

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It would be interesting to learn who is actually the spokesman of the Government to-day or, indeed, to learn whether there is a Government at all. For some time now, the variety of opinions and policies issuing from members of the Cabinet has been so bewildering that an observer might suppose that the Cabinet never met or met only upon the worst of terms. In their public utterances, at any rate, they manage to cancel one another out until the complex fraction is reduced to zero. Let us take the example of the national finance and consider the multitude of conflicting judgments delivered by members reported to be of the same Cabinet. A few months ago Mr. Austen Chamberlain was exaggerating his own importance by telling us that the country was heading straight for bankruptcy. Last week Sir Auckland Geddes told us that we were now a poor country, and that we might expect to be much worse before we could hope to be better. And now only a few days later, Lord Milner, in the House of Lords, speaking officially on behalf of the Government, has been reassuring us that all is well, and incidentally pouring ridicule and censure on the preachers of "bankruptcy and blue ruin." To the man in the street and even to the man in the Club this discrepancy of opinion must be discouraging; for he must naturally conclude that where the doctors differ the subject must be one of extreme complexity in which, as a layman, he has no right to any opinion whatever. On the other hand, to the subtler economists it must appear altogether too simple a device to deceive anybody; for what does this paltering in a dozen tongues signify but an attempt, possibly unconscious, possibly deliberate, to obscure the elementary issues of finance by pretending that they are more recondite than they are. For our own part there is no secret in the matter. Financially—that is to say, in terms of book-keeping—we are as badly off as Mr. Austen Chamberlain says we are. We are, and we are glad to say we are, on the high road to the bankruptcy of our financial system. Economically and industrially, however, we are in the position described by Lord Milner; in short, we are "immensely rich."

tion to himself. In our opinion, Lord Milner is not only the dark horse in the Cabinet, but he is the hardest working of all the horses on the farm. With his remarkably bureaucratic and, consequently, impenetrable sort of mind, Lord Milner is precisely the man who has learned nothing by the war, and is thus under the necessity of wishing only to see the pre-war circumstances restored. And since, as we say, he has the industrious mind of the Cabinet, it is probable that more than anybody else he will be the real author of the Cabinet's policy. From this point of view, what he has to say on the subject of finance is particularly and doubly important. It is important because a Cabinet Minister says it, and it is more important because this Cabinet Minister is Lord Milner. For what Lord Milner says to-day the Government in all probability will be doing to-morrow. What is it, then, apart from generalities of a more or less optimistic character, that Lord Milner says? What, to be precise, was the gist of his speech in the House of Lords last Thursday? We have no wish to misrepresent his views or to underestimate the plausibility of some of his arguments in support of them. But we cannot, after the most impartial examination of his speech of which we are capable, arrive at any other conclusion than that Lord Milner is in favour of keeping prices up in order to provide a stimulus for increased production. It is true that in the course of his speech Lord Milner put forward several other objections to what he called an artificial reduction of prices: as, for instance, that a sudden drop in prices might be followed by a general attempt to reduce wages which, in its turn, might bring about a revolution; or, again, that a decline in prices would raise the commodity value of the interest payable on the National Debt. But nobody who reads his speech as it should be read, that is to say, between the lines and with intuition as well as with reason, can fail to observe that the most heartfelt concern expressed related to high prices as a stimulus to increased production. The reasoning or, more exactly, the prejudice, of Lord Milner's case appears to us to be unmistakable. Assuming, as most people do, but for his own reasons, that what we need is increased production; assuming further, as, again, most people do, that a special incentive is necessary for a special effort, Lord Milner has looked round to discover the plausible source and

Special attention must be paid to Lord Milner if only for the reason that he avoids drawing special atten-

nature of it. And he pretends he has found it in high prices. High prices, he therefore says, in effect, are necessary; they are necessary as a stimulus to intensified work and increased production. Hence no "artificial" attempt—in other words, no Government attempt—should be made to reduce prices, since by reducing prices you rob production of its most persuasive sjambok.

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There is not much to be gained by endeavouring to prove that high prices act as an incentive to increased production only upon the meanest of men or in attempting to convince men of Lord Milner's training that a result is congruous with its motive, and hence that the increased production to be expected from the incentive of high prices will in all probability be the increased production of shoddy, makeshift and get-rich-quickeries. The more practical line of argument, and one which we have employed before and shall employ many times again, is to counter the proposed incentive to increased production with the *demonstration* that increased production under the existing system will infallibly make necessities dearer while making luxuries cheaper. Lord Milner is perfectly acquainted with the nature of our financial system; and he knows, for he has said so, that it is a system of counters or tokens operating side by side with an economic system of real production. He knows, moreover, that for every article produced for which there is a sale, a number of counters or purchasing-tokens is automatically credited to the capitalist producer. We have only to carry the argument a step further to discover the fallacy of super-production. For, on the hypothesis, or rather, upon the fact, that counters are created for every kind of production, it will be seen that increased production simply results, in a financial sense, in the increase in the number of counters; in other words, in an enlargement of the amount of purchasing power. Supposing, then, that this purchasing power is *not* distributed (as it certainly is not) proportionately among the working-classes and the classes upon fixed incomes, the result of the process is simply to "dilute the currency" and thus to raise the price, in terms of money, of all the common commodities. It is a fact upon which our readers may safely challenge the hoariest authority, that an increase in production under the existing system of distribution raises prices rather than lowers them. So far, therefore, from high prices being a proper or a necessary incentive to increased production, increased production (as things are) is a short cut to high prices.

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It appears to be a matter of small concern to Lord Milner what are likely to be the *vital* consequences of the deliberate maintenance of high prices. So exclusively pre-occupied is he with increasing production that the vital cost of his "incentive" is altogether overlooked. That in all probability millions of children will be under-nourished and millions of adults over-worked; that after a few years of the application of his sjambok the nation will be physiologically and psychologically impoverished to the last nerve; that only a microscopic fraction of the population will be benefited (and that at the expense of their souls) while the bulk of the people will be worse off than the ancient Egyptian bond-slaves—all this is a matter of only sentimental consideration to Lord Milner. He is the typical Prussian Junker whose heart bleeds while his hands are at their deadly task. For others, however, the matter may not be looked at in the same way. It is even possible that a majority of the people and perhaps, who knows, of our statesmen, may doubt the wisdom of cramming our warehouses with goods which the workers are not allowed to consume. For it is perfectly clear, even upon Lord Milner's own showing, that however powerful an incentive to increased production high prices may be, high prices are *not* a means of distributing the goods produced among the wage and salaried classes.

On the contrary, it is precisely in order to diminish the share of the producers in the things produced that the policy of high prices is to be maintained; for the moment the goods tend to become cheap (in other words, procurable without special exertion) the precious "incentive" to increased production must begin to decline. It follows that under no circumstances can Lord Milner contemplate a fall in prices without apprehension for its effect upon production. In other words, he must always keep the poor poor in order to give them a motive for becoming rich.

* * *

In view of this thoroughly diabolonian policy, it is a matter for satisfaction that the Miners' Federation has at last begun to realise the importance of Prices in relation to Wages. At the special Conference called last week to consider the reply of the Government to the demand for the nationalisation of the mines, the Miners' Federation, instead of simply reiterating its demand for nationalisation, passed a unanimous resolution demanding the Government's attention to the continued increase in the cost of living. In support of the resolution, moreover, both Mr. Frank Hodges and Mr. Smillie expressed a number of opinions with which we cordially agree. It was necessary, said Mr. Hodges, to break the "vicious circle" of rising Prices and rising Wages at some point or other; and he thought it the business of the "democracy" to discover a means of combining high wages with low prices. The intention is excellent; and the means are discoverable. Furthermore, as Mr. Smillie has at last observed, such a propaganda would be bound to enlist in support of the Labour movement the middle and middling classes, whose purchasing power upon fixed incomes is declining as fast as that of the wage-earning class and with even more disastrous consequences. Labour, in short, has an opportunity at this moment of placing itself at the head of a *popular* movement designed at once to satisfy the demand of Labour for higher wages and the demand of the public (in other words, the consumer) for lower prices. But let us note the conditions of success. The first and foremost is that the plan or scheme or whatever it be called, by means of which it is proposed that this happy double result may be brought about, *shall actually work*. And the discovery and formulation of such a scheme cannot possibly be left to the "everybody" of democracy; it must be discovered and formulated by one or, at least, a few, though its realisation will naturally depend upon the many. Like Sir Godfrey Paine, we do not hint when we want to convey our opinion; and, in the present instance, we have definitely in mind a scheme or plan with the details of which Mr. Hodges, for one, has had every opportunity of making himself familiar. We can assure him that the "democracy" will not provide him with a scheme. Moreover, we claim to be the "democracy" equally with any member or any number of members of the Miners' Executive. And we affirm that unless some such scheme as the scheme we have in mind is considered and adopted by the Trade Union movement, all the appeals to the "democracy" will be in vain.

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No useful complaint can be made that the Miners are proceeding according to time-table with their demand for nationalisation. Momentum has been generated, and the Miners, like the rest of ordinary mortals, find it hard to escape from a groove. Until their heads are brought forcibly in contact with the brick-wall that awaits them—for we declare once more that the nationalisation of the mining industry is the most improbable event in politics—they can scarcely be expected to change their course. On the other hand, it is evident that Mr. Frank Hodges who is "more and more becoming the directing head of the Miners' Federation," is doing some thinking; and the prospect is comparatively bright that by the time the wall of the present

cul-de-sac is reached, Mr. Frank Hodges will be almost awake to the existence of a more promising avenue. On the nature of the "strategic plan" which he said last week that the Miners had up their sleeve, we have had a little fresh light cast, if only obliquely. It turns out, if we have guessed or seen correctly, not to resemble in the least the plan we hoped Mr. Hodges had in mind; but to be a plan for a general public and Labour attack on coal-owners' dividends. We may be altogether in the wrong in our conjecture; but, as we have read Mr. Hodges' speeches, we have arrived at the guess that he may be about to propound a method of reducing prices which would consist in eliminating profits and dividends, and in transferring the sums so "saved" to the relief of prices. If that is Mr. Hodges' "strategic policy," all we need say of it is that it is an ingenious short-cut to utter defeat. Besides the fact that "dividends" and "profits" do not account for high prices, which, in fact, would still be high if profits were entirely absorbed in prices, a proposal to expropriate the shareholders in the coal-mines would unite in opposition to it every existing and prospective and beneficiary shareholder in every industry. Its popularity would be confined to the handful of people who demand confiscation out and out; but its unpopularity would be otherwise universal. We hope, therefore, that our guess is wrong; or, if right, we hope that Mr. Hodges will think again before revealing his "strategic policy."

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Lord Robert Cecil has repeated his affirmation of some months ago that the "status" of the wage-earner must be raised and Labour made a "partner" in industry. And that is all to the good, and is, moreover, encouraging to those who have preached the doctrine in the wilderness. But since, if Labour is to be free, itself must break its chains, we confess that we are more gratified by the adhesion to the new doctrine of an "old-fashioned" and "safe" Trade Unionist like Mr. Gosling. There was no hesitation in Mr. Gosling's avowal of faith in his speech at Whitfield's Tabernacle last Sunday. It was as explicit as could be desired. In future Conferences between Capital and Labour, he said, Labour was not to be regarded as an inferior or even as an inferior partner, but as an equal partner with Capital. "Labour must assert itself at all costs." If it could only be by means of strikes, then strikes were necessary; and if it required force, he was in favour of force. Moreover, the recent experience of the coal-strike had taught Labour as well as the Government the lesson of organisation. If the Government could organise, Labour could organise as well. And, in the next great strike, if that should ever be necessary, "the Co-operative movement would be prepared to feed the strikers." The spirit of this utterance is as pleasing as it is surprising. The servility complacently assumed to be never-ending in the working-classes and confidently counted upon by Lord Milner for the success of his policy of blockading Labour into the increased production of luxuries has, it appears, an end after all. The worm can turn, can become a force, can become a man. Hope is not dead.

