

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It cannot be pretended that the present wage-dispute in the mining industry is in any sense constructive. It is a mere return in desperation to the most primitive methods of Trade Unionism. Much more important from an intelligent point of view is, therefore, the forthcoming scheme of the Government, the early introduction of which was twice announced last week by Sir Richard Horne and Mr. Bonar Law respectively. We already know the main lines of the scheme in so far as it is designed to attract the Miners' Federation. The shadow of the substance of the Miners' demands, it goes without saying, is omnipresent, and the whole is carefully composed either to deceive the Miners' Federation or, at the very least, to divide its mind. It is true that the Federation has the power of veto over this as over any other scheme the Government cares to bring in on behalf of the coal-owners; no progress, in fact, can be made with any scheme without the consent of the Miners' Federation. On the other hand, we are rather afraid that by the time the Government's Bill is introduced the Miners' Federation will be prepared to accept anything that provides a way of escape; anything, that is to say, except the labour of thought upon a new plan altogether. For *that*, unfortunately, nobody in the Federation appears to have either mind or energy or good-will or even common courtesy. It follows that there must either be continued chaos in the mining industry or the Government's Bill will be somehow put into operation. In both cases alike the consumers and the workers will be called upon to pay.

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If there are any new ideas in Russia, Mr. Lansbury certainly did not bring them back with him last week. He might, indeed, have learned all he told us at the Albert Hall last Sunday by travelling no farther than Bow. Amongst other things of a similar nature, Lenin

appears to have demonstrated to Mr. Lansbury the startlingly novel doctrine that "to get more we must produce more." Lenin, in short, is also among the super-producers. "One thing" which Mr. Lansbury saw in Russia he "would like to see in this country"—and may we add that Mr. Lansbury is not by any means alone in his wish?—"the great Labour army movement." For what is the great Labour army movement, under the direction of Trotsky, but the realisation of industrial conscription upon the largest possible scale? Of *course*, Mr. Lansbury would like to see a similar movement in this country, with enthusiastic armies of Labour trotting here and there at his bidding; and, of *course*, the financial supporters of the "Daily Herald" would be delighted to import such caviare from Bolshevik Russia. But is Mr. Lansbury even less irresponsible than usual when he says that he would "like" to see universal and compulsory labour introduced into this country? Mr. Bernard Shaw says such things in the ordinary course of his profession; but is Mr. Lansbury prepared to tell the readers of the "Daily Herald" that he is in favour of industrial conscription? To be even more explicit, we believe that the public has the right to learn from Mr. Lansbury his true impressions of Russia, and particularly, his answers to questions like these: Does he wish to see the Russian Revolution repeated here? Is the state of Russia such that Mr. Lansbury would assist in establishing it here? Did he discover in Russia a solution of a single one of our industrial, commercial, financial, or political problems? In short, did he discover that either Lenin, Trotsky, or any other revolutionary leader had anything whatever to teach British Labour? Our "Big Brother" will not, of course, answer any of our questions; and the "Daily Herald" is a slop-pail for the drowning of the truth; but we can presume the answers in the continuance of Mr. Lansbury's silence. The fact is, we believe, that Mr. Lansbury has returned from Russia disillusioned; but he dare not say so.

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There can be no doubt whatever that, in the meanwhile, Mr. Lansbury's flirtations with Russian Bolshevism are of the utmost service to Mr. Lloyd George.

Of a Labour "party" composed of men like Messrs. Thomas, Brace, and Roberts, it would not merely be difficult, it would be impossible even for Mr. Lloyd George to make a Socialist or any other kind of bogey; their very costumiers would smile as they began to adjust the horns and tail. One touch of Bolshevism, however, and the party becomes, to the popular ignorance, something really formidable; and a good proportion of the electorate that could never be brought to shudder at Mr. Thomas talking nonsense could easily be alarmed if Mr. Thomas were associated ever so distantly with the "Russian Terror." That is the service to the movement which Mr. Lansbury has assisted to render. By indiscriminate praise of the Russian Revolution, by an implied if never explicit justification of its methods, finally by his personal visit to the Russian Utopia, Mr. Lansbury has done all that such a man can do to add the very colour to the British Labour movement which Mr. Lloyd George would like to see there. The British Labour movement is not in reality revolutionary in any sense of the word. A Lenin in this country would scarcely be allowed to write for the "Daily Herald," still less to serve on any Labour Executive. Likewise the British Labour movement has far more ideas at its very doors than are to be found in all Russia; and it has not even the intelligence to understand, let alone to adopt them. For all its tameness, however, its Russian associations, now confirmed by Mr. Lansbury, will serve Mr. Lloyd George to make a bogey of it. The Press, the Pulpit, the Music-hall and the Cinema will do the rest.

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In another aspect Mr. Lloyd George can be said to be merely premature; for, in any case, Russian Revolution or not, it is practically certain that the *logic* of the present Labour demands sooner or later involves the kind of reactionary conflict that nowadays is called a "revolution." We have often warned the Labour movement against allowing itself to be manœuvred into the defence of a "lie against nature"; in other words, against identifying itself with a demand for the naturally impossible; but it has been all in vain. Thanks to the skill of the "enemy" and the vanity of our Labour leaders, the position now being assumed by the Labour movement is one of hostility *not only to Capitalism*, but to Common Sense. For instance, private enterprise is condemned not in certain practical respects only, but on principle; and, at the same time, collective enterprise (which is almost a contradiction in terms) is elevated from the status of an occasional device to a uniform principle of policy. But "private enterprise," in its natural meaning of individual freedom and individual responsibility, is a truth of human nature; a truth for which men are prepared to fight. To set it up, therefore, as the antithesis of Socialism is to ensure for Socialism not only the enmity of "capitalists," but the enmity of men's hearts. Just to the extent that the fanatical attack upon "private enterprise" is carried on, the defence will be provoked into increasing activity, with the absolute certainty that, provided both parties remain intransigent, a clash will occur of the nature of a "revolution." We are, of course, a long way off this clash in this country. Labour is not strong enough, even in fanaticism, to bring about such a collision soon. Nevertheless, Mr. Lloyd George is right in everything but the fixture of the date; he is only about half a century in advance of the facts. For, given the retention by the Labour party of its present programme (nationalisation and all the rest of it), in the end a violent collision with capitalism and human nature is inevitable. Human nature will fight, and human nature will be right.

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We remain sceptical, however, of the early advent to power of the Labour Party by means of any programme,

actual or probable; and, most of all, of its advent to power upon its own terms. That Labour representation will be increased after the next General Election is highly probable; the number of Labour M.P.'s may, in fact, be increased from sixty to double that number. And after the following General Election, that is to say, some seven or eight years from to-day, it is possible that the number of Labour M.P.'s will be again increased from, let us say, a hundred or so to two hundred. But even then, the Labour "Party" will be unable to form a Government; it must continue in opposition; and the question we ask of "Labour" at this moment is whether it is prepared to wait a quarter of a century at the very least before being able by political means even to *attempt* to put its political programme into effect. We are aware, of course, that Labour candidates and Labour M.P.'s, like Labour officials in general, are prepared to wait all their lives before doing anything to jeopardise their personal position. It may be observed that no defeat of the rank and file ever affects the prosperity of the officials who are really responsible for it. The Labour leaders of to-day were the Labour leaders of twenty years ago; and twenty years hence, however miserable the condition of the country, our present Labour leaders will no doubt be still flourishing. If possible, however, we would appeal to the rank and file of the producers and consumers of the country over the swollen heads of their over-paid leaders, and invite them to consider whether they can wait indefinitely for any real reform of the daily circumstances of their lives.

* * *

Mr. Clynes has shown no signs of reconsidering his support of the doctrine of "Payment by Results," and we can only suppose that it is now destined to be carried into effect over the whole of industry. A declared enemy of Labour could scarcely have given the movement a deadlier blow. But Mr. Thomas and Mr. Brace are now hard at work, it appears, upon another formula, the practical conclusions from which must be to increase production at the expense of the workman producer. With the air of men delivering oracles—and with an air of triumph as of men who this time feel themselves beyond contradiction—both Mr. Thomas and Mr. Brace have admonished "the working classes" that they "can get no more out of an industry than they put into it." The formula is, of course, very attractive, or it would not have been prepared for the use of the Labour leaders; but it is, as anybody can see who examines it, utterly false. Industry is not like a box from which you can get only what you put in; it is not even like a penny-in-the-slot machine. Industry is organic and much nearer in analogy to life and growth than it is to mechanism and organisation; and it may accurately be said that the purpose of industry in the modern social sense is precisely the purpose denied by Mr. Thomas and Mr. Brace—it is, in fact, to get more out of an industry than the individuals put into it. It is not astonishing that Mr. Thomas and Mr. Brace are caught by the fallacy; it is their function as decoys to gobble up chaff; but we shall be surprised if the formula has much effect on men who realise, from daily experience, that the *product* of the work of individuals is much greater than the *sum* of the work of the same individuals. The work of ten men separately may be, as we were pointing out last week, ten times less than their collective work. In other words, out of a common industry it is possible for every contributing individual to draw, not only more than he puts in, but tens and one day hundreds of times more than he puts in. Under the existing system—in fact, it is the definition of capitalism—the difference between what is put in individually and what is taken out collectively is capital! "Capital" repays the workers just what

they individually put in—namely, their individual labour-power; the collective surplus remains.

* * *

The attitude of the Government towards the problem of high prices is settling down to complete resignation. "The high level of prices," Mr. Lloyd George said on Wednesday, "is largely due to conditions over which the Government have no direct control"; and "They are only to be remedied by increased production and by personal and national economy . . . there is no short cut to lower prices." Dr. Macnamara, who manages to vulgarise everything he touches, introduced the bathetic note into his paraphrase of his master's voice. "The Government," he said, "had toiled and laboured in the public service morning, noon, and night . . . but they could not wave a wand and evolve order out of chaos in a moment . . . the evil of high prices could only be slowly repaired." There are plenty of people, we have no doubt, who will be completely satisfied with this absence of any explanation on the part of the Government. It will not occur to them to say that if Mr. Lloyd George and his colleagues do not know *why* prices are high, or *how* to bring them down quickly, they have no right to accept public money and position on the assumption that they do. The English public, far from discharging the duty of a democracy, which is to make good rulers, is still servilely concerned to fit itself for despotism. The fact, however, is that not only is the cause of high prices perfectly well known (though, perhaps, not to Dr. Macnamara), but high prices are being quite deliberately maintained in the interests of the financial classes. The financial classes *like* high prices; high prices are to them what low prices are to the public at large. If it were otherwise—if, that is to say, high prices were ruining the rich as they are undoubtedly ruining the salariat—a wand would be waved, in spite of Dr. Macnamara, and a short cut found to low prices even in the teeth of Mr. Lloyd George's denial of its possibility.

