THE
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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Professor Edwin Cannan was quoted here last week, but there is no harm in quoting him again. "The man," he said, "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." The point of view, it is evident, is not what our lay preachers of the "Daily Herald" and the Labour Party generally would call moral; the setting to rights of the currency does not presuppose that hypertrophy of heart which with characteristic inconsistency the "Daily Herald" demands as a condition of any kind of material betterment. All, in fact, that is implied in Professor Cannan's statement is that the impending anarchy, bloodshed and confusion (which the "Daily Herald" is neglecting nothing in its little way to bring about) could be staved off by setting to rights their existing cause which is to be found, not in men's hearts, but in the mechanism of the financial system. The proposition is simple; and on that very account hid from the complex minds that occupy executive positions in the Labour movement. It is that *all* the evils of Capitalism can be remedied, in so far as they can be remedied at all, by a transformation of the financial mechanism: in short, that the present financial mechanism is the real evil genius of Capitalism. But if this is the case—and we shall cheerfully spend the rest of our lives in repeating it—it is clear that the orthodox Labour and Socialist criticism of Capitalism is, as they say in America, "mailed to the wrong address." If it is not Capitalism as Socialists have hitherto understood it that is the enemy, but the financial control which is exercised over both Capital and Labour alike, then the attack of Labour upon Capital has been the quarrel of one victim with another. It would also follow that most of the Labour and Socialist phrases, whether of analysis or synthesis, are more or less wrongly framed and express wrong ideas. Most of them assume, for example, that it is the control of Production that is in dispute, and, hence, that it is the business of reform to "capture" for Society the means and therewith the control of Production. The analysis now offered of the problem lays bare financial control as the final form of economic power; and hence, with Professor Cannan, demands as the first condition of reform the "setting to rights of the currency"—the instrument, that is to say, rather of Distribution than of Production.

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No description of, let us say, a bicycle, or, still less, of an internal combustion engine, could convey an adequate idea of the original to a mind not acquainted with machinery. It may be surmised, for instance, that a true and sober account of a bicycle, narrated to an African tribe that had never seen one, would carry the story-teller almost beyond the limits of African patience. Only the actual demonstration of the incredible miracle could convince the unimaginative and the inexperienced that what in words sounded ridiculous and impossible could, in fact, be shown to be easy. Much the same, however, is true of the social mechanisms of more civilised Society. To those, the vast majority of citizens, who are not aware that Society is largely run on social devices or mechanisms, and that the progress of Society is measurable in terms of the social mechanisms employed (institutions and systems), the statement must appear incredible that the mechanism of our financial system is responsible for the greater part of our economic disorder; and the statement must appear even more incredible which asserts that by a slight change of financial mechanism, a change requiring no violence and no "revolution" in the "Daily Herald" sense of the word, a revolution in the whole of Society could nevertheless be effected. Our citizens are educated beyond incredulity regarding the possibilities of steel and other such material mechanisms. They are even ready to believe that a material mechanism can be created to run by itself for ever. But they are, for the most part, as ignorant of the possibilities of social mechanisms and social devices as savages are of other mechanisms. And thus it happens that the social inventor may have in his mind and describe a mechanical device for bringing about happier conditions—and that nobody will believe it. Since, moreover, he cannot "demonstrate" it by the simple process, applicable to ordinary machinery, of

showing it at work, he must be prepared to be regarded as a knave as well as a crank.

* * *

His revenge, however, is only a matter of time, long or short, as civilisation is fortunate or unfortunate. Necessity is not only the mother of invention, but it may sometimes be the discoverer of inventions already in existence; and in the case of such social mechanisms as we have been referring to, the necessity arising from the failure of every existing device to meet an urgent need of the community is distinctly favourable to the trial (at any rate) of social inventions previously derided. This, we suggest, will be the fate of the Scheme to which allusion has so many times been made in these pages. Altogether neglected, not so much as cursorily examined by any of our Labour officials, Party leaders, or professed social pioneers, the Scheme associated with the name of Major C. H. Douglas and THE NEW AGE will, nevertheless, we believe, at the very least, be tried, if only by reason of the complete and repeated failure of every other remedy for our desperate social diseases. It is impossible that Society —ninety-nine hundredths of it—should continue to suffer inactively in the midst of a potential plenty merely because the present financial system is incompatible with production for use; it is impossible, again, that faith in the nostrums of the Fabians should be revived, or that the fallacies of the reputed economists should prove attractive after their hundredth exposure to the light of experience. Some new direction of experiment is absolutely indicated in the mere mathematics of probability; and we have, therefore, some ground for confidence that before very long the attention of Society will be directed to the financial problem as the golden key to all our economic problems.

* * *

Major Douglas' visit to America has not been wasted —as, up to the present moment, all his and our efforts to find a practical hearing in this country appear to have been. At the recent Co-operative Congress, held in Chicago, not only was "Credit" the chief topic of debate—but definite resolutions of the most momentous character were passed, and not only that, but committees were appointed with authority and instructions to carry the resolutions out. Full reports of one of the most interesting Labour Congresses ever held have not yet reached us; but from the accounts published in the "New Republic" and the American "Nation"—and reading somewhat between the lines—we gather that the change of attitude on the part of "Labour" was so striking as to provoke universal comment. During all the discussions, we are told, very little was heard of politics or of political power; there was little interest expressed in the orthodox proposals for State-ownership—nobody was seriously concerned about it; faith in Government action of any kind was at a discount; the word "Socialism" was not once heard during all the three days of the Conference. What occupied the minds of the delegates (and, strangely enough, of the Executive as well) were plans and proposals for the establishment of "economic self-government by organised groups federated for economic and financial co-operation." The phrasing is careful; but to those who have followed the trend of thought in THE NEW AGE during the last twelve months or so, it should be clear enough. Its meaning, moreover, is confirmed by the resolution to appoint a Standing Committee of the Congress for the following purpose—"to advise upon the incorporation of *banks* to be established by co-operative labour and farmers' organisations . . . with funds belonging to the trades and farmers' unions." There cannot be the smallest doubt that what American Labour is about to do is to set up in business for itself. Assuming that its policy is as wisely directed as it appears to have been wisely inspired, there can be as little doubt that to American Labour will belong the honour of inaugurating the real and only revolution—the revolution that is not immediately followed by reaction, the revolution that is not the substitution of one dictatorship for another, the revolution by a social "idea." We congratulate America and we congratulate our colleague, Major Douglas; and now that the Scheme is as near to England as America, another half a century should see it safely lodged in an English Labour leader's brain.

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It would be an extraordinary coincidence if the moment of the adoption of some such scheme in this country were also the most favourable moment in point of general circumstances. Nevertheless such a fortunate conjunction appears to be a possibility, given a speedy appreciation of the facts; since never before and, in all probability, never again has there been, or will there be, such a manifest "break or interval for reflection" in the development of Capitalism as now clearly exists. To take the situation of the railways, for instance, it is clear from Sir Eric Geddes' recent speech at the Institute of Transport that they are at the end of one phase, but scarcely at the beginning of the next. In short, they are in an interregnum of control. Not only the railways, Sir Eric Geddes assures us, but every transport agency is at this moment "run down," and requires to be wound up again. At the pre-war charges the railways cannot conceivably be set running again, while, at the same time, the necessary additional charges on account of cost must be enormously increased if the indispensable transformation of the system is really to be brought about. We refer, of course, to the electrification of the railways—a development necessary in the interests of transport as transport, but requiring an amount of capital beyond the possible ability of the existing railway management to raise and pay for. It is at this point, it appears to us, that a new system stands the best chance of being considered. Complaints may fairly be made if it be proposed to confiscate or share out any of the existing capital invested in the railways. Fifty years hence, let us say, complaints may equally well be made against any proposal to confiscate any of the *new capital* now to be invested in the electrification of the railways. But a demand on the part of Labour to contribute a considerable proportion of the new capital required could not possibly be justly complained of; while it is obvious that by such an act Labour would become jointly and progressively responsible in every sense with the capital administration of the railway industry. After all, it cannot be of no concern to Labour what happens to transport, whether, in fact, electrification is or is not immediately undertaken. Nor can it be a matter of unconcern *by whom* the capital for the purpose is raised, since it is as certain as anything can be that whoever raises the new capital will acquire the new control—be it the existing shareholders, the Government, or, let us suggest, the National Union of Railwaymen. It follows that the present moment is really a moment of decision of events for years to come. Should the electrification of transport be accomplished without a *capital* contribution by Labour, Labour may expect to be maintained in the subordinate status of Wages to Capital until the next great transformation, when a fresh opportunity for choice will be offered. On the other hand, should the present electrification be capitalised (as it might easily be) by Labour instead of by the existing owners of plant, Labour's future as a full partner in control is assured.

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Whatever may be the results of the current by elections, they cannot materially affect the main political facts. It is too commonly assumed that the loss of by-elections is not only an indication of the unpopularity of the Government of the day, but evidence of the rela-

tive popularity of the winning party. Sometimes, however, no conclusion can be further from the truth; and in the existing circumstances, almost anybody may be convinced that it is now the case. That either Mr. Asquith or Mr. Henderson should be becoming popular with the electorate, merely because Mr. Lloyd George's Government is becoming unpopular, is really incredible, since upon no possible ground of comparison is more to be said, from the public point of view, for the ideas of the first than for the deeds of the second. Mr. Asquith's position, in particular, is one of the least admirable ever assumed by any politician of his figure. Without a trace of a programme to differentiate for the better his party from the party led by Mr. Lloyd George, he takes his independent stand on the ground that he cannot countenance a Coalition with the Conservatives, though apparently he is perfectly willing to make a coalition with Labour. But if coalition is impossible with Mr. Lloyd George's party, with whom Mr. Asquith has so few differences of opinion that debate is almost impossible between them—are we to suppose that Mr. Asquith is still nearer in opinion to the Labour Party, since he is prepared for "co-operation" with Labour? The conclusion which most observers will reach is that Mr. Asquith is in danger of becoming the victim of his party's natural resentment. They can scarcely forgive the instrument of their old leader's retirement from office a few years ago; and rather than personally co-operate with (and especially under) Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Asquith must therefore invent and propagate every conceivable political justification either for independence or for coalition with Labour. That a personal and not a political motive is at work is confirmed by the absence from Mr. Asquith's speeches of any distinctive platform large enough to accommodate more than the dwindling number of his personal adherents. A policy for the country in practical and radical contrast with Mr. Lloyd George's policy is simply not to be found in the present Liberal mentality. And if, by any chance, Mr. Asquith's party were to find itself in power, it could do nothing but drift with Labour or, like the present Government, oppose Labour.

