

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1431] NEW SERIES Vol. XXVI. No. 15. THURSDAY, FEB. 12, 1920. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE]

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Miners' final interview with Mr. Lloyd George has now taken place, and for the last time of asking the present Government has declined to accept the nationalisation of the mines. In these circumstances, expected as they were, there appears nothing for the Miners' Federation to do but to proceed according to plan and solemnly assemble another special Congress for the purpose of considering how to force the Government to change its mind. That the Miners themselves should change their minds, or, at least, their methods, on discovering that their first plans have not been unbrokenly successful, seems never to occur to them as a possible alternative to an attempt to force the Government. As we have observed before, everybody and everything else must be all that they should be—reasonable, willing to listen to argument, willing to be convinced, and courageous enough to avow a change of view; but the Miners' leaders and the Trade Union Congress must be the same to-day, yesterday, and for ever, always right and never in need of the smallest revision of their opinions. The case is worse even than this; for, as we happen to know, the private and personal beliefs of quite a number of the original signatories of the demand for Nationalisation have undergone a complete change. It is certain, indeed, that, if the secret thoughts of the Miners' Federation itself were canvassed, a majority would be shown in hostility to Nationalisation. Nevertheless, so "idealistic" is Labour, so different in ethic is it from all the parties and classes that have gone before, that the Miners and the Trade Union Congress can go on insisting upon and attempting to force from the Government a measure which they do not really want, that will do them nothing but harm, and that is already distrusted by the rank and file, without a manifest qualm or a strain upon their conscience. In other parties or other leaders,

the methods of the Miners' Federation would be denounced by Labour as characteristically capitalist. In Labour, under the leadership of men like Mr. Hodges, it is idealist, intelligent, and strategic. We shall leave the judgment to results.

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The original error of the Miners' Federation was made when its leaders accepted the onus of formulating, almost on the spur of the moment, a remedy for the state of things the Sankey Inquiry had revealed. The immediate purpose of the Sankey Inquiry, we should have said, had been fully served after the evidence of Mr. Smillie had been laid before it. The country then knew that the relations between the Miners and the employers were such that their continuance could not possibly be tolerated. And thereafter it would have been a matter for considered judgment how best to transform the system to the satisfaction of the sense of justice of all the various parties. The Miners' Federation, however, was not content with having completely proved its case for a change of system; it was not content to exercise an effective veto over the various reconstruction proposals that were put forward. Without any serious consideration of the matter, and as if the old resolutions of the Trade Union Congress were still current gospel, the Miners hastily formulated a demand for Nationalisation, trimmed it up with a few phrases taken from the Guild propaganda, and presented the whole medley of history and theory as their unalterable recipe for the future conduct of the mining industry. We recall these facts in order to guard against the repetition of the error in the case of the Dockers' Inquiry which is now taking place. Mr. Ernest Bevin, it is true, is a more sagacious person than either Mr. Smillie or Mr. Frank Hodges, and it is more than probable that under his direction the Dockers' representatives will know when they have established their case. At the same time, it cannot be doubted that some danger exists. Even in Mr. Bevin's admirable opening speech we detected signs

of a willingness to be drawn upon plans for the future government of the industry—plans, we say explicitly, which are as yet ill-digested and misunderstood. It would be a thousand pities if the effect of Mr. Bevin's speech were to be lost in such a confusion of policy as has now obliterated the effects of Mr. Smillie's speech on a similar occasion. At this moment the Dockers, thanks to Mr. Bevin, have the complete sympathy of the public. It is their duty to retain and intensify it.

The Labour Party is so idealistic that it is never in any need to reply to criticism. Criticism of idealism is, of course, a confession of error; and we ought to be thankful, therefore, that we can continue to say what we please without receiving an answer. Mr. Thomas' recent acceptance of a sliding-scale for wages has not, however, passed without other criticism than ours. For once we are not alone. In the "Daily Herald" Mr. John Turner, of the Shop Assistants' Union, makes the perfectly valid and, indeed, finally effective point, that the fixing of wages by relation to the mere cost of living would ensure, in fact, a relatively declining standard of wages. Since more and more wealth is likely to be produced as civilisation and science advance, a ratio of wages to cost of living would be perpetually undergoing reduction in comparison with a ratio of wages to total production. In other words, the share of Labour in the total production would be a constantly diminishing fraction. Mr. Thomas, however, has not seen fit to answer this criticism, nor have we been able to discover in the official organ of the National Union of Railwaymen any notice of the objection. Nevertheless, it is obviously a very serious criticism; and if Mr. Thomas is too right honourable to reply to it, we may be sure that events in due course will.

At a recent Conference Mr. Grimshaw (of whom we should like to hear more) read an interesting paper on "The Influence of the Distribution of Wealth upon Production." Usually, of course, and uniformly by the academic economists, the order is inverted, and we are called upon to consider the effect of Production upon Distribution. Indeed, it is a canon of capitalistic economics and one of the secrets of its acceptance, that distribution, being as a mere matter of common sense subsequent to production in point of time, must plainly be also regarded as completely conditioned by production. Mr. Grimshaw, like ourselves, is not of that opinion. Post hoc is not always propter hoc. Though it is true that the actual distribution depends upon what is produced (since you cannot distribute what is not in existence), the foreknowledge which the producer has of the nature of the distribution of *purchasing power* pre-determines the character of his production. In other words, he produces for the market as he knows it to exist. It follows, as Mr. Grimshaw points out, that actual production is very largely determined by distribution; in fact, is directed by it. "So long as there are high incomes on the one hand and next to no income on the other, there will be produced more than enough of the luxuries, and less than enough of the necessities of life." Rightly considered, we have here a partial explanation of more than one modern social problem. It is probable, indeed, that in this simple fact may be found a complete explanation of several of our most pressing difficulties. Everybody realises the complexity of any attempt to deal directly with production—whether home-production or imports. How are we to differentiate between luxuries and necessities and to regulate their manufacture or import—who, indeed, dare attempt it? The problem can be approached, however, from the distributive side with the greatest of ease. Distribute purchasing power equitably (note that we do *not* say equally)—and the

character of our production and our imports would be determined by that arrangement. If there were no "luxury" incomes there would be no "luxury" manufacture or imports. Everything manufactured or imported would be "necessary," that is to say, really serviceable to somebody.

Without modifying any of the criticisms we ourselves passed last week on the proposals of the Manchester Building Guild Committee, we may quite consistently reply to several objections that have been raised in other quarters. Mr. Foster, for instance, complains that the proposals of the Manchester Committee are "premature." As a member of the joint body charged with drawing up plans for the government of the building industry as a whole, Mr. Foster is naturally jealous of any local or sectional attempt to settle the problem before his committee has finally made up its mind. Every such act of initiative, whether it succeed or fail, is, in fact, bound in his opinion to be premature. We must point out, however, that not only is there nothing "premature" about the actions of Mr. Foster and *his* committee, but, on the contrary, he and they fall under the charge of deliberate, or, at any rate, of culpable, procrastination. The need for houses is urgent. Literally millions of people are being put to wretched inconvenience on account of the lack of them. The building industry has been forewarned of the need for some years, and Mr. Foster's committee has, in fact, been sitting confabulating in a leisurely way for twelve or eighteen months. It has produced one report, and is in process of producing another, and, to judge by Mr. Foster's description of it, the second is even more impossible than the first. At this rate of progress, any definite action, with the sanction of Mr. Foster, must be postponed indefinitely; and if the world is to wait until Mr. Foster has made up his mind, the world will be houseless for ever.

—One of the advantages of an experiment such as we hope the Manchester Committee will contrive to carry through (even against our judgment that its whole design is wrong!) is that it raises as practical issues questions which would otherwise remain academic. There is no doubt whatever that the initiative of the committee has already contributed to stimulate a real discussion in the Labour movement of the practical meaning of money and credit and "financial guarantees" such as by no lesser means could have been so speedily brought about; and there is equally no doubt in our mind that in a very little while the vital centre of discussion will be found to lie in these questions rather than in the administrative details of industry. The proposal of the Manchester Guild Committee to undertake a building contract on its own responsibility has, in particular, raised the question of the nature of contractual guarantees; and since this question really goes to the root of the problem of credit in general, we ought to, and, in fact, we do, welcome the occasion that has raised it.

It is admitted by the critics of the Manchester scheme that the committee has a virtual monopoly of building labour—that is to say, of one of the two factors in production—but the demand is made that, as a prospectively contracting party, the committee should be prepared to give "guarantees" for the performance of its contract, similar in kind to the guarantees given in similar circumstances by the ordinary contractor—in other words, *financial* guarantees. And, moreover, it is contended that, in the absence of such guarantees, either the present type of Guild contractor has an unfair advantage over the former type of contractor—since the Guild, it is urged, will risk nothing by a breach of contract—or, in the event of such a breach, the other party, namely, the Man-

chester Corporation, will be the sole loser. The contract, in short, has no sanction, except on the side of the Corporation, since no penalty for breach in default can be imposed on the contracting Guild Committee. The objection is not frivolous, and it must be met; and we should propose to meet it on two grounds: first, on the ground that credit is credit and not security, and, second, on the ground that in the end even the guarantees offered by the ordinary contractor turn out to be unreal, in the sense that they, too, rest on credit and not upon security. Let us take the second point first. What, after all, is it that the ordinary contractor "deposits" with his contract as a security of his fulfilment of his agreement? His money and his plant; and these, it is clear, are liable to forfeiture to the amount of the damage his breach of contract causes to the other party. True; but now let us ask the further question, often previously discussed in these pages: what is the value of this "money and plant" without the good-will of Labour—that is to say, apart from the unsecured assumption that Labour and society in general will enable the damaged party to realise on it? If we have allowed that the original question is not frivolous, we believe we are entitled to require that our answer shall not be dismissed before it is carefully considered. And it amounts to this: that "money and plant"—all the instruments, in short, of every security or guarantee—really, in the end, depend for their value, not upon themselves, but upon the "credit" of society, of which credit the belief that "Labour" will actually perform what it undertakes to do is an integral part. To return to the first ground, the supposition that credit can possibly be consistent with security is negated by the law of contradiction. If there were real security, credit would be unnecessary. Real security does not require "belief" or "faith," individual or mutual; it carries its own sanction with it. On the other hand, it is of the very nature of credit that it demands and obtains no other "security" than its own sense of trust.

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We do not say that this applies precisely to the Manchester Committee; but, in view of much larger fields of experiment than Manchester, it is important that the nature of credit, here outlined, should be generally realised. In the last resort it will be found that all credit, and hence all values dependent upon credit, are social in origin. There is no value in money apart from the assumption that society will continue doing its "duty"; there is no "real" value whatever in all the treasure at the banks, nor even in all the plant and capital of which most of that treasure is a token. All value depends finally upon human values; and at the bottom of every security is nothing more nor less than the "bare word" of one man to another. But if this be the case—and we are certain of it—several "revolutionary" conclusions may be said to follow. The first is that since all credit is social in origin, at least its direction should be social as well. What is it but matricide to employ a credit that is social in origin for an anti-social purpose? All the credit, in short, that is now employed in making profit for its tenants (and there can be no owners of credit), instead of in rendering services to the society that creates it, is credit wrested from its proper function. A second conclusion is that the "word" of a Guild (let us say), or, indeed, of any serious body of producers, is a good enough "guarantee" and "security"; it is, in fact, the best we can have. Still a third conclusion is this: that when such a Guild is prepared to undertake social service the question of "financing" its enterprise need present no difficulties. The financiers will doubtless object to parting with their monopoly; since it is obvious that they have long made a personally profitable use of what is essentially a social creation—namely,

credit; but their resistance can be overcome when Labour is in earnest, and without causing damage to anybody but themselves. The effect upon society of resuming possession and direction of its own credit would seem miraculous if it were not calculable. There would scarcely be any limit to the wealth such a society might enjoy; and the more Christian it became—in the sense of mutual love and trust—the greater its wealth.