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The railway negotiations have likewise taken a turn for the better. We left them, as our readers know, in the morass of a dispute about nominal wages—whether these (in figures only) were to be standardised and generalised on a pre-war, a war, or a sliding-scale basis. But we learn now that the private (why private?) negotiations held at Downing Street last week turned, in the first instance, upon a new "preamble" or statement of claim on the part of the National Union of Railwaymen; and that this new "preamble" contained a demand for "a share in the control and management of the railways." Mr. Thomas has been a long time in arriving at the "audacity" of this de-

mand; and it is probable that, like too many Trade Union leaders, he has led from behind; but the demand has now become explicit and irresistible; and not even a Trade Union leader can any longer fail to support it. Mr. Thomas has, in fact, made the Government "an offer," a "public offer." "He believed that the railwaymen could contribute to the management of the railways experience, brains and capacity . . . and he invited the Government to consider the proposal . . . as an essential part of the men's demands." May we, however, as the Early Fathers of the doctrine, utter a warning, a warning the more necessary as it would seem that our long propaganda is at last beginning to bear fruit? "A share in control" may easily become a fresh fetter on the hands of Labour. If it be defined simply as a share in administration, even extending to "policy," and is, at the same time, accompanied by any restriction of the right to strike, we warn Labour that the bargain will be a bad one. Labour will thereby obtain the smallest measure of industrial control in exchange for the largest measure of Labour control. Joint control in our sense of the word implies the joint control, not of administration merely, not even of "policy" merely—but the joint control, the joint effective control, of the capital and the credit of the industry. Any share in control, nay, all the control short of control of capital and credit, is illusory; it is a mockery. While it is possible for the owners of the Capital and the controllers of the credit, be they private owners or the State itself, to determine the amount, the direction and the allocation of that capital and credit, the mere administration—in other words, the direction of the Labour employed—is without effective power. It may, it is true, contribute brains to the industry; it may fix the conditions under which Labour is employed; but it cannot, by obtaining only a share in administration, obtain for itself a share in real control. Real control, we repeat, is control of Capital and Credit. Only by insisting upon a partnership in the Capital and Credit as well as in the Management and Administration of an industry can Labour become in any real sense a partner.

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To return to political matters, the moral of the Rusholme election does not seem to us to have been completely grasped. Lord Haldane may be said to have put his finger on the spot when he declared at the Eighty Club last week that while Liberalism could not possibly outbid Mr. Lloyd George (witness the attenuated poll of the advanced Mr. Pringle), there was still the chance that Liberalism might outbid Labour in popular support. In an observation long ago made familiar to our readers, Lord Haldane proceeded to indicate the defect of Labour as politician. It lies in the assumption that Labour must be concerned wholly with Production to the neglect of the State and the consumer. Translating these phrases into our own idiom, Labour has been too exclusively concerned with Wages to the almost complete neglect of Prices. Its mind has been on Production when, all the while, the public as well as the Labour problem is Distribution. We can assure Lord Haldane, however, that though Labour may fail to seize the present unparalleled opportunity to lead the public on a policy of Distribution (whose object is the immediate reduction of prices and the consequent increase in the effective demand of the general consumer), Liberalism under any of its present leaders is even more certain to fail. For Liberalism talks still, in the person of Mr. Asquith and his lieutenants, in terms of Production, for all the world as if the community could not produce if there were an effective demand for production. The new political party, whenever it arises, will have as its aim a juster and more equitable distribution of precisely those "counters" for which Lord Milner expresses such contempt and displays so much concern,

Towards National Guilds.

[In the present series of Notes we have in mind the scheme already several times referred to for bridging over, without social catastrophe, the interregnum between Capitalism and Economic Democracy.]

THERE must be something shabby in economics or the motive of economics would not so often be concealed, wrapped up in fine phrases of one kind or another. There must also be an advantage in the concealed shabbiness, or the advantaged classes would not discourage economic research as much as they do. They would not have economics named "the dismal science" if they had not a skeleton in its cupboard; and they would not ostracise the economic researcher unless they suspected that he might one day discover it. Unfortunately, it is true, even in matters of vital importance to themselves, that the poor and uneducated tend to pick up and pitifully imitate the rich and the cultivated. From hearing their "betters" describe economics as the dismal science, the dispossessed have come to believe it to be so; and from the "Nasty! Nasty!" which the governing nurses address to anybody who speculates freely on finance or the other hidden mysteries of wealth their poor charges have learned the habit of shunning a man who speaks of money, currency, credit, and so on. It is a significant fact for social psycho-analysts that the discussion of Money is always under a heavy social censorship. Without knowing why, poor people *hate* to hear or have it discussed. They will drop a paper or a person who mentions it in their presence, feeling, somehow or other, that evil will befall them from association with such.

One of the dangers of nationalisation is the consequent identity of the State with Commerce. If Commerce were merely co-operative and national; or, again, if it were co-operative and international—no great political harm need arise from the nationalisation of industry. But nationalisation of a competitive industry, competitive not only at home but abroad, brings the State directly and immediately into every dispute arising from the international competition for the world-market. More than anything else, the association of the Prussian State with the German capitalist system was the provocative cause of the Great War. It was felt, everywhere else but in Germany, that a Commerce was unfair that depended on the power of the State; and the concentration of the world's hatred on the Prussian system which implied the co-operation of the State with Commerce was in the nature of things only to be expected. Nationalised industry elsewhere may, however, be regarded as likely to produce the same effects. *National* competition will be treated as State competition; and from a trade-war an international State-war will be more than ever possible.

There are two main currents in social life—a current towards Centralisation and a current towards Decentralisation. They may also be described as tendencies towards the concentration and distribution of initiative respectively. The Will to Bureaucracy and the Will to Power are phrases applicable to the first; and the Will to Democracy and the Will to Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity are phrases applicable to the second. We have no quarrel with the first, nor any absolute preference for the second of these pairs of opposites. It is all a question of their application. *Some* things need to be centralised and *some* power needs to be created; equally, *many* things need to be centralised and *much* power needs to be dispersed. The whole art of society consists in discriminating between the things susceptible and proper to one and to the other; in discovering and applying the right criterion for the distribution of power and control. The solution of the problem is not beyond our reach; and it has, in fact, been stated already in general terms. We need centralisation of con-

trol in matters of technique, and decentralisation in matters of administration. Similarly, the will to power is useful in the emergency of war or other concentrated calamity; but in normal life a distributed initiative or complete personal liberty is the thing to aim at.

A common excuse for indulgence by the rich in extravagant luxuries is that "it makes work"; in other words, it distributes purchasing-power among people who otherwise would have none. That is true; but, in the first place, would it not be easier to give them the purchasing-power outright?? Why trouble them and yourselves to go through all the rigmarole of making and consuming luxuries, if your object is only to distribute purchasing power to the needy? In any case, you waste both good material and good labour. But that is not the only criticism to make of the practice; for, in the second place, the manufacture of luxuries is indistinguishable in finance and currency from the manufacture of necessities. Finance is quite indifferent to the nature of the thing produced, provided only that it "pays." And since the effect on the currency of *any* production is to increase the amount of the currency; and since, again, an increase of currency is equivalent to a decrease of its purchasing power, it follows that the production of luxuries involves the raising of the price of necessities. The more luxuries there are produced, the higher will rise the price of necessities. In other words, making work for the poor by employing them on luxury-production is a certain means of making them poorer still.

We have seen that a fourteenth century labourer who received 3s. a week in wages had 2s. 6d. a week to spend *after* his cost of living had been defrayed by the expenditure of sixpence a week. The labourer today, in receipt of, let us say, 40s. a week, has all his work cut out to purchase his cost of living with the whole sum. Instead of having, as he should have, if he were no better off than his fellow of 500 years ago, five-sixths of his wages (33s. 4d.) to spend *after* his cost of living has been defrayed, he has little or nothing. His true purchasing power, over the cost of living, is, therefore, practically nil; and it is no wonder that, in consequence, the factories in which he is employed are always in search of a market. The wage-system, with its inevitable reduction of wages to the cost of living, takes good care that there shall be no market for commodities at home and among the proletariat!

We produced less during the war. Nevertheless, the level of living among the whole population was never so high. Why? Because distribution was better. Reflection: if on a *minimum* Production by an efficient distributive system we were able to raise the level of living beyond anything known for centuries, what could not be done on a *maximum* Production coupled with an effective Distribution? We ought to be able, without effort, to guarantee to every citizen a purchasing power equal at current values to, at least, £1,000 a year. It can be done. The key has been discovered.

The war between the Consumer and the Producer is, like most wars, the result of a misunderstanding. They concern themselves each with the other's business instead of each with his own. It is *not* the business of the Consumer to organise Production; and it is *not* the business of the Producer to organise distribution and consumption. The business of the Producer is with Production—with the effort incurred and the conditions of its expenditure. The business of the Consumer is with the Product and the Distribution of the same. *Cost* is the department of the Producer; *Price* is the department of the Consumer. These things duly divided, the war between Consumer and Producer would cease.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Northern Lights.

By Leopold Spero.

VI.—HEART OF A WORLD.

STOCKHOLM, like the liner, is a lady. Even though her womenfolk wear cotton stockings instead of silk—and by this ye shall know them—there is still the air of tailor-made about her; the cut of her jib is right, she is delicate and fine and, at her best, very lovely. And, like some other fine ladies, she is unconscionably expensive.

Perhaps a Swede will only be flattered if you tell him that whereas Stockholm draws all the best blood of the country unto herself, she does not send it out again to the vast provincial emptiness, but keeps and concentrates it for her own use. If Kristiania is a shabby village, and Copenhagen a great, sprawling cluster of houses and shops depending for its charm upon the peculiar snap and sparkle of its people and its streets, Stockholm bears the genuine mark of true metropolitanism. In the past few years buildings have been added to her, whose massive design and vast bulk in the sky are yet consonant with grace and delicacy of outline. Perhaps any city situated in like fashion, in a maze of shimmering lakes and pineclad islands, could not well lack beauty and nobility. And yet it seems that much has been done in the past five years to add to the charm of the Swedish capital. Banks and business houses, and even the newly-acquired heavenly mansions of the Goulasch glutton, show clear signs that things have been left to the architect rather than to the jerry-builder. There is no lack of granite and marble in the neighbourhood, and perhaps this makes things easier. But the simplicity of the town is remarkable, seeing what complications it might hold. It lacks in great part those curving and diagonal streets which make such mysteries of London and Paris. And yet the multitude of its islands and hills would seem to be factors of complication at the outset.

But there is no complication about Stockholm. Maybe her landmarks are easy. There is the great Boulevard Oden running outside past the Stadium, there is the Stream washing round the pillars and colonnades of the King's great Palace, full of fish and bankside anglers who never seem to catch a fraction of what swims in their very sight; though all around are small boats with basketlike nets spread from poles like a lampshade; and you may be sure these are not there for nothing, that all they have to do is to bear gently into the eddying waters, and rise again with full complement. No doubt there are other boundaries which each traveller may seize for himself; they are too difficult for distant description, but they are uncommonly sure guides; whereas in London, with all the guides in the world, your stranger loses himself inside fifteen minutes from Trafalgar Square.

The psychology of the Swede is very simple, but an Englishman is apt to go wrong in studying it. If you praise Stockholm as she should be praised, he thinks you are comparing her with London, not in point of beauty and elegance, but in point of size and importance. He smiles when you say that his city is prettier than Copenhagen; but you would be wiser to say that Copenhagen is prettier, because criticism is very good for him. And wisest of all it is to repeat on every available occasion that in London alone there are one million more people than in all Sweden: so there! Propaganda—and it goes down, too!