* * *

We agree with Mr. Asquith that the declaration of political war on the Labour "Party" is tantamount to the elevation of the banner of the class-war—and, as such, "insensate"; but it is not yet by any means certain that of the courses before the Government—any Government—it is not the least "insensate." The Labour "Party," as we were observing last week, though not yet a "revolutionary" body in any sense of the word, is nevertheless committed, partly by its own stupidity and partly by the short-sightedness of its enemies, to a "revolutionary" programme: a programme, that is to say, that sooner or later quite inevitably would involve civil strife. That "Labour" to-day may profess quite sincerely its pacific intentions, its constitutionalism, its moderation and good-will, has really nothing to do with the case. So may the first Irish Republicans have sincerely professed that their desire to set up an Irish Republic was unalloyed by any desire to fight about it. But just as the entertainment of that desire—and for as long as it is practically entertained—will in all human certainty maintain the possibility of conflict between England and Ireland, so, all personal wishes to the contrary, the entertainment by the Labour "Party" of certain of its present "aims" may safely be said to constitute the perpetual menace of violent collision. There is no use in beating about the bush in this matter; sooner or later the truth will be out. And the truth is this: that, so long as the Labour Party carries on its programme its present "object" of abolishing "private enterprise," instead of only the evils of private enterprise, so long is the germ of a revolution by force always present in the movement. For just as certainly as "England would fight" to prevent the establishment of an independent Irish Republic, just so certainly would a considerable section of the nation (not all capitalists, by any means) fight to prevent the establishment here of the State's monopoly of initiative. It is in *this* sense that Mr. Lloyd George appears to us to be ultimately justifiable by the probabilities of the case. Not to-day certainly nor to-morrow in all likelihood, but sooner or later inevitably the present aims (or, let us say, some of the declared means) of the Labour "Party" will be developed to the point of practice, and then will arrive the real opposition, possibly the "Red Revolution." If not now, at least before those days, the Coalition of the other parties may be taken as assured, even though it involve the declaration of the class-war. The only means of preventing it is the enlargement of the platform of any party to include all classes alike and equitably. No political party has ever yet been as wide as the nation.

* * *

The reception of the new Home Rule Bill is not such as to encourage the hope that at last the beginning of an Irish settlement has been made. The curse that appears always to have been on Ireland is also on every attempt to remove that curse; and it is an obvious fact of the situation that the friends of Ireland differ quite as much among themselves concerning the remedy for Irish grievances as collectively with Ireland's enemies. That the present Home Rule Bill, whatever its fate, may be assumed to be a sincere attempt to solve the perennial problem may be taken for granted, and that, moreover, it is the best Home Rule Bill that is possible under the circumstances may likewise be assumed. No doubt a far better Bill could be drawn up upon paper. Even the Labour Party found it easy to indicate serious defects in the present Bill and to suggest the ideal remedies. But, after all, every political measure is shaped more by circumstances than by abstract considerations; and in the case of such a problem as Ireland presents, *any* Home Rule Bill has first and foremost to satisfy certain powerful interests, and to be "practicable" in that respect, before the question of its adaptation to less powerful, though, perhaps, more intrinsically important, interests is considered. Allowing for the defects due to the circumstances of its birth, the present Home Rule Bill appears to us to be the most promising of all the Bills that have so far been introduced into Parliament; or, we repeat, that are likely to be for many years to come. The "Union" is definitely repealed for the whole of Ireland, if not for the whole as a whole, part by part. The question is really one of practical calculation for those (like ourselves) who desire the unity of Ireland—is not Irish unity most likely to come *after* the Union is thus repealed by the natural tendency of the two parts to coalesce, once they find themselves relatively to England in the same boat? There can be no doubt about the answer. While the Union is unrepealed, Ulster will remain irreconcilable. Repeal the Union—by any method—and Ulster's attitude can only change for the better for Ireland.

APPRAISEMENT.

I take thee not at haggling Demos' price,
That of this huckster evil accounted art;
For certes this same vendor once or twice
Hath used false weight and measure in his mart;
Saith all's unworthy that helps not his end,
Which end, dear Heaven, seldom is divine,
Nor by his traffic may his fortune mend
Save by some sorry matter of sour wine;
Wherefore he's proven fool, and is forsworn,
And in this court shall have no audience;
Being nothing, of the praise of beldams shorn,
Let some loud rough-tongued rascals hunt him hence;
Then shall we find that to or God or Devil
All is that is, nor holdeth good nor evil.

RUTH PITTER.

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

XII.—THE NAME.

THE reform of the House of Commons from within is hopeless. You have never yet got in history a corrupt State organ reforming and restoring itself. The thing would seem to be as impossible in the body politic as in the physical body of a man.

We have further seen that mechanical reform from without—that is, changes in the method of election and so forth—could not eliminate the essential character of a parliament, which is that it is an oligarchy. Such reform could not make an oligarchy work without the aristocratic spirit necessary to an oligarchy. Even the most important reform of all, I mean the separation of the Courts of Law from the Parliament by stripping parliamentarians of the private protection they now enjoy from the judges, does not meet our case. It would only mean the destruction of the House of Commons: the reduction of it to the level of a French or American Parliament. Its *sovereignty* would be gone. Real power would pass to some permanent executive, or to local bodies, or to the great trades and professions of the State, or to some other national function—it would have left the House of Commons.

There remains to be considered, however, an idea of reform which may appeal to what is left of the last generation, with its doctrine of gradual development—especially in English constitutional affairs.

I can imagine some don of the older universities (supposing him honest enough to admit the filthy state into which the House of Commons has got) propounding as a remedy some process of transition similar to that which affected the English Crown in the period between Henry VIII's religious blunder and the death of Queen Anne.

The English Crown (such a man would tell us) was "saved." We still have a monarchy. The name has survived. Henry VIII, just before the suppression of the monasteries, was as powerful as are to-day all the great capitalist interests combined. He was as powerful as the head of the Hohenzollerns together with the heads of the army and with the professors of the universities were in Prussia before 1914. George I, at his accession, was less powerful than the Stock Exchange even of that time, and far less than any three great English landlords in a clique.

Yet (the advocates of such developments will tell us) "the monarchy survived." In the same unreal way, by preserving the mere name and substituting a new power for the old power the House of Commons might be saved.

These people are not negligible. When a man tells you that a country is conservative of its institutions because it has kept the mere names of those institutions, he is talking nonsense. But the instinct which makes him preserve some shred of authority in an institution deposed from full power, and to protect that authority with the dignity of the old name, so as to prevent the memory of it at least from dying out, is one native to an aristocratic state. It is really and not only apparently *conservative*: not of institutions, indeed, but of their mould. And the proof of this is that we still have with us a quantity of dead institutions—the Privy Council, for instance—the mere retention of the name of which and of a few functions in which are sufficient to serve for their resurrection, if it were thought useful to call them to life again.

Now, as this has been the trend of English public life since the Reformation, as there has been a sort of national instinct for laying by on the shelf the dead institutions, and preserving them under a continuity of name, and as in one or two minor cases this has actually proved useful when it was required partially to restore to life these half-dead things, might not something of the same sort be admitted in the House of Commons?

There are two ways in which this trick of unreality could be played.

We might put up some quite new thing—with the old name "House of Commons" attached to it, and that new thing might be given such vigour and reality as to govern with real moral authority. Or, again, the mere name "House of Commons" might be retained attached to a dead function, while some new organ was given the reality of power.

We must distinguish between the two very different policies. Both are well-known and tried ways of keeping a name while you change the thing. In the first case you take the name off one institution and put it on to another. The classic example in English history is the Church of England. In the other case you preserve the name and the true relics of the thing, but you transfer its active work (in the case of the House of Commons, sovereignty) to a new thing. The classic example of this second policy in English history is the changes in the function of Kingship in the seventeenth century, authority of which was taken away and given to the aristocratic House of Commons in the seventeenth century, but the name "King" and some few unimportant relics of the old Kingly function were retained.

The second policy need not detain us. To retain the name of the House of Commons and much of its ritual may well be a development of the future. It is not at all improbable that a foreigner visiting this country 200 years hence might attend as a curiosity a quaint ceremony in which a few nominees (perhaps it would be in those days a sort of honour, like Privy Councillorship to-day, to be one of them) would meet with a ritual carefully preserved, sign their names on a piece of paper before a man in a wig, take an oath, vote something or other, and then go away again for a year. And it is even possible that such a body might keep, as the Privy Councillors kept, a few little archaic functions. For instance: one could imagine such a "House of Commons" formally electing a Speaker, and that official having real power in some other connection.* But the essential point is that the institution could never be restored to its old power, because aristocracy once dead never rises from the dead. It is the one political mood which is incapable of resurrection. Its existence depends upon a state of mind which, when it has passed, has passed for ever.

The first policy—the policy of calling some quite new and vigorous thing by the old name of the House of Commons—is equally indifferent to us.

If the name "House of Commons" were taken from the present moribund parliamentary oligarchy and applied to some quite different organ of government, vital, active, and authoritative, that change could not affect our thesis. The decay of the House of Commons being completed and the necessary disappearance of the *thing* we call the House of Commons having taken place, the preservation of the name would not matter a farthing to those who are concerned with the realities of government and constitution.