* * *

In Mr. McKenna's recent address as chairman of the London Joint City and Midland Bank he appears to us to be criticising himself as late Chancellor of the Exchequer. For what, in effect, did his admonitions imply but that the Government whose Treasurer he was during the early days of the war committed financial crimes whose consequences are to be seen in the prevailing high prices? If Mr. McKenna is convinced that "loans by banks which lead to no increase of commodities tend to raise prices"—and it ought to be obvious that they do—then why did he when Chancellor inaugurate the policy of borrowing with the full foreknowledge that the effect would be to raise prices? It is nonsense to pretend that the war could not have been carried on without such loans. Had those loans been as costly to the financial classes as, in fact, they were profitable, we should never have heard of them. The policy of borrowing money from the banks was instituted by Mr. McKenna, or certainly with his consent; and he is, in consequence, the last man who ought now to complain of it. It is probable that as chairman of a private bank Mr. McKenna has another point of view than Mr. McKenna as Chancellor of the Exchequer. But it is not at all more probable that Mr. McKenna is now right. To the extent, in fact, with which he agrees with his confrère, Mr. Goodenough, of Barclay's Bank, that the Government ought to "arrest further inflation of credit and currency," at the same time that the banks should expand both in the interests of increased production, we can confidently affirm that he is wrong. Allowing that "loans by banks which lead to no increase of commodities tend to raise prices," the conclusion most certainly does *not* follow—as Mr. McKenna and Mr. Goodenough most certainly suppose—that all loans by banks which *do* lead to an increase of commodities tend to *reduce* prices. They tend, as we have said before, to reduce the price of those commodities whose production is increased—that is to say, of luxuries in general terms; but, as a consequence, they tend at the same time to *raise* the price of necessities. There is, in fact, as between the case assumed by Mr. Kenna of Government inflation, and the case he and the banks assume as regards their own creation of credit for commercial purposes, very little difference. In the former case the Government expands credit (or purchasing power) and either produces nothing with it or produces it only for immediate destruction: leaving the credit, therefore, to compete with the existing currency for the existing goods; with the effect that the prices of these latter are raised. But in Mr. McKenna's own case, where the banks expand credit for commercial purposes, the effect on purchasing power is the same: namely, to increase its amount. And since, relatively to *necessities*, the effect of such credit is not to increase the supply, we have the same phenomenon in the one case as in the other: an expansion of purchasing power over against a constant if not diminishing quantity of necessities. And the effect of this in the one case as in the other is to raise prices. The only difference, indeed, that we can detect between the two operations is that Government expansion of credit raises the level of prices in general, while the Bank expansion of commercial credit raises the prices of necessities in particular. The one affects everybody; the other falls exclusively on the cost of living.

Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER I.

ONE of the most fundamental fallacies which has ever afflicted a just cause is the delusion so dear to the sentimental propagandist of the Labour Movement, that Labour (by which the broader-minded of such advocates mean labour both by hand and brain power) creates all wealth; that Capital and Capitalism are one and the same thing, both being of the Devil.

Mention has been made of this matter before,* but the subject is of such outstanding importance at this time that no apology seems necessary for a further effort to clear away a little of the misconception in which the actual relationship of Capital, Labour, and the Community has become involved, as much from the distortion and suppression of facts by the Capitalistic Hierarchy as from the more pardonable misdirection of organised Labour by persons of more zeal than discretion; a misconception which is tragic in its influence on the strategy of the Labour Movement, since it results in forever placing that strategy in a position of antagonism to the interest of the rest of Society.

Before proceeding to the further examination of the facts, it may not be without value to note the willingness with which the orthodox—i.e., Capitalistic—Press is prepared to allow this contention, or, at any rate, its implications, to go by default. Witness the unctuous agreement, heard on all sides, with the sentiment that Labour, as such, should increasingly share in the "control" of Industry. This sentiment is, of course, logically derived from the major premise, because it is clear that if Labour produces all wealth, then the democratic control of Labour by itself—i.e., elective and representative industrial administration—means the democratic control of the production of wealth.

It is amazing how this error has misled millions of intelligent men and women, determined to assert their human claim to consideration, whose every-day experience of life is yet amply sufficient to expose the fallacy of it. The Foreman controls the workshop and all who labour therein; does he then control production? But perhaps the Manager, who controls many foremen, is the ultimate focus of power? Ask him, and he will tell you that he is the slave of the Sales Department on the one hand and the Chairman of the Board on the other. The Chairman must clearly be seated on Olympus; but observe this demi-god when, faced with a deficit on the year's working, he endeavours to convince a shareholders' meeting that all is well with their undertaking, because the staff is contented and the product is unrivalled. It will avail him little that each shareholder may be a believer in democracy in industry.

Yet in the face of the determination of organised Labour to "share in the control of industry," see how a broad-minded Press agrees with them. The "Times," for instance, is all for a Guild Socialism of the glorified Whitley Council variety. The columns of almost any metropolitan newspaper in England or America are open to the description or discussion of such "committee" schemes, and will print reams of articles by their more distinguished advocates, even where they condemn their conclusions. From which the cynically minded may justifiably conclude that there is no danger to capitalism in a bushel of them. But how many London journals ever mention such an organ as THE NEW AGE? Or how much publicity of the orthodox variety do the writings of, say, Mr. Thorstein Veblen receive in America?

But to resume our search for the true seat of power. It is clear that if we replace the foreman, the manager, and the chairman, each by a committee, all that we do is to affirm our belief that it is better to have half a

dozen men giving orders than one man—a belief that may or may not be well founded, but, in any event, is not likely to result in the democratic control of production. The shareholders, it is true, are already a committee, and would seem at first sight to have no master; but how much latitude in making decisions have they?

Now, this is the citadel of the fortress we are attacking, *for power to make decisions is freedom for the individual*, and a shareholder in a trust-capitalistic manufacturing enterprise has no power to change the fundamental policy of the concern, *which is to pay its way as a means to the end of maintaining and increasing its financial credit with the banks.*

Hence we see that the last word on *policy* is with Finance, not with Administration, and is concerned with the control of credit by the banks; and to democratise the *policy* of production, we have to democratise the control of credit.

Before concentrating on this problem of the democratisation of the bank, and of the practical application of the credit-principle which it administers, the satisfactory solution of which will have incomparably greater influence on the future of the world than any other single change of which we can conceive at this time, let us consider for a moment Democracy itself as an organised system of carrying on the business of society as a whole.

Democracy is frequently and falsely defined as the rule of the majority—a definition quite sufficient to account for its unpopularity with many persons whose opinion is not unworthy of consideration. As so defined, it is a mere trap, set by knaves to catch simpletons; the *rule* of the majority never has existed, and, fortunately, never will exist. If such a thing were possible, it would be the ultimate Terror, beside which the worst individual despot would seem a kindly patriarch. It is under cover of this definition, however, that unscrupulous men in every country are enabled to evade the consequences which anti-social intriguing would bring upon them, by working up a spurious, because uninformed, public opinion, which is the greatest barrier to effective and rapid progress known to the hidden hands of capitalism and politics. Real democracy is something entirely different, and is the effective expression of the *policy* of the majority, and, so far as that policy is concerned with economics, is the freedom of an increasing majority of individuals to make use of the facilities provided for them, in the first place, by a number of persons who will always be, as they have always been, in the minority.

Any other conception of democracy simply does not take cognisance of the facts, does not believe in human nature as it is, and, consequently, taking its stand on the Doctrine of Original Sin, requires as a first postulate of improvement a change of heart which is expected to make all men and women over again, so that a standardised world will be uniformly attractive to all of them. A standardised world requires someone to set the standards, and it is to this authoritative democracy that the capitalistic governments of the world are willing, if they must, to resign the sceptre of Kaiserism and plutocracy, knowing quite well that it will avail nothing that Labour has its administrative councils, its shop committees, its constituent assemblies, or even its Soviets, so long as the control of credit enables the real policy of the world—the policy which controls the conditions under which mankind obtains board and clothing, without which the mightiest genius is more helpless than a well-fed idiot—to be dictated from the sources out of which it now proceeds.

Let no one imagine that real democracy, however, has its only opponents amongst the great capitalists, ecclesiastics, and politicians. There are just as many potential despots amongst the careerists of the Labour

* "Economic Democracy." (Cecil Palmer and Hayward.)

movements as among the employing class, and in a mere choice of tyrants it is quite a sound principle to keep the devil you know in preference to the devil you don't know.

A warning in regard to this aspect of the situation is contained in the arbitrary division of society, now so popular with captains of industry, "sane" Labour leaders and extremists alike, into "workers" and a "parasitic class," the latter being supposed to be without useful function, and having no "right" to exist, held up to execration as battenning on the virtuous industrial system, and robbing it, by so much as that class consumes, of what is its moral due. I realise the unpopularity of any defence of this class, but it is a defence which has to be undertaken, not from any special liking for the task (though Mr. Bertrand Russell, in his defence of idleness, has shown that to be quite reasonable), but because the attack on it leads nowhere useful. In the first place, when we leave the easy ground of generalities and come down to concrete detail, we find it overwhelmingly difficult to define useful work. Not only is it difficult, but it is in the highest degree mischievous.

In spite of the fact that the Founder of Christianity directed his most biting invective against the inveterate legal and juristic habit of mind of the priests and scribes "who made the Word of God of none effect by their traditions," this desire to classify and pass sentence upon every variety of human effort has been the curse of the churches and codes of the so-called Christian era. At this time there goes up in Central Europe a cry for bread such as perhaps the world has not known for centuries; the mutterings of coming revolution are heard in every country; yet the victims of this deadly habit of mind, both on the side of Capitalism and Labour, are still explaining that, unless a man do "useful" work, neither shall he eat; regardless of the fact that both England and America are glutted with goods, that in both countries foodstuffs are allowed to rot, or are being actually destroyed, in order to keep up prices, the high priests of industry cry for more and yet more production as a condition of existence, even though that production may be, as it often is, absolutely detrimental to society in general, and the worker in particular.

On the side of Labour a great part of the force which this movement against "parasitism" has acquired, is due to the idea that it is only by the strenuous efforts of the orthodox worker, straining every nerve and muscle, that the world is maintained at its present standard of living; whereas it is, on the contrary, only by the most gigantic and organised sabotage on the part of the capitalistic system and Labour itself, not only positive but negative—by the refusal to use modern tools and processes, as well as the misuse of them—that the standard of living is prevented from rising higher, with the expenditure of less human effort, than the most exacting would require at this time. In effect, the validity of the Labour protest rests, not on any prerogative Labour possesses of fixing the value of any individual to society, but on the purely practical question as to whether Society would be benefited if the protest against parasitism were upheld. Since it may be contended that no reasoned argument has yet been brought forward to show that the "just" payment of Labour is not measured by the total of what Labour produces, it is one of the objects of the following pages to show that to strain after "justice" in this manner is not only to miss it, but is the sure and certain way of handing over the world afresh to the tender mercies of the high priests and the scribes. In passing, it may be observed that Labour has never been in danger from the Idle Rich—it is the hardworking rich who are the chief champions of the status quo.