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We shall postpone to next week our comments on the political situation as left by the speeches delivered at the National Liberal Club by Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George. It can safely be counted upon to undergo little change in the interval. The "fighting" attitude of Mr. Runciman at North Edinburgh is, however, a phenomenon that calls for immediate attention, particularly in view of the paramount social issue—which is that of high prices. As a former lieutenant of Mr. Asquith, as a captain among the Independent Liberals, and as a prospective member of Mr. Asquith's next Cabinet (if ever that should come about, which appears to us more and more improbable), Mr. Runciman may be regarded as having a collective significance considerably greater than his individual significance. Much more may be got out of his speeches than he puts in. His "fight" at North Edinburgh, he tells us, is on the challenge of high prices—a challenge he "accepts at once"; and about his "remedies," which we may assume are likewise the "remedies" of the Primitive Liberals, there is, he says, no possible doubt. High prices, he boldly asserts, can be "eased by a return to sound finance, sound principles in our foreign relations, by the absence of Protection, and, above all, by re-opening the markets of the world." We hope we are not too serious to smile on the proper occasion; and it really appears to us that the occasion of the delivery of so much portentous emptiness is one of humour. In so far as Mr. Runciman means anything at all beyond obtaining votes under false pretences, he clearly (though that is not the word!) means to recreate as nearly as possible the circumstances that brought about the war. His remedy for high prices appears to be another war.

Mr. Chamberlain has his moments of illumination, even if the light is borrowed; and in the House of Commons last Wednesday he threw quite a beam on the relations of home to foreign trade. He "agreed that to send abroad the whole supply of things which are in necessary daily use would be asking for trouble at home; but he did not think that that process had gone to any dangerous length. What had happened was that manufacturers expected, not unreasonably, that they should obtain the world's price in whatever market they sold." Quite so; that is our case. May we make the matter a little clearer by drawing out the thread of the admission. In the first place, it is implied in Mr. Chamberlain's opening sentence that our export trade is within our control; and hence that whatever export is now taking place is permitted. Secondly, it will be seen that the danger-point is all a matter of calculation. If practically the whole of our production were exported [as it might be!] the home population would begin to cause trouble by asking why they should always sow and never reap; but if only a proportion be exported, the chance of danger at home is eliminated. To discover exactly where to draw the line is the business of politicians. Thirdly, Mr. Chamberlain did not think that the danger-point had been reached: in other words, he is of opinion that the public will stand still higher prices without causing trouble—and we agree with him. Finally, it should be observed that our manufacturers—*ours* in the sense that their whole ability to produce is the community's—claim to be at liberty to sell to us at the world's price; in short, at the maximum price obtainable from the most disadvantageously situated of any would-be purchaser. Our society is full of paradoxes of the crudest and meanest kind; but we doubt whether there are any worse than may be discovered in the assumptions of our "foreign trade." Mr. Chamberlain has revealed them; but we hope he cannot see them himself.

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Professor Edwin Cannan's reply to Mr. Asquith's statement that it is nonsense to attribute high prices to currency may be taken as settling the matter for honest thinkers. Sir Leo Money and his friends may, for their own reasons, continue to warn the Labour movement against examining the ultimate form of economic power (namely, the control of credit), but to the disinterested no less than to the actual sufferers the fact ought now to be clear that, whether or not we can do anything about it, the *cause* of high prices is to be found in our financial system and nowhere else. It follows, if the cause is there, that the remedy is on the same plane; and we quote Professor Edwin Cannan in support of the simple proposition. "The man," he says, "who will give Europe a lead in setting currency to rights . . . will have done more to stave off anarchy, bloodshed, and confusion than anyone else in the world." We should like to conscript the attention of the movement's "bleeding hearts" and "brothers" to this perfectly definite, perfectly objective, and perfectly correct statement. Wishing the world well is a pleasant emotion, but acting in the world's interests demands intelligence as well as good-will. Here is the opportunity for the discrimination. All the blether about the Russian Revolution, the rights of democracy, internationalism, and the rest of the illuminated texts of the "Daily Herald" will avail nothing against the mechanical operation of the existing financial system. Let men be what they will, the fruits of the present financial system are "anarchy, bloodshed, confusion." On the other hand, it is more difficult than can easily be realised to create even an interest in the counter-mechanism. It is, perhaps, the case that there is not enough "free" interest in the world to-day; so much interest has become "vested" in obsolete phrases.

Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER VIII.

SINCE neither Nationalisation nor the Capital Levy offer any sound basis on which to construct a policy for the betterment of Society, it may be well to see what may be said of proposals which have attracted very considerable attention from some of the best brains of the Labour Movement—those involved in what are commonly known as National Guilds.

At the outset it is necessary to make the sharpest possible distinction between the original philosophical idea which was the genesis of the Guild Movement, and which was explored by its progenitors of THE NEW AGE, and the super-structure built from political and Trade Union mechanism, which has been erected upon it. The vital, and probably immortal germ of the Guild idea is its recognition of function in Society as well as in the individual; and it is the writer's opinion, at any rate, that no sound society can exist which ignores this conception. But when we come to examine the proposals for incarnating this idea in the structure of the working world, it seems impossible to escape the conclusion that it has suffered severely at the hands of some of its converts, and that the path of development these proposals have pursued is a tangent to the firm world in which we live; which is globular. In consequence, they have left the solid ground of objective fact and have lost practical efficacy.

For instance, while a comprehensive Trade Union or Guild is clearly indicated as a possible or even probable evolution from the Trust, it is far more likely, and even desirable, that it will be based on the costal system than on, for instance, the Triple Alliance of Miners, Railwaymen and Transport Workers.

Once again let it be repeated, the primary objective of the industrial system is *goods*, not employment. Once let it be arranged that the distribution of goods is not the "reward" of employment, and there is some chance that the scientific intellects of the industrial world will achieve the end to which all their efforts are bent—the replacement of human labour by energy drawn directly from the source of all terrestrial energy—the sun—an end thwarted not only by the insane profit-hunting of the super-productionist, but equally by the sabotage and indiscipline of the Syndicalist.

The idea that the direction of the technical processes of a modern co-operative productive organisation can be carried on by a show of hands at a committee meeting of producers, or, alternatively, that appointments to the productive hierarchy should be made in this way, is pure delusion.

Committees have their uses, and advisory committees in industry will become more and more general, and are of inestimable value to executive officials, but it is of the very essence of the best modern organisation that responsibility and authority should go together and be definitely attached to some individual holding a specified office with specified duties for the execution of which, and for no other reason, he holds that office; the essence of which duty in most cases consists of making quick decisions on matters of fact. Anyone with experience of *executive* (not advisory) committees knows quite well that the decisions obtained from such a source, besides being relatively slow, are really the decisions of one man, generally possessed of political instinct in excess, and quite happy to share possible censure with half-a-dozen accessories before the fact.

Similarly, the appointment of individuals to executive positions, and their removal therefrom, is essentially a necessary prerogative of the originators of *policy*, not the administrators of process. The control of policy, as we have already seen, resides quite definitely with the controllers of credit, whether that credit is based on finance or a machine-gun; credit never resides

in the *function* of labour, either "by hand or brain," though it may reside in the control of labour. That is to say, to the extent that the withdrawal or employment of labour can stimulate either fear or desire, to that extent the control of labour is a basis of credit, and as the machine progressively replaces the man in its importance as a purveyor of goods and services, so will the demand of the community on the one hand, or the control of the machine on the other, become progressively more important as bases of credit and origins of policy.

A consideration of the foregoing arguments will no doubt be sufficient to indicate the source of the error into which much of the Guild Socialist movement has fallen—it has omitted entirely, in its proposals for the realisation of a sound ideal, to allow for the most important factor in modern civilisation—the unearned increment of association, and has in consequence left its benefits to be the sport of the financier, while agitating for a revolution which is stamped in advance with all the characteristics of a mediæval tyranny.

(To be continued.)

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

XI.—THE HOUSE OF TO-MORROW CANNOT REFORM ITSELF.

THE idea that the House of Commons can be raised to something of its old position by some mechanical restoration from within, some trick of voting, or some change of procedure, is the first that occurs as a matter of course to the parliamentarian. The same man who has himself taken a notorious bribe or played a part in some nasty blackmailing scandal will occasionally imagine that the consequences of such things can be wiped out by a new dressing up of that society in which he has been guilty, and which has permitted, screened and even rewarded his guilt.

I have come across examples of that myself: eloquent pleadings for "giving greater power to the private member" and "cutting down time in Committee" and all the rest of it, put forward in a club by a man whose public position is much the same as the public position of a person who has been caught cheating at cards.

In the mouth of such a man schemes for internal reform are the tricks of a delinquent still a little uneasy about the ultimate consequences of his delinquency, and at the same time hoping to divert men's thoughts about him to a side issue. Even when the parliamentarians who thus talk have not themselves touched money, or taken shares, or combined in some blackmailing scandal, or done any one of the hundred things which have degraded Parliament in our time, the proposers are out of court because they have tolerated such things. It is no excuse in a man personally honest to plead his personal honesty where the House of Commons is concerned. If he has not exposed the vile things that go on there, if he continues to associate familiarly with the actors of them and to base what he calls his "career" upon a toleration of corruption, then his plea for reform is just as insincere as that of his more typical and more guilty colleague.

I have known not a few of these men who made a sort of parade of their honesty. Many of my readers will, I think, be able to call examples to mind. The attitude of such politicians would seem to be: "See what an exceptional person I must be! I am in the House of Commons. I familiarly meet and treat as equals and join in demonstration with the worst of offenders. Only last night I dined with the man who worked the dope scandal, and I am going to-morrow to a Marconi wedding. What is more extraordinary, my own son has taken shares in the last little ramp, and yet here am I unscathed. Surely so singular a

exception merits particular reverence. Surely *my* scheme for making things better will be listened to in a very different spirit from the same scheme put forward by the happy parents of the wedded Marconi couple, by the promoter of the dope scandal, or even by my own son with his sad little peccadillo of the shares."

They deceive themselves. These men are tarred with the same brush and the public will have none of their remedies. Their self-satisfaction is wholly their own. Newspapers, the few millionaire proprietors of which work in and in with professional politics, will quote them and will always flatter them. In the official Press these exceptional men are perpetually being cited as in some way specially remarkable for their honesty and integrity—as though qualities common to every decent man were at Westminster a shining exception. But this newspaper game does not really work. It sometimes secures a patient hearing and the absence of laughter for some parliamentarian who has—perhaps justly—this reputation for standing personally apart from the little tricks of his colleagues. But no permanent effect is produced.

The public mind naturally returns to the contemplation of the House of Commons as a whole, and that contemplation is not pleasing. It thinks of the man in question in the long run as a parliamentarian, and that title has acquired a significance which it cannot shake off.

There is, of course, one possible change within the House of Commons which would do the trick, but though that change does not involve a contradiction in terms, it involves a contradiction in morals. It involves such a corporate act of penance as certainly no corporate body would be capable of.

In the same way one might say truly enough of a declining nation that it might again become a great power, *if* it were to shake off the habits of slavery that it had acquired. But we know very well that while we have met the thing as a theoretical possibility it is in practice impossible. The reform that would have this effect would be action by the House of Commons as a whole exposing, punishing and purging its own vices.

Let us take a hypothetical example—one parallel to fifty others which have crowded the last few years. A continental crook comes over here, put on to the job by his colleagues in this country, and works for a valuable monopoly to be given him secretly through the corruption of public men. He distributes shares and his bribes, forms his ring, and the thing goes through. Those admitted on the ground floor multiply their wealth by a hundred and a new specimen of that familiar flower, the Westminster scandal, blooms in all its luxuriance. But suppose that by some accident this particular scandal happens to be exposed (most of them are kept dark, or, at any rate, are kept from the knowledge of the general public), supposing that private spite, the anger of someone who has been defrauded of his share of the loot, or even the honest indignation of someone who knows too much about the affair, gets the better of the Press ring and that a knowledge of the nastiness spreads from the few dozen in the know to the middle-class public at large.

There is opportunity clearly for reform and for what I have called an act of penance, and it would have without doubt a very powerful effect—were it morally possible.