I have given the parallel of the English Church. The Reformation, as all sane men will agree, found England Catholic and left it Protestant. The words "bishop," "priest," "English Church" were retained. It did not affect that major result. The most that it did was to give a small party in our own days a ground for logomachy. The fundamental, political, and national fact was that England, which used to be Catholic, became Protestant, and its National Church was the expression of that change.

* A parallel to this is the ceremony of the King to-day bestowing an O.B.E. or a Garter. The gift really proceeds from the politicians, but the ceremony endures as though the gift came from the King.

In the same way if you continue to apply the term "House of Commons" to some quite new institution with new powers and a new basis of authority, and a new spirit altogether, you have, in spite of your retention of the name, quite superseded the thing.

Let me give an example. Supposing the Trades Councils and supplementary councils of the professions were to achieve real power in the State, were to become that which was at once respected and obeyed, working under a restored monarchy. Supposing such a system were further supplemented by regional councils working as councils of common trade and professional interest. That might be a successful revolution. One can conceive that in such a system the whole accumulation of councils beneath the Crown might be called the "House of Commons." Supposing membership of these councils to carry with it the title of "M.P." Supposing that some general moderator of them were still to be called "the Speaker." We should have a mere preservation of name and nothing else preserved at all. So far as the present discussion is concerned we should have arrived at the destruction of what is called the "House of Commons," just as surely as though the name itself had been obliterated and forgotten.

Or to take another example: supposing the change should take the form of a strong despotic monarchy (which is the most probable) and supposing the monarch therein to be aided and supported by a council of his own nomination. One can well imagine that this council might still preserve the name "parliament," that it might be divided into a "House of Commons" and a House of Lords. One might even suppose, without too much departure from parallel instances in the past, that some sham ceremony of "election" (compare the "election" of a Bishop today by his Chapter at the order of some chance politician in power) might be maintained. For instance: there might be some form whereby a man could not be called a Member of the House of Commons unless certain dummies (say half a dozen in number) had been previously summoned by an agent of the Government in some county town for the purpose of solemnly depositing each a piece of paper in a box. But though all these forms should be retained, the thing we call the House of Commons would obviously have disappeared. England from having been *Parliamentarian* would have become *Monarchical*. Just as England in the XVIth and XVIIth centuries from having been *Catholic* became *Protestant;* and no continuity of name is of real interest in such a process.

One may sum up and say that no development upon either of these lines—the retention of the thing coupled with the total loss of its power, or the retention of the mere name transferred to a totally new organ—is a policy of any value to those who still desire to save parliamentary government. The retention of the thing deprived of power would not, as in the case of the English monarchy, be serviceable for future use, because the thing could not be resurrected as a monarchy can. It could only be resurrected with the resurrection of aristocracy, and the resurrection of aristocracy once dead is a thing unknown to history and impossible to man. While the retention of the name and its application to an organ wholly new in function and spirit would be immaterial.

What then is to come?

In so far as we can consciously aid the process which way should we move?

What should a patriotic man who perceives that the House of Commons is dying, and already nearly dead, try to put in its place for the greater security, strength, and glory of the Commonwealth?

What should we aid forward, to fill the dangerous void that is already being felt in English government as the House of Commons collapses?

What, in the nature of a great State if it is to continue great, must replace the lost aristocratic organ of a society no longer aristocratic?

To the answering of that question I shall devote my conclusion.

That is the Question.

THERE is a book written by Dr. Isador H. Coriat called "What is Psycho-analysis?" It is composed in a catechetic form of question and answer, and Dr. Coriat has employed such definite and authoritative language that we had better examine it and pay some attention to his conclusions. Dr. Coriat is, in the first place, a Freudian, and a determinist pure and simple. He tries, that is, to encage his subject in a nutshell of rationalism. But reason should not be used to encircle things so much as to test them. And it is, again, only one factor in the psyche. There really are other things that no professing psycho-analyst can neglect, save on peril of becoming tied into knots. But leviathian, which is the unconscious, does not permit a nose-ring. Nor is it too wise to attempt to fashion one.

Let us now see what Dr. Coriat has to tell us. "No nervous illness," he says "can take place with a perfectly normal sexual life." And again, "It appears that the neurotics are incapacitated by the same unconscious sexual complexes with which the healthy successfully struggle." "Healthy," we may remark en passant, would appear to be synonymous in his mind with a Tamasian thick-headedness. And once more, "Children should be taught to attach and transfer their instincts to the higher aims of the emotions and intellect, that is, sublimation." Now all this is Freudianism, and an academic Freudianism at that. Freudianism, if we wish for a definition, might be called a one-sided and partial analysis of the under-aspect of energy. But the Unmanifest is actually two-sided. Half his soul is fire, said the Mahabharata, and half the moon. A "sexual complex" is only an inverted and misunderstood manifestation of the true Wish. It is a symbol that erupts untransmuted. The neurotic's instinct to preserve his neurosis is half right It is his unconscious forcing the symbol upon him for his correct understanding and action. It can be seen that there is no question of sublimating this "to the higher aims of the emotions and intellect." Emotion and intellect we may regard as functions of our present waking state of consciousness. Instinct is at present in the dream state, and on the point of coming through into the waking state. To speak of sublimating it "to the higher aims of the emotions and intellect" is simply to advocate a renewed repression in rather complicated phraseology. It is, as "M. B. Oxon" has already said with sufficient lucidity, a left-hand gift. Where intellect and emotion do enter is in the right handling and transmutation of instinct; and that is incidentally the true will to power. And this must be done by a conscious choice and effort. When a man dreams of horses and a "horseyfied" man who says to him, "If you are short of money ["power" was the association to this] you can have what you like off me," then that dreamer can take either of two paths, up or down. He may, of course, for various karmic, emotional-intellectual, "reasons," turn his back upon the whole matter, which is what the actual recipient of this dream did. There was no abreaction, and the price he paid was to remain neurotic and enjoy a Government pension. Analysis, however, reveals such a choice to the individual, whereas before it appeared in the guise of unconscious conflict, neurosis. And of course the "perfectly normal sexual life" of Dr. Coriat is the path downward, or, if not that, at any rate a stagnation. Dreams, we might remark here, in which the

* "What is Psycho-Analysis?" by Dr. I. H. Coriat. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co. 3s. 6d.)

dreamer acts, show him, I believe, what in psychological terms he is truly doing. Dreams which are pictures, or at which the dreamer assists as onlooker, show him possibilities.

It is a little difficult to see how Dr. Coriat could have missed this, until we turn to his definition of symbolism. Symbolism, we learn, is "the manner of unconscious thinking in a form in which it would be unrecognised by consciousness." "Symbols are often used to express sexual concepts, which for moral or ethical purposes cannot be expressed literally." This is the result of studying hell and ignoring heaven. Dr. Coriat is doing almost the exact opposite to what Blake accused Swedenborg of doing. It is the effect of accepting that curious hypothesis the "endo-psychic censor," and all the Freudian mechanisms of distortion and displacement. The less said about the "censor" the better. It is a machination of the "god" of this world, the "mental elemental." As regards distortion, it is very high time it was affirmed that the only distortion of symbols that ever takes place is in our conscious estimate of them. The same may be said of displacement, which is a method of distortion. All three things are pitfalls, as it were, for *consciousness*. A symbol, on the other hand, is a psychological reality; and so far from its being presented "in a form in which it would be unrecognised by consciousness," we find in practice that only those symbols come to the dreamer which his consciousness can recognise, or contact, in at any rate one point. The patient whose dream has just been quoted, for instance, had been first a groom, and then in the hussars. It is the blanket of Tamas that smothers an individual's capacity for recognition; and it is here that such things as eurhythmics are so useful.

What all the Freudians do is to confuse pre-conscious with unconscious. The pre-conscious is the web of personal life, as should be plain enough by now; and it is that that does need analysis. It is a maze, in fact, the guide to the centre of which is the free association of ideas. Anyone can do this, and the only "resistance" that comes into play is in abreacting the result to another. But when the centre is reached there is found the minotaur, the unconscious, and there the battle begins. Pre-conscious, I believe, corresponds most closely (I speak of the neurotic) with the mediæval conception of the *incubus*, which is fantasy projected vividly into hallucination, as is most clearly stated by Paracelsus. Fantasy is misunderstood symbol, and fantasy-weaving is the undirected under-aspect of a true meditation. Unconscious is quite another thing than this *incubus*, though it may in actuality become a peril infinitely more deadly than any personal "complex." The only safe approach is in a dissection and removal of the pre-conscious. This, again, is neither easy nor safe, and personal efforts need at the least a backing of trained concentration. We should remember the fairy-tale where the princess is grasped and turns from snake to tiger, from tiger to fire, from fire to ice, from ice to scorpion, from scorpion to mountain, from mountain to grain of sand, and so on, till herself appears again. Hunt the libido, if I may be permitted the phrase, is not a parlour game.

This has taken us some little distance from Dr. Coriat, but has, I hope, demonstrated wherein psycho-analysis overspreads his boundary-lines. The seas of the psyche cannot be contained in half a hundred buckets of determinism, nor are their tides to be checked by any breakwaters of rationalism. The life of the psyche has its own laws, and man's salvation is to learn them. Psycho-analysis is a means by which moderns may hope to acquire this knowledge, and to act thereon. It is a form of therapy by which more than the plainly sick at heart may be healed, which is, harmonised. And its aim is a right understanding of symbol, that elusive language of the daemon in the unconscious. And the "unconscious" is a world to itself, in which dwell basilisk and seraph. It is not for one moment to be regarded as a personal or individual possession at all, except in the sense that we are all one in it.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Epistles to the Provincials.

IV.

