succeeds in cheating herself; she does not live a life at all, she evades it when she can, and is blown about as easily and harmfully as thistle-down. The book is far too long: Heraclitus put it in three words: "All is flux"; but it is undoubtedly more sincere than Mr. Dawson's religion of the trenches, and reacts violently against the feminine assumption that caprice is charming in a woman. "Haphazard," curiously enough, treats of an extension of the same idea; the "slaves of freedom" want sex excitement without satisfaction, the sensualist in "Haphazard" wants satisfaction without fruition. We suppose that it is simple ignorance not only of physiology but of natural law that makes people suppose that they can set vital, universal forces in motion and check them at any point without disastrous results. Courtship without marriage, marriage without children, children without maternal care, modern literature, plays its variations on the theme ad nauseam. The fool supposes that the exercise of a vital function of creation does not provide a full expression of life—the genius knows otherwise—and the modern sexual, psychological novel is nothing but a record of human folly.

A Child of the Alps. By Margaret Symonds. (Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

This addition to "The 'First Novel' Library" does not reveal any new influence in literature. The matter is very old-fashioned, and the author's reticence conveys no suggestion of significance, but of simple ignorance of life. Linda is the child of a Swiss father and an English mother of the mid-Victorian period, and so far as Miss Symonds relates it, her life is spent in Switzerland and England, with one liberating experience of Italy. She is supposed to have two natures at war with one another, to long for the mountains when she is in Italy, to long for England when she is in Switzerland, always to be in love with the other place. As a child she is in love with a Swiss peasant; as a young woman she is engaged to an English cousin whom she jilts, and she marries her peasant after all. There is a rather Bohemian uncle and a more Bohemian German musician (a count and a genius), plenty of placid, practical peasants and prim English relatives, much discussion of "long descent" and "simple faith," and a general air of being on the side of unspoiled youth in its antagonism to the frowsy Philistinism of Victorian middle-age. The book lacks the lyrical impulse of most first novels, and is too mature in its culture to be promising.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

READERS AND WRITERS.

Sir,—Will you permit me, as a contributor to some of the productions recently scourged by the lady who writes over the initials R. H. C., to utter a word of what you must consider justifiable protest.

Your contributor occasionally appears disingenuous; perhaps she is merely unintelligent. The dedication of "A Queen's College Miscellany" to Pater and Dowson does not indicate "a group whose highest aim is to emulate" these gentlemen, as your curious correspondent alleges. The same lady writes "In 'Coterie' and 'A Queen's College Miscellany' we have already seen what each of the Universities can do by itself." "Coterie" has no connection with either of the Universities.

But allow me to demonstrate her most entertaining futility. In her comment upon Mr. Edgell Rickword's prose sketch, "Grey Pastures," she declares that it "utterly disappoints the prefatory axiom 'The Bull that is the sign of Life' from Turner." She then proceeds, "Turner and Blake are giants who *lived* habitually in a state of ecstacy, etc. . . . . Mr. Rickwood . . . . might have quoted . . . . even Tennyson; but in quoting Turner he is guilty . . . . ."

Astonishment, after some minutes, gives way at length to mirth. Of course Mr. Turner is one of the most admirable of the younger poets. (Miss R. H. C. cannot even plead the excuse that Mr. W. J. Turner's name was not quoted in full.) But he is also one of our most wide-awake critics, and no-one would be more embarrassed than he to find that once, unstated when, he lived in a state of ecstacy, etc.

It surely is not possible that a critic in so erudite a journal as THE NEW AGE is momentarily confusing a living poet and a long-dead painter?

Queen's College, Oxford. LOUIS GOLDING.

[R. H. C. replies: "Coterie" was a misprint, "Turner" was a mistake, but what is Mr. Golding's *Miss* "R. H. C."?]

Pastiche.

INTUITISM.

(A Lecture before the Ineffable Society, by Chouya Czalametti, the Founder of Intuitism.)

The new movements in art of the last ten years have all been made by men who were feeling their way out of the bourgeois principle of expressiveness, that is to say, the principle of full statement. All these men, united in spite of their lack of anything obviously in common, are moving towards the goal of Intuitism.

Etty's famous retort that he mixed his paints "With brains, Sir!" displays the mistake that lies at the bottom of all the dead art of the past. Brains have in this era nothing whatever to do with painting. (Cheers.) For if you attach a brush to the foot of a frog whose brain has been removed, and pass an electric current through the muscle, you can obtain from the spasmodic movements of the frog's legs a design of brush-strokes that is just as worthy as any other design of brush-strokes of being considered fine art. Free from the clouding control of pure intellectualism, the frog can pursue in the realm of pure emotion and reflex action the highest aim of the painter.