A group of private members might move for an inquiry. The Chair might actually support such a motion. The Whips, upon whom it depends whether the thing should be ventilated in the House or not might acknowledge their guilt. They might allow a full discussion. The authorities (though some of them, or their familiars, had already taken money or shares—for without this the ramp would not have gone through) might also be struck with remorse and con-

sent to appoint a committee of such a character that it would be certain to give a just verdict. They would accept the authority (which would be very difficult) of men who had nothing to hope from the politicians. If they admitted, for instance, judges, they would choose men whom not only popular report but the accusers in the House of Commons themselves, admitted to be fairly free from political dirt. They would admit evidence on oath. The committee would have the power of calling witnesses under heavy penalties. But this is not all. It would be announced that the withdrawal of evidence or the falsification of evidence in any form would involve also very heavy penalties. We should have to have an open Press—no boycott of the points at issue, no suppression of anything said before the committee, an open challenge possible against the appointment of an unworthy member. Lastly, greatest miracle of all, you would have to have the sanction, that is the punishment. It would not be enough to make the evil-doers disgorge: you would have to frighten their successors by inflicting a long term of imprisonment and very heavy fines, not only on the evil-doers, but on the Front Bench men involved. It would not do simply to stick at "hounding them out of public life," as the silly phrase goes: you would have to make a very violent public example of them.

After such a purge the whole system would be shaken. The repetition of the dose, even on a minor occasion, if not too much time were allowed to elapse, the bringing up of similar cases from the past and their trial, would add to the effect. It is thus theoretically conceivable that the House of Commons having acted thus would get a new lease of power. It would have restored its moral authority—but by a miracle!

Though miracles happen yet the rarest of all miracles is a moral miracle of this kind. A rotten institution reforming itself, and not only reforming itself but being aided in its reformation by all its corrupt servants, parasites, and masters, is a thing that history has never seen. History has seen plenty of men raised into the air, many walking on the water, and a few raised from the dead. But it has never seen an institution in the last stages of decay and still possessing a nominal power using that power to chastise and to reform itself.

Even were such a miracle to take place in time (not under the pressure of advancing revolution or in the terror of invasion) there would still remain the truth that an oligarchy cannot long continue to govern in a country which had lost the appetite for aristocracy. But, at any rate, there would be a certain term of restored authority: a respite. Really one only has to state the conditions to see that they are impossible.

There remains the possibility of reform through the adjustment of external machinery. This is apparently more possible and it has many supporters. The idea is that while keeping the House of Commons still what it is, you might restore authority to it by some new trick of representation. Of a hundred schemes let us take one typical, and, on the whole, the most respectable: Proportional Representation. Let there be large areas containing from ten to twenty-five members each. Let it be possible that the separate interests of minorities be represented. For instance: there are sixty-four members for industrial Lancashire at this moment. Of these under this scheme a solid body of sixteen at least would be Catholics returned to voice in the House of Commons the insistent demand for Catholic Education in that one district of the island where the Catholic Church forms a really strong minority.

What would be the effect upon the House of Commons of such a reform? Undoubtedly, it would give greater reality at first to the debates. Things of true interest would occasionally be forced through the defensive arrangement of the Front Benches and sections

of vital opinion, which are now quite indifferent to Parliament because they regard it as a mere game, would begin to take some interest in making themselves vocal there. But the interests could not last. No matter what scheme of voting you had, the organ would still be an oligarchy. It would still be a clique of men who even if the whole body of them were renewed would be working together hour after hour and day after day, would be filled with the "one of us" feeling, and would fall back into the old rut. It would soon again be an oligarchy even if the whole personnel were renewed (which is hardly conceivable), and an oligarchy not aristocratic does not work. The same tempters to corruption would arise and would be yielded to. The same immunity from the criminal law would again be permitted.

Heroic measures have been suggested. The levellers of the 17th century proposed that representatives be elected for two years, and that no one be allowed to sit in any House who had sat in any one previously. Those measures are not only heroic, they are fantastic. The only difference would be that you would have not even an oligarchy but a series of ephemeral bodies with no authority at all. The right of recall? It would hardly be exercised. The Referendum? That might be exercised: but it would mean the destruction of that which is essential to the House of Commons, to wit, sovereign power. The freeing of the Judicature from appointment by and connection with the House of Commons? That, again, is the destruction of its sovereignty, for the naming of judges and power over the Courts of Justice are the essentials of sovereignty. No sovereign could permit the chance of a fundamental verdict against his own authority, and to repeat what has already been said, and what must be said again in the course of this short essay, the mark of the failure of sovereignty is the difference between that sovereignty and its Courts of Justice.

No, a permanent reform from within or from without is impossible. We must not expect it and it is waste of effort to ask for it.

But may there not be a loophole of escape through another kind of reform? Through the creation of something which would still be called by the same name, which would be a different body working upon a different basis—as different as the House of Commons since the 17th century has been from the thing of the same name which met at the end of the 15th century? That is what I next propose to examine.

Masaryk.

By Ezra Pound.

THERE are no maps to be had; at most, one can get special reports with a spider-web of conjectural and overlapping frontiers. What is true for simple geography is true more confusingly of every other computation of forces. One can but make rough demarcations.

There are, obviously, the negative or evil forces, the chaos of stupidity (*vide* the average Press); the more clearly discernible brands of stupidity (thus what the Prussian Junker "thought" before the war the "Morning Post" "thinks" to-day). There is the black hand of religious organisation and fanaticism, possibly a waning galaxy. There is the clandestine undertow of international finance, the pot accusing the kettle and the Jew accusing the Greek. There is the normal obtuseness of bureaucrats, their petty dishonesty, their lust to power, and probably, in more cases than that of Sec. Daniels, a definite obstruction of action. There are uncatalogued and heterogeneous mysteries (such, for instance, as the late retention of Sir John Taylor in Dublin Castle, for which no caballa seems anxious to claim responsibility).

Against this dead weight one has only the occasional lucidity or honesty or sense of justice or the power of

coherent utterance of individuals in strategic positions. What we hope for we must hope for because of the intelligence of a few executive persons. Our immediate hopes depend upon executive intelligence, and our future hope upon the state of the sense of justice in the better minds of our time. Obviously this latter category cannot include politicians who are mere shop-signs of credit controllers, or those who are rowing their own boat careless of public welfare, or fanatics of vanity.

The national heritage of England is the dogged belief that power resides in the people; it is the heritage from moot of the hundred, and of the shire, the folk-moot and the moot of the witan. Norman kings, and French kings, and Welsh kings, and Scotch kings and Hanoverian kings have not prevailed against this, and there is no reason why a ring of Greeks, Parsees and Semites should in our time gain a permanent victory.

The hope of England economically is that what has long since become an instinctive attitude toward "political" rights must ultimately become operative toward economic rights as soon as these are understood, as soon as they are seen and felt as having a bearing upon, or being of one nature with, "political" rights.

The right to credit-control is implicit in English custom, in the English attitude toward life. Feudalism was thrust on England as an exotic. (Feudalism never really established a grip on the Pyrenees.) The American heritage, i.e., the plus heritage, the mass of what is good in American thought, is almost wholly the legacy from Thomas Jefferson; the intelligence of the eighteenth century, the classical legacy, centred in Thomas Jefferson. American wisdom has echoed him in every crisis and American folly has been ever against his precepts.

As I have before indicated, the great American tragedy (1860-65) was due to an attempt to exploit labour in a mode which the best thought of the time had repudiated. The next American tragedy may well be likewise from an attempt to exploit labour in a mode contrary to the best thought of the time. At any rate, the blackest stains on the America of our time have been massacres of working-men (women and children included, as is the custom in massacres).

For estimating the plus force of our lifetime, of our decade, I can, at least at the moment, find no mechanism save the citation of individuals. Among the front rank of men with clean hands is Thomas Masaryk. We lay value on what a man says, but Masaryk is a peculiarly happy point of departure for present research in that there is, I think, no shadow of doubt or discrepancy (peradventure) between Masaryk's life and his writings. Spiritually his lineage is via the shire-moot and via Jefferson.

Le style c'est l'homme, and there is a certain clarity, a certain exactitude, which make quotation of him a pleasure, and which also make it fairly possible to determine where he stands, without ambiguity.

The recognition accorded to the value of the human personality is what establishes the civic value and the right to exist of organised social bodies. . . .

As soon as one admits the rights of the human person, the individual, one admits also his right to his own language (mother-tongue).

Masaryk has written at length on the antithesis of theocracy and democracy. He is against "The theocratic over-valuation of the State," which meant in the past "of the sovereign." The State becomes, or should, "the central organ of administration, not of aristocratic domination."

In parenthesis: what applies to "political rights" applies by implication to "economic rights." The rubbish of theocracy in America is at the bottom of most stampedes of America into tyranny, into submission to tyranny.

Masaryk has coined the telling phrase, "non-political religion." This phrase is of inestimable value. It condemns all that is evil in Mr. Belloc's and Benedetto XVth's and Mr. Chesterton's Catholicism without dragging the author into an anti-Christian bigotry. I cannot over-emphasise the value of just this sort of moderate and exact phrase; it is absolute contribution to the clarity of political thought. A definition of this sort permits the discussion to proceed on its course without irrelevant interruptions and red-herrings. Masaryk's donation to contemporary welfare is the donation of this ability to write with moderation and justice. He is "idealist," but not in the sense that that term is perverted by the "Liberal" (in current political English technical use of that term).

Masaryk, in his indictment of Prussian "Real" politicians, points to history and social life as "a constant struggle of those who defend right and justice against those who *adhere to convenient facts*." So far as I have been able to make out, "Liberalism" ("humanitarianism" in the cocoa interpretation of the term) consists largely in a refusal to recognise inconvenient facts. Masaryk's ideality, like that of all honest constructive workers, is to determine the justice of a case and then try to make the facts conform. His "nationalism" is based on the belief that the nation is an extension of the individual, a "vehicle" of the individual, in antithesis to the "State," which is a prison and cage of the individual.

Prussianism is, naturally, the nadir of Masaryk's concept. Prussianism stood for what Masaryk calls "State," theocratic absolutism, from which God had been gradually excluded. It is beside the present point to speculate whether J'hv and gods of his temperament were not originally an extension of tribal chiefs. The "make him of wood with steel springs, so that by being perpetual he may avoid becoming hereditary," may have been implicit in earliest idol, as it was patent in the French epigrammatist's sentence or latent in the mediæval election of Virgil to be Duke of Mantua. Needless to say, Prussia tried to impose the "State" idea and to suppress the "Nation" idea (keeping Masaryk's exact meaning for these two opposed terms).

Treitschke's statement that "there is something ridiculous in the idea of a small State" works out to an equivalence with "there is something ridiculous in supposing that a poor man has any rights." Treitschke was the nadir of Masaryk.

Given Masaryk's temperament and definitions, many of the objections to "small nations" are obviated. The small nation conscious of being part in a congeries, the small nation keeping open communication with the rest of the world, seems perfectly permissible, if one can prevent its being a bone of contention between larger neighbours. The main objection to small nations has been that they are or become provincial, but this is not of necessity more a danger to a "small nation" than it is to a district of equal size in a larger nation or State.

Epistles to the Provincials.

III.