(To be continued.)

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

IV.

ENGLAND then, as an effect of the Reformation, became an Aristocratic State. The nation developed organs proper to its new need—organs, that is, aristocratic in quality, the chief and central one of them governing all the rest—the House of Commons.

As an aristocracy the nation proceeded till all memory of another political mood had disappeared. The House of Commons, reflecting and concentrating the aristocratic mood of the nation, attracted an increasing national greatness and acquired such a position in the Commonwealth as was comparable only to the national institution of the Monarchy in contemporary France. The House of Commons outlasted all foreign civil institutions contemporary with itself. It grew in power, as did the nation, from decade to decade, until it reached within our own memory the summit of institutional greatness: unquestioned in its authority, the target of the national attention, the heart of civic life—and all this under and through the aristocratic temper.

Now, to repeat the question with which I concluded the last section, why has an aristocracy this particular character of strength and of endurance, or, rather (since in another form strength and endurance attach also to other polities), what is the essential character of an aristocracy?

What was that which began in the seventeenth century to mark England off from the Continent, and at the same time to develop the unbroken expansion of English power abroad?

We must answer this question at the very outset of our study if we are to understand the time in which we live. For the note of the time in which we live is the decay in England of aristocracy and, with it, of the House of Commons.

Great and permanent communities of men have for the most part reposed upon the mystic doctrine of human equality, and this temper has been reflected in their governing institutions. For either these institutions have been monarchies, wherein one man was representative of the whole and had beneath him, as it were, a great level in spite of all differences of title and of wealth; or (where the size of the State permitted it) they were democracies, that is, ruled by organs in which it was perpetually attempted to reflect directly the common will—if possible by the actual assembly of all free men—and by magistrates appointed indifferently from among all—sometimes even by lot.

Why men should be thus driven by a mysterious doctrine of equality for which there is no positive proof and against which all external characters are arrayed, this is no place to inquire. We know that we find it dominating history and penetrating its legal codes.

But there are certain other, exceptional, States which are arranged in a very different manner, and these it is convenient to term Aristocracies, using that term not to mean "the government of the best," which is its old Greek meaning, but a particular public temper which favours the power of a restricted class.

In these Aristocratic States an oligarchy rules, but that oligarchy is much more than a mere oligarchy. It is an *Aristocracy*, because it enjoys the quasi-religious respect of its fellow-citizens. It is not appointed by its fellow-citizens; it has a life and growth of its own. It co-opts more or less consciously into its own body, perpetually digesting new men into its own substance.

In an Aristocratic State the power is in the hands not of one, nor of many, but of a few; and that not in the sense in which power must always be in the hands of a few (for the actual administration can only be in the hands of a few men at any one time), but in the sense that the few in an aristocracy are an organism in themselves, an organism which continuously repro-

duces itself and has its own life. It may or may not be hereditary, though in the nature of things it tends to be largely hereditary. It may or may not be in the aggregate wealthier than the average of the citizens, though in the nature of things it tends to be wealthier. Its prime characteristic is that of a *permanent body in the State which governs through the moral authority conferred on it by the general respect.*

So different do the passions of an Aristocratic State become (after a sufficient tradition has confirmed them) from those of a Monarchy or Democracy that the one arrangement becomes almost unintelligible to the others. An Aristocratic State comes to stand quite apart from the other and commoner sorts of polity. It has an individual life often repugnant to them, always strange, like a marked human character with a sharply individual manner and voice. I am not here concerned with the quarrel as to which may be the best form of government,* but with a recognition of one—the Aristocratic. And to this certain tests can be applied by which we may immediately discover its presence.

The most obvious test, the most salient, is the attitude of an Aristocratic State towards its public servants. In monarchy, as in democracy, the public servant is an object of suspicion. In the Aristocratic State he is an object of reverence.

The former think of a public servant as a man thinks of his own servant. The occupant of public office is subject to perpetual scrutiny, to a strict discipline and to the permanent imputation of the various faults which servants may develop: of corruption especially, but also of other forms of disloyalty, as of sloth and of incapacity. The public servant in an Aristocracy is, upon the contrary, the superior of those he governs, and this not through any active sense of delegation (as from a monarch or a people), but in himself and through the governing class of which he is a member.

That test is universal and always rings true. It is the unfailing criterion of whether a human community be in its soul and essence aristocratic or no. Find me a State in which the public servant is perpetually criticised, works under a full light, is frequently punished, is removable and removed at will (and once removed has no further claim); or even a State in which such a condition is only desired and the immunity and privilege of such officers regarded, though existent, as odious, and there you have an Egalitarian State. Find me one in which the public servant, by his very service, is largely immune from suspicion, belongs to a permanent social body whose permanent superiority all admit; find me a State where the punishment of such men is a sort of sacrilege, and there you have the spirit of Aristocracy. And of all public servants the Judges are most typical in this regard.

It is a feature common to all States that their form of government, when it is stable and accepted, is from below. It is the popular instinct of each, moulded ultimately by religion, which produces in each its sort of authority, and you may note how a mind accustomed to one sort will misinterpret altogether the fundamental ideas of another.

The citizen of a founded Aristocratic State cannot conceive Monarchy save as tyranny, or Democracy save as something at once chaotic and insufficient. The citizen of an egalitarian State foolishly conceives an aristocracy to impose itself upon the Aristocratic State and to be an engine of oppression.

So far is either of these views from the truth that the whole mass of many a State has done what seems to an Aristocratic State an aberration. It has insisted, after a period of distress, upon reimposing Monarchy upon itself. Many such States have looked back on periods tending towards aristocratic rule as disasters. Great monarchies, when the monarch fails, will often by some mysterious instinct like that of the swarm,

produce a collective government. In such a State the appearance of government by a few acts as an irritant so acute that men turn to massacre for a remedy.

In the Aristocratic State, upon the contrary, the popular instinct, with equal fidelity and strength, insists upon "leaders." There is no popular movement in them but secretes a special superior organism, which in its turn is revered. It may be a revolt of artisans against their conditions of poverty, a revolt of a nation under alien menace, or something so small as the formation of a local club. In whatever form the aristocratic citizen works he produces aristocracy to govern him as surely as a tree produces its fruit. It is this profound appetite for government by a few, which few are clothed with moral authority and voluntarily endowed with peculiar reverence, which marks the aristocratic polity.

These two great types of State—the commoner one, the Egalitarian; the rarer one, the Aristocratic—exist, of course, in many forms and in several degrees of exactitude. The characteristics of the one are sometimes partly found in the other. Nevertheless, it remains true that the great States of history and of our own time are in the main thus divided.

An Aristocratic State has many another characteristic attaching to it which we shall recognise at once as those attaching also to this country in the days of its unquestioned tranquillity and eminence.

Thus an Aristocratic State is the most homogeneous of all political arrangements. It is that in which the peril of civil tumult is most thoroughly eliminated.

Again, and directly attaching to this last, it is a characteristic of the Aristocratic State—and one of its chief causes of strength—that *all national functions within it are combined.* The judiciary is not separate from the legislature, nor the legislature from the executive: for all three belong essentially to the aristocratic body.

Again, an Aristocratic State inclines to avoid exact political definition, for it must admit, if it is to remain aristocratic, a large element of emotion which no formula can sufficiently contain. A monarchy may have its exact rules and definition; since someone must command, let the monarch sum up all. A democracy may also have its strict constitution, because, though invisible, corporate action is an admitted reality among men. But no book, no theory, no constitution could ever lay it down that a small permanent body had of *right* the general power in the State. No such small body could be exactly cut off from the rest by a plain definition without losing its principle of life. An oligarchy can only exercise authority through the worship of those whom it governs and through its own genius for commanding and retaining a mixture of awe and affection; but this it cannot do as an isolated thing: it must be interwoven with the commonwealth and separated by no exact boundary.

In an Aristocratic State, therefore, you will have anomalies appearing throughout administration, yet these anomalies in no way dissatisfy the popular mind, but rather strengthen the State through their presence.

Again, in an Aristocratic State, personality, or what is called "character," will play a larger part, and definable method in the choice of rulers a smaller one. This force of "character" has always its place, of course, especially in moments of crisis. It produces the leader in war, the popular tribune, and all those other chance governors which also democracies and monarchies eagerly choose and follow. But when I say that character or personality is of greater moment in an Aristocratic State I mean that it is a more permanent feature, or rather one without which aristocratic government would be impossible. The citizen of an Egalitarian State is always astonished to note how small a degree of intelligence may be required in the public servant of the Aristocratic State. The citizen of the Aristocratic State is equally astonished

(but more contemptuous) to note what a part intelligence—apart from the other elements of fitness to rule—plays among his Egalitarian neighbours. This is because in the one case a public servant is an inferior set to a task; in the other, a superior who gives rather than receives orders.

Certain other essential features of the Aristocratic State must be noted in conclusion, because they apply with such force to our present conditions, and in particular to the peril the nation increasingly suffers from the progressive decline of the House of Commons.

An Aristocratic State will commonly preserve not only an untroubled but a long life in the midst of its competitors. On the other hand, an Aristocratic State is less able to reform itself than any other, and, if its essential principle grows weak, it has the utmost difficulty in finding a remedy for its disease. Civil dissension, normal to democracies and common enough in great monarchies, is singularly remote from aristocratic conditions. When it does break out in an Aristocracy it threatens the whole community with death, for that community has no tradition of dealing with such things: hence its peculiar dread of disorder.

An Aristocratic State, attacked in its vital principle, has no medicinal rules, no formulæ upon which to fall back for its healing. Its diseases are profoundly organic, never mechanical, for the whole action of an aristocracy is less conscious and less defined than that of a democracy or monarchy.

From two most powerful sources the Aristocratic State tends to suffer from illusion, especially in its old age—and illusion is the most dangerous of all things.

The two sources whence illusion insinuates itself into the mood of an Aristocratic State are, first, its internal security; second, the nature of the moral authority which the governing class exercises.

Security, the ignorance of revolution, breeds also a dread of it, and therefore there is in all aristocracies, when for any reason their vigour declines, a strong temptation to mask reality, to pretend that the new evils are not so weighty after all, to play on self-deception, and, above all, to pretend that whatever now irks them is but some old traditional malady which never yet was fatal, and therefore never will be. This pretence that some great evil menacing the State is no worse than others of its kind in the past, this conviction that something cannot but turn up to save affairs: both these habits, bred of long security, make one source from which illusion grows strong upon an aristocratic State in its age.

The other source of illusion in the old days of an aristocracy comes from the very nature of its rule. Since the mass of the people in an Aristocratic State do not feel themselves a part of government, but at the most look upon it as spectators, they must be treated to legends. Thus, if it is necessary in the judgment of the aristocracy for the State to wage a great war in defence of its commerce, the masses must be told that the war is fought in defence of its immediate life; the enemy must be made a bogey about to devour them. Again, in the absence of strict egalitarian law, the populace must have a legend of some sort of mystic power in those who administer the laws, whereby an abnormally exact justice always works. That respect for those who govern, which is the life of an aristocracy, can only be maintained by the concealment of their error and ill-doing. The habit of fostering illusion grows from this field to others, the root of the whole affair being the necessary indifference of the populace to realities of State, which indifference is in the very soul of aristocracy and gives it all its support.