WHEN you step out of a lighted room into the darkness, you see nothing for a few moments but an undifferentiated obscurity; but objects begin thereafter to separate themselves, and you can distinguish them darkly. There you have a nice parallel to the case of the provincial who arrives in London, with the difference, however, that he must wait for months instead of for minutes before order arises out of chaos. His first mood is like a novel by D. H. Lawrence; it is uniformly chaotic; his second mood is deceptively clear. Shortly after I came up here I had a dream that I was swimming in an indigo-blue sea. Very soon I sank into it, down, down to the very bottom; but when I came up again the sea was indigo-blue no longer, but black-and-white. London is to me at present not one primitive colour, but black and white; admirable equipment for a sketch, but hardly sufficient, I warn you, for a picture.

It is strange; London impresses you more at the beginning by its buildings, its streets, and its 'buses than by its people, as if the machinery by which seven millions are enabled to live in the same place were more wonderful than the seven millions themselves. The soul of London, of course, exists; but I doubt whether even a spiritualist would be able to discover it in less than three months after his arrival. It is not the same with all cities; I remember I was not in St. Andrews for five minutes before I fell a victim to its charm, and I knew its soul before I knew itself. The first aspect of London, on the contrary, is not only impersonal but inhuman. You accommodate yourself first to the buildings, the traffic, the restaurants, the atmosphere, and afterwards to the Londoners.

In a little country town almost all your relations are human. Your environment—to use one of those unhappy words which the age imposes upon us—is animate, flexible, responsive. In London it is so in a far less degree. Here you spend a great part of your life, and perforce, with things instead of with men and women; you must know the 'buses better than you know your best friends; and the only reward in the end is that you can get from one place to another with considerable inconvenience. The Londoner has to pay a tribute to machinery from which other men are exempt; the iron, as someone said of the steel king, has entered into his soul. The exquisitely direct relations which made possible the philosophic schools of Athens are absent in London, and they are impossible of realisation. Had there been 'buses in Athens there had been no Socrates. The machinery of living in London is, in short, a tax which you must pay before you can begin to live. It is, of course, the penalty of size.

And talking about the size of London, why is it that it should evoke in the raw provincial a feeling hardly less than fear? In myself it did evoke this feeling, and I have found a few others who have been candid enough to make the same confession. But is it really the size that alarms us? I am beginning to question it already. Would London make anybody afraid if it were the size it is and at the same time astonishingly beautiful? I remember asking myself this question a few weeks after I came here, as I walked along Piccadilly and looked up at the arrogant clubs. No, I replied, and the reply, needless to say, was consoling; it is not the bigness of London that makes one afraid, but its gigantic vulgarity. In most of the provincial towns there are, it is true, a few large and hideous hotels;

but they are there in relief; they are monstrous exceptions. In some parts of London, however, the monstrous is the normal; vulgarity is piled upon vulgarity until the structure seems to be in danger of toppling over of its own blatancy; the Philistinism is so arrogant and so senseless that one is afraid one's taste will become submerged and that it will never come up again. The provinces are ugly with a bad conscience, but London is ugly and proud of it. Of course, I am not including in this generalisation—you may say I have been foolhardy, indeed, in making a generalisation at all—those parts of London which have an immemorial charm, such as the Temple, the Inns of Court and parts of Chelsea. To these I shall perhaps return.

It is impossible, I think, to be at home in any place until you love the people; and you cannot love anything—let me give expression to a heresy—until you become used to it. Fortunately in this heresy I have Leonardo to support me; you will remember what he said: "Knowledge of a thing engenders love of it; the more exact the knowledge, the more fervent the love." And as yet my knowledge of the Londoners is very small! I can give you, indeed, only superficial impressions of them. They are, in a great many things, conformists. In the provinces a good cut in clothes is the exception, entitling a man to honour or envy; here, however, it is the unnoticeable rule. In the provinces, again, it is fear of public censure that makes men conform, a little sullenly, to the fashion; here the desire to conform is an active impulse; Londoners are enthusiastic in doing what a few have just begun to do, and they have a flair for discovering what it is. It is inadmissible here to be behind the fashion; but it is pardonable, on the other hand, to be a little in advance of it. To dress extravagantly is in good taste; to dress obsoletely is the very devil.

In matters of discussion it is the same. Intellect in the provinces is kept alive on argument. Heavens! how often have I been intellectually deafened by the noise of provincial arguments! But here it is all arranged better: you agree immediately with what is said and go one better, lest you betray the fact that you hold obsolete views. Londoners are more willing to agree with you than any provincials I have ever met; I must say I think it is an amiable trait. Some years ago in a railway carriage I heard one Scotsman say to another, after both had perused a "Guide to Stirling," a booklet full of historical facts: "Man, ye could get some fine argyments oot o' that!" But it takes two provincials to make an argument. Here discussion is more suave; both your own convictions and the truth are pursued more lightly and with more flexibility than in the provinces, and the result is, I think, that the truth fares better. The energy which the provincial spends in destroying the arguments of his opponent is here employed in making one's own case better. You do not blow out your antagonist's light; you make your own burn brighter. A good discussion here takes the form of a battle of bon mots. This easier and more flexible procedure is preferable, it seems to me, to the more rigidly logical and combative method of the provinces: there is more room for truth, the uninvited guest of discussion, to come in.

But if the best discussion in the provinces is not so good as the best discussion in London, neither is the worst discussion there so bad as the worst here. It is exempt, at least, from the snobbery of names and the worse snobbery of mere novelty. It so happens that in London the greater number of writers are now and then to be seen and therefore to be remarked; and that in London also one often has the chance of knowing what has happened a moment or two *before* it has happened. Behold in these accidents a great fund of superior conversation. The latest whisper from the horse's mouth is circulated in the clubs, and is retailed with a naïve carelessness which betrays an as naïve satisfaction. Scandal, I admit, is an amusing and even a profitable employment; but what can one say about scandal whose interest is not human nature, but *whatever* gossip can be scraped together about the most insignificant doings of the lions of the day? We know how our grandmothers talked about royalty; a prince royal to them belonged to a unique species; it mattered not what he did, he did it always not as a human being but as a prince. In some circles here writers are discussed in the same way; there is nothing they do, whether it should happen to be adultery or anything else, which they do not do as literary men. Grandmothers, you are avenged! HENGIST.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

WHAT Kipling would call the "traffics and discoveries" of the Stage Society among European dramatists result only too often in the production of plays that are not merely plays; whether they are, like Wagner's music, "more, much more," is a question of faith or a question of fact, according to the temperament of the spectator. Georg Kaiser's "From Morn to Midnight," a play in seven scenes recently produced at the Lyric, Hammersmith, may be, for all I know, a subtly appealing fantasy of the search for the soul in the original; in Mr. Ashley Dukes' translation it is a platitudinous literary exercise which has practically no sense of the theatre. Mr. Dukes, in his preface to the play, suggests that "to the most unfriendly gaze, Georg Kaiser will appear to be a link between the three-dimensioned stage and the screen, and a portent therefore not to be despised." But a vinculum should be discreet; biology was wise enough to present us only with a missing link; and to assume, as Georg Kaiser plainly does, that the technique of the stage can be assimilated to that of the screen is to betray ignorance of both. To put the play on the stage requires the elimination of most of the pantomime necessary on the screen; to put it on the screen requires the elimination of the whole of the dialogue, and a complete re-casting of the scenic procedure. Drama cannot use the straight line of "The Pilgrim's Progress," although it can use the circle, as in "Kismet," where the man's fortune made a complete revolution in the twenty-four hours, and left him where he began. But this twelve hours' journeying on the road to salvation, with a halt at every symbolical inn, none of which provides fare to his liking, does not begin to be drama; wayfarers, even in search of a revelation, do not provide drama.

The whole thing falls flat because the man never comes to grips with anything; like Schubert's "Wanderer" or Shelley's "Adonais," he is "borne darkly, fearfully afar"—but still his sad heart asks him where. If only he could react in the Falstaffian manner—"there's lime in this sack, you rogue"—one could tolerate him. But he looks in the most unlikely places for he knows not what, and his criticisms make no point; one may indict society through the mouth of a madman (most indictments of society have been so rendered), but not through the mouth of an embezzling bank-cashier, a vapouring rhapsodist without a vision. The "singular economy of words," of which Mr. Dukes speaks, is singular, in the translation, at least, only in the fact that none of them are well chosen. One was tormented throughout the performance by the incongruity between an obviously fantastic conception and a most banal prose; I am of opinion that the actors, as a whole, had not caught the spirit of the piece, and am convinced that the chief reason for this is that the text is not inspiring. The chief character talks of "the magic of familiar things" without revealing the magic; we are confronted only with the familiarity. Really, it is impossible to hold an audience with such a soliloquy as

this: "Grandmother nodding in an armchair. Daughters: one busy with embroidery, the other playing the piano. Wife at cooking-range. Build four walls about this scene, and you have a family life. . . .Comfortable, cosy, contented.—Mother . . . son . . . grandchildren under one roof. The magic of familiar things . . . the household spell. Let it work. Parlour with table and hanging lamp. Window with geraniums. Piano, music-stool. Hearth . . . home fires burning. Kitchen, daily bread. Chops for dinner. Bedroom, four-poster . . . in . . . out. The magic of familiar things. Then one day . . . on your back, stiff and white. The table pushed back against the wall . . . cake and wine. In the middle a slanting yellow coffin . . . screw lid, adjustable stand. A band of crepe hangs round the lamp . . . the piano stands untouched for a year. . . ." This is not dramatic speech; it is a mere list of stage directions; the man thinks habitually in terms of "properties," like a stage-manager, not in personal terms of emotion, like a character in a drama.