I HAVE been visiting the art exhibitions for some time; but it was not until the other day, when I went to see the exhibition of Epstein's sculptures, that I experienced a feeling greater than interest. What I have felt about the experimenters in new forms—I mean the more vigorous of them, such as Wyndham Lewis—is that they have something to express, something for which I can find no other word—and it is a detestable one—than new; but that as yet they have not been able to discover the proper expression for it. They have found the first stage of expression, if I may call it so; they have expressed their content to themselves; they have convinced themselves that they

are original—a thing valuable, no doubt—but they have still to convince their public. What they have to do is to translate their personal values into a language universal—the language, I should call it, of art. Are they right in assuming that the language of art can any more easily be set aside, that it is any less "inevitable" and bound to tradition than any other language? We know what luck has attended modern attempts to create new languages. It seems to me the new schools have thus far only succeeded in painting in Esperanto.

Now art is the expression of the inexpressible; the use of words in such a way that they cease to be words; the exploitation of colour and line to transcend colour and line. Music is the typical art, and all art should be interpreted, it seems to me, in the same manner as music. Speaking loosely, we all feel that music is something over and above the combination of notes used in it. Very well; the words used in poetry have the same significance as the notes used in music. And painting fulfils the same law; the picture is a means; the end is not what is painted, but what is expressed. Yet painting, notes, words—and used in a certain way—are necessary before the form of expression called art can arise. All this, of course, is trite. But, having stated it, I can now ask: Is it possible that this wonderful and almost immemorial language, this language so much more essential than the language of speech (seeing that it works by the same means not only through them all, but also through the media of form, of colour, and of sound), this language which stands in the same relation to other languages as other languages stand to words, and at the same time produces effects a thousand times more subtle, inexplicable, and magical than theirs—is it possible that this language can be set aside and a new one created in its place? If the attempts to create new languages of speech have failed—well, the experimenters in art must simply be congratulated upon their courage.

In spite of a superficial homage which he has paid to the modern school, Epstein seems to me to be their direct opposite. No one has learnt better than he the traditional language of art; or rather, I should have said, the languages; he knows them all; he is an accomplished linguist. So well does he know them that they are no bondage to him; he speaks them like a native. His fault, great sculptor though he is, is perhaps that the language is superior to the conception, and evokes our first admiration. It is easier to analyse his work than it is to analyse that of the greatest artists. We can see what his conception is, and we can see as well what are the means which he has selected to express it. In the very greatest art, however, there is something miraculous; conception and execution are one; and the statue seems to come to life of itself rather than to be fashioned by a human hand, however skilful. The greatest skill, of course, is where there seems none. And Epstein lacks it; he is less than the very greatest. He is a great naturalistic artist; he is in the first rank of that class; but he is not an ideal artist—I am thinking, as you guess, of the Greeks and of the monuments of Assyria.

These reflections, I am afraid, will convey little to you, for in the provinces one cannot see Epstein. But I cannot describe the whole exhibition; and the best I can attempt, to satisfy your insatiable curiosity about these things, is an account of the now notorious "Christ." This statue is remarkable, moreover, as the work in this exhibition which shows best Epstein's originality of conception; everything he does, it seems to me, shows originality of workmanship.

The "Christ" is a very tall, emaciated figure, standing defiantly upright, and as if supported by the strength of an unconquerable inward agony, and by that alone. Everything in the figure is designed to convey the impression of suffering. The eyes are slightly turned

in with pain; the mouth is awry; the body seems to be sustained by the last effort of the spirit, so that one might think a breath would make it fall. The figure is still swathed in the grave-clothes; the gaping wounds are still in the hands. These hands, enormous, accentuated brutally, seem to typify and as it were to concentrate within themselves all the pain of the upright body—or corpse, call it what you will—so that if one were flippantly inclined one would think the figure was suffering from its hands. With the first finger of the left the Christ points in a sort of strange pride to the riven palm of the right; he draws attention to himself and is pleased by the embarrassment of the spectators. You have sometimes met beggars, I have no doubt, who were proud of their sores and were pleased by the disgust which they inspired in the fastidious. Dostoyevsky has thrown more light upon these than any other writer. Well, Epstein's Christ is a pariah such as these; a pariah proud as Satan, a Semitic pariah; he is "despised and rejected," and one feels inclined to say that he deserves to be. The power, even the vehemence, of the work cannot be gainsaid. It is a work which only a great artist could have done; it is also the kind of work which no great artist should do.

My own opinion, strengthened by seeing Epstein's statue, is that too many Christs have been created already. I do not care if I never see another; in fact, I do not desire to see another. And this is the risen Christ! I wonder what Leonardo would have made of the same subject—Leonardo, whose daring was so much more distinguished than Epstein's is. How delightfully his conception would have surprised us, would have given us a glimpse into a serene, enigmatical world! Epstein's Christ has been dug up without being resurrected. He has taken the tomb with him. He has not ascended into heaven, nor does it look as if he ever will. He has not triumphed over suffering and death, but the suffering has driven him out of the very tomb; his pain is endless and unredeemed. The conception is Satanic, is worse than Satanic. This Christ is a Satan who "dies daily," a Satan not with the pride of pride, but with the pride of abasement, a Christian Satan. Nietzsche said that great art raises your vitality, while decadent art lowers it. At any rate, the Christ lowers it. It is strange that a work in which there is such vehemence of energy should have this effect. It is suspicious!

Seeing that art has erred so far into this letter already, I think I may as well set down one more stray thought upon the experimenters in new forms. They are interesting, I repeat; but they are interesting psychologically rather than æsthetically. They have something to express; there is no doubt of that: the mistake they have made, strange as it may sound, is that they have realised it too logically. Here is something almost inexpressible to be incarnated in some form, the modern painter says; let me discover the form that can hold it. The old forms are too conscious, too logical; the unconscious inspiration loses its identity when it is poured into them; a more unconscious, a less intellectual form is required, and I shall find it. The fatal difficulty of this method is that it makes the mood of artistic *creation* impossible. That mood is split up; there is, on the one hand, the thing to be expressed; there is, on the other, the manner of expressing it. The rest is a matter of science, a matter almost of mechanics. The works produced on this recipe are constructed, not created. Moreover, while they strive to be less intellectual and more unconscious than the examples of classical art, they are actually more conscious and more intellectual. For the artist who accepts the traditional language of art can be as unconscious as he likes; he can trouble so little about means that he can let the inspiration find its own form. Creative art is only possible in a form that is given. That form can be modified, it can be

used in new ways, it can almost be transformed, for the resources of *any* form are as inexhaustible as the spirit of man; but it must, in essentials, be given. This is what has always happened; a tradition has been formed almost imperceptibly; it is completed and *then* the great artists appear. Homer himself, or the collection of singers whom we call Homer, was or were the successors of a long line; it is the last minstrel that becomes famous! In literature and in art it is only the successful experiments that are justified.

HENGIST.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE curious experiment made by Mr. Fagan at the Duke of York's Theatre calls for some notice. During the last week of "The Merchant of Venice" the part of Shylock was played by Mr. Louis Bouwmeester, a Dutch actor who knows no English. As a purely technical experiment in stage technique, it was successful; not a hitch was visible, the English actors who did not understand Dutch, and the Dutch actor who did not understand English, played together with perfect ease. Even the difficult conversational scene with Tubal, and the preceding altercation with Salanio and Salarino, played as easily as though the actors understood each other; the fact that they did not only serves to show that intelligent comprehension is not an indispensable qualification for the exercise of the art of acting. An actor only needs to seem to be related in understanding to his stage companions; it is the cue that prompts him to speak, not the sense, and he has only "to speak by the card"—in reply. Yet there is something that understanding communicates, a spiritual cohesion that is quite different from this expert mechanical joining of flats; and in that respect it must be admitted that the experiment was not so successful. Instead of "The Merchant of Venice," we had Mr. Louis Bouwmeester's rendering of Shylock, a tour de force of acting, but one that added to the defects of the "star" system the artistic horror of polyglot. It is true that Mr. Bouwmeester was least affected by the mutual lack of comprehension; he has the emotional initiative that always characterises the virtuoso, and could play Shylock just as well without the setting and the cues; but the fact remains that he was not spiritually homogeneous with the rest of the actors, he reduced them to the subtle inferiority and insincerity of "feeders"—while the audience, no more expert than the actors in knowledge of the Dutch language, was buffeted into bewilderment by the strange guttural sounds that greeted ears naturally expectant of familiar phrases. There is a certain appropriateness in choosing "The Merchant of Venice" for an experiment in polyglot performances of Shakespeare; but Portia was not approving of the Englishman when she said: "I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere": she was actually refusing to experiment matrimonially with a man who "hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor penny-worth in the English. He is a proper man's picture; but alas! who can converse with a dumb show?" But even if the Englishman had been as fluent in four languages as he was dumb in three, he would not have spoken them all at once; some sense of fitness of things would have preserved him from the artistic vandalism that Mr. Fagan, an Irishman, had no scruples in committing. It is to be hoped that the experiment will not establish a precedent; one dreads, in these days, a League of Nations building a Tower of Babel on the basis of the English classics.

Mr. Bouwmeester's performance itself was masterly, and had he been playing with a Dutch company, the

foregoing objection would not have been valid. He showed, as foreign actors always show, a facility and intensity of emotion that makes English actors (with a few notable exceptions) seem like amateurs. It seems to the observer as though foreigners are instinctively dramatic in the expression of emotion, while to the Englishman emotion is something extraneous, to be observed, understood, interpreted—with the consequence that, when they play together, the Englishman is an obvious masquerader, looking like but not being the man. Like Iago, he tells the audience: "I am not what I am," while the foreigner seems to be the real, authentic person: it is practically impossible to dissociate him, even in imagination, from the part he is playing. He is not interpreting someone else, he is playing himself; his emotions move outwards (as the very word means) and produce the instant conviction of reality. He does not study emotion, he is moved, and apparently lets the emotion express itself; and everything, his very stick, talks. He carries the sense of reality with him, because he is not playing, but being; he seems to have an intelligence of the heart that Englishmen only simulate, and the difference of quality of performance is obvious, almost tangible. These foreigners play everybody else off the stage, or, at least, reduce them to mummers; the incongruity of the two methods is native, was as obvious when Moscovitch played in English as when Bouwmeester played in Dutch with the same company. Reality enters and leaves the stage with Shylock—and the rest fill up time until he reappears with a game of charades.

It is impossible that Shakespeare (who, like most poets who have not been to a public school or a university, differs from his countrymen by that very emotional facility and intensity) should not appeal to foreigners. To them he is natural; to us he is exceptional, and the very rudeness and barbarism that Voltaire (a pure "intellectual") deplored is the measure of his natural passion. He expressed lyric passion in dramatic form; what most men do once, and for once only, he did throughout a lifetime as an easement of his soul. He meant what he wrote, not, as so many poets do, "in a manner of speaking," but as he wrote it, with the intensity that his epithets and metaphors imply. To play Shakespeare at his face value requires the utmost skill of the actor, although the reward is instant; the character is immediately comprehensible and real. I do not know that I have ever seen a Jew like Bouwmeester's Shylock—but I believe I have after seeing Bouwmeester. The only possible place, though, where I could have seen him was in "The Merchant of Venice," not in real life. Bouwmeester makes none of the allowances for Shylock that we are accustomed to; he gives us a frank study in racial and religious hatred. The "merry bond" is no casual security to him, but a well-thought scheme to obtain, be it ever so remote, a claim on the life of a Christian. Here was Antonio, for the first time, suing to him; how to get him at his mercy was the problem, and although, by the nature of the case, there was no immediate hope, yet the Jew would take advantage of such a bond if Fortune favoured him. That was obvious from the beginning; it was not revenge for Jessica's loss that made him determine to claim the forfeiture, although that added a new reason for his resolution. The hate was original; as Bouwmeester played it Shylock's difficulty was to conceal his hatred sufficiently well to make his proposal plausibly acceptable to the Christian. There was every apparent reason for Bassanio's mistrust of the Jew's purpose; so malignant was this Shylock that Antonio seemed a mere fool in his optimism. In the most precise sense of the word, Bouwmeester's Shylock was an abandoned man; he did not control his passions, he was inspired by them, and his ferocity made me shudder. His violence made him tremble, so much so that when he advanced on Antonio with the knife he had visibly to control his

tremulous glee—and the hand thus made steady by the will became awful in its significance. The whole man was centred on the point of his knife in a cold fury of hatred; the man became monstrous, non-human, a malevolent Fate in that instant.