We may sum up and say that aristocracy gives to the State as a State (I do not say to individuals) the highest degree of security at home and of strength abroad, and with these two the third element of continuity—that is, of long life—for the nation; but that these superiorities in it are balanced by a lack of

machinery for recuperation upon any great scale, a lack of the power, ability, or resolution to transform things suddenly and at the expense of agony, even when such a transformation is essential to the continued prosperity of the State.

Thus it is that Aristocracies perish. They lose their vital principle. They are impotent to recover it. They nurse illusion to protect their decay.

Moral authority, which is the foundation and necessity of all government, can attach to an intangible idea, as it does to a crown or flag or the abstractions of a democracy, and if it is lost to one form of these it can easily be attached to another, for it is with these a sort of clothing which can be taken on and off.

But moral authority in the case of aristocracies attaches to real men in themselves, to their own way of living, their manner and kind. It is the worship of something concrete and capable therefore of destruction. You can exchange your royal house or your democratic constitution for another. But you cannot change your governing class for another. When once moral authority has passed from the governing class of an aristocracy, nothing can restore it.

But while that moral authority is still present, while the governing class is still securely in the saddle, it will naturally present for the machinery of the State some assembly imbued with the aristocratic spirit: an aristocratic assembly, a small number. And attached to that assembly will be *all* the functions of the State, each of them coloured with this same aristocratic spirit.

Such was necessarily the fortune of England when England became an aristocracy after the Reformation, and the House of Commons was the central organ which that aristocracy developed.

But here it may be asked, might not the organ produced under aristocratic conditions and obviously suited to these conditions also be adaptable to conditions where aristocracy was in decay or had disappeared? Is there something in the very nature of a sovereign assembly framed in this manner which clashes hopelessly with those other moods of men in association, which are called indifferently Democratic or Monarchical? To put it briefly: it is not possible for a State *not* aristocratic to *remain* well ruled by a *sovereign* parliament?

No; it is impossible. The matter may be proved after the fashion in which all real conclusions are proved, first by examining it in its principles and then by examining it through experience. We can show how, from its nature, a governing system such as the House of Commons cannot survive the loss of aristocratic spirit, and we can show by concrete examples that it has in fact *not* survived the decay of the aristocratic spirit, but is in full decline.

Jung.

WHEN we study Jung* we shall find that we have left the psycho-analytic shallows and are well in mid-ocean. What meets us on the surface of the waters? Let us note first of all a flexibility of mind that is not too common in the medical, or, indeed, in any other, profession. Then a delicacy of apperception that belongs really to the poetic rather than to the scientific genius. In short, we meet the true psychologist at last, one who works with his whole soul, and not by reason only, nor by emotion only.

The two works of his which are the most important, and which contain the sum total of his published conclusions, are "Psychology of the Unconscious" and "Analytical Psychology." In the first we have a picture of the evolution of psychic processes as manifested

* C. J. Jung. "Psychology of the Unconscious." (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co. £1 is.) "Analytical Psychology." (Bailliere, Tindall & Cox. 15s.)

in the psychological life of peoples, their religions and myths; and in the latter part of the second are conceptions the most important yet found in the field of psycho-analysis. The landmarks Jung has set up are numerous, and he is to be regarded as the leader in psychological matters. He was the first psycho-analyst to maintain and show that it is not possible to accept an entirely sexual basis for neurosis. That, be it noted, is not to say that sexual problems are non-existent or even rare; they are, on the contrary, all too common, as is bound to be the case during a period of transition such as ours. For there are two paths to-day—the one forward and the other backward; and many who think they are taking the first way, are really going back. There can be no doubt, for instance, that quite a number of people take an interest in psycho-analysis as a "moral" method of releasing their repressed sexuality. It need not be emphasised that such a course is worthless. But Jung's point is that there are biological impulses in man that are not sexual, though they may appear in sexual clothing. This leads us to his conception of libido. This is in essence energy, the driving force of life; and he restores to the term the significance in which it was employed by the Romans. I must refer the reader to his books for a detailed exposition. It will be sufficient if we say here that according to our individual psychology, the expressions love or inspiration will be found to be identical with what Jung wishes to imply when he speaks of libido. We may also, if we like, link this up with Mr. Holt's conception of the "Freudian Wish" which, in its turn, becomes the Theosophist's "etheric membrane." It is the urge to be, to grow, to create. And this impulse passes through and beyond sexuality, so that in "Psychology of the Unconscious" we find a clear demonstration of "desexualised" libido. It is probably doubtful whether this "desexualised" portion was ever sexualised really, and we find Jung in "Analytical Psychology" saying that there is a need to admit a plurality of principles in psychology. If we regard man as a microcosm, it is clear that instinct need not necessarily be "animal," but may come sometimes from the other end of the scale. A neurotic condition results from the repression of any impulse, whether sexual or egotistic, or of any other sort. The difficulty in discrimination lies in the fact that we moderns have so neglected the unconscious that we may now compare it faithfully with a jungle where there are but the rudiments of paths.

This ushers in the third great point that Jung has made clear, the most important point that has yet been elucidated in psycho-analysis. And that is the conception that the dream symbol is an attempt to express something as yet unknown by analogy with something known. This is to be held firmly as a true guiding principle. The basis for such a statement is that Jung found, when treating patients, that after the analysis according to Freud had been worked through, the activity of the unconscious continued. There was only the old, already known *analysis* to be made of the dreams; and it was not only ridiculous, but injurious to keep reducing the patient to primitive elements. So the step of synthesis was attempted, and with that came the discovery of symbolism by analogy; and the other discovery that the dream is *not* a wish-fulfilment, except in the sense that our every activity is a "wish-fulfilment," but an intuitive perception of the dreamer's whole psychological situation at the moment of dreaming. The robber that breaks into a girl's bedroom is sexual instinct. But it is also something more. What, will vary with the individual. But it might be said generally that it is an afflux of libido that, neglected, causes chaos; but interpreted and followed, becomes an enhancement of life. This must be taken as a very broad generalisation. The actual meaning of the symbol will, of course, depend upon the individual dreamer. To

continue, *demon est deus inversus*, we must remember. The poor, much-abused Phallus is only a symbol for creative energy. It must be repeated here as a warning, that this is not to say that in pathological work a patient's troubles are not frequently sexual. They are either sexual or egotistical, either Freudian or Adlerian; but we can see now that the dream may not only put the problem, but likewise the solution. And it is to the solution that Jung draws our attention.

These are the bare bones of what he has called analytical psychology, a synthetic treatment that promises fruits of the greatest value. As a result of following this he has given us yet another conception, that of the collective unconscious. The unconscious is never at rest. Energy must work. The libido is in a perpetual flux. Well, as a patient's personal troubles are unravelled and brought up from the unconscious into consciousness, so in the unconscious, in the dreams, now appear symbols to which no personal claims can be made. They do not form part of any one person's make-up, but are a common, universal property. Jung speaks of these as the archetypes of human experience. Their real existence is in myths, where they are to be found in their pristine purity. We may, if we please, say that the myths are the teachings of the ancient Rishis, and there is proof that they came from India, by Egypt, into Greece, and so to Europe; and the completest mythologies are to be found in Hindu literature. But, even so, all we are justified in going on to say from that is that the Rishis were in touch with the "collective unconscious." Because, although there is a known tradition of mythology that has moved as indicated, yet there are similar myths to be found in America, whose course we cannot now trace. What, then, is the collective unconscious? That it is collective can be abundantly shown. Shall we say with Jung that it is the world of psychological reality? Or shall we call it the psychological aspect of the world? This is only to make phrases, and I think the most profitable thing to be done is to leave the matter to the reader's individual speculation. He will find innumerable signposts, some true and some false. "The Wicked will turn it to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness."

This is an exceedingly inadequate article on Jung, but I think I have given the most important points that he has demonstrated. As can be seen even from this, our conception of psycho-analysis must be widened a thousandfold from our starting-point. The dream, we may conjecture, is the faculty of intuition that comprehends the whole of a thing instantaneously. And with the sacrifice of the personality it becomes the doorway to that "something not ourselves" of which Matthew Arnold wrote. The neurotic is not necessarily an inferior being. Any man who does not get to know his unconscious and attend to the right functioning of the libido may become "neurotic." If the libido is not employed it accumulates, it takes him by the scruff of the neck, it rends him in twain, it runs back along his life and seeks to revitalise some old infantile outlet. And he cannot employ it unless he knows what it wishes to do. He is like a rudderless ship, a derelict upon the ocean of existence. That is why psycho-analysis is of such great significance to us. Not only sexuality, but the whole life of the psyche, is to-day misunderstood and repressed. The religions of Europe are dead; that is, as channels for the libido they are no longer adequate. We have outgrown knickerbockers and have no trousers. Well, for such as wish for a system there remain Patanjali and the Bhagavad-Gita, the search for the Plotinian paradigms of "this world." And that is the way Europe must go, *is* going, and will tread with some terrible experiences of which the present upheavals are only a shower before the storm. For the right functioning of the human libido *demand*s acknowledgment and outlet. And if

a transmutation of them is not effected the symbols of the unconscious appear in the *primitive* form. *Deus inversus est demon*, and the robber will come as a robber. The Rakshasa will be no slave of the lamp of meditation, but an avenging blast of wrath. The psyche clamours for attention:

My emanation far within
Weeps incessantly for my sin.

The psyche clothes us and vitalises us, and if we turn from it the consequences come as madness and spiritual death. But if we sacrifice the personality and make of ourselves an habitation for the genius, then truly is there a transmutation, and the next step in psychic evolution is taken in our stride.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

SIR FRANK BENSON'S production at the St. Martin's Theatre of Masefield's "Pompey the Great" was worth seeing, because it gave the final validity of fact to the critical contention that the play was not worth seeing. THE NEW AGE has, at various times, said what it thought of Mr. Masefield as a poet, and, if I remember rightly, that opinion was unfavourable. He turned to drama, I think, at a time when it was asserted by some poets and novelists that it was easier to write plays than novels or poems—a contention that Shaw once wittily refuted by quoting the duel between Macbeth and Macduff, and re-writing it in the prose-novel style of Mr. Arnold Bennett. "Pompey the Great" is certainly one of those plays that are easier to write than novels; it neither expresses nor interprets the life of Pompey, nor the times in which he lived. It does not produce even the illusion of antiquity; the military discipline and words of command are those that may be heard in any English line regiment of to-day; the whole technique and equipment of the ship in the third act is that of a "wind-jammer" in the 'nineties, with obviously English sailors singing obviously English chanties. That Roman soldiers should obey the command: "Company. By the right. Quick march," is as remarkable as that Cyprian sailors, 48 B.C., should come up on "the poop" because "they didn't sign on to be rammed," or that Pompey should "make eight bells," and talk about not having "a clean bill" of health, because there was plague in Cyprus from whence they had come, or that he should hoist his "consular colours," colours which are "bent on" in the most approved modern style. To see these men "man the halliards," "dip the streamer," and finally report: "All gone, the cable," and to the command: "Sheet home. Hoist away," begin to haul to the chanty of "Hanging Johnny," is to get a vision of life no more ancient than that of Clark Russell. In everything that pertains to setting, except costume, furniture, and proper names, Mr. Masefield has done nothing to represent or interpret the times of Pompey the Great. The play is simply a dressed-up debate on Republicanism v. Imperialism.