Seven scenes of this sort of prose are seven scenes too many, and the actors seemed to be so oppressed by the literal dialogue that they could not play for the stage effect that was possible. That domestic interior, for example, with the daughter murdering the Tannhauser overture on the piano, and the wife grilling the chops, could have been worked up into an effective contrast with the cashier's wanderlust if the actors had dared to challenge the deadening effect of the text. Nobody could have made anything of the scene at the velodrome; Kaiser seems to want dramatic effect without writing for it; and these Jews, all bent on the business of conducting the races, while the cashier offers prizes that arouse the enthusiasm of the crowd, do not make a scene. We get again only this cataloguing of external facts, not the expression of emotion: "Childish, this sport. One rider must win because the other loses. . . . Look up, I say! It's there, among the crowd, that the magic works. The wine ferments in this vast barrel of spectators. The frothing is least at the bottom, among the well-bred public in the stalls. There you see nothing but looks . . . but what looks! Round stares. Eyes of cattle! . . . One row higher the bodies sway and vibrate, the limbs begin to dance. A few cries are heard. Your respectable middle class! . . . Higher still all the veils are dropped. A wild fanatic shout, a bellowing nakedness, a gallery of passions!" And so on. One is not surprised that the lady in the second scene told him that he grew tedious. It is that banality that bores an audience. This man criticises life in various aspects without proving that he has any right to criticise it. What right has he to condemn the "bought love" in the cabinet scene when he himself does not begin to make love? He makes one woman drunk, and then insults her for being drunk; he makes two women unmask, and then insults them for not being beautiful, as he thought them; he tries to compel a fourth woman, whom he found sitting in a corner of the ball-room, to dance, and insults her when he discovers that she has a wooden leg. One understands what Kaiser intends to show, that nothing purchasable is worth having; "You can buy nothing worth having, even with all the money of all the banks in the world," is his final conclusion; but the thing is done so crudely, so brutally. Kaiser is so determined to give his judgment instead of his evidence that his mood never approaches the dramatic. He will not let his story tell itself; he tells it himself with a wilful avoidance of anything that would make it worth while; it is "sich imponiren" on the stage, and one objects to a jack-boot that is nothing but a jack-boot.

The actors were obviously in difficulties, except in the Salvation Army scene—but even here, the literal transcription was wearisome. How many "soldiers" and "penitents" testified, I forget; but the cashier at last gave up the search and the ghost, and stopped his soliloquising with a revolver-shot. Mr. Brember Wills did what he could with the part of the cashier, without grasping the fantastic conception of the character; and Miss Edith Evans had a little outburst as the wife that was perfectly rendered. But one was conscious all the afternoon of an unrelieved flatness, an unrealised intention, a general commonplaceness; and Kaiser's "singular economy of words" must be held responsible for that. He chose the wrong ones, and the dialogue lacked point, wit, and beauty.

How It Happens.

By Llewelyn Powys.

It was the middle of June, and Gerald Littlemoor's last day at home. His boat was sailing for British East Africa on the morrow. He was nineteen years old and had just left his public school. He was going to the Colonies to make his fortune, and he had chosen the East African Protectorate because he was always hearing of people who had made money there, out of sisal or coffee or something.

He was a sensitive and delightful boy, and everybody was very fond of him.

He was in love with Clara Heneage, the daughter of a neighbouring clergyman, and he wanted to make money enough to come back and marry her. Squire Littlemoor did not like his son going to East Africa: he favoured Canada. He felt a strange prejudice against the upstart Protectorate; it was inhabited by black people, and nobody had ever heard of it till lately.

The day was wonderful. The country roads were covered with a fine white dust; the lawns were fresh and soft to the foot. The fields were golden with buttercups, and every hedgerow, ditch, copse, and bank was bursting with new flowers, new leaves, new fronds. The boy was to meet and say good-bye to Clara Heneage that afternoon at half-past five, at the stile under the willow-tree in Marsh Lane. Some tiresome people called in the afternoon, and he thought the tea in the old stone summer-house would never come to an end. A small-faced woman spoke of a nephew who, she said, was getting on well somewhere near Johannesburg: an Anglo-Indian colonel talked of the Mediterranean and the Red Sea as if these waters really had a romantic interest for him, when, as a matter of fact, he had hardly ever put his head out of the smoking-rooms of the various P. & O. boats which had carried him to and fro.

Gerald loathed the woman with her mean conventional middle-class eye, and he was vastly bored by the man, conforming as he did so exactly to the orthodox type, with drooping white moustaches.

Between one of the stone pillars and the woman's bonnet he could see a tiny vignette of the familiar landscape of his home—a high sloping cover with footpath and white gate, a group of elm-trees, and beyond in the distance the Corton Downs, and Camelot still and spell-bound in the lovely haze of the midsummer afternoon. The superficial chatter of these people became more than ever insufferable, and at last he managed to escape.

He knew he was too early, but he went to the stile and waited. She came at last. He saw her a long way off. She was wearing her prettiest frock, the one he liked best, made of some fine dainty material and of the colour of honeysuckle.

She walked towards him. How he loved her swift, shy pace! The beauty of her personality impressed itself upon him, even from a distance, like the definite loveliness of a tangled uncut hayfield or

corn crop swaying with scarlet poppies and fine gold. All that was rare and evasive and aloof in life seemed to him to find expression in her mind and body. She was the symbol of all his ideals. They met, and wandered away together, hand in hand, towards "Kiss-me-down Cover"; they passed under the shadows of great trees and through unmown meadows, red with sorrel, and with the soft light of the summer evening upon them.

The countryside seemed to them always, when they were together, to exist only as background for their love, and, during this, their last walk, it appeared to them to be more than ever entranced.

As they climbed through a hedge, her summer frock was caught and torn by a bramble. He took a tiny fragment of the yellow fabric and put it in his pocket. Love to both of them was sweet and strange; they almost feared it. The mere thought of her mysterious, beautiful girl's body so close to his made him tremble.

They reached the wood at last; they made their way along an overgrown path: on both sides pink campions and speckled foxgloves were massed in profusion. He made a bed for her on the bracken, and they blushed and kissed each other. She crowned him with the pink flowers, and he put foxglove petals on each of her dainty fingers. Her breath to him was of meadowsweet and pastureland, and his to her of the fresh salt sea. Their tremulous love had about it the beauty of ancient classical legend; they were both still children. They clung to each other and played together, and would have given their souls never to be parted again. The thought of parting filled them with wretched misgivings; their hearts cried out against it.

They walked back at last, parting in the large lower orchard of her home. They had arranged to part here; he could not bear the idea of saying good-bye to her at the village station with other people present. The sunshine slanted down between the old grey trunks: they stood under "Home"—a particular apple-tree which they had named as children because it was easier to climb than others. She left him at last, and he watched her move away through the cow-parsley. She reached the terrace; she passed the holly-tree and the tall swaying yew-tree; for one moment she paused by the large red poppies and waved to him; then she turned and was gone forever.

. . . . . .

The long journey was coming to an end, and the rattling Uganda train approached the station where Littlemoor was to get out. It was ten o'clock in the evening. There was only one other traveller in Littlemoor's carriage—a coffee-planter going as far as Kisumu—and he had already climbed up into his bunk. Littlemoor sat looking out into the night. It was full moon. The veldt lay vast and bleak; in the spectral light appearing like the landscape of a dead planet. The train curled round a wide plain, and across the plain an outline of tall, jagged hills could be seen. Once he caught sight of a camp-fire shining and twinkling like a star, and he wondered why it was there and who was sitting by it.

After the orchards and meadows of Somerset it all seemed strange and remote: he felt as if he were being carried through some unoccupied fabled land. The train stopped. Kekenuki—he saw the bizarre word printed large on a white background. It was his station. A khaki-clad Englishman was on the platform. He was one of the white overseers and had come to meet Littlemoor. They shook hands. He was a tall man, with heavy lips and fat, colourless face. If it had not been for his *kiboko* and top-boots, one would have taken him for a shopman. He had one of those faces which signify nothing. He introduced himself as Tomkins, and he looked like his name. They waited for the Indian station-master to sort out the mail. Tomkins extracted a Three Castle cigarette from one of the familiar round tins; he offered Littlemoor one. "How are things at home?" he asked. Littlemoor found it an effort to associate his home with this pallid-faced individual, but he gave some answer. He began to feel vaguely depressed. For the first time he became aware of the peculiar vulgarity of the atmosphere created by Anglo-Saxons anywhere out of England.

Tomkins lolled back on the station-room table and began whistling. He shouted at the *babu* to hurry up; his whole behaviour to this harmless official was as rude and ill-mannered as it could be. The Indian pretended not to notice. "Mr. Tombkins, I will be hurry up now; very much work to-day; very much work extremely." Subordinate Indians, thin, degenerate young men, stood in the background grinning. They liked very much to see the station-master hustled by a white man. The room was stuffy and had a curious smell—a smell Littlemoor came to recognise as peculiar to Indians, and quite different from the smell of the natives.

They collected the mail at last, and climbed up into a mule *gharri* which a boy was looking after outside the station. They were soon at the homestead. McFarlen, the manager, had waited up. He was interested in the new arrival, for he had received letters about him from the Board at home. Influential intervention of this kind always impressed McFarlen. He made himself agreeable. He was a tall man, thick-set and with a pointed black beard. He was full of insinuating jocularities bearing either upon whisky or upon women. He continually alluded to the country as "B.E.A.," and he had the same underbred manner as Tomkins. Littlemoor, who had expected to find himself among rough, hard men, was terribly disappointed: these modern people were like second-rate commercial travellers.

Presently the boy was taken to his room by Tomkins. It was in a long, low shanty about a hundred yards away, built of wood and roofed with corrugated iron. This shanty was known as the mess. There were some half-dozen white men on the estate, and each had a room under the same roof. At the lower end was a sitting-room where they collected for meals and for cards in the evening. Once alone, Littlemoor began undoing his luggage and putting things in order. He could hear a gramophone not far off; the sound jarred on him, suggesting vividly to his mind the wretched comic singer in his soiled evening dress, whose unfortunate nasal voice had been immortalised in this way. Presently a hyena began moaning quite close outside, and a little later there were voices on the verandah, and a man entered the room next to his. Littlemoor could hear him undressing, taking off his heavy boots and whistling. After a while he opened the door and called out to someone, and then there was a pattering of bare feet and afterwards silence again. Littlemoor went to sleep.