For your Swede has no sense of proportion. Briefly flashing through history, there move three Swedish figures, Gustavus Adolphus, Charles XII, and the blue-stocking Queen, who was no better than she should be and went to Paris because they like them there like that. All interesting parties, no doubt; but one gets a bit sick of them, because, after all, they don't fill the

stage of history. And in the middle of 1917 Sweden thought she was filling the stage of history. The self-styled Great Powers were all played out, not only in the moral, but in the physical sense. The best thing they could do was to submit their petty differences to the arbitration of the spectacled six-foot-six tennis champion who rules over the destinies of Sverige, and he would settle it all for them. Mind you, if Great Britain and France were not careful, he would command his armies to march to the aid of the exhausted Central Empires, and then it would be all up with us. Quite seriously, this was the plan that recommended itself to almost everybody in the country except Hjalmar Branting, Carl Lindhagen, the Left-Socialist Mayor of the Capital, his little sister, Anna, and a few other outsiders. The only possible excuse for this portentousness on the part of a well-educated race was that Germany had spoilt them with flattery in the attempt to gain some sort of sympathy in Europe. What is the situation now? Norway, having found a winner, looks like sharing in the fruits of victory. Our latest acquisition of a mine-fishing base on the Norwegian coast rouses the ire of the Swede, who speaks with contempt of the "Portugalising" of Norway by British gold. But Norway does not care a dry fish. Denmark laughs up her sleeve, contrasting her own astute policy of being friendly with everybody against the blunders of her big neighbour. The new fourth partner in the Scandinavian group, Finland, has turned out a bad egg indeed; so far from being ready to fall into the arms of the goddess Svea, and remedy the ancient Russian wrong of 1809, Finland is arguing over the Aland question, in which she is quite in the wrong, but the more assertive on that account and all the more unjust and irrelevant, from our point of view just as much as that of the Swedes, by reason of her new-found status as an oppressed minority inheriting freedom and ready to set the seal upon it by oppressing any other minority which happens to be smaller and handy. In this respect she resembles Poland, but, of course, cannot ever hope to sound the depths into which that enterprising and entertaining nation has dropped the lead. France has long since lost any interest in a country which has forgotten that its ruling family is the Bernadotte and not the Baden. The United States treat their Swedish emigrants and inhabitants as something a little less than the least of the Irish, and that isn't nice. We cannot be bothered with anyone whose judgment did not prefer us to the Boche. The Swede shrieks: "Look at the krona! Worth one and threepence if it's worth a penny!" But nobody takes any notice. Caruso said he was going to Stockholm some time ago, and then decided it wasn't worth while. Just imagine! Stockholm turned down by an Italian warbler. The city is like a provincial flapper whose conquests in her native place make it difficult for her to understand why nobody notices her among the metropolitan and cosmopolitan millions.

Ay, but the whole country is without any sense of proportion at all. They beat Holland (4-1) at Soccer the other day, and to hear the Swede-in-the-Street talk to his English companions you would imagine he had invented the game and was ready to teach it to us if we'd be good. They sent a string of sprinters and long-distance runners to Stamford Bridge a little while before, and won a few events rather handsomely. Back the boys come, and the Swedish Press tells the world how they have been teaching Great Britain athletics. If only the Swedish public gets to know that we taught Swedish drill in the British Armies every morning on first parade for four years, I shouldn't be surprised if they declare war upon the European and American continents out of sheer megalomania.

Undoubtedly, Germany is responsible for this distressing condition of what should be a normal little country, industrious, intelligent, and ready to learn

from her big neighbours, but quite without genius, be it remembered, either in literature or in the arts or in science.

"Yes," says the Swede, "but who invented the turbine and built the motor? Who (pace Mother Nature; the interpolation is my own) invented botany? Who invented skis and smorgas and Brownies and the Alfa Laval Cream Separator?"

They say it very loud and clear,
They go and shout it in your ear.

On the other hand:

We are very stiff and proud;
We say, "You needn't shout so loud."

The Psychology of Dreams.

By James Young, M.D., M.S.

IN ancient times God spake in a dream. The dream was not recognised as a manifestation of the dreamer's mental processes, but was regarded as coming from without—in fact, as a revelation from a male deity. Similarly, in times of classical antiquity dreams were attributed to the agency of various gods or goddesses according to their nature. This attitude is exemplified at a later period by St. Augustine, who thanked God he was not responsible for his dreams. According to him, evil dreams were to be attributed to evil spirits. Therefore, dreams, as being signs or portents from Heaven or Hell, had deep significance for human life and a profound influence on its conduct. Interpretation was widely practised. Dream lore became common property. Its validity, however, when expounded by a Daniel, became vitiated into blind superstition by the herd. This blind superstition seems to have had its origin in the desire to bring the gods nearer—within the range of the daily thought and experience of mankind. Such a desire reduced and depreciated the idea of the gods into a sort of hack Providence. So we find in a dictionary of interpretations by Artemidorus and others, that to dream of filberts, or of eating cheese, signified anger; to dream of mud signifies an invitation to a feast, and so on. The fact of a consecrated chicken going off its feed or getting the "pip" could decide the fate of a nation. These naïve and arbitrary interpretations of physical and psychical phenomena were the *reductio ad absurdum* of the desire for a closer communion with the gods. It never dawned on the ancients that gods and devils and dreams arose out of their own souls—I mean by this that they were psychological functions. It would seem, then, that superstition was the expression of a desire to obtain "a sign from Heaven" at all costs. After the advent of rationalism, which Nietzsche believed to have begun with Socrates, the vogue of dream interpretation waned. Ideas about dreams were for the most part crudely superstitious. Nevertheless, the subject of dreams has made a strong appeal throughout the centuries, as the number of books written by more or less learned writers shows.

In the nineteenth century materialism began the attempt to understand the problems of the mind—including dreams. The dream was now recognised not as coming from without, but as being determined by the dreamer's own organic or brain processes. The science of pathology showed that certain organic changes in the structure of the brain led to various disturbances in mental process. It was assumed from this that temporary changes in the condition of the brain, due to variations in quantity or quality of the blood supply which might occur from digestive and other disturbances, would explain the origin of dreams. I hope to show that this view is entirely superficial, and that although physical disturbances (irritation of nerve cells, ingestion of drugs, etc.) may determine the onset of dreams in some cases, by ordaining the depth of unconsciousness to which the mind shall sink

in sleep, they have little bearing on the significance or content of the dream.

The researches of normal or academic psychologists have thrown no light on the nature of the dream. They look upon it as "nothing but" the shuffling of a de-ranged kaleidoscope or the product of a calculating machine madly playing with elements which have been received in consciousness since the birth of the dreamer, and weaving them into grotesque and meaningless forms. These views lead nowhere. They are sterile. They have no value for life in that they are simply concerned in proving the dream to be "nothing but" this, that, or the other—the haphazard association in sleep of the events of the day, the results of the irritation of nerve cells, or what you will.

We now come to the period of Freud. A great advance was made when some 20 years ago he gave his theory of dreams to the world. It is bound up with his conception of the unconscious. The unconscious for Freud is the sum total of tendencies and desires which have been repressed from consciousness from time to time since birth as being incompatible with civilised standards of living. The contents of the unconscious, then, for Freud, are the forbidden tendencies which have to be repressed in the course of human development. Whether development is normal or not depends on the completeness of the process of repression. As far as I can understand Freud, the repressed tendencies are almost entirely of a sexual nature. When repression has not been complete, they persist in a gross or disguised form as conduct which is to be considered abnormal. At the same time, the forbidden tendencies are presumed to find their way into consciousness in a distorted or disguised form, as dreams. The idea is, that being forbidden, and, as it were, unholy tendencies, they cannot be presented to consciousness except in a disguised form. Freud postulates what he calls the endopsychic censor, an agent which stands at the gate between the unconscious and the conscious, in what he calls the pre-conscious. This agent allows the repressed desires and tendencies to come through only if sufficiently clad and in decent clothes—that is, in the form of symbols. Symbols, therefore, for Freud, are "nothing but" the forms in which forbidden thoughts manage to slink past the endopsychic censor. When these thoughts manage to elude the censor, and reach consciousness without disguise, they are so painful to the conscious self of the dreamer that the latter is supposed to wake up. Here we again meet with the "nothing but" attitude, which ignores the wonderfully diverse and beautiful imagery of the dream, and reduces it to "nothing but" the veiled expression of repressed sexual desires. Like the materialistic and organic theories, which we have already discussed, it is purely reductive. This reductive attitude is, I think, a dangerous thing, in that it is at the same time destructive. If you say that a Beethoven symphony is "nothing but" a collection of notes in a certain sequence, you allow rationalism to destroy wonder. You, as it were, kill the God in you. You destroy the value, and by no means explain the phenomenon. It is akin to the way of thought of those old academic psychologists who ponderously "explain" the inherent love of mankind for music by saying that mankind has a faculty for music. They laboriously collected 70 faculties. If they were alive now, they would, no doubt, add flying to the list, and make it 71. This reductive attitude is to depreciate, if not to deny, the miraculous in life. Instead of being the apotheosis, it is the misapplication of the law of cause and effect. Those who know Bergson will remember that for him this law is conceptual and has no universal validity. Therefore, I think that science which treats the dream in a purely reductive manner, is not science. It is pseudo-science (or science gone mad).

It is in regard to this fundamental question that I wish to dissociate myself from the views of Freud. In common with a small band of workers in this country, I associate myself with a different view—the synthetic or prospective view of dreams. In my opinion dream-thinking is to be regarded as a psychological function which is primary and absolute. Blueness cannot be defined in terms of any other thing. You cannot describe blueness to a person who has never seen it. It is useless for the purpose of definition to compare it with redness or any other colour. So must dream-thinking be regarded as absolute and self-sufficient. Symbolism is its essential nature, and to look upon it as nothing but a disguise for something else—or as the result of something else—is to do violence to that essential nature and to destroy its value for human life. Freud in his chapter on what he calls the dream-work or mechanism reduces the dream to “nothing but” a patchwork of processes such as condensation, distortion, displacement, over-determination, and secondary elaboration. He, as it were, overlays the dream with words, but never realises its absolute value.

The aim of evolution seems to have been to thrust consciousness up to the gates of incoming experience, but the adaptation of the psyche to experience was not always of the type which we now call conscious, and which envisages the law of cause and effect as we know it to-day. It would seem that dream-thinking was once conscious thinking, and has remained as a racial inheritance of the psyche. Being no longer required, as it were, at the gates of incoming experience, it has become what we call unconscious, but still remains an inherent and dynamic function of the psyche. Historically one sees that what we now call symbolism, once played a much greater part in conscious attempts to understand the problem which we now pretend to understand scientifically. Ideas and functions and passions of the soul were expressed symbolically. The idea of God, of a power which manifests itself throughout the universe, is a psychological function. This was projected into the Sun, which was depicted in various anthropomorphic forms as the sun-god, Horus, or as Mithras, in the form of a bull, or with wings. The idea of man as a being whose aspirations soar towards Heaven, but who is still limited and at the same time impelled by the passions of his animal nature, was projected into the figure of the Centaur. Later this is replaced by the figure of Icarus, and the idea at the present day finds its unconscious expression in the figure of Hawker. Love, the fundamental psychological function, was projected into the figure of the goddess Venus. So these primordial functions were expressed symbolically and separated by projection into external reality. It was as if thought were expressed in forms rather than in ideas; it was the mode by which man interpreted reality, and conceived the innate problems of human life. It is not now the conscious mode of interpreting reality, but it still remains so in the unconscious. So we find that events and phenomena of everyday life are represented in the unconscious in the form of symbols and primordial images.