Bouwmeester acts with every fibre of his being; there is not a hair in his beard that does not bristle, he spits venom, and his speech is a volcanic eruption. The whole man is in everything that he does; he beats his breast and cries aloud, pours dust on his head, with none of the dignity with which Matheson Lang invested the part, but in sheer abandon to the mood of the moment. He does not merely beg for mercy, he grovels on the steps of the throne, kissing and slobbering over the Duke's robe until one wants to kick him. Being pardoned and out of jeopardy, he reverts to his original hate, spits at the Christians, and totters out of the Court raging at his impotence. The flow and variety of his gestures alone would have made the performance remarkable; he could have used more hands than two, like an Indian god; but the consonance of his gestures and speech, facial play, and deportment produced a performance that, for sustained excellence, will not soon be equalled.

War Shock.

It might be profitable to stop at this point for a moment, apply some of the theoretical matter we have been compiling to actuality, and see what manner of fish is in the net. There is an almost alarming amount of material to hand, and that of not too complex a nature, among war-shock patients. War neuroses, too, are an acute problem. I do not know the exact figures, but there are well over thirty thousand cases in the country, of whom perhaps a few thousands are receiving any respectable treatment. A very great deal has been written on the subject, but the only published material of real value that I have discovered, is to be found in a chapter in Dr. Nicoll's "Dream Psychology," and in an essay in Dr. Jones' "Papers on Psycho-Analysis." These two contributions deal respectively with the two "root complexes," or initial entanglements, of the human libido, the mother and the ego. Trouble starts with difficulty in adaptation to the circumstance of war. The difficulty is due to conflict, which is a clashing of factors in the patient's psychological composition, and is determined by some external circumstance, either shell-fire, or being mined, blown up or buried, or, perhaps, the preliminary army training. And fear of present circumstance wakes memories of, and desire for, easier circumstance. Speaking rather roughly, we may note two not unusual conflicts, that between desire to run away and desire to "stick it out"—egocentricity—and that between patriotic desire to slay the country's enemies and gentle desire to do nothing so vile as to slay anyone—the mother. We may also note that it is always a conflict between desires. It is not a repression, so much as a splitting, of desire, its exact nature being determined by individual psychology. Now, when this split or fracture has formed; whether slowly or suddenly varies with individuals; the first thing that happens is an attempt at self-cure. This is where repression comes into play. Just as a boil in the skin may become "blind" and subside without suppurating, because of the local protective reaction of the body, so the psyche may overlay its split, and put up a barrier of forgetfulness between split and consciousness. But just as the blind boil leaves a trace of hardening in the skin, so the psychic fracture leaves, as it were, a knot, in what I would call the pre-conscious rather than the unconscious, round which emotional-intellectual associations, karma, begin to form. The actual occasion of the split is barred from consciousness, *but* it is still in the pre-conscious; and when the individual finds himself

in a situation that reminds his pre-conscious of that primal occasion, then there is an emotional-intellectual reaction that he cannot understand. And should this happen often enough, an undercurrent of regression is started, and that drags him into a condition of neurosis.

Cure of such a condition lies in "renunciation of the fruits of karma," and that is what one attempts to do by psycho-analysis. That is to say, by a free association of ideas round the cause in consciousness of neurosis, the individual arrives at the buried malformation that has brought about the karmic effect of neurosis. It is then for him to decide whether he will renounce, abreact, it, or not. To take a very simple illustration, a patient on his discharge from the army went back to his work in some cotton-mills. After six weeks of that, he broke down, and came into hospital complaining of a buzzing and a rumbling in his head. The associations took him to the cotton machinery and then to shell-fire. He then spoke of palpitations, which led him through fright to shell-fire. That is the analytic side of the picture, and the analysis may have to be superficial or deep, according to the individual case. The pre-conscious of the last ten months, or the pre-conscious of the last ten, twenty, thirty years may need to be unravelled. The signs to be watched are the dreams and general condition of the patient.

Now let us try to go a little farther afield. The word renunciation implies an act of will. The act of will required is the will to be free from neuroticism, and that is what the patient is asked to contribute to the analytic labour. If he does not, then the analysis stops until he is ready for it; until, that is, he realises what is truly entailed by remaining neurotic. But the analyst will find a powerful ally in the patient's own unconscious. It must be remarked that I am at present speaking only of neuroses. Psychoses are another question. In them we are either dealing with psychic material at such a deep level that an analysis may be anything but advisable, or else the patient's consciousness has become so weakened that he is beyond any now known means of assistance. To return to our point, the patient's unconscious, once stirred by treatment, presents him with dreams that not only show him cause and effect of his present position, but also, when these have been analysed, there remains something over which is the Wish. I will digress once more and say that in the dream we shall often find effect preceding cause in the sequence of symbolic events. And now let us go on to consider the Wish.

If we care to meditate on the idea of symbolism, we shall find that everything we do is symbolic of something or other in the psychic life. If a man marries, for instance, it may symbolise his wish to return to the mother, to be bound by the senses; or it may symbolise his wish to be united with, to develop in himself, the qualities that awaken his love for whomsoever he has married; or it may even symbolise both wishes, in which case his love will be a passion, a conflict, "wrath, begotten by the quality of motion." Now, had he analysed his wish to perform this symbolic action before acting, he would have had an opportunity of understanding what the true Wish was that the unconscious had put before him. As a result of this taking thought, he might, or might not, have actually married. The Hindu psychology recommends it during a certain period of life—symbolically. And through this understanding, he would have found himself in the position of being able to make an integrated response to the Wish. That is, he would have been able to perform the true instead of the symbolic action. That is, he would have found himself harmonised, for after understanding and renunciation (abreaction) cometh peace. That is, again, he would have become a function of libido, and not a dupe of illusion.

Now let us see whether we cannot apply this in the matter of dream symbols. Dreams do not stop just

because that in them which is concerned with associations formed in the pre-conscious has been removed. To dream is a state of consciousness no less than to be awake; and to sleep is another state of consciousness. I do not see how there can be any doubt about that. About sleep consciousness we can only say nothing. I dare say the waters of Lethe have something to do with this, Lethe being conflict and karma, the pre-conscious, the "terrible mother," Dolores, the incubus, the dragon of neurosis—

"Shankasur, the Demon-Shell,
Who moves in the sea like a vorticell."

But about the dream state we can say something, because, although we are not so familiar with it as with the waking state, yet we all dream, and remember a certain amount about our dreams. And in dreams we find that what "A. E." has called "the creator of dreams," the daemon, our presiding genius, presents us with a collection of symbols that must be understood, not literally but intellectually. If we like, we may call the dream state intuition *provisionally*, but it would be a loose use of language, as what we now call the dream state is probably a composite state; and it is a better working hypothesis to speak of the daemon. It is a safeguard against swollen heads. Weil, as has been said, the daemon puts before the dreamer a symbolic picture of his present psychological position. Now, in any present position there is bound up just as much of the future as there is of the past. The element of past, the cause of the dreamer's position, he can find through his free associations to the dream, but the element of future, his growing-point, can only be determined by capping analysis with synthesis. And at this stage two heads become better than one, and all the reserves of knowledge of both patient and analyst may be needed. To take a very simple example, a patient dreamt he went home to see his wife and found her dancing with company to music. He turned away, but met her again by herself, crestfallen, with some red patches on her cheek. That he went home is as much as to say that he introspected; his wife being—"my life-long partner." In consciousness patient is predominantly introvert; so the life-long partner that lives in his unconscious is emotion, soul. Music—"soul-inspiring." His soul dances to music, which is its right outlet. He turned away—in consciousness he did not put much value on this outlet, it was an irregular hobby. Then he met his soul again, crestfallen, which is repressed. With red patches on her cheek—his association to this was scurvy. Now he only knew that scurvy is a disease that may produce spots. When told that scurvy was due to an insufficiency of green vegetables in the diet, he replied that green vegetables were the natural product of the earth; and it was seen that he was not allowing his soul its proper outlet or inspiration. On being told that scurvy can be prevented by lime-juice, he said that lime-juice was an artificial product; and it was seen that music would be, as it were, a bridge to integration. To complete the interpretation the order of events may be reversed. He is repressing his emotion (the red spots were also wounds received in the war) and to go home, become himself, he must let it dance, be expressed, by aid of music. I am afraid I cannot say any more about this example without giving a complete biography of the patient. As it is, what I have written is condensed to essentials.

This question of bridges takes us to the third point in treatment as it now stands. Neurosis is a conflict, a fracture in the psyche. A fractured bone may be treated in two ways. The old way before X-Rays and asepsis was to "set" the limb. Without quite exactly knowing the position or nature of the fracture, the limb was manipulated into shape and splinted. The result might or might not be good. This is what the

hypnotist and worker by suggestion does in psychiatry. But now it is possible to X-Ray the limb, cut down on the fracture, and plate it neatly. That is psycho-analysis. Bone-plateing is a dangerous operation, as bone is very liable to septic infection. And similarly psycho-analysis is a dangerous operation, because the psyche does not permit any tampering. There is "infection," if anything goes wrong. And to complete the parallel, Dalcroze eurhythmics, arts and crafts, *Platonic* love (it is the only sort worth more than two straws) are the plates that hold together the fracture until there is union. Let me add quickly that I am not advocating life according to the pre-war Café Royal and Crabtree, nor even according to the wartime Gipsy, nor yet after the manner of the Saharan South Kensington. I am not *advocating* any regressions—but something far more like "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso."

As conclusions to all this, we can now see that it is applicable to the "normal" as much as to the "neurotic." Perhaps we had better say we are all "neurotic." For it is not possible to get away from deciding that all acts are dependent upon conflict, big or little. All acts, then, from karma, associations that "bind fast in the body," hamper communication between individual and Wish. Renunciation consists in introspection, and the consequent performance of acts as duty—dharma—irrespective of any pre-conscious, or what the academic psychologists call pleasure-pain, principle.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

The Theory of Materialism.

THE somewhat desultory argument upon Material and Spiritual Knowledge which appeared lately in these pages revealed, at least, the need of a clearer definition of Materialism, and of what is implied by its philosophy. In order to clear the ground for this, however, it ought to be laid down, and accepted, that "materialism" and "materialist" are in this sense not terms of abuse. On the contrary, Materialism is a recognised philosophic theory, producing cosmographies and ethics with "everything handsome about them," especially now, while it is the dominant (though declining) force in European thought. Yet, while admitting its legitimacy and respectability, Materialism must be firmly denied one principal part of its prestige—namely, its confusion with "Science," in the sense of experimentally verified knowledge. There are many sciences, or bodies of verified knowledge, confined to the study of material phenomena; but any system of Nature, or "science of things-in-general" which you may base upon these sciences must contain other, and quite unverifiable, elements.