The impossibility of opposing the chief antagonists, Cæsar and Pompey, robs the debate of interest. The play becomes, in effect, a monologue of Pompey, on the ideal of Republican Rome. No matter where he begins, whom he is talking to, what he is talking about, there he ends; he improves every occasion by preaching a gospel that, in the second scene of the second act, he renounces for no very clear reason. He has the politician's astuteness in disguising a change of policy by presenting it as a continuation and extension of his policy; and after "crushing democracy for forty years," as Luceius declares, explains his new policy that "the crowd must have more power" by declaring: "I have crushed rebellions. I mean

now to crush their cause. There must be a change. A great change." After opposing all his life the various attempts at personal rule, he declares: "I see now that it [the new spirit of Rome] is only crying out for a tyrant to sweep the old life away." Pompey the Republican became Pompey Emperor, and apparently intended to make a democratic Empire of Rome. It is possible that so feeble a man as Mommsen shows Pompey to have been may have had such dreams, but they are not dramatically important, and the casual language in which they are sketched reveals neither their significance nor the dignity of the man.

Throughout the play, Pompey talks intolerably of himself, revealing his superiority to Cæsar in strategy no less than his superiority in civic virtue and idealism. In the first scene of the second act (at Durazzo), he demonstrates conclusively that the war is over, that Flaccus is fighting the decisive battle of the war, that Cæsar, having lost, cannot even retreat, he can only sue for peace. At Pharsalia, he again demonstrates conclusively that "Cæsar cannot keep the field for another week"—he is always demonstrating conclusively that what does happen cannot, will not, happen, and if it were Mr. Masefield's intention to present this view of Pompey, he has failed to do so with appropriate dramatic effect. We only learn casually from the chanty that begins the third act that "Old Pompey lost Pharsalia fight," and in performance the words (sung "off") are quite unintelligible; and after Pompey's convincing demonstration that he could break Cæsar's strength "without risking a life," it is dramatic anti-climax to let the news that he has failed trickle through the casual conversation of the third act. If Pompey is intended to be a pricked bubble, we ought to see the pricking and the collapse; but the action of the play transpires during the entr'actes.

Summarising our impressions, we may say that Mr. Masefield has written a play by means of the simple device of leaving out all the dramatic elements of it, and putting in much matter descriptive of the political, military, and naval life of our times. Landor declared that Wordsworth wrote a poem without the aid of war; and, in like style, we may say that Mr. Masefield has written a drama without the aid of conflict. He has enabled Pompey to fight "decisive battles" in a tent with the lethal weapon of interminable talk; just as he claimed to be able to defeat Cæsar without fighting him, so he refuted Cæsar's arguments without hearing Cæsar speak in support of them. Pompey has much to say in the behalf of that Pompey, but what Cæsar has to say in behalf of that Cæsar is not heard. Even Pompey's "moral victory" has, therefore, the air of Psycho-pomposity.

The play certainly gained nothing in performance. It is one of the marvels of theatrical history that Sir Frank Benson, while himself preserving the offensiveness of the Oxford manner, should have produced such actors of genius as "the old Bensonians." The presumption is that they benefited by his teaching, not by his example; his delivery retains the intonations of a High Church curate, and he receives Cæsar's ambassador with the studied indifference of an under secretary evading a question. What Mr. Masefield's Pompey is, only Mr. Masefield knows, and I expect that he has forgotten; but I can find nothing even in Mr. Masefield's text to suggest that Pompey was an exponent of the Oxford manner, a manner that does not usually survive the undergraduate period. Arthur Bouchier and the late H. B. Irving were at Oxford with Sir Frank Benson; and surely if they could shake off these affectations and become actors, Sir Frank could do so too. It is simply preposterous to offer us this lolling, strolling, intoning person as anybody but an Oxford undergraduate. Whatever may be true of comic acting, no serious actor of to-day can hope to interest an audience by his mannerisms; Tree

was the last of that school, and Mr. Martin Harvey and Sir Frank Benson have returned to a London that has learned better since the great days of the Lyceum under Irving. I remember a company that Sir Frank Benson once brought to London; it included Ainley, Leon Quartermaine, Oscar Asche, Lyall Swete, H. R. Hignett, and Lillian Braithwaite. The first three of these may well be commended to the notice of Sir Frank—the master has much to learn of his pupils.

There are no such marvels in this company. Mr. S. A. Cookson, Mr. Matthew Boulton, Mr. Frank J. Randell, may be mentioned for efficient work that did not produce its full effect because it was not properly supported. Each of them did his best to "make a scene" which the offensive indolence of Pompey's manner dissipated. A study of a ship boy did not give Mr. Andrew Leigh a chance to show what he could do until Pompey gave him the figs; but in that moment of heart-break I heard an actor. But there is one person in particular who needs drastic rehearsal. The programme tells me that Mr. Harold V. Neilson "presents" the play, and I presume that the Mr. Harold V. Neilson who plays Cotta, the Centurion, is the same. But to recite a whole speech of two pages describing a battle with right foot forward, right arm outstretched, made one auditor wish that Mr. Neilson had "presented" himself in more presentable style. It is rude to point, even at Pompey; and dramatic narration can use more gestures than one.

Art and Luxury.

By B. H. Dias.

"ART" which means for many people "painting" or "painting and sculpture" flourishes as a luxury-trade, in comparison with literature, or poetry, "the consolation of the poor," which merely "exists." Music flourishes in large cities when it provides a circus for the display of osprey plumage, etc.

This is no new thesis, and whatever virtue these notes on art may have had, they have always aimed at sorting out the art which is discovery, invention, clarification, analysis of perception, expression; from the "art" which is adjunct to the various luxury trades.

It is, possibly, to the advantage, and certainly to the disadvantage, of the painter and painting, that "art" should be capable of this ambiguous blending and borderland; but there is always this difference between the ignominy of bad art and that of bad literature, that, whatever crapularity may be displayed by the writing pandar, he does not produce an article which can be bought by the general public to be stored and made a matter of profit.

The rewards for "incidental lyrics" in musical comedy, for bad novels, etc., are monetarily considerable, but the temptation before the writer is different in kind from the temptation of the maker of pretty objects. A painter creates objects of cash-value in a way wherein a poet or musical composer cannot. The slight exceptions made by rare sale of original MSS. and first editions do not invalidate this statement.

If the painter has not more chances of selling his soul twice over from Saturday to Monday, he has, at any rate, more chances of being paid cash on the nail for such transactions.

It is the dignity of the poet or of the composer that his product is immaterial. What he makes can go direct to the poor, to any poor man with wit to understand it. Whether it be the young Masefield treasuring his copy of "Paradise Lost" in a shoddy American boarding-house, or the Arab in an unfurnished desert carrying his songs, which the Emir Feisul has promised Colonel Lawrence to collect for the benefit of the Occidental student, or the Irish peasant, reputedly revelling in the beauties of exuberant language, we do not lack proofs for the democracy of the art of fine

speech, as contrasted with the luxury of the painter's wares.

In the case of poetry it is the thing itself, not an oleograph or a photo-reproduction which goes to the man on the veldt, to the Ceylon planter, to the errand boy in a Manchester slum. Given the love of the thing, given an inclination to care for the best, poverty is no bar, remoteness is no bar, to possession.

On the other hand, a knowledge of pictures is confined to the people who live in a few great cities or who can afford visits to great galleries and current exhibits. All of which creates a modus of appreciation and appraisalment for painting very different from the usual modus of appreciation of literature.

There are any number of minor quibbles; one may point out that reproductions of pictures figure in fashion papers, that "art" is seduced into them as an extra spice, as a subtle flattery to the luxury-instinct, that fashion cribs from new painters; superficially one may point a parallel in the poems printed in fancy type in "The Sphere," poetry dragged in to flatter the readers of that sheet that their taste is a taste for literature.

But one does not get round the fact that Mr. Schwartzbaum, Mr. McPherson, Mr. Blood, Mr. Biebenstein cannot buy up the original MSS. and "make a good thing of it" in any way even approaching the way in which even the best painting may be made a matter of commerce.

The writer may be "tempted," but he is tempted to reach a large audience, the painter is tempted to appeal to the taste of a few luxury lovers, or a few dealers. The pull is different; the writer, one may say, is tempted to appeal to the no-taste of the multitude; the painter to what may be the remains of a somewhat decaying but refined taste of a few opulent "lovers."

The declivities lead on the one hand toward the demagogue, and, on the other, to the maker of sofa-cushions. These diatribes are prompted partly by a show of pictures at a dealer's. Last year I found two fine Canalettos; this year, I find almost without exception, a set of oils, having no artistic merits of any sort, but which offer, perhaps, as great a margin of profit to the dealer as did the master-work which he sold last season.

I do not believe that authors have quite this sort of thing to struggle against. True, Mr. Dent can undersell living authors by his cheap reprints of work on which he does not have to pay royalties, but the Temple Classics and "Everyman" are a public benefit, and nearly all of his volumes tend to breed a finer taste in the reader.

My second irritation with the luxury-sense comes from a matter, perhaps, at first sight, outside the proper scope of these notes, but it is so interwoven with the much-praised "sense of beauty," that I cannot keep from it; more especially as the "Ed. 'Observer'" states that he "cannot publish further correspondence on this subject." I refer to the Plumage Trade. Mr. Hamel Smith has had the insolence to defend this infamy. I can do no better than quote from several of the letters to "The Observer." First, Mr. H. J. Massingham:—

So it is my "lively imagination" which borrows untruthful facts about this vile traffic from others. Would Mr. Smith like to know where I get my facts from—not only the U.S. Government and the exact and carefully corroborated evidence of naturalists who witnessed the atrocities committed on the birds, not only from the evidence of the House of Lords Committee in 1908, etc., but from the catalogues of the feather merchants themselves. Here is an extract from one of them:—

75,000 egret skins, December, 1912; 77,000 ditto, June, 1913; 7,395 bird of paradise skins (exchanged, according to Mr. Walter Goodfellow, F.Z.S., M.B.O.U., with the natives for rum and opium), May, 1911; 10,700 crowned pigeons, February, 1908; 5,140 ditto, February, 1913; 6,328 ditto, June, 1913; 24,800 humming birds, February, 1911; 18,000 sooty terns, February, 1908; 5,321 white terns, February, 1913; 162,750 Smyrnian

kingfishers, June, 1913; 1,233 emu skins (smuggled), February, 1913; 16,211 white crane wing quills, February, 1913; 19,125 osprey ("mullet hawk") wing quills, February, 1913; 10,800 bustard quills, February, 1913; 8,321 condor quills, February, 1913; 40,000 ditto (one firm only), June, 1913; 1,203 greater bird of paradise skins, October, 1913.

Here is a handful of species out of hundreds and hundreds savagely massacred in the breeding season by these advocates of preservation, for naturalist after naturalist bears his testimony that in all the vast districts desolated by them they go for every bird that flies, whether great or small, of dull or brilliant plumage.

Secondly, Mr. Willoughby Dewar, from whom THE NEW AGE heard on the same subject a few weeks ago:

Sir,—Mr. Smith asks that persons concerned in the plumage trade should be heard. I agree with him. The evidence of Mr. A. H. Meyer, for nine years a plume collector in South America, is valuable. Mr. Meyer has made the following statements on oath:—

(1) That "picked up" plumes are of small value owing to poor conditions. That egrets, etc., have their plumes only in the mating season, and that it is the custom to shoot them while the young are in the nests.

(2) That wounded birds are often left to die of starvation with their young when the plumes have been pulled from them.

(3) That wounded birds are tied up and used as decoys until they die from their wounds or are eaten by ants. He has seen the red ants eating their eyes.