The following is an example of the way in which the unconscious looks at a problem in human life:—An officer was home on leave from France last September (1918). A military appointment at home was offered to him, but the War Office would not allow him to take it. The officer was deeply perplexed—he would be of greater service in England than in France; moreover, the home appointment would help him on the path he intended to pursue in after life. He had been severely wounded in 1915. He was war-worn. His condition seemed to warrant him reporting sick, which would lead to the attainment of his desire. He had no conscious scruples about taking this course—but still he did not report sick. He was perplexed. Then he dreamt as follows:—

“I was on the shore of a lake. It seemed vaguely to

be in Palestine. There was a boat lying off the shore, and I wanted to get into it. The water between the boat and the shore was quite shallow, but the bottom seemed to be very deep mud. I felt I could get into the boat by going through the mud in my bare feet. I hated the idea of sinking my feet in the mud, but I felt I could easily bring myself to do so. At the same time, I had a strong feeling that there was another way by which to get into the boat.”

That is the dream. Now it can be reduced to “nothing but” in the following two ways. You may say that mud came up in the dream because it was very much in the dreamer’s thoughts. He had just returned on leave from the land of muddy trenches, and was going back to it shortly. The boat was reminiscent of the life-boats on the deck of the leave-boat at which he had stood and stared, having nothing better to do. The lake can be accounted for by his having been in Kensington Gardens the day before the dream, and having seen the lake there. In this way the dream is reduced to “nothing but” a conglomeration or association, more or less arbitrary, of images, rising from the experience of the past few days. This is precisely the view taken by certain psychologists. It is simply saying “what an absurd jumble dreams are”—a very common remark.

Another way is, following Freud, to see in the dream nothing but an infantile sexual phantasy which has been tolerated in consciousness after the necessary distortion and disguise. If you are determined to see the sexual in all dreams and phantasies, you undoubtedly will see it. Man becomes what he fixes his eyes upon. It is of course granted that many dreams not only admit of, but demand a sexual interpretation. It would be strange if sex problems, as the unconscious sees them, did *not* enter into dreams, when it is remembered how much conflict is caused by the problems of sex, and how unsatisfactory are many of the attempts at solution. The Freudian school say that the inability to believe in the reductive sexual interpretation is due to a resistance. By this they mean a disinclination or reluctance to accept facts which may have an obvious or latent and unpleasant personal application. In other words, they accuse those who refuse to see the sexual in every dream, of squeamishness and lack of scientific honesty. Without depreciating in the slightest the enormous part played in life by sex, I think it is unscientific, or, rather, pseudo-scientific, to imagine that every dream symbol which is longer than it is broad, has a phallic significance. But Freud’s own words are: “Dreams which are apparently harmless turn out to be sinister if one takes pains to interpret them; if I may be permitted the expression, they all have the mark of the beast.”

One reflects that great works of art are inspired by dreams, or are conceived in sleep in the form of dreams. Then one conceives that the Freudian view is native to a certain psychological type, which is, as it were, in bondage. Nothing more need be said on this matter.

Now the view of the above dream, which I believe to be the true one, is the one to which I have already referred, viz., the synthetic or prospective view. The principle was first put forward by Jung of Zurich. From this standpoint we see the dream as a symbolic picture of the dreamer’s actual psychological situation. If we take the boat which the dreamer wanted to board as the object in life which he desired, we may also see in the hesitation about dirtying his feet the conflict the dreamer had with regard to reporting sick. The dreamer thought himself justified in reporting sick, and the dream portrays this symbolically—he could easily bring himself to plunge through the mud. But the dream indicated another way, although its nature was not indicated. The officer, to whom this view of the dream was given, went back to France, and about five weeks later, the armistice was signed. Shortly

afterwards, the transfer to the desired appointment in England was easily effected. The dream was like the shadow cast before the coming event. By this I do not imply that it had a definite prophetic import with regard to the early occurrence of the armistice. Nevertheless, it would be hardly more wonderful that the unconscious should see in the combination of events in September, 1918, a speedy termination of the war, than that the instinctive dislike which one man conceives on first meeting another, should afterwards be justified by the proved criminality of the latter. The first man cannot say why he dislikes the second. It is a verdict made by the unconscious. But the unconscious contains racial wisdom, which is afterwards proved by the event. In that the dream portrays the actual psychological situation exactly, it contains the germ of a future psychological situation, which may come as a surprise in consciousness, but having been determined by unconscious elements, will reflect light on the dream, and make it, as it were, prophetic. From this it may be seen that the conception of the unconscious as the source of dreams is a much wider one than that of Freud. The latter, as has already been pointed out, conceives it as "nothing but" the sum total of personal experience which has been repressed or forgotten in the course of development. That is to say, it is ontogenetic only. This view must be seen to be narrow and inadequate, when we consider that terrors creep into the child's mind in the form of nightmares, however carefully it may be guarded from the tales of foolish nursemaids, and from fairy stories with tactless pictures. To quote Dr. Maurice Nicoll, "the goblins of the night spring out of the sleeping senses themselves as apparitions older than the waking mind, as haunters older than the haunted. They lie in the psyche itself. They are, as Lamb has called them, transcripts, types, whose arch-types are in us, and eternal."

The unconscious must, therefore, be regarded as phylogenetic, that is to say, of racial significance. It appertains to the development of the human psyche, not only from birth, as the Freudian school would have it, but from the birth of the human race. In that sense it is primitive, but it contains primal wisdom, irrational, as well as rational, be it noted. Its value for life lies in the fact that it contains the basal biological elements, which are the source of all inspiration and creation, and which may be revealed by dream-thinking in relation to the problems of life. When by the wrong use of life these elements are lost sight of, or remain unexpressed, as they are only too apt to be in this complex modern civilisation, their dynamic power for good or evil is by no means lost. They may break through into consciousness and be expressed in many different forms. These are known as neuroses. As examples of neuroses may be mentioned phobias, obsessions, tics, paralyses. During the war there has been a tremendous outcrop of neuroses. This is not difficult to understand, when one remembers what a readjustment of biological values was necessary. In attempts to relieve these conditions, dreams, being symbolic representations of the same unconscious forces which determine the neuroses, are of inestimable value. In this sense they may be said to have a compensatory function.

Let me quote from a book on dreams by Frank Seefeld, M.A., published in 1877. "Dreams are of some service, as revealing the natural bent of a man intellectually and aesthetically, as well as morally; for in them the natural action of the mind is not repressed by the will to a compulsory profession; and the mind naturally takes the opportunity of exercising itself about that kind of pursuit to which it has an irremovable affinity—for which it has an inherent inclination or adaptation. It is said in *vino veritas*. It may equally be said in *somnio veritas*; in dreams, each man's character is dis-

integrated so that he may see the elements of which it is composed. It is for him to cure, to confirm, to modify, or to eradicate, so that he may at length attain to blameless and symmetrical combinations."

This is to live in touch with the unconscious. It is, in fact, to find the pearl of great price.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

MR. J. B. FAGAN'S productions of Shakespeare at the Court Theatre are among the most provoking of theatrical productions. They are sufficiently good, in parts, to enable us to see how much better the whole ought to be. He seems to concentrate on some particular feature of the play (in "Twelfth Night" it was the comedy scenes, in "The Merchant of Venice" it is the part of Shylock) to develop that, and let the rest of the players comport themselves as they please. He is consistent in his defects, however; it is always the poetic parts of the play that are scamped. Like so many modern players, trained in the "naturalistic" tradition, he seems unable to understand a nuance of expression, a touch of character, that is not expressed in prose; with the consequence that we get, in "The Merchant of Venice," two perfectly realised characters, Shylock and Launcelot Gobbo, and for the rest are confronted with a horde of masqueraders, whose disbelief in the reality of their own existence is apparent in every cadence. Because they have to speak in verse, they imagine that they are not men and women; they do not talk, they recite; they do not walk, they strut; they gambol; in short, they masquerade. The confusion of styles is as embarrassing as would be, say, the intrusion of a human actor on a marionette stage.

The effect of it is that the poetic scenes have the quality of most curtain-raisers; the players do not grip, do not attempt to grip, the attention of the audience—they play as though they were just filling up time until the real actors were ready to appear. The play, as produced at the Court Theatre, only feels real when Shylock is on the stage, and it is only real in Shylock. The text is explicit on the point that the Christians publicly scorned Shylock; the fact provides one of his motives for revenge; but the Antonio of Mr. Alfred Brydone never called a Jew a "dog," or, if he did, he gave the dog a bone. A more amiable merchant never went bankrupt than this Antonio; and his lack of contempt and loathing of the usurer robbed Shylock of the apparent motive of his revenge. He certainly spoke his threatening lines, but in an apologetic manner, as though he were not giving cause for Shylock's hatred, but, out of the generosity of his Christian heart, was providing him with an excuse for his villainy. The reasoning of Antonio and his Christian friends seemed to be: "We are Christians; we speak verse; therefore, we cannot exhibit the qualities that the Jew abhors." The fact, of course, is that the Christians were ferocious in their contempt of the Jews; and to rob Shylock of his grievance is to rob the play of reality. The Christians must show in every movement that they regard Shylock as a "dog," and not merely tell him that they do because Shakespeare told them to.

The production is peculiarly interesting because it presents a real Jew in the part of Shylock. Mr. Maurice Moscovitch is, I suppose, a Russian Jew, and he played the part in the most natural manner. Indeed, he seemed more concerned to show us a Jew than he was to show us Shakespeare's Jew; the very facility of his emotion, prevented him from conveying that sense of an abiding hatred that gives such depth and significance to Shylock's character. In the scene where Tubal tells him of Jessica's prodigality, and of Antonio's losses, he swung from one extreme of feeling to the other like a hypnotised subject at the will of the operator. The very readiness of his response to the suggestions of his

friend made it more difficult to believe in his implacability, more particularly as Antonio and the other Christians had given no ostensible cause for it. In the trial scene he expressed the mean malignity that he ought to have allowed the Christians to expose; Shylock's cry was "justice," which the Christians showed was nothing but revenge taking advantage of a legal form. But Mr. Moscovitch showed us this himself, and Portia's exposure lost much of its dramatic significance as a result. There is a dignity of hatred that Mr. Moscovitch did not reveal; the fact that Shylock did not plead for his life shows that he had it; and Mr. Moscovitch's collapse under sentence had, in consequence, the appearance of over-playing. His Shylock was too facile in feeling to be broken, there was nothing in him to snap; and his paralytic staggering out of court was quite out of the picture. Bewildered such a Shylock might be by the sudden turning of the tables, but not broken; and it would be more effective if Shylock, in defeat, expressed a little of the dignity that he did not show in triumph. In short, we should prefer a more typical Shylock than the highly individualised Ghetto usurer that Mr. Moscovitch presents.

Mr. Miles Malleon is Mr. Fagan's greatest success in casting. He has a genius for playing the fantastic fools of Shakespeare, and the more brainless fops of costume comedy. He has a whinnying laugh that, by itself, would express the zany; but his very walk is absurd, and his gestures caricature those of humanity as though he really were sub-human. As Launcelot Gobbo he raises a laugh, and not illegitimately, merely by trying to attract Lorenzo's attention and to deliver a letter; those extraordinary legs of his try to express shyness, self-importance, ingratiating, all at once, and all perfectly in character. He has the quality of making these idiots intelligible; and although he makes us laugh at them, it is the laugh of humour, not of scorn, that he raises. His Sir Andrew Aguecheek was a masterly rendering not of absurdity merely, but of absurd humanity; his Launcelot Gobbo repeats the success. His fools convey the idea that they are so occupied with what they think of themselves that they have no sense of how they appear to others; so that the expression of their folly is untrammelled by time, place, or circumstance. They are themselves, wherever they are; and themselves are the apes of humanity. Mr. Malleon is artist enough to make them both intelligible and funny without overplaying; indeed, it is only afterwards that we remember how much intelligence was expressed in his presentation of folly.