Thus Materialism contains and depends upon the opinion that "nothing is knowable except matter"—which is either dogma or hypothesis, but is not verified fact. If it is dogma, of course, it is an assumption we trust perfectly and will not care to discuss: if it is hypothesis it must be the belief, more or less provisionally held, that sensations and emotions themselves are material substances; for no one denies that we "know"—are aware of—these; indeed, we know matter itself upon the evidence of sensations. If the sensations and emotions are caused by matter alone, are devoid of any other foundation, then doubtless they are matter also.

The experience of a dog's bark, and that of a Beethoven sonata are, upon this hypothesis, two kinds of matter. Not experiences of matter, but just matter itself, though perhaps of a finer kind.

This is to suppose that *my* conscious being is a portion of matter, situated in my organism somewhere at the centre of the nervous currents—matter of some highly unstable and delicately-balanced structure, which changes every instant according to the nervous currents playing upon it. These changes constitute my

subjective life, for *I* am that portion of matter and *it* is me.

Material science knows nothing of this consciousness-matter: its study must be remotely beyond the range of its knowledge, which has come to very little predictive certainty except in mineral matter. Some scientists have, not unnaturally, desired to believe that the laws of mineral matter, which they have formulated, are enough to account for living matter and conscious matter also. The "atomist" philosophers of Greece held a similar opinion. They believed that the forces inherent in "dead" matter had, by mere necessity, evolved the universe of things, including conscious beings.

We need not discuss the merit of this theory as a working basis for the material sciences. It is as a philosophy, as hypothesis for the experiment of living, that its defects are glaring. In this matter we cannot afford to risk a hypothesis which is not the very best accessible. And the Materialist hypothesis is at best only just as probable as its opposite—the spiritualist hypothesis, that we know only consciousness, and the states of consciousness, which themselves create matter, instead of being created by it.

In this view, consciousness contains a few fundamental states or modes of being. By all their possible combinations these produce other states, which in re-combinations produce yet more involved ones. These recur, both in the cosmos and in each of its individuals, according to the initial rhythms of their appearance, in a manner of which we can form some conception from the tendency of thoughts to repeat their sequences. Finally, they form complexes which we call sensations of matter: and these are almost, if not quite, unbreakable in their strength and recurrence; they have become *apparently* an utterly substantial order; the "real" world of change. It is this marvel of complexity which, from inability to unravel it, we come to ascribe to "something else" and to call "matter," in ignorance that it is the order of our own conscious being.

Now these two rival theories are so ancient, and have been defended with so much intellectual power, that no man, in these days of good and cheap histories of philosophy, ought to set out to prove anew which one is the truth of the cosmos. Time is better spent in noting their respective effects upon the practice of life.

The business of life is, largely, to make harmony between ourselves and our environment, whether it is real or only apparent matter. Ability to do this is necessary to our free being and to our potentiality for good. How, then, do the rival theories help or hinder in this work?

Upon the materialist hypothesis it is difficult enough to admit any freedom at all. However, allowing that our will is a real factor, we can affect matter through our own vehicles in it—our bodies—and redispense matter as we desire. And this power to redispense matter increases with practice, as the progress of craft and invention shows, even if the task is one of ever-increasing complexity. Its success, however—our actual attainment of freedom and satisfaction—does not only depend upon the desired rearrangement of things. When that is effected, or even before, the state of the will may change, and we may have to begin another re-arrangement. It appears to be a fact of life that the more elaborately we wish to adapt matter to ourselves the faster does the changing will outstrip its satisfaction.

Upon the spiritualist hypothesis, matter being but a vast jungle of variegated consciousness revolving its panorama in us, we are creating it all the time by our states of consciousness, so far as we will them to be what they are. And by directing the attention inward, to the subjective qualities of things, the constituent, primordial states can be experienced in and through the sensations, which are complexes of them. Each

act of attention to these "higher" states, so far as it succeeds, is not only of immediate value, but is of permanent, recurring value, for it is something reaffirmed in the order of Nature. It is thenceforward a strengthened element in perception—that is, in reality. Moreover, in this inward work the subject itself is objectified—the individual person being also a complex of these forces of consciousness—and the will itself comes under control.

These two theories influence the practice of life just as might be expected. Belief in materialism causes men to concentrate upon technique and to move matter about excessively (involving problems of tonnage, export exchanges, etc.), while neglecting to work upon their own subjectivity, until they are, now in Europe, unable to enjoy even their highly developed powers, have come to eating margarine in wooden huts and living in a state of "economic pressure" which, if partly imagined, is perfectly real to them: and so all amenities vanish from their working life and art ceases to exist except by the reactions of individuals. Doubtless belief in spiritualism might lead to another kind of failure, and has even sometimes done so, for a disregard of material necessities may produce a squalor in which all higher states of conscious are interrupted or suppressed in the individual's attention.

But it is possible—it really is normal—for human beings to work equally upon Nature within and without them. Matter and Consciousness—the multiplicity without me and the One which I am—are naturally recognised as outside and inside of the same reality by simple persons—in their practice, at all events.

Thus our knowledge really begins from two extremities, and from each of them we can but work our way into the infinity that lies between. And of course some are especially materialists and some spiritualists by vocation and function: blessed are those who do the work they find to do! But those who deny, in order that they may neglect, either inside for outside or outside for inside, go into delusion. And great is the damnation of a people which says in its heart: "There is no Consciousness."

PHILIPPE MAIRET.

Views and Reviews.

II.—THE ACTORS' THEATRE.

THE Actors' Theatre is so obviously a desirable institution that I begin to marvel why the Actors' Association has not yet appointed a Committee to prepare a scheme. For a scheme, I feel sure, is all that is needed to set things going; the public is ready for anything. No one with experience of the London theatres, at least (and I am a Londoner), can doubt that the present theatre public is a much more experimental public than was the case before the war. The old divisions and classifications seems to matter nothing to it; what is the use of talking, as Shaw did in his preface to "Heart-break House," about "the expenses of running the cheapest West-end theatres rose to a sum which exceeded by twenty-five per cent. the utmost that the higher drama can, as an ascertained matter of fact, be depended on to draw," when this new public is crowding to see "Pygmalion" at the Aldwych. It is a public that cares nothing about your "higher drama," or unlucky houses (as the Aldwych was before "Pygmalion"); it is an experimental, exploring public. It will go to the Court Theatre, Chelsea, to see Shakespeare; it will go to the Lyric, Hammersmith, to see "Abraham Lincoln," it goes to the matinées at the Holborn Empire (a music-hall!) to see Greek tragedy. It would, I verily believe, go to the Scala if the Actors' Theatre put on a good show. The "magic circle" does not exist for this public, it does not know which are the "unlucky houses," or which are the "Jonahs" among the actors. It has come fresh to the theatre, ignorant

of its taboos and superstitions and snobberies; it cares about nothing but "the show," and it is open, I think, to every possible appeal that the theatre can make. Like the Athenians of old, they seem to "spend their time in nothing else, but either to tell, or to hear some new thing."

Put it at its lowest, and there are enough people in London to support any new venture—and the Actors' Theatre would hardly be that. Until the financial syndicates extended their operations, the theatre was always an actors' theatre; the only difference proposed is the substitution of producers' control and management for the autocratic control of the actor-manager. The Actors' Theatre will not be a singular thing, a freak; it will be a return to its natural form, a professional bid for public favour made by men who regard themselves as "servants of the public" (in the good, old phrase) instead of wage-slaves of the syndicates. The actors' relation with the public is so direct that the marvel is that he ever allowed the capitalist to dominate him—and for the same reason, the tentativeness of Mr. McKinnel's proposals, in "The Actor" of March, 1919, irritates the non-professional reader. Why should he talk about "modest beginnings," "we must creep before we walk," and all the rest of it? Historically, we know, there is an association between workers' enterprise and humble beginnings; the Co-operative movement, we all know, began in Toad Lane, Rochdale, with twenty-eight subscribers of twopence a week, the Trade Union movement began not only as a hole-and-corner affair but as a criminal conspiracy. But that association is historical, not inevitable; and I confess to considerable irritation when I hear people advocating a "democratic" or "a people's" theatre, and assuming that they will have to begin in a cellar or a parish hall. The actors could, as Mr. McKinnel suggests, raise enough capital to begin with by a monster matinée; they could also open a subscription list, or form a co-operative society of public and actors (no one person to hold, say, more than five shares), or form an ordinary limited liability company with public subscription (a dangerous expedient this), or raise enough money among their members to make a beginning. It is not as though they have to create a good-will; they have that already, it is the good-will of the public towards the actors that makes them a profitable speculation for the financier. Without their services, all the capital now employed in the theatre would be sunk irretrievably; the public pays to see the actors, and will certainly not cease to do so if the actors employ themselves, instead of allowing others to employ them.

The only real question is not: "Should the Actors' Theatre be instituted?" but "How?" Obviously, its activities do not fall within the scope of the Actors' Association as a Trade Union, although it must be vitally connected with it. A Trade Union, per se, cannot manage productive efforts; it is organised on other principles for other purposes, and the Builders', to take a current example, have their Building Guild Committees to do the special work entailed by their "collective contracts" for labour and management. The Actors' Theatre will have to have a Management Committee selected from and responsible to the Actors' Association; but beyond that, the Actors' Association cannot profitably interfere with the Actors' Theatre, except to lay down the general rules that only members of the Actors' Association shall be employed, and not less than the standard rates paid. That Management Committee (the equivalent of a Board of Directors) should be the supreme body, concerning itself with general policy, finance, and the appointment of a Managing Director. It will have to allow that Managing Director considerable freedom; for example, once a production has been chosen, it would be as well to let him be responsible for the casting, staging, and so

on. The Committee might concern itself with the choice of members of the Actors' Theatre; it might arrange entrance examinations, or co-opt members, or elect them—but a production is a work of art, and the Managing Director should obviously have a free choice of the actors provided by the Committee.

Beyond that, an outsider cannot profitably go, particularly in the present inchoate state of the proposal. Obviously, much will depend on how the original venture is financed; unless the actors raise the money themselves, some representation will have to be given to those who subscribe it—and by that means, capitalist control would be re-introduced, unless the Actors' Theatre redeemed its debt to outsiders from its profits. For, let there be no doubt about it, the Actors' Theatre will pay its way as handsomely as any other; probably more so, because its productions will be of better quality. Better casting, better rehearsing, would alone secure that; but the psychological effect of working for an object that they themselves approve will be an incalculable stimulus to good work. Actors never fail to give their best when they feel responsible; indeed, the probability is that, once they start, they will deliberately aim at eclipsing everything done, even by themselves, under capitalist control. The profession has suffered most in its art from the invasion of the syndicates; that curious disbelief in variety that afflicts all capitalist organisation (mass production produces the greatest profit at lowest cost) results in the most obvious repetitions of success. A bed-room scene makes a hit, and instantly, a dozen theatres show bed-room scenes; one theatre introduces a jazz-drummer, and all the others aim at success in a geometrical ratio of jazz-drummers. When the peer in Arnold Bennett's play refused to take tea because in every play he had seen for the last ten years someone had taken tea, and he did not want to behave like an actor, one laughed at the hit—but the pity of it! What chance has an actor to develop his art when he can play nothing but tea-tasters for years at a stretch? The Actors' Theatre (which is a generic name for what will be, at the very least, a circuit of theatres) will provide more variety than this; for the simple reason that it is the people who do the work who become most bored with the monotony of it, the actors, managing for themselves, will take good care not to stereotype their work, and stultify themselves. With the London public (and I daresay that the phenomenon is common throughout the country) in its present experimental mood, anything that the actors chose to do for themselves would attract an audience. But they must do it; there is no audience for an Actors' Theatre that does not exist.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Spiritual Foundations of Reconstruction:

A Plea for New Education Methods. By F. H. Hayward, D.Litt., M.A., B.Sc., and Arnold Freeman, M.A., D.Litt., F.R.Hist.S. (P. S. King and Son, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

Neither the diagnosis nor the constructive policy of the authors is profound. In the former, it is true, they show a great deal of common sense, while remaining ignorant, apparently, of any radical evil of education; but they lose even their common sense when they come to the latter. Their proposals for the reform of education are four:

(1) "There should be prepared a system of school celebrations . . . a national school liturgy of the Bible, literature, music, and ceremony."