But if we can do without brains (and it is noteworthy that many English painters have done without in the firm persuasion that they were producing masterpieces), why should we stop there? Consider paints. They are the product of a specialised ring of capitalist manufacturers; and yet it has never occurred to any artist that they are damnable hindrances to his expression. It is true that here and there different groups have used in pictures made of paint pieces of tinsel and such material stuck down to the canvas; and we all remember Jochanaan Ivanovitch's magnificent portrait of Lord Leverhulme painted in Sunlight Soap. But these pioneers have made their daring attempts out of mere cleverness, never constructing the idea of the moment into a principle.

The reactionary will ask, "What then are we to use?" (Cheers.) I see you anticipate my reply. The more you use, the more you hinder the creative mind of the onlooker (see Croce). For imagination is a shy bird. There is more imagination in a street artist's pictures than in the whole Royal Academy. Yet even the street artist goes too far; he paints his lovely salmon's or Lord Haig's head, instead of leaving it to the imagination. According to the principles of Intuitism, that is wrong.

At the last exhibition of the British Intuitists there was a picture that represents the intermediate principles of our Intuitism in full. It was Czczwok Gradkosky's marvellous work, "Sonata di Notte." Upon a rhomboidal canvas, a dark sea painted in salmon-juice was shot with gleams of the departing sun in shrimp paste. Stars of decayed codfish gleaming with thrilling lustre appeared in the upper portion, and a ship of imported mutton sailed dimly under the sky of beetroot-juice. Into the texture of this picture were inserted more than 17,200 pieces of sardine, piccalilli, cheese, mildew and asparagus. Everyone who came to view it was presented with a gas-mask and a certificate from the city analyst. Would that I could bring this extraordinary work of genius before you! Unfortunately, poor Czczwok could not sell his picture at the price he named (£700), and after three weeks of starvation he ate it.

Masterpieces as these early Intuitist pictures were, perhaps they went too far in their voluptuous splendour. They were painted before the Intuitist doctrine had been fully established. Pursuing our main argument, that imagination is stimulated rather than depressed by imperfect statement, I hit upon the later doctrine which I am here to-night to deal with. But instead of prolonging theory, let me bring before you concrete instances.

The picture on the screen is Googly Gow's well-known "Sardanapalus." As you observe, its shape is indefinite. The ground is white. To the left of the centre is a piece of gold paper attached by gum to the background. On the right, near the foot of the picture, are three dark loops. That is all. In its magnificent simplicity, what a stirring of the imagination it causes; what images of the wealth and luxury of the King's court and the immense number of his slaves! One can stand before this picture for hours, and even behind it, yet never exhaust its suggestive power. Compare it with Rossetti's Astarte, for instance. Loathsome multiplication of detail! He has even painted Astarte's face!

The picture now upon the screen is by Algonin, and is entitled "Mist upon the Guadalquiver." The convas is covered with grey paint. As you look, the mists eddy and whirl, seeming every moment to be about to lift and disperse, yet ever remaining in their gossamer beauty. Algonin painted this picture with a whitewash brush in three minutes; and the well-known connoisseur, Lord Bouverie, has bought the picture for £4,000.

It grows late, and I have little time to explain how our principle works itself out in the other arts. In poetry it has achieved a huge success. Lyrical poetry finds its true method in Intuitism. On some other occasion I hope to read to you Luigi Spaghetti's wonderful epic, "Profitieri," and Alphonse de Châtaigne's play, "Pas Demi," in which Intuitist ideas are gloriously justified. But now I will content myself with reading two small lyrics. The first is by Hiram P. Pooblechin:

THE RETURN.

Alas! already almost
Altogether always, always,
And yet now nevermore.
Ah! since before of late
Here now soon yet awhile.

Oh!
Wherever
slowly
still
Near or far, high or low,
Heavily, sadly drearily.
Lonely
For ever
Now.

Suddenly,
Somehow quickly arrestingly near,
Near, nearer, soon and sooner,
Oh rejoicingly,
Hastily
Hastily,
Now at last, at last
Altogether again always.

The second is Aristides Lacedemon's work.

THE SEEKER.

Hush! dim drear
Nocturnal impalpable!
Vernal incomprehensible
Hush!
Pluvious lingering,
Bright descending clear,
Colourless I and hopeless.
Yet why not?
Hush!

Noisy loud quick
Incessant interminable
Multitudinous
Hush!

These poems bring their own message. Casting off the shackles of mere externality, they catch in their wide meshes something of the childlike wonder of life. Thus Intuitism comes releasing into the world, bidding all cease from formal struggles, and offering to all who are not yet ossified a new method and a new hope.

ERIC DEXTER.

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