But Mr. Fagan has not yet found a part suitable to whatever talents Miss Mary Grey may possess. I hesitate to say it, but I am beginning to doubt whether she has the qualities of an actress. Her Olivia, in "Twelfth Night," was only a passable "walk-through"; her Lady Teazle was an abject failure; her part of Parnell's niece in "The Lost Leader" was undistinguished; and her Portia in this production does not enhance her record. She is the masquerader-in-chief of this company; and her chief defect seems to be a lack of imaginative conception of character. The only person of whom she seems to know anything is Miss Mary Grey; and Miss Mary Grey is a rather stout woman, heavy and slow in movement, with few gestures and those meaningless, with no skill in posing even, and with a habit of reciting verse as though she wished it were not verse, and the less said of it the better. She is so literal in her rendering, so matter-of-fact in manner, that she plays even her love-scenes with less spirit than a married woman would show in saying good-bye to her husband; she talks of her wooers to Nerissa as though she were reading a catalogue, instead of being, and feeling, witty at their expense. Her sententiousness in the trial scene is appalling; she seems to have neither esprit nor power. She had the "old head" of which Bellario wrote, but the "young body" was not appa-

rent, nor had her manner any of the distinctions of style that are necessary to make this scene a triumph for Portia. I have seen Miss Mary Grey play Portia, but I shall remember Ellen Terry.

Recent Verse.

DORA SIGERSON. *The Sad Years.* (Constable. 5s. net.)

A number of platitudes are recalled on reading "Dora Sigerson's" last and posthumous volume of verses: as that it is possible to be *too* sensitive to write poetry. However it be that our sweetest songs tell of saddest thoughts, the writer himself or herself must certainly not be too sad to make a song of it. Otherwise the poignancy of the personal emotion of the singer communicates itself to the sympathetic reader, who is thereby placed in the situation of an audience at a tragic play the chief protagonist of which "breaks down." It is not proper for a poet to "break down." His impressionability, his sensitiveness, must be extreme, but likewise his self-restraint must be masterly. To betray emotion is to fail to express emotion. Miss Dora Sigerson's sensitiveness was extreme and her impressionability was Greek in its delicacy and range. But, alas, she not only suffered from it herself—which is the poet's fate—but she betrayed her sufferings. In this volume in particular, as the title indicates, her songs are of the "sad" years; and in very few of them does the beauty master or veil the personal suffering. We grieve for her sufferings, we are moved to a profound pity; but there is little to admire. The opening poem illustrates both the sensibility and the æsthetic unrestraint. It is a question directed to God, beseeching to know whether man was really made in His image; and in the course of it these lines occur:—

Hands, hands, hands, tearing, grasping, slaying . . .
Feet, feet, feet, running, toiling, stamping . . .
Cries, cries, cries, brutal, broken, wailing . . .

The emotion is genuine; but it is obvious that the repetition is on the side of hysteria. In other words, it is not contained. That it would be almost inhuman to be able to contemplate the war and to be "contained" about it, is true. Nevertheless, precisely this "inhumanity" is a necessary quality of the poet. With the tenderest of hearts he must also have at command the driest of eyes. Without either the one or the other, he is no poet—at least, no major poet. Similarly in the rest of the verses of this volume, we see Miss Sigerson not exactly going out of her way (it was scarcely necessary during the war!) to encounter scenes of sadness, but, at any rate, neither avoiding them nor mastering them. She was ill herself, and she had an imaginative compassion for all that were sick; and she naturally had a good deal of scope for sympathetic suffering both as a woman and as an Irish woman during the recent years. In the "Human Touch" she is a little ironical—the case was that of a poor sempstress who thought it a "lucky chance" that a Zeppelin bomb had not fallen on her. Some verses about soldiers imagine them to be wondering whether their killing was justified. In "Refugees" pity again is invoked; and in the Blessed Virgin we are asked to imagine what Lady Mary would say if she saw the world at war. The later verses—"Hours of Illness"—dealing, as they do, with her own real, rather than with others' imagined, sufferings are better. Here is the concluding stanza of one of them in which Jean Ingelow and Matthew Arnold appear to be pleasantly suggested:—

Bear her the holly bough,
And on her glowing hearth
Let twisted flame and rebel fires roar,
Bid laughing children now
Dance round her in their mirth,
And call her fainting spirit home once more—
Oh, call her, call her, call her home once more.

That, on another reading, is, however, still too poignant for poetry. The tears in it are wet. "Loves me? Loves me not?" is, again, more grief-laden than beauty-laden. In fact, it does not for all its grief escape the charge of prettiness. The rhythm and vocabulary have a mock-beauty very much out of harmony with the underlying sentiment.

I shall rest no more on the fragrant mosses
Under great trees where the green bough tosses
Scents of the lime, and the wild rose flinging
Sweets to the breeze with their censer swinging,
I shall count no more, as I linger lazy
Deep in the mead, from the pink-tipped daisy,
"Who loves me well, and who leaves me lonely?
Who loves me not, and who loves me only?"

Of Miss Dora Sigerson as of King Lear, whose tragedy was also a too great sensibility, we can say:

O, let her pass! he hates her much
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch her out longer.

GILBERT FRANKAU. *The City of Fear and Other Poems.*
(Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d. net.)

The psychological adaptations rendered imperative in most of us by the experience of the war have taken various forms. In the case just discussed, adaptation in the strictly scientific sense failed to be made. Miss Dora Sigerson broke her heart over the Easter rebellion in Dublin. Mr. Gilbert Frankau, on the other hand, like a good many more, adapted himself to war by a retrogression to the primitive, in which condition the primitive rhythms of dithyramb and Kipling came naturally to him. Kipling is more than any other writer in the world the writer of this war. In a literary sense it has been Mr. Kipling's war. Long before the event itself, his tom-tom verses, whose rhythm lay deep in our primitive nature, heralded the war and, in a mystical sense, prepared the Anglo-Saxon people to meet it. And it was only inevitable that as the event drew nearer and finally occurred, his solitary tom-tom should be joined first by one and then by a numerous company of drummers. Of all those who have beat the Kipling drum, none have done it better, after Kipling himself, than Mr. Gilbert Frankau. Of many of the verses in this estreated volume of Mr. Frankau's work we can say quite truthfully that Mr. Kipling has merely omitted to write them. Though full of experience—for Mr. Frankau is a Captain in the Artillery—they do not differ essentially from the imaginative verses of Mr. Kipling. Mr. Frankau, in short, has seen the war in fact as Mr. Kipling foresaw it in imagination. Only the opening dithyrambic verses betray a still more ancient origin than the tom-tom. They are not merely B.C.; they are pre-historic.

Fear
Walks naked at noonday's clear
Where the shopman proffered his wares to the loitering
street,
Where the Mass was read.
Above,
The war-birds beat
And whistle; and love
And laughter and work and the hum of the city are
utterly dead.

This over, we are for the rest of the volume with Kipling even down to his tricks of premonitory italics. For instance:—

*Where the road climbs free from the marsh and the sea,
To the last rose sunset-gleams,
Twixt a fold and a fold of the Kentish wold,
Stands the inn of a Thousand Dreams.*

No man may ride with map for guide
And win that tavern door,
As none shall come by rule of thumb
To our blue-bells' dancing floor.

"How Rifleman Brown Came to Valhalla" is a rattling recitation in the mingled style of "Tomlinson" and the

dedicatory poem of "Barrack Room Ballads" to Wolcot Balestier. It is certain to be in the Reciters' Anthology of to-morrow. The series under the general title of "The Guns" contains Mr. Frankau's best work, aboriginal, if not original. Like Kipling, he is an animist and the guns are living creatures that speak.

We are the guns and your masters! Saw ye our flashes?
Heard ye the scream of our shells in the night and the
shuddering crashes?

Saw ye our work by the roadside, the shrouded things
lying,

Moaning to God that He made them—the maimed and the
dying?

Husbands or sons,
Fathers or lovers, we break them. We are the guns!

As illustrations of war-psychology, these verses are interesting; let us pray that they may never need to be written again.

STEPHEN MAGUIRE.

The Old Master as Grotesque.

By Huntly Carter.

VIII.—NEGROTESQUE.

UNDER the general term of new primitivism certain forms of expression of the African and Oceania negro are exerting a very wide and positive influence on the painters and sculptors of Paris. The principles actuating these forms are being, and indeed have for some time been eagerly sought, examined and applied, with the result that it is claimed that a new movement in art expression has begun. The newness rests on a question of abstraction. It is said that abstract representation in painting and sculpture began with the modern discovery by distinguished anthropologists of the æsthetic qualities of the Oceanic black man, and the recognition by artists of the wonderful characters contained in his sculptures and carvings. As I have already suggested, the term new—whether joined to primitivism or spirit or classicism—is one that must be taken cautiously. Possibly there is no such thing as a new primitivism any more than there is a new spirit or a new classicism. There is one spirit actuating artists and this spirit is older than the hills and far more enduring. When the fact is more generally recognised I think there will be a clean sweep of adjectives, divisions, and labels. For the moment, however, responsible critics and painters, here in Paris, are disposed to talk of nothing else but the new primitivism and the new classicism.

An examination of both tendencies shows that they are the direct outcome of influences reaching far back to an early period of the world's history. These influences have been caught up and reflected by two centralising agencies. There is the so-called new-classicism issuing from Cezanne. This implies a mystical vision of reality with consequent realistic forms more real than actual ones seen with the physical eye. And there is the so-called new primitivism issuing from the newly-found sculptures of the blacks. This implies a mystical vision of nature and in consequence an expression of natural forms revealing more truth than those seen actually. The two sets of influences proceed, however, from but one source. Both Cezanne and the blacks are at bottom true primitives, and as such possess all the attributes of sensible early men. Foremost among these attributes is that of being directly accessible to the activities of the spirit. Thus Cezanne's new classicism is simply the early primitive vision wedded to audacious laughter. The new primitivism is early primitive vision wedded to natural laughter. The primitive spirit is the same in both. The laughter is alone individualised. It is Cezanne and Oceanic with more than a touch of the Titanic. I think significant painters and sculptors share this view of the two influences, for one finds them

equally moved by both. Gauguin and Picasso, for example, exhibit in some of their work characteristics peculiarly Cezannic and Negrotic.

What is this form of expression that has taken the Paris painters and sculptors by storm and set them talking as though abstract form had arrived for the first time in the history of art expression? What unique experience does it express, and how far does it succeed in expressing it? Why does it move the new men so intensely? Why do these fill their studios to overflowing with fetishes, masks and other strange symbols that exert an immense influence on form and are said to express a religious passion amounting to ecstasy, which is the fount and source of Art itself? There is no doubt that intense interest and curiosity centres round a form of expression which is always powerful, very far removed from our own conception, and does positively serve to stimulate abundant activity in the new men. And the more representative the artist the greater the flow of this kind of hero-worship. The late Guillaume Apollinaire, the sometime leader of the advance-guard, had his wonderful little flat in the Boulevard St. Germain packed with negro sculptures. Picasso works in his big studio in rue Boetie side by side with them. Severini has hung his workshop with masks as with votive offerings. Not only the practitioners, but the patrons and dealers hasten to collect these strange trophies. Paul Guillaume has a magnificent collection in the rue Faubourg St. Honore. The exhibition galleries are beginning to open to them. The first exhibition took place recently at the Galleries Devambez, and a very fine affair it was. Some day they will find their way to London, and our poor old critics, the G. P. Konodys, the Frank Rutters, the Clive Bells, the Roger Frys, and the rest of the ancient tribe, will decide that they are, generally speaking, gay, gaudy, and interesting, but of a surety they will not sell. And if they will not sell it is not the business of the critic to say nice things about them. When a new form is making money, and its critics are making as much, at this juncture it comes in for critical sympathy—in England.