The next day he met them all at breakfast and hated them. He found the presence of these people in Africa very dispiriting. Sitting there in their khaki suits, they seemed to make the whole continent cheap and commonplace. Their conversation chiefly consisted of stupid indecencies.

In spite of the bright, gay sunshine, the room had a dingy and depressing appearance. The walls were hung with horns and moth-eaten serval catskins. The men ate ill-cooked porridge out of enamelled plates; the table-cloth was dirty, and myriads of flies hovered about, ready to descend anywhere, but more especially into the milk.

After the meal they lolled about smoking. Tomkins declared he wasn't going out at all that day, and, picking up a magazine several months old, he flopped

down into a soiled deck-chair. "If you see McF., tell him I've gone to the far sheep camp!" he shouted to the others, as they passed out under the wattle-trees in the direction of the sheep-yards. The sheep were being put through the dip by natives, and the white men sat on fences, watching. Presently a boy told them that the *bwana* was coming; they saw the figure of McFarlen in the distance. Littlemoor and another took plungers in their hands and began pushing the ewes' heads under the water. The rest began bringing a second flock up into one of the yards. Littlemoor soon understood that it was always like this—an appearance of work, and, in reality, absolute slackness. When a cow was sick, a native would measure out the salts and administer the dose; when a flock had to be drafted, a native was made responsible; when the dip had to be filled, natives had been taught to do this also. Nobody really cared: after all, the stock belonged to London speculators.

What these bare-legged young men did enjoy was shooting. They would go on to the plains and discharge magazine after magazine at the Tommy and Grant. One day Littlemoor went with them, and himself saw as many as half a dozen gazelles limp off with smashed limbs or trailing intestines. "I have blotted out that b——!" they would say, when they heard their soft-nosed bullets go plug into the body of one of the animals. There was so much meat about that they seldom needed to bring in what they killed. In the evenings they would play cards and drink, and Littlemoor was not long in discovering that each of them kept two or three black women. They ragged the boy a good deal for his chaste habits, and the natives secretly despised him, suspecting him of impotence.

Littlemoor was very young, and almost imperceptibly he felt the influence of the general attitude towards these matters. Day by day the perpetual, palpable sunshine bore down upon him and upon the country—a tropical sunshine terrible and penetrating, engendering that kind of dry-rot, moral, physical, and mental, which seems inseparate from the Protectorate. Work or continuous thought became more and more difficult to him, and his mind was continually invaded by ideas of libidinous indulgence.

It was in the March of the following year that Littlemoor began to notice a young "Nandy" girl. She used to come down to the *shambas* with a troop of other women to gather some weed which they used as a vegetable. Littlemoor was overlooking the cultivation of this strip of land.

The women were dressed in folds of coloured calico, and as they passed they would each of them walk in a swaying, voluptuous manner so as to excite the white man's attention. They liked gallantries with Europeans; it raised their value in their husband's eyes, and incidentally it earned them money. Wamboy, the young "Nandy" girl, came last. She had a lithe and slender figure; she looked at Littlemoor with mocking, provocative eyes. The print left by her bare feet in the mud was very small, and her buttocks were not heavy and gross as are most native women's. The next day when she passed, she laughed and put out her lips as though to kiss him. The hot sun beat down, hour after hour, and all that day he could not get her out of his mind. Amorous imaginings occupied him. He was now every day on the look-out for an opportunity of seeing her, but he was careful not to let his companions know.

Sometimes he would catch sight of her carrying water up from the river—a "debby" on her head and her arms aloft—and he would then hurry out so as to pass her on the little native path.

She stopped him one day and told him that her husband Goaty was sick and wanted medicine. Littlemoor said he would come, and later on he walked across to the hut. The girl opened the door. He bent down and entered. A fire was burning in the middle of the hut. The husband's bed was partitioned off. Wamboy showed him the way, and he felt his breath come hard. He had never been so near her before. He made a lot of the man's illness. Once he touched the girl's thigh as though by accident, and she did not move away.

The next day he came to visit Goaty again. It was eleven o'clock, and the sun was far up in the sky. Wamboy this time was lying outside on the grass: she lay on her back with her arms behind her head. She was lying with her breasts quite bare, and they were round and firm and virginal. An intense, a penetrating passion seized the boy. He could resist no longer. He went into the hut and spoke to the husband. He gave him fifteen rupees, and it was arranged that the girl should come to his room at midnight.

All that afternoon Littlemoor was very preoccupied; he could think of nothing else. The hours dragged by. He went to bed early and waited. He was intensely excited. It seemed amazing that he could have such thrilling pleasure so easily. He prepared his room most carefully. He did not put out the light. "If anybody sees it, they will think I am reading in bed," he said to himself. He heard her at last: the door opened slowly.

. . . . . .

Three weeks later the first symptoms of the sickness were on him. He did not go to a doctor; he could not believe he was really ill. He said nothing, hoping he was mistaken. After several months his lips became covered with tiny sores just inside the mouth; his throat was ulcerated and his breath grew foul. He got leave to go to Nairobi. He had heard people talk of an Irish doctor there, and he determined to call at his surgery. This doctor was a good man. "Mr. Littlemoor," he said, after the examination was over, "I am sorry to have to tell you you have contracted syphilis. It is in your whole system and will be very difficult to eradicate. This country is the devil's own country, and this sickness is everywhere. It was sent long ago into the world for the punishment of wickedness and vice, and it has been introduced into Africa by us Europeans. I'll give you a dose of 606 this afternoon if you can come back at five o'clock, but I don't think I can cure you. You see, it's very tenacious when it takes hold of a body. Do you follow me, Mr. Littlemoor, do you follow me?"

Littlemoor went out. He had followed the doctor's words closely enough. The cursed sun beat down upon the Government Road. A settler with a double *terrai* hat and khaki puttees rode by: his face was coarse, soulless, brutal. Two European women, loud, sharp-featured, and dressed like actresses, walked past him, and in the road four natives drifted along, corrupted and debased. His mind went to Nevilton and his English home. He walked back to the hotel, and, taking up a Colt pistol, shot himself dead.

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The doctor and Tomkins attended his funeral. The good doctor was sad. "I'd rather send a boy of mine to Babylon than to this country," he said. Tomkins was back at Kekenuki the same evening. "It just shows how careful one has to be," he remarked. "If only he had consulted me, I could have got him a clean *bibi*. I always hear if any of the women are sick."

They wound up the gramophone, and the fantastical voice began yelling out its nasal notes till the hum and murmur of the African midnight was scarcely audible. An hour later the usual noises were heard in each of the five rooms. The sixth now contained no listener: it was empty.

A Reformer's Note-Book.

MUSIC.—There is, of course, no such consciousness as one that is "all ear," to which only a universe all of sound would be cognisable. Nevertheless, music implies, if not the isolated existence of these two relatives, their existence in combination with the other aspects and faculties of the universe and the mind. Music is to the universe of sound what logic is to the universe of ideas; it is the aspect of the universe which would be presented if we were conscious only of sound, as the latter is the form of the universe in reason. Again, since music is ordered sound as logic is ordered reason, we may say that the art of music, like the art of logic, develops with the general intelligence; and after such manner that the development of music measures our ability to "order" the world of sound. But in what lies this "order"? Is the order of music "subjective," that is, superimposed by the mind on the world, or is it objective, that is, discovered by the mind? The dispute has been settled as regards logic in favour of the objective conclusion; and we may take it for granted that sooner or later the objective conclusion will be reached as regards music as well; with the practical consequence that music as an art is restored to its ancient religious status as an art of representative discovery. Music from this point of view may be said to have the purpose of exploring and representing to the consciousness the universe conceived as sound—as sound ordered. In other words, music reveals the cosmos of the universe as sound. From this, several interesting deductions may be drawn. In the first place, the future of music as a progressive art is assured, since we cannot imagine that we have reached finality as regards the universe as sound. Probably, indeed, we are only on the fringes of the art; and infinitely richer, deeper, and more revealing music is yet to be created. In the second place, a definite criterion of value is herein offered us for the intellectual worth of music. Assuming that music is comparable to logic—an instrument, that is, for the discovery of the universe, that music is of the highest value that reveals most of the universe to us. The revelation of music, of course, must not be expected to express itself in intellectual forms. We are not to require logical "ideas" from music. Nevertheless, the criterion of music is still "ideas" or, in more general terms, intelligence regarding the universe. Quite definitely we may value music for the value of its report concerning the nature of the universe. In the third place, the foregoing theory allows us also to agree with Plato in his classification of music with the moral and the immoral. We have, in fact, an ethical criterion of music. Not *all* the universe is "good" for man in its aspect of sound any more than in its aspect of substance. *Some* music is therefore definitely "bad," while other music is equally definitely "good," the criterion being the good or the bad resulting therefrom in the nature of man. The ethical character of music, however, must be carefully distinguished from the ethic of conduct; and here, it is probable, Plato fell into confusion. We ought not to ask whether good or bad music produces good or bad conduct directly; but the much more subtle and yet more congruous question whether it produces good or bad effects on the "sense of hearing." Good music develops the sense of hearing, refines, extends, deepens, and educates it. Bad music does the reverse. A "good" musical education would, therefore, have the effect of "training the ear" to become an avenue of intelligence to the whole mind; the sense of hearing would thus become a real faculty of mind; an organ of intelligence.