Thirdly:—

Sir,—Can Mr. Hamel Smith deny that every "osprey," pair of wings, or bird of paradise tail in a hat or a shop window means a bird dead instead of alive? Or that such spoils of the dead are to be counted in London alone by thousands?—Yours, etc.,

CLEMENTINA BLACK.

22, Westmoreland Road, Barnes, S.W.13.

There is the case, with some brevity. I present it because this trade is a by-product of the degradation of the sense-of-beauty into the sense of luxury. And in so far as it concerns the sense of beauty it is a commentary, and no irrelevant commentary on the public attitude toward art; a commentary on the loose thinking displayed in much contemporary art talk and art criticism. The kind of "appreciation" which makes this trade possible, is the kind of "appreciation" which militates against the creative element in painting, and is, therefore, part of my subject-matter.

It is also worthy of note that the Plumage Trade works through the very trade and fashion papers with which THE NEW AGE has at no time shown any sympathy. I go so far as to express a doubt whether any member of a staff or any owner of a fashion journal will take any strong stand against aigrets; reason being discoverable, where much else is discoverable, namely, in the advertising columns.

An Open Reply.

DEAR MR. LUDOVICI,—

With the leave of the Editor I address this open letter to you so that I may say what I wish to say more easily, more directly, and with more friendliness.

I begin with a personal point. You imply that I am the "Times" Literary Supplement. I am not even the Editor of it; apart from what I write myself, I have no more to do with what appears in it than you have. You ask me to induce my "colleagues" to do something; I don't even know who they are. I am a private person who says what he has to say, and I am not responsible for what others says in the same paper.

Of course you have "dealt fairly and conscientiously" with my book. You are interested in the subject of it, and, if you were not, you would not be

interesting. If you abused my book because you had a quarrel with the Literary Supplement, you would either conceal your reason for abusing it, which would be contrary to your natural honesty, or you would state your reason, in which case your review could interest no one.

Next, you say that I am trying, or pretending, to be profound and "leading the uninitiated nowhere," when I say that Croce ignores or seems to ignore the fact that art is not merely as he calls it expression, but is also a means of address. Of course it is a means of address, you say; but it is not a matter of course to everyone. To Whistler, for instance, with whose view I deal in the same essay, art is not a means of address; and my contention is that Croce does not see form in art as the result of address. In fact, the question whether or no art is a means of address is fundamental. When I say it is, I may be right or wrong, but I am not saying something unnecessary because undisputed. The other remark which you find platitudinous—that it is emphasis which turns building into architecture—is part of the same argument; and it was meant to be part of that argument, not to be profound.

About Rubens and his Venus you misunderstand me entirely. You think I am objecting to Rubens' taste in women, and you tell me what Homer thought about Venus, and what I think about Venus. I am "obsessed by the ideal long-legged and slightly puritanical Aphrodite of the Decadent Greeks and shudder at the sight of Rubens' more healthy type."

Anyone reading all this would suppose that I had said so somewhere in my book; but it is all the buzzing of a bee in your own bonnet. I have said nothing about what kind of Venus I like; nor, if I look at a picture or statue of Venus, does it occur to me to ask whether it is the kind of Venus I like. I should no more condemn a Venus by Rubens because she was fat than I should condemn a Graeco-Roman Venus because she had long legs. My complaint against Rubens is that often his Flemish Cooks behave unnaturally in the picture. If he just painted a cook and called her Venus all might be well; but he is overawed by that very decadent Greek art which you despise, so that his Three Graces are three cooks trying to be genteel. At least, so I explain that incongruity in his art of which we are all often aware. Rembrandt is not so overawed; his Bathsheba does not try to be genteel and all is well with her.

Finally, you complain that I do not state my "art credo," but my essays are literally essays. I believe that æsthetic is still in its infancy, far more backward than other branches of philosophy. Croce himself says that the doctrine of æsthetic freedom only began with Vico, who died in 1744; and we still find it very difficult to think in terms of that doctrine. You, for instance, seem not to be thinking in terms of it when you talk of the Puritanical Aphrodite of the decadent Greeks and of Rubens' more healthy type. Types are irrelevant æsthetically; for each work of art, like the angels of St. Thomas, is a species to itself and cannot be classified or judged in classes. A work of art is not Graeco-Roman, except for a catalogue; it is itself or nothing. Croce's great merit is his insistence on the doctrine of æsthetic freedom, and in all my essays I try to think in terms of it, even when I disagree with Croce. But I confess without shame that I have never yet been able to state my own creed to my own satisfaction. That is why I published a book of essays. They are essays towards it.—Yours faithfully,

A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

Views and Reviews.

"G. K. C." ON DIVORCE.*

THERE is a passage in Emerson's "English Traits" that always comes to my mind when I read "G. K. C." on any of the vital questions. I confess to a considerable admiration for "G. K. C."; he always states a case (instead of merely airing a grievance, as so many publicists do), he illustrates it with a wealth of example and analogy that, however profuse, has the merit of revealing the broad outlines of the subject. He is anti-Kantian, so far as he refuses to consider the "thing-in-itself," and insists on considering it in relation to a general scheme of life; but he is Kantian in his acceptance of certain categorical imperatives. But it is impossible to forget, in connection with this subject particularly, that he is an advocate, not a judge; he is both a Catholic and a married man, and the relevant passage of Emerson is as follows: "It is with religion as with marriage. A youth marries in haste; afterwards, when his mind is opened to the reason of the conduct of life, he is asked what he thinks of the institution of marriage, and of the right relations of the sexes. 'I should have much to say,' he might reply, 'if the question were open, but I have a wife and children, and all question is closed for me.'" It may be presumed, without effrontery, I hope, that this question has a personal as well as a speculative interest for "G. K. C."; combined with his religion, that personal interest, although it does not prohibit inquiry, does certainly compel him to arrive at a foregone conclusion. He draws out of such a discussion no more than he puts into it—which is the Catholic conception of life.

The question has only a general, speculative interest for me; but I can agree with "G. K. C." at the beginning; it is impossible to discuss divorce without defining marriage. "I shall begin by asking what marriage is," says "G. K. C."; "and the mere question will probably reveal that the act itself, good or bad, wise or foolish, is of a certain kind; that it is not an inquiry, or an experiment, or an accident: it may probably dawn on us that it is a promise. It can be more fully defined by saying it is a vow." "G. K. C." then proceeds to develop the argument that a vow is particularly binding on a man because it is an expression of voluntary loyalty; and that society should not absolve him from his vow because of incidental or even fundamental difficulties in the performance of it; and further, that when such absolution is granted, the man should not be free to pledge (or perjure) himself again. Much marriage, little divorce, no re-marriage, summarises not unfairly, I think, "G. K. C.'s" main proposals.

But this Catholic view of marriage, it is obvious, is only partially in agreement with the facts. It is true that Church marriages, both Anglican and Catholic, are of the nature of vows, and that the terms of the vow are explicitly stated. But surely the first question arises, even here, whether the vow is an individual or a dual pledge, whether it is binding on the one part, to take one example, in the absence of specific performance of the terms on the other part. How can a man "love and cherish" a wife who will not be loved and cherished, who develops, let us say, nervous prostration at the thought of contact with him; how can a woman "love, cherish and obey" a man who, let us say, hands over to her the command of his domestic affairs, and uses his leisure, as many men do, in the ordering of the affairs of his business? If people have not "the society, help, and comfort, that the one ought to have of the other, both in prosperity and adversity," surely the parties to the vow have absolved themselves from it, and the society that registered the vow should take cognisance of the absolution from it.

But apart from the fact that the vow seems to me to be dual and conditional (instead of absolute and individual), there is the further question of fitness to take the vow. I believe that it is a fact that both monks and nuns go through a probation before they are allowed to take the vows of their order, and not until their vocation is proved are they permitted to pledge themselves. But if this procedure is considered necessary before the person is considered fit to take the vow of "poverty, chastity, and obedience," it is certainly equally necessary before two persons are permitted to take a dual and conditional vow of partnership in private property, progeny, and mutual devotion. The argument that marriage is a vow seems to me to be all in favour of making it at least as difficult to take as the monastic vow: probably more difficult, as the relation itself is the more complex one of partnership as compared with submission to authority. The monastic vow is taken in full consciousness of its obligations; the marriage vow, I think, is not often taken with such clear consciousness in this country, at least, nor is there any such guarantee of fitness to take the vow as is implied by the admission to a monastic order.

But legal marriage before a Registrar (and, after all, both marriage and divorce are legal, not religious, questions) has not the same significance. It is true that each party vows to take the other, but only to be the "lawful wedded wife [or husband]," and no terms are defined. But there is a curious difference between the positions of the lawful wedded wife and the lawful wedded husband; once the marriage is consummated, the wife is under no legal obligations to the husband. As the judge put it in his summing-up in the Malcolm case: "A husband has no property in the body of his wife. He cannot imprison her, he cannot chastise her. If she refuses to live with him, he cannot, nor can the court, compel her to do so. She is mistress of her own physical destiny." That is the law on the subject, from which "G. K. C." would permit no escape, or would make it very difficult to escape. That is the legal fact of marriage in this country against which "G. K. C." pits his romantic theory of peasant proprietorship in marriage. It is probably true that no one would desire release from a genuine sacramental marriage: "those whom God hath joined, no man can put asunder," as Shaw's Bishop said in "Getting Married"; but the performance of the sacrament of marriage is no guarantee that sacramental marriage has been effected, and the only question left for discussion is whether it is wiser to permit release, or to forbid it, from an obviously one-sided contract such as the marriage contract. Why should we regard as sacramental marriages which obviously are not sacramental, why should we regard Mrs. Portland Place or the Duke of Barnet Fair as devotees when, quite obviously, they are nothing of the kind?

"G. K. C.'s" answer is: "Because of the family. This is an institution older than the State, stronger than the State, and the only effective means of resistance to the tyranny of the State." He develops this argument in most attractive fashion, drawing his examples from France, Italy, Serbia, Ireland, wherever there is a peasantry and a family to afford an example. But the "family" argument has no relevance to what Mr. H. G. Wells, in his "The Wife of Sir Isaac Harman," called, "the neo-Malthusian hutches of the suburbs." The simple fact is that many people marry with deliberate intention of not founding a family; it is arguable that they should not be permitted to marry, although it would be impossible, under present conditions, to prevent them; but it is simply irrelevant to their case to quote the necessity of maintaining the institution of the family as a reason for denying divorce to those who, anyhow, will not maintain or perpetuate the family.

It is clear that we have in this country not only two

* "The Superstition of Divorce." By G. K. Chesterton. (Chatto and Windus. 5s. net.)

conceptions, but two systems, of marriage, one legal, the other extra-legal; and the most obvious solution of the problem is not the denial of divorce to those who want it (which is simply the imposition on one party of the will of the other), but a choice of marriage. Let sacramental marriage, celebrated in a place of worship, be indissoluble, and legal marriage, celebrated before a Registrar, be subject to all the disabilities that now afflict both systems of marriage, but carry also the right to divorce; make it obligatory on the official to define, in both cases, the nature of the ceremony and the obligations respectively entailed, and people will devote rather more thought to the subject than is now the case. While sacramental marriage is legal marriage, and legal marriage is legal marriage, the difference between them is only pretended, or, at best, is ideal; the difference would be real if the two forms of marriage had different sanctions, entailed different responsibilities, had different consequences. The argument that "hard cases make bad law" has less weight than usual on this question; for it is precisely the "hard cases" made by the "standard contract" of marriage that have, by legal decisions, reduced marriage to its present anomalous state. There is no reason except tyranny, that I can see, for making either of the two conceptions of marriage paramount; there is no argument but romance, so far as I can see, for pretending that all marriages are sacramental marriages, and should be treated as such. I agree with "G. K. C." that a vow is a terrible thing, a voluntary dedication of oneself to a definite purpose; but until the Churches refuse their sacraments until they are assured that the parties not only understand but are willing to contract the special obligations implied, there is no case for imposing the sacramental idea (after marriage) on those who did not hold it when they entered into matrimony.