The simple answer to the first of the above questions is that it is a form of expression that has the power of arousing intense curiosity and satisfying it. No matter the question raised—whether the form is primitive, abstract, realistic, romantic, symbolic, or mystic, whether it reveals impressionistic, historical, psychological, dogmatic characters, the answer is, Yes. But, above all, it serves to lead artists of all experiences from the concept that Art is laboured imitation to the conclusion that abstraction is art expression. The most enlightened painters and sculptors maintain that it has completely taken them away from the actual object and set them to work on its true abstraction. Indeed they say that it has added something to the Cezannic spiritual conception of actuality and opened wider the door on a reality teeming with possibilities of infinite expression.

It would take too long to detail the arguments with which enthusiasts support their admiration for negro form. Their chief contention is that it starts with spirit; secondly, it is a faithful and felicitous abstraction of the movement of that spirit; thirdly, it is based on reason; and, fourthly, it conforms to all the true principles of natural and æsthetic expression. In the latter field it has unity, continuity, symmetry, balance, proportion, coherence. It is mathematical, simple, and precise. Hence it possesses all the attributes of natural truth and beauty. The argument of reason has yielded two opposing camps of theory. On the one hand there are those who deny reason and intellect to negro sculptures. They advance abundant evidence drawn from reliable anthropological sources to show that they are the work of individuals who never emerge from a childlike condition of mentality, and who therefore are incapable of working according to rule and are in fact actuated by extreme sensibility, and who exhibit no judgment be-

yond primitive individual taste. Being directly faced by spirit they become saturated in it, and it is left chiefly to fear of the mysterious unknown to squeeze it out of them in abstract symbolical forms. But as the state of fear is evolved by a religious sentiment—the instinctive striving for re-union with the infinite—there is a profound and subtle result. On the other hand, there are those who maintain that so many reasonable qualities in a form of art cannot be placed there except by reason. So comes the intricate question, Does reason come first or last in art expression? If the Oceanic negro has not the power to reason and there is reason in his form, whence comes it? The only answer is that it must be part and parcel of the inevitable expression of the creative power which resides without him and which uses him as a re-shaping instrument. Plato conceived of pre-existing form that took concrete shape as a result of man's productive power. We may take it, then, that the negro's unique experience consists in receiving and transmitting an external creative power, which he expresses in such a pure form that it loses none or very little of its original character. In this way he achieves real abstraction more completely than the highly educated painter who receives a creative impression and then sets to work to reason it out. The negro receives ready-made reason, so to speak. But whether the proper name of the element that really moves him is reason, intellect, intelligence, art, is not my present concern. There may be something external to him that possesses all the attributes of reason without being itself reason. What I wish to point out is that the form of abstract expression for which the new men in Paris are proposing to fight a very big battle is no new form. It belongs to the old masters. The Greeks knew and studied it. Neither is its content new. It is simply the Grotesque spirit, and the effect it produces in the heart and mind of those that receive it is a desire to laugh at the gross ignorance, folly, and vanity of mortals. Thus the laughing men pass on the torch along the peaks, and thus they never cease to slay with laughter. The conclusion they point to is that Art is truly expressed by those who have the power to laugh creatively at human life.

The Pragmatism of Astrology.

OF the many who would confess to ignorance of the system of Astrology, probably half would confidently condemn it for foolishness, the rest suspecting that it might be partly true. And of the few who do know something of it, there is also a sceptic or scornful minority, and a larger number more or less absorbed in horoscopes, progressions, in star-gazing generally as a royal road to prophecy. But there is also a few of the wisest knowers of star-lore, who have learnt something of its system and tradition for sheer love of its ideal balance and logical perfection: who, attached to no prejudice for or against its reality, and with no hope of profit by it, enjoy its serene, remote and inviolable beauty as a theory of life.

Lay aside the questions whether horoscopes are true, or whether any events could be calculated from the stars, and still Astrology may be at least as true as any other philosophy. No philosophy is to be verified. Thales reduced all things to one ultimate origin in water, Heraclitus to fire, Plato to ideas, Pythagoras to numbers, Hegel to thought, and so on—and some of the usefulest, most amiable men have believed their systems; for the greatest need of the intellect is a noble illusion that it understands the world. By a thousand laborious stairways of thought men have climbed to confidence in the nature of things; and their lordliest systems are still such refutable and slight accounts of Nature that it is allowable to call them all illusions, so long as we do not forget that the thoughtless are yet worse deluded; and that infinitely much remains to choose between mean illusions and magnanimous.

And while philosophies appear and pass away into bookshelves, Astrology perpetually has lovers, even when most deeply disreputed: nor is this any wonder to anyone who knows the Marsyan flute of Socrates, and thrills to the wonder of a great cosmology. Here is a universal nature-knowledge, whose symbols traverse the sky in splendour every day and night. It teaches that every world in space has an individual power; a psychic radiation, as constant as its radiance of light; and considers all existing things as syntheses of these celestial powers, mingled and changing with their mutual motions. As, in Plato, several or many "ideas" combine to make one thing, in Astrology all things are complex creations of the same cosmic influences, whose centres are sun and moon and stars; their differences and changes are caused by differing quantities of these influences, harmonious or discordant with each other.

Do we object that they are indefinite powers, these influences? It is true we never see or feel one of them alone, but only in admixture. Most of us know salt in the same way; having only experienced it in fifty different foods, and never analysed it: and yet we are sure of its nature. So Mars' influence with metals is dominant in iron, with plants it is strongest in thistles, nettles and tobacco, with men in soldiers and butchers: but there is no pure Mars being, excepting that one in the sky. But no science succeeds in finding pure and final elements: and if the truest analysis of the earth's contents is analysis into these heavenly emanations, there are the centres of them, circling in space around us, in motions well observed and known. Their natures, like flavours, may be indescribable, but their mixtures are divivable by reason: if the elements are ineffable, their chemistry is logical. It is a chief beauty of Astrology to conceive the elements of Nature as essential psychic qualities, while all their interaction is as rational as mathematics.

Pursue the theory a little further. At the moment when any new thing comes into being, it is as though the stars had created it; all the waves and directions of their influences are reproduced in it. Was someone born with Venus in mid-heaven?—then that being feels Earth and Venus opposite by nature, and each return of Venus to mid-heaven will have effect upon it. Each new microsom reflects the whole macrocosm, but from its own centre; and instead of changing with the changing heavens, retains its first imprint of them as its individual nature. This is the Leibnitz monadology in a bold application: it is also like the modern theory of electrons, where each atom is a stellar system in miniature.

The cosmos circles on, repeating sometimes, by its own necessities, some few sounds of the word that called each into being: and music best suggests how slight or strong might be the power of these repetitions. Suppose the stars to convey such waves as sound, each planet sounding a note of its own pitch. Like the "musical spheres," they circle round us, riding through the groups of far remoter lights that are fixed in the galaxy. These ultimate groups are also musical, but their eternal symphony has become as silence to us, a vaster ocean of subconscious being: only, each planet as it passes through them, sings loudly, clearly, dimly, changes its tone or lapses into silence.

When a new being comes to individual existence that passing moment tunes it like a lyre, sets its strings, so to speak, to the chord then sounding in the universe. And never will the heavenly orchestra sound that chord again, with all the same colouring of sidereal tones.

Often a note, and sometimes several tones and notes will be repeated, with appropriate effects. And there may be rare and glowing hours when the cosmic music sounds like an ampler playing of the soul's own native theme, all its strings singing out in sympathy; but other moments will jangle it with discords, and a succession

of the worst disharmonies may kill its own notes one by one, or break them all together. With the same harmony the universe creates one being and destroys another.

But no analogy suggests the breadth and fulness of the Astrological philosophy: for though its elements at first seem not very numerous, the infinity of their contingencies in action and combination can bewilder the brain: and that is why Astrology cannot be proved or refuted. And though it suggests no reason, in theory, why future events could not be known by it; it is not certainly fatalistic, and astrologers are divided, like other men, by the twin beliefs in fate and free-will. But the future movements of the planets being largely calculable, even good and earnest students are lured into attempts at prophecy, mostly regrettable. For in Astrology, as in other things, prediction is the least ripe fruit of knowledge.

We all prophesy as far as we may, and politicians, doctors, men of affairs, and others all use their special knowledge to foretell events: moreover, in their own kinds of business, their prophecies are oftener right than other men's. Now, it is an ordinary error to suppose that prophecy is any easier by Astrology than by another method. It is true that a quite dominant emotional crisis in a life ought, by its theory, to be predictable. And so ought a merchant to foresee a great change in the price of some commodity. But both of these are complex problems; so complex that to calculate to perfect certainty might well take longer than for the event to happen. And where exact calculation is out of question, the mere statement of a problem in mathematics sometimes gives a master of the science a useful intuition of its solution. The trained imagination often outstrips reason.

The temptation to fortune-telling is the misery of Astrology, but not the fault of it. One would become a prophet by knowing any science infinitely, for every science opens out into omni-science. And a little power of prophecy does come to every worker through his own sphere of work; comes as a by-product, unasked for. Admitting the truth of Astrology, this is all that good astrologers would have of prescience. Their views on the future life-phases of a man or animal might be considered with a special respect, like a good historian's on the course of politics. But they should themselves consider Astrology purely as a salvation of the mind, like all higher studies: and of no practical utility. In the highest sense Astrology is useful, because it is a sublime theory of the universe. Of its truth we may say, at the very least, it is of that highest order which no experiment can make certain nor disprove: but towards which the noblest intellects are frequently attracted. And whereas all other theories and philosophies of the ultimate causes of things are overturned by new discoveries or revived again by the revolutions of knowledge, the old star-wisdom persists unchanged, a cautiously growing tradition; and this alone will make the wise suspect that it holds some truths of another and more lasting nature than those of ordinary philosophy and science. It is when we reach the higher ranges of abstract thought that Astrology seems possible; feels like a synthesis of sciences and a truth beyond them all. It is when the reason, mounting like a lark, vanishes into the holy blue of boundless possibility, when truth disappears into beauty, and beauty is felt as the standard of truth—it is then that no other philosophy is so sublime and yet so visible. Then, we are on the very border of belief that growing flower and flying bee, labouring man and rising empire are one with the revolving universes: we touch the supernal realm of Astrology, the science magical and yet mechanical, rational yet mystical; each of whose leading principles, like that first one of the microcosm, is elsewhere made the stem and centre of a great philosophy.

P. A. MAIRET.

Views and Reviews.

ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE extraordinary revival of public interest in spiritualism has recently been reinforced by two events. A magistrate has dismissed a charge against a medium, on the ground that she genuinely believed that she had the powers she professed; and this decision, based on a High Court judgment, offers to mediums a possibility of immunity from conviction of a criminal offence. The other event is the announcement made at the Church Congress that the Church of England is, at last, making an official inquiry into the subject. There was a general admission made by the speakers at the Congress that "spiritualism" had become a "passion," and a passion that seems to have had the effect of diminishing the number of worshippers at Church. The "Times" declared ("spiritualism" has become sufficiently important to inspire a leader in the "Times"): "It is derogatory to Christian theology, and a weak tribute to the pretensions of mediums, that the vogue of spiritualism should have been discussed from a competitive standpoint"; but on this point, it is probable that the Congress was wiser than the "Times." The Church feels the competition, the "Times" does not; the Church has its own belief in "the communion of saints," but we do not regard the familiar spirits of the "Times" as saints, but as super-men.