(2) "The humdrum duties of life should be expounded by the teacher in specific moral and civic lessons. . . . *Pro* and *Con* material should be officially supplied to the teacher for lesson purposes."

(3) "Scientific charts of time, space, and history should be statutorily hung on the walls of every school."

(4) "Representatives of all sects, parties, professions, movements, etc., as well as teachers, should be urged to give addresses to the whole school at the times set apart for this in the liturgical arrangements."

It is to the first of these that they devote most of their attention. The object of the "celebration" is by symbol, ceremonial and recitation to create and to nurture reverence for great men, poetry, religion, and the like. The actual effect, however, would be, we fear, to induce a mood, failing boredom, of awe; a different thing, for reverence encourages the mind to inquire, but awe binds it. However, this is enough about what is, after all, a fad. A fad remedy is a remedy which appears not to be dictated by the diagnosis, but by idiosyncrasy, which is so irrelevant that we wonder "how the devil it got there." The proposal of Messrs. Hayward and Freeman has this quaintness and irrelevancy. In other respects their suggestions are conservative enough: there is implicit in them all the passivity of the child. Salvation for education will not come from this quarter.

Billiards in Mufti. By P. L. Billington Greig. (The Billiard House, Glasgow. 2s.)

A harmless volume which perhaps, though we do not know, will amuse professional billiard-players. The humour, which is technical, is mercifully saved from unintelligibility by being obvious. We give two examples: "Some authorities hold that if the balls were not struck now and again it would be almost impossible to play billiards." "I played for a B-flat cannon and got—an in-off in G-sharp." The first quotation, we should explain, is prose; the second, verse: the author essays both forms.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DEMOCRACY AND THE PRESS.

Sir,—Your review of the above book reveals that the disease of journalism is deeper than even the authors suspected. Even *THE NEW AGE* cannot help—"in-exactitudes."

We do not "tacitly condemn" the proposal of a "Guild of Journalists"; we speak favourably of it.

Our chief remedy for journalistic inaccuracy and prostitution is not mentioned once by your reviewer. *Ex pede Herculem!*

F. H. HAYWARD.

[Our Reviewer writes: In a volume containing so many and such odd "remedies" it is not surprising that those which the reviewer does not consider worthy of mention should be thought by the authors the chief. This is not to say, however, that they are the chief; and all that Dr. Hayward's complaint amounts to is that the authors' estimation of their own proposals is different from mine. To mention all the remedies suggested in the book would be—and heaven forbid it!—to write it over again. Criticism is judgment in selection; and in selecting out of the chaotic heap of remedies in this volume I chose those which were firstly sensible, secondly odd, and thirdly dangerous. There was not, in fact, except to the authors, any "chief" remedy.]

The proposal of a Guild of Journalists is mentioned in a chapter called "Some Suggested Remedies." The title of the next chapter is "More Vital Remedies." If this is not tacitly to condemn the former proposal, however "favourably" the authors may speak of it, then even their chapter headings have no meaning. It is to be hoped that they will not "speak favourably" of a Guild of Journalists again.]

STERNE AND VOLTAIRE'S "CANDIDE."

Sir,—In your issue of February 12, Mr. Marmaduke Pickthall suggests that an anonymous eighteenth century translation of "Candide," of which he once possessed a copy, was the work of Laurence Sterne. As evidence he mentions, in addition to his impression of the style, a passage in "Tristram Shandy" in which, to use his own summary, Sterne "speaks of leaving 'Candidus and Miss Cunegonda' to take up that work." Mr. Pickthall's judgment of style deserves the greatest respect, and it is, of course, possible that it has not misled him in this

instance. His memory of the allusion in "Tristram Shandy," however, is very far from accurate, as a moment's glance at the actual text will show. The chapter in which it occurs (IX of Volume I) is a facetious bid for a patron. "If . . . there is any one Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, or Baron, in these His Majesty's dominions, who stands in need of a tight, genteel dedication . . . it is much at his service for fifty guineas; which I am positive is twenty guineas less than it ought to be afforded for, by any man of genius. Should such a patron come forward," Sterne adds, "let him deposit his fifty guineas with Mr. Dodsley, and in the second edition I will expunge this chapter and inscribe to him whatever in my book relates to Hobby-Horses, but no more. The rest I dedicate to the MOON, who, by the bye, of all the Patrons or Matrons I can think of, has most power to set my book a-going, and make the world run mad after it. Bright Goddess, if thou are not too busy with CANDID and Miss CUNEGUND'S affairs—take Tristram Shandy's under thy protection also." It is too bad to cast doubt on so interesting a theory as Mr. Pickthall's; but it is obvious that the last sentence of this passage does not in the least suggest that Sterne translated "Candide," but is merely an allusion to the popular success of that work in 1759, the year in which Sterne was writing the first two volumes of "Tristram" (see W. L. Cross, "The Life and Times of Laurence Sterne," p. 178). One may judge of this success from the fact that by the middle of May, scarcely three months after the original had appeared at Geneva, two independent translations had been brought out in London. One of these, entitled "Candidus; or, The Optimist," was the work of a certain William Rider; extracts from it appeared in "The Gentleman's Magazine" for May (p. 233). The other, "Candid; or, All for the Best," seems to have been anonymous. RONALD S. CRANE.

THE NIETZSCHE CONTROVERSY.

Sir,—As my last letter appears to be denounced by Mr. Pitt Rivers, in his article "Socrates and Nietzsche," as "execrable fatuity," perhaps I may be allowed a further word. The question is not, I repeat, whether Nietzsche considered this or that war advisable, or whether he regarded the German race with admiration or contempt; it is one of philosophy.

What, in a word, is the "strong red wine" of Nietzsche's philosophy? It is that of his disciple, Mr. Pitt Rivers. It was that, I maintain, of Treitschke and of the governing power of the Germany of 1914. It is a "belief in the compelling necessity of an aristocratic view of life." This red wine the weak stomach of dyspeptic England rejected.

As Mr. Hilaire Belloc truly says, the belief in that necessity, "the appetite of the governed for government by the revered few," is in England clean gone; it is dead.

Mr. Pitt Rivers shudders at the prospect. I and those who think with me regard it with equanimity. For we know of a wine in the strength of which we shall go forward to better things than have yet been. Were the question not impertinent, I should like to ask Mr. Pitt Rivers whether, leaving particular authors out of the question, he regards Christianity as "sentimental slop," and, if so, whether he professes to understand it?

For myself, though I regard Christianity as the solution of these vexed problems, I certainly do not identify it with every theory of democracy put forward.

W. MAXFIELD ROGERS.

THE DECLINE OF MR. PICKTHALL.

Sir,—It seems to be my fate that I must answer Mr. Pickthall; not this time, however, to re-trash wearily this heartsore question of Turk and Armenian, in hotly debating which I, anyway, have already trespassed over-much upon your generous columns. For this reply is dictated not so much by the fire of an Armenian refutation as by the various discourtesies, of manner rather than of words, of which Mr. Pickthall has been guilty in his last essay in defence of a noisome empire; since until now I had remarked in him more of chivalry than of discourtesy—a sad enough fault even in prejudiced antagonists, as he and I must inevitably be. How was I to dream that I, an Armenian, would one day have to remind an Englishman that, in every sort of duel, "to bow before you shoot your man is the test of a gentleman?" MICHAEL ARLEN.

Old England—III.

By Bernard Gilbert.

ANTHONY WOODS.

On my seventh birthday

I stood in the Grange Lane to watch Farmer Chamber's teams go by:

Beautiful horses, well-fed and coal-black,
With their brass harness shining in the sun,
And coloured caddis in their manes and tails.

I set my teeth and swore I'd have the like,
Cost what it might. . . .

Now I have the like!

I have Chamber's house and farm;

My horses are finer than his, and my barns are full:
All I want is a wife!

I've only seen one girl I would marry,

And that's the school-teacher:

Not that little bitch of a Harker,

But Miss Burtonshaw, who came here for her health;

If she would have me, I'd give her anything in the world.

Folks call me tight and hard,

But that girl wouldn't!

She's a cut above the women round here,

And I haven't dared to ask her yet.

I've been so busy getting what I wanted that I've never had time to bother about marrying;

Especially as Widow Sneath was housekeeper to me for so long—

A clever woman who meant to marry me:

But that's a horse of another colour!

I go to church regular on Sundays

Just to see Miss Burtonshaw in the choir:

She's the most beautiful creature I ever set eyes on,

And I mean to get her.

DAVID COULSON.

When I was learning my trade at the pig-killing,

Not one cottage in Fletton but had two or three ready;

And the killers worked all Feast-week without ever stopping.

Pigs was pigs in them days;

None of your wankeling creatures that slip sideways through the fence,

But good forty-stoners, fit for a king!

Ah! the Feast! the Feast!

How it brings back the smell of fresh pork and the loud cries of dying pigs!

I remember, when I was only *that* high,

Seeing them, scraped and pale, on the cratches,

All clean and white and beautiful,

And I never rested till father 'prenticed me.

Best of all is to kill your own,

What you've fed with your own hand all the year round, Watching and tending, from a grunting sucker to a fair

and proper size;

They know you so well, they don't struggle even when the rope goes round their snout:

After that it doesn't matter what they think;

This knife slips through their gullet, slick as butter!

I dream of pigs and carve them in my sleep!

All good things come from them:

Pies tasty from the oven,

Spare-ribs, collard-meat, face, feet, head,

Hams and flitches of bacon for the kitchen ban[k

And all the scraps from odd corners:

Is there an animal so useful anywhere?

WILLIAM BOWLES.

I shouldn't have thought it of Brother Thomas,

After all the years and years we lived together,

Working the old farm as partners,

With never a wry word passed;

To marry a rich widow, older than himself,

And break from all the old ways;

Taking up with a woman that's overbearing

And stuck up to the sky with her own importance.

My *Jemima's* as good as her, and a deal usefuller—

To say nothing of looks—

While our twin boys are as lusty as young colts,

And soon may have a sister.