A. E. R.

Review.

His Secretary. By Bernard Gilbert. (Herbert Jenkins. 6s. net.)

The temporary Ministries had their humours, we know, and Mr. Bernard Gilbert asks us to believe that they had their romances. It would be easier to believe it if Mr. Gilbert had more sense of style and character; the casual, happy-go-lucky, slangy prose that was cultivated during the war period is not an adequate expression of the emotional matter of this story. The novice usually reveals himself by a lyrical rhapsody of love; but sometimes, as in Mr. Gilbert's case, he reveals himself by an obvious evasion of his literary responsibilities, and tells us that "His Secretary" was "dark, passionate, long-repressed," but leaves us to imagine the expression of her passion. Passionate people make scenes, they make literature, for passion adds the musical quality and significance to speech; but Mr. Gilbert catches his people only in their ordinarily presentable moments, and the real source of inspiration is resolutely kept "off." These people lose their hearts, but not their heads; they are very modern in their freedom from moral restraint, modern also in the furtiveness of their freedom, most modern in their incapacity for adequate expression. They make too much and too little of their passions; too much, because they suppose that their passions are irresistible (although they conceal them easily), too little, because their irresistible passions give way easily to the pressure of business or social advancement. They seem to have isolated the sex instinct, and cut its vital connections; so that, even when the departmental chief has installed his secretary in a flat, Wednesday evenings and week-ends are the appointed times for sex. Passion does not inform them, it occupies their undivided attention at certain stated times; there is no suggestion of that vital stimulus, that efflorescence of unsuspected powers,

that long-repressed passion usually reveals in its release. They do not even write poetry to one another; and we are not sure that Mr. Gilbert is not sub-consciously criticising them when he sends them to the Zoo for an outing. "I think I like the sea-lioness best," said the heroine. "Because she's like you, of course," replied her lover. "Let's go and have tea." There is matter enough in this story for half-a-dozen novels, but not enough point or style for one smoking-room yarn, to say nothing of a first essay in fiction. Mr. Gilbert will have to learn to write prose if he wishes to make credible and interesting what he knows to be true.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NIETZSCHE CONTROVERSY.

Sir,—Your correspondent under the above heading (January 29) has discovered "the point" (more correctly "his"). It amounts to this: two people who agree in rejecting some form of nonsense advocated by someone else have *ergo* a "common philosophy." In that case your correspondent and I may have a common philosophy, provided we both reject cannibalism. "My" point was simply to expose the absurdity of imagining that Nietzsche encouraged the German war policy. "Yes," an objector might say, "but didn't Nietzsche say, 'A good war justifies any cause?'" Quite so! Then inversely *no* cause justifies a bad war.

From a Nietzschean point of view the late war was *not* a "good war"; it was the stupidest, the most senseless and idiotic war ever recorded among the monumental follies of humanity. A war *no* cause could justify, for it was a war in which the two finest races in Europe engaged for the mutual extermination of their best stock, to leave Europe anæmic and bled white of all that was noble and healthy, in order that she might fall, helpless and leaderless, to be exploited at his leisure by the international Jew.

GEORGE PITT RIVERS.

* * *

"CANDIDUS": AN OLD TRANSLATION.

Sir,—Apropos of "R. H. C.'s" remarks on the translation of "Candide," I once had the good fortune to buy a marvellous eighteenth century English translation of that classic work at a Geneva bookstall for the sum of 10 centimes. It was published at Edinburgh—I forget the year. The name of the translator was not given, but from evidence of style I had no doubt but that it was the work of Lawrence Sterne. That Sterne translated "Candide" seems to be suggested by a passage in the introduction to (I think, if I remember rightly) "Tristram Shandy," where he speaks of leaving "Candidus and Miss Cunegonda" to take up that work; and anybody who has read the translation which I have in memory would recognise it in that "Miss Cunegonda." A modern publisher could not do better than reprint that eighteenth century translation if he can get hold of it. But I have never seen or heard of any other copy than the one which I for years possessed; and that, alas! has long been lost to me, owing to the loss of memory of one to whom I rashly lent it. It read like an English classic of some bright new species, and it read like Voltaire.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.

* * *

CROCE'S "ÆSTHETIC."

Sir,—It seems that both Mr. Clutton-Brock in his "Essays" and Mr. Ludovici in his review have missed the essential point in Croce's "Æsthetic." Mr. Clutton-Brock says that Croce's "Æsthetic" "ignores, or seems to ignore, the fact that art is not merely, as he calls it, expression, but it is also a means of address. . . ." Croce does not ignore this view; he criticises it. He says (pp. 183-184 of Mr. Ainslie's translation), "Expression does not employ *means*, because it has not an *end*; it has intuitions of things, but does not will them, and is thus indivisible into means and end." Again (p. 182), "We cannot will or not will our æsthetic vision; we can, however, will or not will to externalise it, or better, to preserve and communicate, or not, to others, the externalisation produced." So that communication or address is an act of will, and, as such, outside the

sphere of art. Art can be made a means of address by the will, but it then ceases to be art, and becomes a spoken word, a book, or a statue.

Mr. Ludovici also draws wrong conclusions from Croce's statement that "Art is expression." For he says that "the means of address are assumed as embodied in expression, otherwise it would not be expression." Mr. Ludovici may assume this; Croce does not. The same criticism applies to this statement as to that of Mr. Clutton-Brock above: "Expression does not employ means, because it has not an end." Mr. Ludovici also says: "Even a picture that has been seen by no one except the artist is potentially a means of address." This may be, but when the artist exhibits his work it is to earn praise or money; that is to say, he has ceased to be the artist and has become the practical man.

With the cessation of his creative activity the artist adopts a passive attitude towards his work, and, as in the case recorded of Ibsen, is often glad to be free of it. Then it ceases to be the child which he brought forth in great tribulation; it becomes his slave, and he sells it: the work of art becomes an object of barter.

RICHARD JONES.

* * *
AN APPEAL.

Budapest, December 1, 1919.

Sir,—In social science experiments of inestimable value are produced not so much by scholars working in laboratories as by history creating a new humanity through the decay of the old: they are performed by the concerted efforts and bloody sacrifices of thousands and millions of men, and they are sometimes achieved at the cost of whole nations.

Such an experiment was the short history of Hungarian Bolshevism. It has answered in all essentials the main requirements of a correct scientific trial. Though connected with events of external politics, it still possessed within itself almost all the causes sufficient to account for its origin, rise, flourish, and decline. It has carried through its ascent and fall a population exhibiting a variety in trade, race, religion, intellect, and social habits fully or nearly as large as any great nation may boast of. Nor did it lack thoroughness in embracing all the important phenomena of gregarious human existence. It has borne on its face the imprint of Providence as a saving object-lesson for all the nations on earth. From the first to the last day of its duration it applied the principles of historic materialism and of the class-struggle with a brutal consistency that has disorganised every part of the existing social organism in order to reorganise it on the pattern of an infernal theory.

Poor Hungary has paid terribly for the honour of serving mankind's future happiness by undergoing vivisection like an experimental rabbit. When the whole world is agitated by the pressing problems of social regeneration, should not then the most instructive lessons of the Hungarian social experiment be listened to? Would not the people of other countries derive incalculable benefits from these lessons?

Sir, realising the significance of this idea, I have prepared a number of lectures containing a critical exposition of Bolshevism, including a conclusive criticism of the Marxian theory, intended to be delivered before English-speaking audiences.

My qualifications for dealing with the subject are complete. I have gone through the full academic courses in law, in theology, and in philosophy. In recognition of these studies I have obtained the diplomas of LL.D. (Kolozsvár, 1901), of Ph.D. in Social Ethics (Harvard University, 1907), and since then I had occasion to teach social subjects at schools of academic grade. The length of my English studies was four years at Oxford and at Harvard University. Of Hungarian Bolshevism, as an onlooker and sufferer in it, I had a direct experience at Budapest.

Dependent on my earnings, but ready and desirous to do whatever mental or manual work I am able to, and needing admission into your country, which is foremost in the world's reconstruction, I beg you to find some way to enable me to work there in clarifying the ideas of general social progress and consolidation.

(Name and address may be obtained on application to the Editor.)

Old England—III.

By Bernard Gilbert.

GEORGE BARKS.

If the master gets a motor, I must learn her ways;
But I hope he won't;
Give me Spider (our blood mare) in the still-wheeled gig,
And you can have your engines!
P'r'aps, though, 'twould stop missus from driving my
horses:

She ruins their mouths and breaks their hearts,
Always clicking and flicking the whip however they try;
And lands them home in a white lather.
Women and parsons, parsons and women,
God keep the reins out of their hands!
Missus fusses too much with her garden—
Pergolas, begonias, and the devil knows what!
'Twould drive me crazy if I hadn't got this harness-
room!

There's no moon to-night, and when I've lit the stove
The new housemaid will be able to slip across.
Missus nearly caught us last Sunday;
The open stove-door shone a light through the window,
And she walked in without knocking;
But I heard the cinders crunch
(That I strewed outside on purpose),
And popped Mary behind the cupboard door,
Closing the stove with my foot.
Missus had better look after her own:
I know who's oiled the lock of Mary's bedroom door!
I must go now and give Spider a bran-mash.

ARTHUR MOGG.

I saw a rabbit in a net one day
When Poaching Billy didn't hear me,
And I know just how it felt!
It's easy for Gwin to say a man can do what he likes,
But father's been so good to me, and his heart would
break if I chucked it;
He means me to carry on the Grange and the Tabernacle
and the fight with the Earl;
But I hate all our money-grubbing neighbours!
Morning to night, year in, year out, nothing else in
their minds;
I wonder it isn't written in letters of gold over the
chapel door.
They worship money, and have no thought for anything
higher:

Good reason why!
Anyone who tries it is soon ruined,
Like Joe Gilliat, Georgy Bell, Abimelech Skinner, and
Thomson South,

Or Aaron Tharp, my only friend—
Smashed flat and flung to rot.
Only Aaron didn't mind!
His soul was in music and came through his fingers.
Fletton Village is so near Hell that you can't tell the
difference!

If I was like the young Viscount, 'twould be all right;
He comes of age next week, on the same day as I do,
And takes to it like a duck to water,
Without a thought in his empty head but vanity and
possession.

I wish Angelina had been a boy;
She could wear father's breeches to a "T"!
If I was only a farm-labourer I should be happy,
And would make sonnets, whenever I felt moved, to her
I worship,
That bright star in her radiant beauty, set on a pinnacle,
Unapproachable by those of meaner clay:
The Lady Betty!
I might have spoken to her at the bazaar,
Only my breath went when she smiled so graciously
across her stall!

There is something fairy-like, some spiritual essence
That inspires me to higher flights:
I wish sonnets weren't so difficult,
And you didn't get tangled up about the seventh line.

JOSEPH THOMSON.