On one point, the result of the inquiry is a foregone conclusion: it will admit that the phenomena do occur. I hold no brief for spiritualism, as I have shown on more than one occasion; spiritualism is not a set of so-called psychical or physical phenomena, but an interpretation of them. That interpretation I believe to be both unnecessary and undemonstrable; the annals of hypnotism and of morbid psychology are full of records of the appearance of similar phenomena, and as, in these cases, there is no need to explain the phenomena by the hypothesis of causation by discarnate spirits, the onus of proof that, in certain other cases, the phenomena are produced by discarnate spirits falls upon those who make the assertion. Indeed, before we can reasonably talk of "discarnate spirits" as existing, we need some definition of the term, and some demonstration of its corresponding reality. The inquiry is not merely a philosophical inquiry, it is also a psychological one; and I know of no psychology that can demonstrate the existence of the "soul," as that word is used by the believers in the spiritualistic theory. It is, indeed, highly probable that the whole scheme of an after-life (let it take what form it will) is nothing but a "wish-world"; and in almost Freudian language, Canon McClure declared that "the wish to believe in the permanence of associations, which was such a powerful factor in promoting spiritualism, could be met in other ways." Unless the inquiry "goes for the Wish," in Mr. Kenneth Richmond's phrase, and demonstrates its origin and nature, it will not result in anything of much value.

For it has yet to be shown that a wish proves anything but its own existence. We live in a world not made by ourselves; so far as we are wise, we study its constitution, and manipulate its processes for our own benefit. That is the work of science, and only by this means can we free ourselves from the bondage of physical causation. But not everyone is wise; and it is certainly easier to create an imaginary world in which our ideas are expressed than it is to express them in the world we live in. We may call that world a Heaven, if we like; the fact remains that it is a wish-world, a place created by ourselves in which we have our own way. The Dean of Manchester remarked that "a generation or more ago, Mr. Stainton Moses was a well-known medium. He was a clergyman and a religious man, and had been brought up in a world influenced by the ideas of the Oxford Movement. The heaven which appeared in his communications was the

heaven of the Oxford Movement, whereas the heaven portrayed in the 'Raymond' communications was the heaven of modern theological liberalism." But these admissions do not merely invalidate the reality of revelations made through spiritualist mediums; they demonstrate that all so-called revelations of the unseen world are really revelations of the wishes of the beholder. The after-life is a sublimation of the wish of the beholder, which may vary from the Valhalla of the warrior to the eternal mission meeting of the revivalist. But the inquiry will hardly go so far as this; the Church asserts the existence of the "soul," and although its creed says nothing about the immortality of the soul, the doctrine is generally accepted. The Church is not likely to deny the "spiritualistic" interpretation of the phenomena; the speakers at the Congress, indeed, made it clear that they accepted that interpretation. Their objection was to the quality of the "spirits"; the good spirits, the saints, were in communion with the Church; as the Rev. Mr. Magee said: "The Church had her séances where, in meditation, they were accompanied by the whole host of Heaven and all the hosts of the redeemed." But the spirits that appeared at spiritualist séances were unredeemed spirits; "it was possible," he declared, "to become possessed of evil spirits which were earth-bound and trying to get back to this earth"—admitting, in one phrase, the reality of the phenomena and accepting the spiritualist interpretation.

The inquiry, then, is pledged in advance on two points; it cannot deny the facts, it does not deny the interpretation—it can only denounce the moral character of the "spirits" which communicate through mediums. But the admissions outweigh the denunciation in importance, and will certainly not check what Dean Inge called "the pitiable revival of necromancy." To distinguish between the "true spiritualism" of the Church, and the "false spiritualism" of the Spiritualists, is not to render the public service expected of a national Church. It is the whole spiritualistic theory of life that is challenged, the idea of the separability of function from organism that has to be proved. The whole subject is in such a welter of confusion that only by going directly to fundamentals can it be reduced to order. What is a "spirit," for example? Is it anything more than a mental conception of the attributes of a man without the organism by which those attributes are made known to us; and if it is, what is it? What are its functions, what is its mode of operation; is it a cause or a consequence? Is it, like consciousness, intermittent in its appearance, does it, like consciousness, require certain conditions for its appearance? What, in short, do we mean when we talk of "a spirit," instead of "the spirit" informing all things?

Such questions cannot be answered by mere denunciations of "materialism," as Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and others seem to imagine. "Materialism," like "spiritualism," is an idea, an explanation of phenomena; and for all practical purposes, as Huxley said, its terminology and processes of reasoning are to be preferred. We explain nothing by saying that it is done by a "spirit," or an "entelechy," or whatever we choose to call it; we have, in effect, interdicted all inquiry into the processes of the phenomena by our assumption of its cause. We profess, in fact, a knowledge that we have not got, and a knowledge that is practically useless, when we affirm the "spiritual" causation of things; moreover, we confuse the sense of individuality in living beings by affirming the fact or the possibility of their "spiritual" control of their organisms being superseded by the control of discarnate spirits. To those who desire "spiritual consolation," the spiritualistic theory may be necessary; but "spiritual knowledge" is only to be obtained by the most careful inquiry into the nature, constitution, and properties of matter.

A. E. R.

Review.

Ma Pettengill. By Harry Leon Wilson. (The Bodley Head. 6s. net.)

"Ma Pettengill" is excellent company. She has an eye for everything, and a gift of phrasing that does justice to the humour underlying most of the events of life. She is a born story-teller, although she has the divine's habit of reciting the texts of her discourse before she delivers it—a trick that is none the better because Wagner played it in his overtures. But she makes amends when she settles down to her narrative, and her commentary on life as she sees it in Red Gap is as piquant as it is fluent. For satirical humour, "Red Gap and the Big League Stuff" is a masterpiece—although Ma Pettengill reveals a delicate appreciation of the finer shades of ridicule of æsthetic poseurs that is unexpected. Indeed, she seems more familiar with various phases of "advanced" or "reformed" life than can be explained by the casual visitation of representatives of these developments to Red Gap. Her satire of "The Taker-Up," the society lady who plunges into any war-work that will give her a uniform and some power of dictation, could not be better done by one of the under-secretaries who suffered from the activities of such people. "One Arrowhead Day," too, with its conclusion: "Curious thing about reformers: They don't seem to get a lot of pleasure out of their labours unless the ones they reform resist and suffer, and show a proper sense of their degradation": hits off so aptly that type of reformer which expects "a fallen woman" to accept legal marriage repentantly that Ma Pettengill must be a genius to deduce such conclusions from the one instance she gives. Her range of subjects is fairly wide; it includes two stories of fighters, both very different in their subject and treatment, three love stories, for the "Change of Venus" undoubtedly falls under this head, although its chief characters abhor both marriage and children—until they are married and have children. The story in which she describes the fatalism of her Chinese cook has a different flavour—or, shall we say, odour, as the skunk plays so large a part in it; while "As to Herman Wagner" is sui generis. In the invention of incident, in the aptness of phrasing, in the expression of a tolerant ironic humour, Ma Pettengill must be regarded as a genius; and her narratives may be unaffectedly enjoyed.

In the Sweet Dry and Dry. By Christopher Morley and Bart Haley. (Boni and Liveright. \$1.50 net.)

Prohibition is as good a subject for satirical fantasy as any other, but these authors have not realised its possibilities. The authors' habit of bad punning (séances with "departed spirits," for example), annoys the reader; and the whole fantasy is so mechanically developed that the reader soon wearies of it. "Alcoholshheviks," "ginarchists," "a gin-fernal machine," "gin gredients," "a quaffing-stock," all these atrocities are perpetrated in one paragraph; and by the time that we arrive at the Act "severing relations with Nature" and forbidding "the principle of fermentation in the United States," we are so tired of the "Rumbustibles" that we could almost agree with Bishop Chuff from sheer despair. The idea of "The Perpetual Souze," and of Bishop Chuff's candidature for the position, falls flat on a reader who has been battered into boredom by the mechanical development of the fantasy; and we should advise the authors to drink fermented liquors before they try again to make fun of prohibition. The lack of esprit in this farce is directly due to the authors' fondness for the water-butt.

The Old Card. By Roland Pertwee. (Boni and Liveright. \$1.60 net.)

Mr. Pertwee has here portrayed very skilfully and sympathetically the tragedy of the decline of an old actor of the "Silver King" type. The subject has almost an historic interest, for it is doubtful whether even a provincial actor will ever again be able to prolong for a generation an obsolete technique. Eliphalet Cardomay (the "Eliphalet" is impossible, even in Wigan), played out to extinction the melodrama, with its accepted situations, its stereotyped gestures and elocution, its expected unreality to life. He lived in a generation when it was still possible for an actor to exile himself in the provinces, to be "a wild ass alone by himself," and to be not merely immune from but actively resistant to any modern developments of his art. But the provinces are no longer the happy hunting-ground of the old-fashioned and the unteachable; the London touring company, and the cinema, have created a new demand which the Cardomays cannot supply. So we watch him declining from popularity to penury with a sense of his inevitable futility, sympathising with the graces and the good nature of the man, but aware of the fact that he has lived into an age to which he does not belong.

Sapper Dorothy Lawrence: The Only English Woman Soldier. (The Bodley Head. 5s. net.)

This is the record of an escapade which seems to have been as purposeless as it was fruitless of results. The lady was never a soldier, was never on the roll of the Royal Engineers, 51st Division, 179th Tunnelling Company, B.E.F.; although she adds this information to her title. For some unknown reason (she declares that it was not immorality), and by various means which she describes, she obtained uniform and worked for ten days in the trenches. She applauds heartily her own adroitness and judgment of men which enabled her to get into the trenches without being treated as a "camp-follower" (a term of which, she tells us, she did not know the meaning until she was enlightened by the military authorities); and she condemns no less heartily the stupidity of the military authorities, who could not immediately see the truth of her own statements, and that she was not a rogue or a spy, but a simple, silly woman. The volume has five photographs of herself, two of which we do not understand; how was she photographed in uniform, and in Senlis Forests when she was in hiding?

Youth, Youth! By Desmond Coke. (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d. net.)

This is a series of short stories of public school life that will, we imagine, appeal more to boys than to adults—unlike so many of the school stories of later years. They are mainly tales of "rags," with a considerable amount of "swishing," actual or threatened, as the only relief from the contest of wits that nearly always ends in the triumph of the boy. In short, Mr. Coke writes about school life, not about education; and extracts such humour as he can from the "good, old-fashioned" methods of discipline and the evasion of them. The hero of "Rule 125" has the mental equipment and technique of the trained barrister; and there is visible, in most of these stories, an adult formulation of the typical boy's character rather than an observation of its varieties. These stories are almost Smilesian studies of self-help, persevering effort, and sustained continuity of thought, applied to the destruction or the evasion of authority—qualities which the "typical boy" may exhibit, but which are hardly to be found in individual cases. These "boys" are too old for the adult; let us hope they may be young enough for the boys.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ROME AND PERSECUTION.

Sir,—To Mr. Prescott Upton's question as to whether I can name any official *decreta* of the Roman Catholic Church to the effect that religious persecution is wrong I can only reply in the negative. Instead I point to the acknowledged principle of the early Church that men are free in matters of conscience, to the teachings of the greatest Catholic saints and thinkers throughout the ages, and, most striking of all, to the fact that religious toleration was first established in modern times by those Catholic emigrants who founded the colony of Maryland in the seventeenth century.

Mr. Upton may be technically right in declaring the "Capitulum de hæreticis" to be still binding on the consciences of Roman Catholics, but it is certainly not a dogma defined as *de fide*. The case is comparable with that of many unrepealed English statutes which any lawyer could ~~instance~~ which are legally but not actually binding on Englishmen. The implication that Rome really favours persecution involves the belief that a tolerant Catholic is either ignorant or dishonest. Such a view, I submit, is grotesque.

G. EUGÈNE FASNACHT.

* * *
COSTS AND PRICES.