PSYCHOLOGY.—Art in general supplies the material of science; and science, in general, is for the sake of further art. Science, from this point of view, is really one of the techniques of art, and is of value only as it serves as a bridge between a more crude and a less crude art. Bridges nowadays, however (like the middlemen in economics), have a tendency to set up toll-gates, in fact, to hold up the traffic. And in no sphere is this more obvious than in psychology. It is plain that all the "facts" of the science of psychology are ultimately derived from the art—in other words, from the manifestation or expression of psychology in living creatures; but it is no less plain than lamentable that the science tends to confine itself to the classification of the facts without pushing on—or allowing itself to be pushed on—to a more developed art of psychology. Artists and philosophers (especially of the mystical order) complain with reason that scientific psychologists of to-day are as a rule devoid of psychological art; and not only devoid of it themselves, but contemptuous of it in others. Many a scientific psychologist, it has been observed, is less able to diagnose a real character before him, or a psychological situation, than any "old woman." It would not be to exaggerate very much, indeed, if we were to say that any woman is superior in practical psychology to any one of the majority of the professing scientific psychologists. In this matter, it is necessary for progress that our opening axiom should be recalled, that science exists for the sake of art; to which the warning may be added that science that does *not* push on to art is like ungathered manna—it rots. Into what regions, however, is science to push on? The answer is that it is not so much a question of direction as of method; and that of the two methods of science—observation and experiment—psychology hitherto has been disposed to rely too much upon observation and upon a very confined field of experiment. Obviously, then, the "direction" for psychological science is more experiment, and more experiment over a much wider field; leaving observation, as we safely can, to take care of itself for the present. It is advisable, however, to be explicit as to the wider field of experiment; for it must be remembered that it is the "art" of psychology we are in search of. And the character of the experimental psychology desiderated is thereby almost defined: we desire to acquire more and more mastery over the processes of mind! Observation, it will be seen, is applied as a passive agent of discovery; it waits upon mental processes, observes them as taking place, and endeavours to formulate a law of their activity. Experiment, on the other hand—and especially the developed experimentation here suggested—would aim at controlling those processes, setting them in motion, stopping them, accelerating or slowing them, intensifying or diminishing them, separating and combining them. Such experimentation, of course, is impossible unless the mind as a plexus of processes is "under control"; yet, plainly, without such experimentation, psychology must needs be dependent upon observation simply. The forward step in the science is undeniably then the extension of the "art," the art of the control of mind. It will be said, no doubt, that such an art is impossible; and it is certainly difficult. However the practical question may be settled, the alternative in respect of the science of psychology is certain. With only observation as its source of material, the science of psychology is bound to remain elementary, pedantic, and doubtful in its results. Either, therefore, experimentation in mind-control is possible or the development of the science is impossible. But mind-control is an art. Which is to say that the next step for science is art.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

THE FUNCTIONS OF CRITICISM.

CRITICISM of painting should imply not only that the paintings criticised are worthy either of praise or blame, but that there is some way of saying so which will tell the readers or hearers something which they would not have found out for themselves. In an ideal state of society, adorned by a great galaxy of active artists, such criticism might be possible once a fortnight.

In the case of Mr. Augustus John it is, now, nearly impossible to say anything which the literate public does not already know. Ten years ago John was probably the best painter in England, the knutocracy babbled of his "wonderful drawing." Nothing is changed, nothing is altered in that drawing. So far as we can make out, John is still himself, his old Bohemian self. It is extremely doubtful whether I shall learn anything more about him by going to the Alpine Club Gallery, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W.1, where his work will remain on show until April 29.

On the other hand, it is obvious that Mr. John has every right to two columns of NEW AGE publicity; he has every right to have his show announced in some sensible and visible form in numerous periodicals and dailies. His work is much more worth seeing than much which one has "noticed" in these Notes. On the other hand, for our monster must be multimanuous, we cannot hope to increase Mr. John's market, or his glory, or anything that is his. My impression is that he is an artist to whom justice is and has for some time been done.

The critic's function is, when possible, to see that justice is done and to prevent or to put an end to various forms of injustice. John is in a state of equilibrium, and we can therefore pass by, our services being supererogatory.

Coming to Frampton (I believe it is Frampton) we find injustice. Here is the official artist, the nation's choice. The monument does not dishonour Miss Cavell, but it is an example of art existing as a parasite on heroism, on the heroism of someone else. This is the opposite of creation. But for a deed of heroism (I am saying nothing concerning the wisdom of it) the sculptor would not have had the chance to perpetrate this monstrosity, the pussy-cat lion, the cheap symbolism, etc. Mr. Frampton (it was, I believe, Mr. Frampton) is better placed in doing the squirrels and mice on the base of the Peter Pan, where he had Mr. Rackham's Hodder-and-Stoughton illustrations to jog his imagination.

Turning to another public institution, "Punch"—the publisher's poultice of C3 humour—we find a caricature of the modern sculpture. As the text is in English and as there is only one non-academic sculptor in England we presume one of Sir O. Seaman's office-boys is having a shy at Jacob Epstein. It has, however, escaped the eagle-eye of the chief poulticer that the statue caricatured is very, indeed very, like the Cenotaph, and the Cenotaph is the work not of a sculptor, but of an architect, the *daahling* of the official and of the knutocrat. And therefore it must be a mistake, this caricature, for in all its long life "Punch" has never once lifted his bauble against the preferred and the accepted. Miss Marie Corelli has been more courageous. She has burst out of Stratford to protest against there being sculpture in England. We may refer her to Butler's poem on the Discobolus.

The Cenotaph is in itself sufficient confession of official terror and of the bankruptcy of British sculpture. Admiral Fisher may not have been always right, but, judging from the one point where he crossed a field really known to us, we are inclined to accept his opinions. He did have his bust done by the best sculptor available. This shows a better intelligence than any of his colleagues have displayed in the same field, although some of them do paint (école de Lavery) in their spare time. In short: Fisher goes to Epstein. The discreet officials go to an architect for a nullity which "does not offend." The enthusiasts go to Frampton, though they might have followed more barbaric tradition and imported a few thousand Teuton monstrosities, save that this would have been a kindness to Germany, where more than one Siegesdenkmal has elicited "Avenged at last" from vanquished and visiting opponents. After all, a "monument" has two chances of being ridiculous, either by form or by occasion, and Landor is perhaps the only man who ever got anything good out of any of these mementos in London, with his lines on the Duke of York's statue:

> Enduring is the bust of bronze,
> And thine, O flower of George's sons,
> Stands high above all laws and duns.
>
> As honest men as ever cart
> Convey'd to Tyburn took thy part
> And raised thee up to where thou art.

In the present cases the tragic subjects of official recognition deserve a better mnemonic effort than official art-substitute seems able to provide.

THE EVIDENCE.

Analysis of the current expositions yields:

Alpine Club Gallery, more dangerous than one would have supposed, the idol in worse condition. No man can make forty works of art in a season. With the exception of La Veilleuse, where there is a resorgimento of fantasy, a good figure, and a pleasing background, the whole show might almost be by Sargent, Boldini, and even, in the case of the Maharaja, by some anonymous member of the Pastel Society. "Portrait of a Boy" is rather better. La Veilleuse is excellent.

Fine Art Society: A. R. Smith and W. J. James, neither having any merit to speak of. Ditto for Messrs. S. and R. Carline at the Goupil.

Women's International: One clean picture by M. McDowall; P. Sutton, two etchings; H. Henderson (88), badly done but with permissible ambitions. N. England, "decorative."

X Group, at Heals: Mr. Wadsworth, as per his last show plus "Tipton Furnaces" and "Metal Runs," new compositions of merit. W. Roberts not at his best. Handsome catalogue with wood-cut portraits of the artists. Mr. Wyndham Lewis represented at time of Press view, by strong appeal to imagination, sixteen hanging chains of doubtless excellent brass, and by a reflection of some of his former phases in the work of the lesser members of the group. Hamilton alone preserves the simon pure abstraction of 1912-14.

Nicholson: The real pleasure at the end of a wasted and weary day is to be found at the *Goupil,* where we find Wm. Nicholson's "Silver Box," with beauty of low tones, deep lake and "morocco leather" orange, carefully done, dignified, as is also "The Glass Bowl." The Nicholson water-colours, "The Mistral," "Le Sportif Bar," are in a class with Whistler, and "Les Baux," an excellent invention. Pryde exhibits a piece of Italian magniloquence (22) and a Rembrandto-polonaise head. There is a magnificent Walter Greaves, wood-tone with an inflow probably of Uccello. At last a sip of nectar, at last after a weary pilgrimage, the evidence that one man once wanted to paint an enjoyable picture, and that one man still enjoys putting paint on canvas.

Views and Reviews.

STATE ADVERTISING.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR DOUGLAS BROWNRIGG, in his "Indiscretions of a Naval Censor," states an opinion so contrary to the argument put forward by Mr. Higham that I quote it at the beginning of this article. "My strong conviction is that no executive Government office should have a Publicity Department. Let there be fixed up by the Press as a whole and the agencies some central place in which Government departments may post bald statements. . . . . But a Publicity Department is too dangerous a weapon, to my thinking, in the hands of any unscrupulous or indiscreet person. It can be used for all sorts of purposes which should be outside the purview of anyone connected with the Government, whether Naval or Military officer, Civil Servant, or Cabinet Minister." That is the opinion of someone with experience of Government publicity, and it is not lightly to be set aside in favour of the ideals of an advertising agent. Of the power of advertisement, both for good and for evil, there is no doubt whatever; of its possibilities as an instrument of government, we have had an inkling in the late German Empire. It is interesting to notice, though, that Benjamin Kidd, whose "Science of Power" is quoted in support of Mr. Higham's contention, declared that education was the chief instrument by means of which the German State effected its transformation of national character, and he observed the same phenomenon in Japan (pp. 131-8). But this quotation of Benjamin Kidd betrays a radical insincerity in Mr. Higham's argument; Kidd represented publicity as part of the machinery of Power, while Mr. Higham persistently represents it as a propaganda of Truth. Kidd insisted that Power originated from the Emotion of the Ideal (which obviously need not correspond with fact); Mr. Higham pretends that Power is to be obtained by presenting Truth to the Reason. But Truth is not a synthetising, it is a separative, force; it was exactly the Spirit of Truth which (if we may believe the fourteenth chapter of the Gospel according to St. John) was to comfort the Christians and distinguish them from the world. "Even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him; but ye know him; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you." And whatever else we may think about the Bible, we cannot deny its psychological knowledge and insight. It is the Spirit of Truth that distinguishes the method of Science from the method of Religion, the real from the rhapsodical, the right from the wrong, politics from wisdom.