They want to turn me out of my beautiful house
Because I'm not as rich as some;
But if it's a little bit in want of repair
That only makes it homelier.

My father was doctor in Fletton for fifty years;
Clever as the best, and wanted everywhere;
And if he drank like a fish, he worked like a horse.
I can't say I copy him at the work:
It ain't worth while;
I can get a living by odd ways, using my brains;
And never, never will I sell my old home with its shady trees.

Dr. Berry sorely wants it, and so does the Honourable Eustace;

They're always at me; but I scorn their bids.
The river flows through my garden, handy for fishing,
Only disturbed by them Hard-Shell Baptists
What "dip" each other near the bridge, in their clothes,
To wash their sins away!

They put Fullerton under last Sunday,
And damned if there wasn't three dead perch on the bank by sunset,

Poisoned by his sins what floated down.

Isaac Creasey is the worst of the Hard-Shells:
He holds a mortgage on my house,
And I should complain to the police
('Coz I have to drink the water),
Only they're building a ducking-place inside the chapel,
To do it on the quiet, in warm water;
(As if that's any good!)
I hope Creasey'll fall in and get drowned.

MRS. BELLAMY.

I shall praise and bless my Creator all my days
For guiding Mr. Creasey's hand
To let me have this cottage,
So I can get regular to the Baptist Chapel
To hear the Word.
If it wasn't for my religion I should never have come through;

But he has sustained me with his hand.
I didn't so much mind Jeremiah beating me when he was drunk

(Which was nigh always),
But when he took me down the Dales,
Where I couldn't hear the Gospel,
It almost broke my heart.
Providence in its wisdom removed him
(He fell into the river one night, coming home),
And now I am happy at the feet of Jesus.
I earn a few shillings cleaning the chapel,
Sufficient for my needs,
And find a penny for the collection.
When Mr. Creasey's father baptized me in the river
I was afraid of the water, and all my breath went;
But, as he put me under, the Spirit descended
And I saw Heaven open!
That vision never leaves me,
And I wouldn't change with the Earl in all his glory.
What will it avail him when he cries for a drop of water?
In the course of nature I shall soon rass on
To join the throng above, in adoration,
When my sorrows will be forgotten:
All my hunger, all my tears;
All my troubles vanish like a mist;
And I shall be repaid a thousandfold.
The Lady Betty left a jelly yesterday,
And asked if I didn't hate filling the dirty lamps:
If she only knew!
Serving in the Temple is my delight;
Perhaps I shall do the same up there!

ENOCH WINTERBOURNE.

Once I was wicked and sung in pubs;
It brought me more drinks than I care to remember;
But since my conversion
The Almighty has seen fit to use my gifts for his service,
And in the Primitive Methodist Tabernacle
We dedicate ourselves to prayer and praise:
Especially the latter!
My heart swells in my throat
When the spirit moves me to strike up one of the old tunes:
"Grace, 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear."
How that rolls and rings and turns the corners,
With what Miss Mogg calls fugue and counterpoint and canon!
No new-fangled jiggety tunes

Like they mince in church without opening their mouths

Because it wouldn't be genteel;
But a real old-fashioned four-cornered rouser;
And don't we make her bell when we march round the village,

Me—all unworthy—at the head,
To gather the faithful for service.

Though Jos' Swinton will drag,
I beat with my fist to keep him up;
For time is everything.

When Rogers with his bass,
Gwinny Mogg the alto, and Miss Lupton the treble
Lead the others in their parts,
And my tenor swells clear over all the rest,
'Tis Heaven opening!

If I could bring Will Ruston to see the error of his ways,
I wouldn't want nothing more, never.

TOMMY STOWER.

It's grand to have religion!
Look at me, the youngest of eighteen:
Father was only a day-labourer at one-and-ninepence,
But I begun with swapping rabbits,
And took to hay and corn.
Being a Wesleyan, like so many of the warmest farmers,
One thing worked with another under Providence!
That's the best of Wesleyans!
They're well-to-do and hang together.
The Church are bankrupt and not worth a kick,
While Primitives are mostly labourers.
What if jealous folks call me sharp?
That's only 'coz they're flats!
You have to be sharp or you can't rise.
Aaron Tharp's father left him a beautiful home
And a business second to none;
Now he's a bankrupt wandering fiddler,
While I live in his house with the bow-windows
He had first chance, too, at Sarah Rowett,
But he let her go, and I snapped her.
It's a good thing Tharp's gone;
He was always slandering me,
Saying I did him out of his home:
Luckily he didn't belong to chapel, or church,
Nor yet the Golden Cross;
So nobody took no notice of his talk.
I shall marry my little Franky to Woolerton's girl!
They'll have a good share of land between them,
And will be able to get up among the gentry.
Providence looks after its own, just as well as the Evil One;
And sometimes better.

SUSAN KING.

Few knows as much about Fletton as me,
For you can't diddle one what goes everywhere—
Even to the Dower House.
A woman that's handy is always welcome:
I can sew, darn, knit, peg hearth-rugs, make quilts,
mend chairs and sofas,
And a hundred odd jobs that keep the pot boiling.
It's not so much the money, or the food,
As the things given you to take away that count.
Although I bear the news from house to house,
I don't tell all I know by a long way.
That Mrs. Woolerton, with her sealskin jacket and her fancy airs, ain't no better than she ought,
And let Doctor Berry rave against women as he may,
It wasn't the death of a relation that took his house-keeper back to London.
Many's the Christmas-box comes my way,
Both for what I tell and what I don't.
Gwinny Mogg is going to stay with a school-friend in London,
But old Mogg little guesses who that "friend" is:
I saw her last night, where our back lane is shady,
Kissing the young Viscount as fierce as a weasel;
They're all alike, them Moggs!
I can put two and two together right enough;
But when she comes back, innocent as a peach,
I sha'n't let on;
I don't want turning out of my cottage!
It will keep all right for a rainy day, will that tit-bit.
My Mary, what's the very spit of me at fifteen, is getting a likely lass;

She's just gone for housemaid at the Firions,
And I've learnt her how to look sideways and hold off
(Though not too long).
She's fitted out with stockings and petticoats fit for a
princess :

Nothing's usefuller for a girl in service,
If the master has plenty of money.

MR. LONGTHORNE.

The air's so bracing in this delightful viliage
That my health, beaten down by London, is fast
recovering;
And I am determined to sell my business and take a
farm.

It's the finest life!
The days pass like a dream;
Well-ordered, smooth, regular and altogether delightful;
With your own milk, butter, fruit, poultry, vegetables,
Game from your gun, pigs fattening in the sty,
And the corn ripening all around!
Nothing to worry you!
Why anyone lives in a city I can't imagine!
Of course, there are discontented people everywhere;
There's young Edgerley, the "amateur farmer,"
Losing his father's fortune as fast as it was made;
But he's a fool and would fail anywhere!
The loyal tenantry are natural and happy,
As you can see on market-day,
Or any evening, in the Golden Cross.
I'm going ferreting this afternoon with Mr. Bones :
A rough diamond of Nature's best!
Some folk would turn their nose up at his ways :
Fancy the schoolmistress sending an inspector to summon
him!
You can't tame animals by soft words!
She ought to try them on his pedigree stallion, a
ramping brute!
Doctor Berry, who cured my sciatica,
Is jaundiced and full of complaints;
But he should see our slums!
There aren't any real poor in the country.
And fresh air will beat filtered water any day!
I've always been a good Liberal,
But I should have to reconsider if I lived on the land;
Things are all of a piece here;
Church, Estate, good farming, good sport :
The Golden Cross and its jolly landlord
(Full of old tales),
With a lot of dyspeptic Wesleyans in opposition!
The only thing that makes me hesitate is Emily :
I must talk to her when I get back.

JACKSON CHALLANDS.

What a good thing to have an Earl like ours!
When the bull got father in a corner, Will Sneath rushed
off to the agent,
Offering three-pounds-five an acre for the farm :
He might have saved his breath, the dirty Radical!
The Hon. Eustace sent for me,
And said I could have it on the same terms as father :
(Twenty-two and sixpence, with rates accoording).
It shows how a good tenant is valued
When they refuse a thousand a year extra rather than
lose him!
Why should I vote Radical and go to chapel?
I can't find anything as'll suit me better,
And wouldn't swap our old home for all Australia!
Don't I know every foot backwards?
And though Bannister Hides may braunge about his
potato-growing,
What suited father suits me; and old-fashioned things
last longest.
We shall be here when them Hideses is forgotten.
Should I be likely to vote for the scarecrow as stands
for the Liberals,
What knows nothing of land,
And says our labourers should have ten bob a day?
As for Church!
When I'm married or buried, I want it done properly,
Not messed about by Billy Bean or Wilson Rowett or
any of them local preachers.

The Earl likes his sport, but don't he pay for it?
The bit of harm done by game is allowed for in the rent,
And nobody loves hunting better than me.
The war's made farming almost profitable,
And labour's our only trouble :
They're getting discontented and unreasonable,
Mostly on account of Moller Holmes and young Butler
Atkin

What ought to be treated the same as poachers.
Directly the war's over the boot'll be on the other leg,
And we shall have our own back,
With them on their knees for half-a-crown a day.
Meanwhile the less changes the better :
It unsettles you!

ESAU BURROWS.

Out in the States I was as good as anyone,
With a business and three farms,
And never thought to see Fletton again,
Until young South ran across me,
When I gave him a job for his father's sake.
He lent me a copy of the old "Chronicle,"
And there I saw some poetry by Tharp's lad.
A grand old man was Tharp!
I've only cried twice in my life—
The first when Isabel and the baby died—
And why them verses fetched a tear I cannot guess;
They reminded me somehow of father,
And brought everything back again :
The river, the thatched roofs, the trees in the market-
place,
Old Potterton, the churchwarden,
And the corner where I played at marbles with Johnnie
Ruston.
Folks can be too smart!
Getting money ain't everything,
But here they're just the same as ever;
You know where you have 'em!
They speak their minds and keep their promises;
And there's a lot in that!
Young Stower asked me why I sold up and came back
to this cottage,
But I couldn't rightly say.
Stower's a smart lad and will go far;
He caught what Tharp's boy threw away, when he took
to fiddling :
A lot of good that done him!
Yet I don't rightly cotton to Stower;
He belongs across the water, where they don't mind
what you do so long as you get on.
I'll stroll down to the Golden Cross
And chat with Harvey about the times when we went
to Dame Hubbard's school together.

HENRY WOOLERTON.

Emmanuel Broomfield tried to get my Jane
With his loud swagger and braunging ways,
But women know solid worth; and he went on to the
workhouse;
Losing me a hundred and sixteen pounds :
The brainless, swindling noodle!
Jane had a narrow squeak;
At one time I feared he would get her;
But he was known to be paying to three different women
for a child each,
And his housekeeper beginning to look sideways :
He might have married and had bairns much cheaper.
A wonderful woman is Jane!
She may be a little severe sometimes,
And sometimes rather too exacting :
She forgets I'm not like that beefy brute of a Broomfield!
She's just ordered a motor-van,
And its price kept me awake all last night.
She's terrible foresighted is Jane!
The chapel would do ill without her, and I often wonder
she doesn't get into the pulpit.
Only one thing she fears—
That's the Co-operative Society :
If a branch opened here, it would be awkward,
Because of their wicked scheme of giving profits to
customers,
Invented by Conservatives to ruin honest Liberals;
Yet I believe that Jane would best them.

(To be continued.)