Strong and healthy is *Jemima*;

She works like three, and is always jolly;

I wouldn't swap with Thomas for ten times the money,

Leastways not for more than one day:

I should like to try it once, to see what it's like:
 But you can't eat money, nor drink it, nor yet sleep
 with it.
 Poor Thomas!
 He should have married Mary Wilders instead of that
 faded Jezebel;
 Jemima says she paints herself;
 Though I don't quite see how she does that,
 Unless it's underneath her clothes,
 Same as you put a dab of tar on a sheep when you cut
 it in shearing
 To keep the flies away.
 No! I don't think she paints herself,
 It would come off on the bedclothes!
 Thomas is a "Gentleman" farmer now
 And copies everything the Pinious do.
 I can manage very well without Mrs. Thomas' relations
 or her garden-parties or her fine manners;
 The only thing I can't forgive him is letting his Missis
 try to trample on Jemima because she was a cook:
 What about it?
 I lay I've better things to eat than Thomas!
 His Missis can't do anything useful,
 Not even have a baby:
 No wonder he looks more dried up every day.
 I'm glad in a way he doesn't come to chapel,
 It's awkward when we meet;
 We have to pretend there's nothing between us.
 That woman's got her claws in him
 And he'll never be happy again like we used to be in
 the old days;
 Many pleasant times we had together,
 And I can't help wishing somehow that things had
 been different.

HARRY HEMSLEY.

I can't bear it any more:
 A grown man of twenty-six, made a fool of before the
 men!
 How can they be respectful when Mother rushes out
 and contradicts my orders?
 She ought to know better!
 Never dared she raise her voice before Father,
 Who kept everything in his own hands with a
 vengeance.
 Close as a church was Father!
 He ought to have trusted me more,
 Only I never dare reason with him,
 And when he was struck down in the night through
 eating goose against Doctor Berry's orders,
 We were completely flummuxed:
 Both me and Mother left like a pair of idiots,
 Not even knowing how to work a bank account.
 Hundreds of pounds we've lost in three months!
 To make matters worse he left a will
 Making all to Mother for her lifetime:
 That was a bitter blow!
 He should have trusted his only son;
 If he'd ever given me a chance I could have shown him.
 She's trying to stop me marrying Bessy
 Just because the "Keys" go to church!
 I'm going to have it out to-day!
 She must let me have complete charge of the "Little
 Manor"
 Whilst she stops here in the "Three Hundreds."
 'Twill be as much as she can manage—
 And more—
 We'd see in a year's time which farm looked best!
 If she won't give way I have another sting:
 Jack Key says I can raise a couple of thousand on my
 reversion
 And take a farm anywhere,
 Then Mother will be sorry she drove me out!
 The neighbours will cry shame on her!
 If only that doddering old fool of a Rowett—
 Who Father made trustee—nobody knows why!—
 Wasn't such an ass, and backed her up,
 She would have agreed to do what I want.
 He loves to have his nose in everywhere, does Rowett.
 Jack Key says he's trustee to lots of widows
 And lives on them all.
 This morning I ordered the boy to harness the gig
 To call for Bessy and go to the Church Bazaar;
 Then Mother told the boy she would have the gig herself
 And the old market cart would do for me!
 Why couldn't she speak to me about it?

FREDERICK DOBNEY.

I've kept up and kept up and kept up, till I can't keep
 up any longer;
 A man gets desperate if he's pushed too far;
 And when things come to you in the night, it's time to
 alter.
 Oh! how it makes your heart ache
 Pretending amongst everybody that you're rich when
 you're not,
 And smiling when you're in Hell.
 This grand old business, the best in Fletton,
 Built up by Grandfather Dobney,
 Has been a perfect gold-mine—
 But you can empty a gold-mine,
 Leastways, my family could!
 Susan backs up the children and the money flows out at
 every chink.
 I thought after we'd reared and schooled and married
 them—
 Herbert and Lizzie and Maud—
 That I should have peace and quietness for the rest of
 my days:
 Just keep an eye on the shop,
 Stroll down to the Golden Cross in the evening,
 And act as churchwarden on Sundays;
 But that's where I made a grand mistake.
 Those girls take after their Mother
 And show off, one against another;
 They set Herbert's wife off as well, and Susan has to
 keep pace:
 Susan's like all the Key women;
 They ruin their husbands, sooner or later.
 I never thought I should have to say it—
 But, by God, she's ruined me!
 I may as well own that I'm at the end of my tether;
 And if it wasn't for my son-in-law, John Overton, I
 should be in despair.
 Luckily I have him to fall back on;
 He's one of the family now and is counted a promising
 man in Fletton;
 Piggy Smithson says he'll go far,
 And he knows what he's talking about.
 John started with next to nothing and all he touched
 turned to gold;
 He's never looked back
 And in ten years' time will be one of our biggest farmers.
 He's fond of me, is John;
 Many an hour has he spent in my company;
 "All he has is mine for the asking,"
 That's what he's said to me more than once;
 And now's the time to ask.
 If I don't get some credit inside four days I'm done for:
 I must catch him after the Missionary Lecture to-night
 at the Chapel.

JOHN OVERTON.

All my brothers and sisters spliced up with their own
 sort,
 But I waited a bit and carried off Mr. Dobney's daughter;
 You can't be too careful who you marry,
 It fixes you tight and you never climb after.
 I've risen right up the tree;
 And now we've got the drawing-room furnished.
 You might fancy yourself at the Mogg's or the Wooler-
 ton's;
 The fellow what sold it said no better suite could be
 found in Fletton,
 Look where you might from Grange to Manor.
 Maud gives tea to visitors on Friday afternoons,
 And young Hemsley brought Miss Key to call:
 That shows where we stand!
 Everybody knows I'm a rising man;
 From Father's small holding, step by step, I've grown
 to a hundred and eighteen acres;
 And I'm only thirty-two!
 The one difficulty is capital!
 So long as I lived with Mother at twelve and six a week,
 I never looked back;
 All I earned and saved went into the land,
 And it's wonderful how fast you can grow like that.
 I didn't realise what setting up house cost;
 Not that I'm sorry!
 I wouldn't go back to them low ways for all the land
 in Fletton:
 As Maud says: It's worse than pigs!
 But it is a pull!

Your hands always in your pocket!
 And that plush suite is going to be the very devil!
 The fellow that sold it calls to the day for his instalment;
 He looks so grand, you daren't offer excuses;
 And there's the best bedroom suite still running, to say
 nothing of the ordinary things.
 We didn't really need a best bedroom;
 I told Maud so, and wish I'd held out;
 It's all very well!
 But I'm beginning to look the wrong way round!
 Instead of buying bullocks I've had to take some of
 Smithson's on agistment;
 And though he pays a good price, it's not like having
 your own;
 Because he gets the profit;
 And worst of all, the neighbours are bound to know:
 They soon begin to point and whisper.
 The cash that ought to have gone for bullocks
 Lays dead in furniture, paint, baby-clothes, garden
 fences, charwomen, curtains, china services, and God
 knows what,
 All earning nothing!
 You can't rightly say how the cash *does* go,
 It just takes wings!
 And now—
 If I must own it to myself—
 I'm in a corner!
 My only chance is to borrow of Mr. Dobney:
 I'm in the family, and he thinks the world of me;
 Not a month ago he said he should help me if ever I
 wanted it,
 And that drapers' business is a gold-mine.
 His children spend all he gives them, fast enough—
 Herbert, and his prancing wife that makes such a show,
 And Lizzie, who fancies herself because she's engaged to
 young Todd—
 Or says she is—
 It's them that egg Maud on; blast 'em.
 We ought to have waited for that drawing-room suite,
 But they all want to hest each other,
 And certainly we've shown them the way:
 Miss Key would never call on Herbert's wife!
 It's a good thing I have Mr. Dobney to fall back on,
 Or, to tell the truth, I don't know how I should carry on
 till harvest;
 Let alone keep up the furniture instalments.
 Come what may, I won't agree to a dining-table:
 The old one's plenty good enough,
 And Maud must be ruly.
 I'll catch Mr. Dobney after the Missionary Lecture down
 at the chapel to-night.

THOMAS BOWLES.

You might say a man has no right to worry over trifles,
 Yet we are as we are,
 And I own that it's made me unhappy.
 William is my twin brother; and on the old farm
 We played and lived and grew up together,
 Sharing everything equal,
 While Father licked us turn by turn about.
 When the great day came
 That Hepzibah Creasey—old James' third wife—
 Came to be free by reason of somebody leaving the lid
 off their well,
 And after due approachment and ceremony
 Agreed to be mine,
 What should William do but rush off and marry a girl
 Who'd been in service at the Dower House,
 Dragging the respected name of Bowles into the mud,
 When there was no occasion.
 There's no reason to believe she wouldn't have been
 accommodating,
 But when I tried to help him out,
 Offering my services to bargain with the girl,
 He got quite vexed and said he'd always wanted to
 marry her!
 We've always been well thought of, us Bowleses,
 So that even James Creasey's widow didn't think herself
 too grand to marry me:
 But now!
 If Jemima called 'twould be at the kitchen door
 Where she'd be comfortable with her friends;
 Not that she's not a likely wench,

And anybody would be glad to live with her, in the
 accommodating way;
 But Hepzibah can't take her to her arms;
 And unfortunately by reason of William being born a
 few minutes before me,
 Jemima thinks she comes before Hepzibah!
 I can't forgive him for that!
 Of course he'll have a score of brats
 And the gutter will be full of little Bowleses, bawling
 their names about;
 But that's to be expected:
 As Hepzibah says—
 Those sort of people have no control over themselves.

MARY KING.

I am so fond of George Barks!
 And if only Mother'd let me, we'd get wedded to-morrow;
 He's ready to take a married coachman's job,
 But Mother says we must have money to start on,
 And George has never saved a ha'penny.
 Mother says I'm young; and she'll find the money if
 we wait six months.
 The Missis watches me out of her eye-corners,
 And I'm afraid of her,
 But the Master likes me;
 He's tall and thin and sometimes queer
 And doesn't look strong.
 George says Missis doesn't care a carrot for him;
 It may be so!
 I was shutting the study window, night before last,
 When the Master come up quiet as a mouse and fastened
 it for me;
 He leaned against me with his arm across my shoulder:
 Wasn't it kind of him!
 Last night he came in again to help,
 Putting his arms right round me, to reach the window;
 He was shaking as if he had the ague, and I was feeling
 so sorry for him,
 When all of a sudden he left go the latch and squeezed
 me terrible;
 Then hurried away.
 Mother says it will be all right if I do exactly what
 she tells me.

WIDOW HEMSLEY.

If it wasn't for Mr. Rowett I should go crazy;
 But he's so kind and considerate—
 And such a handsome figure!
 If only my James had been like him!
 His wife didn't value Mr. Rowett a scrap,
 And I don't think he misses her.
 The world is very hard on widows,
 Everybody bands together to rob them;
 And it drives me wild to see myself done, and can't
 stop it;
 Whilst on top of all my troubles comes Harry!
 Mr. Rowett says I have the reins and must be firm.
 If I let him marry that Bessy Key she'll drag him off to
 church and I shall never have authority over him:
 She's five years older than Harry
 And ought to get one of her own age—
 If she could, the huzzy!
 James would turn in his grave at the thought!
 Harry is only a child and must be guided:
 As Mr. Rowett says, he hasn't a penny and must do
 what he's told,
 So that's all right!
 Only he's tiresome and rude and tries to copy his Father
 by giving orders,
 Ignoring his Mother altogether;
 I shan't stand it!
 James was enough in his lifetime.
 Those Keys are a bankrupt crew,
 Drinking, card-playing, and wild as wild;
 If Harry gets into their hands he'll be lost—
 Poor misguided boy!
 He should trust to his Mother!
 I wouldn't mind him marrying that genteel Miss Bur-
 tonshaw,
 Who comes from London and is most refined;
 She told me that a girl ought to follow her husband,
 And tho' she worships the vicar, she wouldn't take
 Harry from chapel:
 If I'd married a man like Mr. Rowett I'd have followed
 him anywhere!