Sir,—The article by "National Guildsmen" in your issue dated October 2 was based upon the following quotation from an article by Major C. H. Douglas ("English Review," August, 1919):—"The sum of the wages, salaries, and dividends [the italics are mine] in respect of the world's production is diminishingly able to buy that production at the price which the capitalist by his system is forced to charge." As this proposition was not self-evident to me, and as a novel explanation of the reason for the continual rise in prices depends upon its validity, I obtained a copy of the "English Review" of August last, and was there referred by Major Douglas, for an argument establishing the above proposition, to an article entitled "The Delusion of Super-Production" ("English Review, December, 1918). There I found the following:—"Now for reasons that it is hoped will be clear from what follows, the factory cost, including management and indirect labour, of the total factory output of any article is always more than the total sum paid in wages, salaries, and raw material [no mention of dividends here!] in respect of it. Consequently the total output of the world's factory system is inevitably costed at a figure greatly in excess of the salaries and wages which go to the production of it."

Major Douglas's propositions of December, 1918, and August, 1919, are by no means identical, and I shall be grateful for an explanation of how the second proposition, upon which the new theory of a just price is based, has been derived from the first.

ENGINEER.

[Major Douglas replies:—Your correspondent has perhaps not given due significance to the fact that in my article on "The Delusion of Super-Production" it is specifically explained that the analysis refers to factory cost, not selling price; and factory cost, in the usual meaning attached to the word by cost accountants, which was explained in the article, does not include any profit.

But if it can be demonstrated, as I think it can, that wages and salaries cannot absorb production at factory cost as therein defined, then it seems clear that wages, salaries, and profit (dividends) cannot absorb the same production when *priced* at cost plus profit.

The point to observe is that it is in costing, rather than in the addition of exorbitant profits, that prices leave purchasing power behind; a fact which is vital to any intelligent search for a remedy.]

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PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.

Sir,—I thank Dr. Richmond for the moderateness of the suggestion in the first sentence of his letter. Were things otherwise than they are, he might have had no cause to make it. As a first step to reformation I would ask him for the names of any books which in his opinion represent truly the present state of knowledge. The remainder of his letter can, I think, be best answered in combination with Surgeon Alcock's. All young sciences must consist largely of

obiter dicta—or, as Surgeon Alcock says, must be dynamic. As I have said ad nauseam, I do not complain of this as far as *therapeutic* psycho-analysis is concerned. But in the case of non-pathological dreams and, still more, mythology, it is quite different, and psycho-analysis has a great deal to learn before it can begin to talk if it is to avoid the *gaucherie* of youth. That the gross may be prior to the ætherial I would not deny for a moment; but if words are to mean anything—though from Surgeon Alcock's letter this seems open to question—the human cannot be prior to the cosmic.

My "patronage" is not extended to psycho-analysis, but to the psycho-analytic treatment of mythology and dreams, for which—to put things crudely—I do not think it is yet competent. The lesser mysteries are truly the entrance to the greater, but the greater are not the evolution from but the basis of the lesser. The real question which is at the bottom of our present difference of opinion is whether the "lesser mysteries" on which psycho-analysis has fastened are those which belong to these days or were only applicable many ages ago. They were then mysteries, now only things we do not talk about. It is foolish not to talk about them, but doing so will not remake them into mysteries.

And now to try to end this controversy, which threatens to be interminable. I have re-read the article on which it was originally started, to see wherein I had offended. It appears to me that (except for some really secondary points, which, I must admit, seem to me rather verbal) I accused psycho-analysis of saying things which it appears it has left off saying for ages. I, however, based my accusation on what was (I believe) at the time the last of Jung's books dealing with mythology, and published in 1916 (? later half). Now I continue to assert that, whatever Dr. Jung's present views may be, it is futile to contend that when he wrote "The Psychology of the Unconscious" he was thinking of anything but human libido and human phalli as the source of the Myths. I will take a few quotations at random from the book (but avoiding any which by their context seem open to question):—

P. 5: "We are taught [by the Myths] that there is an identity of elementary *human conflicts* existing independent of time and place."

P. 9: "It is hardly conceivable that a god existing outside ourself causes dreams."

P. 30: "One can say that, should all tradition in the world be cut off with a single blow, then with the succeeding generation the whole mythology and history of religion would start over again."

P. 132: He even identifies (not compares or draws a parallel) Purusha with a phallus (obviously human by the description).

P. 150: "The process of transformation of the primal libido with secondary impulses always took place in the form of affluxes of sexual libido. . . . Sexuality became deflected into . . . impulse of allurements and of protection of young. This diversion of *sexual libido* from sexual territory is still taking place." When it succeeds "it is called sublimation."

I am beginning to suspect that part of the trouble is that Dr. Jung had really changed his point of view before the publication of the book. But a reader cannot be expected to divine this. As I have already admitted, there is much that is good in it, and, *provided* that we can ignore, as we read, the often-recurring signposts which show the road the author travelled, we may almost believe that he is on the right track. But the well-known posts leave us in no real doubt. There is much that is right—it could hardly be otherwise—but there are so many occasions when other solutions are available, and in many cases demonstrably better, that the whole performance gives a sense of keen discomfort that so intelligent a man should be making such a pitiful parade of his ignorance, and this quite apart from what he is actually saying. That his later work appears to be more valuable, though I have not yet had the time to study it, only supports the position I have taken up. If the restraint which in the case of Freud was so admired by Dr. Eder had been observed by Dr. Jung, all this might have been avoided. There was no call for haste; the Myths could well have endured a few more years in the twilight, and they have certainly not gained anything by their sudden introduction to the limelight.

M.B. OXON.

Pastiche.

REGIONAL.

XV.

At least two factors in the "social question" have been insufficiently recognised, or have at any rate lacked a sufficiently sharp verbal definition. Luxury exists as a function; one does not deny that it is abused, but one ascribes the failure of many revolutionary parties to their failure to recognise it, by plain letter and proclamation, as a beneficent part of the social machine. The simple expedient of sacking the West End gets no one any further; any baboon can sack; the function of luxury is to set a model for living; the luxury of one age becomes the convenience of the next. Glass was a luxury; it was even a poetic comparison, a precious substance.

"Eyen grey as glass"

ceased to be a safe compliment when glass was in every man's window; and the comparison of girl's eyes to the clear and vitreous pane or bull's-eye goes out with the Elizabethans. The most headlong archaist has not essayed it in our time.

Whatever be the "catch" in "over-production," it is the duty of a sane manufacturing system to over-produce every luxury which tends to increase the comforts and amenities of existence—to over-produce until these things are within every man's reach. No man will get the full force of this until he has read "Arabia Deserta." The function of an "aristocracy" is largely to criticise, select, castigate luxury, to reduce the baroque to an elegance. For this there is need of only a limited number of functionaries; as there is need of only a limited number of "tasters" in the tea trade, or of smellers in perfume manufactories. I do not attempt to decide on the merits of the present incumbents; the reader may do that for himself; but a fine model of life, as of architecture, or in the arts, has its value, and any real system of sociology, as opposed to a doctrinaire system, must recognise this value and its nature. [Note that Fourier, neglecting man's occasional desire for solitude, and occasional lapses of human desire to participate in common activities, did, on the other hand, predict something very like the apartment house, at a time when other sociologists were merely being dogmatic.] In actual practice, flagrantly after the French Revolution as at other times, the functions of luxury have been over-recognised and over-rewarded; so much so that it has perhaps on that very account escaped definition. Those who noted its power preferred to shake down the plums.

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Secondly, revolutions have usually been due to strikes, not, of course, of trade unions and syndicates, but to strikes of the bureaucracy, or aristocracy, or ruling caste, or whatever it has happened to be. As I write this, the French railroad engine-drivers are preparing a manifestation. They could stop the traffic of France indefinitely, and they recognise that the chief inconvenience of the stoppage would fall upon the rest of the employees of the railroads. They have remained liable to 81 hours' work per week (until October 1), because they recognise that you cannot make an engine-driver in six weeks. They recognise that there is a lack of personnel. They also know that there are qualified men for whom there are no engines, and that the lack of personnel, real to a certain extent, is being "stretched."

This is a detail in passing. It is an example of a situation where a few men can or could hold up a nation; but how often have the oligarchies of the world played this game to the finish? How often, rather, have they scrupled to play exactly this game? The history of the development of political institutions is hardly more than the history of a series of general strikes—strikes of the privileged class for its privileges—and their argument has been: You, populace, are incapable of producing men who will honestly and can capably deal with the detail of administration. No class has been quicker to proclaim a general strike than has the administrative class at all times, and least of all can they complain if other castes follow suit.

This is not a prayer for international *grève, chômage*, etc. It might even be taken as a warning, since it has so often proved fatal to the strikers. It is not my function either to strike or to pray, but only to formulate the thing as I see it. A little more goodwill, a more profound education!

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As long as an opinion or doctrine, right or wrong, is the opinion of a small minority, as long as profession of it is against public opinion, as long as it is dangerous to hold, the holding and the profession have at least the virtue of courage. This latter gives in time, or lends in time, an undue glamour to the opinion. As soon as any doctrine whatever becomes orthodox, tries to enforce itself either by force, inquisitions, burnings, or bribes (religious bodies blackmailing British printers), commercial pressures, etc., the opinion is attained and acquires all the attributes of the bully. Right or wrong, it takes on the qualities of a cowardice. And the "right or wrong" matters less than might be supposed, for all general propositions are in their nature so vague and inaccurate, so subject to exception, the force pulling in one way so affected and affectable by forces pulling traverse, that general propositions cannot be sanely held at all, save by those who realise that they, the general propositions, are of use merely as eye-openers—i.e., that they serve merely to make us aware of certain possibilities, and that they are invalid as prohibitions or circumscriptions.

The bulk of rubbish labelled "Modern Philosophy" has consisted in undefined subjects coupled to undefined predicates. It, like sociology, has been a profitable bear-garden for professors too lazy to acquire definite information.

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The fallacy of money is said to have been exposed by "the latest economists"; certainly only a doctrinaire can wax theological on "the even distribution of wealth"; no one cares a hang about even distribution of blank or stamped strips of paper.

A country is rich when it has—like the Midi—abundance of good cheeses, thick slices of pate de foie gras, veal soft to the tooth, luscious new peas in season, when it has good cloth in plenty, when it has abundance of good plumbing, baths well heated, comfortable railways, etc. and etc., and when these things are too cheap to squabble over.

This terrestrial and Rabelaisian paradise is not yet to be found without hunting, but, given these things in plenty, it will be very difficult to raise academic discussions. And with or without these things no realist will yearn for a system of things modelled upon a meagre menage. The sparse board has neither the gusto of Brantôme, nor the melancholy romanticism of the desert. Boiled turnips and stewed Brussels sprouts are no sursum corda; the object of economy, political or otherwise, is to make life worth living. This simple aim is under-emphasised in most propagandist writing.

As we have repeated, popular oratory consists in exciting by envy; you double a man's income when you teach him to cook, quite as much as by giving him, instead of a piece of paper marked 10, another piece of paper marked 20, when its purchasing power is lowered or about to be lowered to 9½.

These marginalia are supplementary, not contradictory, to an "advanced economic programme"; one does not need to espouse mediæval catholicism in order to appreciate a cuisine.

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The weakness of reforming parties has been that they have not known how to enrich their programmes; they have put forward a few bare propositions, or even a single proposition. The strength of Conservative parties has lain precisely in the enrichment, tacit or professed, conscious or unconscious, of programmes, sometimes iniquitous, sometimes merely inert, by a mass of sane but irrelevant minor precepts. This enrichment has been called "good sense," "savoir vivre," "comfort," and also "bribes," "privilege," and "molasses."

EZRA POUND.