So when Mr. Higham urges the necessity for a State Publicity Bureau, we are obliged to consider it (unless we are bedazzled by his advertising genius) apart from the beautiful ideals with which he endows it. Such a department could, for example, institute a mass propaganda of a national ideal; it might even, as Mr. Higham suggests, "make Service that ideal." One can see it beginning with the motto of the Prince of Wales, Ich Dien, or the Pope, Servus servonum Dei, and concluding with a shocking illustration of the rebellious servant-girl demanding better wages and conditions as the price of her service. "Service for the sake of service" is a magnificent ideal for those who prefer cheap labour; but it happens to be an ideal that implies a communistic social system if it is not to produce a slave State. One can already see, in the advertisement columns, demonstrations of the "selfishness" of the miners, as we previously saw the demonstration of the "selfishness" of the railwaymen. Simple little sums show the enormous disparity between wages and profits (they say nothing about the respective difference in number of persons concerned, or of the fact that profits are derived from the sale of the products of labour); and the assumption made, and the effect produced, by such publicity is that the public should support the employers in resisting the demands of labour. Labour is Socialism, Socialism is Bolshevism, Bolshevism means the nationalisation of women, that is the process of reasoning adopted for publicity purposes by the American Press; and our own Prime Minister, to whom Mr. Higham dedicates his book,* seems to be well on the way to the adoption of the complete analysis. But can one imagine, outside of Utopia, a State Publicity Bureau advertising the fact that "Labour Unrest Means a Rotten Social System," or "Strikes Prove Bad Management"? Would such a Bureau remind the public, in the case of, say, a railway strike, that the State gave power to the railway companies to provide public transit: Labour is not responsible for the conduct of railways; therefore, blame the companies for your inconvenience? Do we not know, have we not seen, that instead of this, we are offered demonstrations that the railways are run at a loss, that Labour must work for less, that a strike is treason, and all the rest of it? And the inference to be drawn even from this demonstration is not that the control of the railways should be vested in more capable hands, but that they should remain as they are!

But even if the State Publicity Bureau did not publish falsehood, if it confined itself to the publication of fact, it would still present a case, and it would necessarily select its facts. "By a judicious selection of facts, you can prove anything," said Cardinal Newman; and Lord Fisher has told us, in his "Reminiscences," of a certain First Lord of the Admiralty who demanded from his Permanent Secretary the facts of a case on which he had been challenged in the Commons. "What does your lordship want to prove?" was the answer. What would a State Publicity Bureau want to prove? It would want to prove, as Mr. Higham shows, that the Government of the country is the best possible Government; it would correlate every improvement of conditions, of whatever nature and however achieved, with the activities of one or other of the Government departments. The Ministry of Health would claim to its credit every decline in the death or sickness rate; the Board of Trade would claim every increase in commerce, and so on. One can see its display advertisements: "Babies are the vital wealth of the Nation: the Ministry of Health has saved one hundred thousand babies a year since its inception; the Prime Minister appointed the Minister of Health; great is the Prime Minister." For, let there be no mistake about it, it is definitely advertising that Mr. Higham is advocating; and in the instances that he gives, he adopts this very method of correlation on behalf of the advertisement writer. "Thus, during the war many charitable institutions found that they could raise big sums of money by advertisements which cost about two and a half per cent. of the total amount received. And the first Victory Loan announcements were an even greater triumph, for the cost of the campaign was only one thirty-eighth of one per cent. The second Victory Loan raised five hundred millions of 'new' money at a cost of £175,000, or one thirty-eighth of one per cent." Perhaps the Chancellor of the Exchequer would like to make the experiment with the Income Tax!

Mr. Higham is a good advocate; he sees the possibilities of advertisement, not merely in the Press but in the cinema, on the hoardings, in the schools—and in the name of Truth, he claims the means of dissemination of knowledge as a means to political power. But he forgets, as so many people do, the simple fact that action and reaction are equal and opposite. It is possible, terribly possible, with present means to organise the public emotions in the service of an ideal; but service for the sake of service invites, makes necessary, mastery for the sake of mastery. A nation of servants can only obey its masters; it cannot choose them; and Mr. Higham's use of the argument for intelligent self-

* "Looking Forward." By Charles Frederick Higham, M.P. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d. net.)

government is the merest sophistry. A spoon-fed intelligence is not self-governing. But the height of the wave is the depth of the trough; after too much light and leading, too little, after too much belief of what we are told, too little. Political progress would become inconceivably violent, oscillating between slavery and revolution, under such a system; the so-called "wave of crime" is one of the reactions to five years' emotional devotion to an ideal, and perhaps it will be better for civilisation if we do not all believe the same thing.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Making of Humanity. By Robert Briffault. (Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Briffault's study of the nature and factors of human progress has the charm of eloquence no less than the authority of extensive research. He shows us that it is a matter of some importance that we are members of the human race, that humanity is the crowning miracle of existence, an everlasting process of creative evolution. Man emerged into history with all his gods swarming about his ears like a hive of hornets; he has made history, and civilisation, and science; he has made himself a demi-god. "The self-creation of the progeny of the ape, by the sole operation of his inherent qualities and powers, by the unfolding of what was in him, the ape, the brute, the beast, the savage, unaided by any external power, in the face of the buffets of hostile nature, of the intractabilities of his own nature, into MAN, the demi-god, the thinker, the deviser, the aspirer after truth and justice, greater in his achievements and his ideals than all the gods he is capable of conceiving—if there is a fact before which we may truly bow in solemn reverence and silent wonder, it is that." And the essential factor of that creative evolution has been rational thought, and the history of civilisation is not, in the main, a history of triumph over the inevitable difficulties of the task, but of struggle against "man-made, artificial obstacles, deformities forcibly, traumatically inflicted upon it [the human mind] in a constant and determined effort to paralyse it. In the conflict which constitutes the evolution of humanity the antagonist of rational thought has been thought falsified by custom and by the interests of power."

In his survey of the causes of the rise and fall of civilisations Mr. Briffault (if we may summarise) shows that Greece brought rational thought to a fine perfection, the Romans added practical ability and adaptation and firmly established the concept of law, while the Arabians added the experimental method to the technique of progress. His chapter on the Arabian civilisation (and its influences on European culture) is of peculiar interest, the more so because their contribution to progress is usually ignored. The process of civilisation is not, Mr. Briffault insists, a matter of race, or religion, or location; it is definitely a process of application of human reason to natural phenomena, and whoever makes that application and wherever it is made the march of human progress continues. "Nothing of the achieved conquests of human development is ever lost. Time does not devour its children. Civilisations, not civilisation, are destroyed. That which is unadapted perishes, that which is adapted is preserved. Trample out Minoan culture, it shoots up again in thousand-fold splendour in the glory of Greece; crush out Greece, the whole world is fertilised; give the Roman world up to the fury of barbarian hordes, and the outcome is Modern Europe. We see one race stepping into another's place in the van of the march, but nothing of the continuous inheritance is lost. Every treading down of the seed results in a harvest richer than the last. Chaldæan, Egyptian, Greek, Roman, European, bear the torch in turn; but the lampadophoria of human progress is continuous. In the progress of evolution races and nations count for no more than do individuals. Like individuals, races, empires, civilisations pass away; but humanity proceeds onwards. The issue is human advance as a whole, and as it moves we see the separate currents tending more and more into broader confluent streams. The progress is marked not by forward motion only, but by an ever-increasing expansion, continuously tending toward the inclusion of the entire race within the widening circles of an organised, correlated growth, towards the creation not of brilliant civilisations and pre-eminent cultures, but of a greater and higher humanity."

So treated, the history of humanity becomes as vivid as an epic; even the Dark Ages, terrible as they were, lose much of their power to appal when we see that such calamities are not inevitable once the necessary conditions of civilisation are consciously realised and fulfilled. This chapter on the Dark Ages has peculiar significance at the present time, when Central Europe is trembling on the verge of collapse. It is easy to revert to barbarism: Europe has done it before; but it is easier now to prevent the reversion, to convert the calamity that has prostrated Europe into a spur to progress. But that prevention demands that we shall treat our problems like twentieth century men, not like "Monsterians, men of the fifteenth century with Master of Arts degrees, Norman chieftains, Tudor men, Victorians." The everlasting difficulty of progress is that every generation contains all generations, the ape and tiger are born again in human form as surely, perhaps more surely, than are the seer, the scientist, and the saint. We have a dual heritage, the one a heritage of origin, the other a heritage of achievement. Nature and Civilisation contend for possession of the mind of man: we can choose which way we will go, back to the forest or on to Utopia. But if we scorn the means of progress we shall slide back willy-nilly. "Every occasion and pretext is eagerly embraced to see some other source of judgment and guidance, and conduct, less exacting, more pliable to our wishes, and invested with the glamour of mystery and unintelligibility, in the place of the power which made man and by which he rules. Intuition, inspiration, instinct, divination, subliminal consciousness, illative sense, direct knowledge, pragmatism, under countless and various names and descriptions, with the solemnity of the dogmatist, and with the flippancy of the wit, with the assertiveness of ignorance, and with academic apparatus, in the most opposite ways, and in the name of the most conflicting opinions, as inquisitor or as scientist, as tyrant or as revolutionary, man has pursued his quest for *substitutes for rational thought.*" The stone that the builders rejected has become the corner-stone of the temple of Humanity.

The End of a Dream. By A. M. N. Jenkin. (The Bodley Head. 7s. net.)

The author has written a terrible story to illustrate his contention that "shell-shock" patients should be kept under observation for at least five years. The possible complications are summed up in a phrase—drugs, drink, murder, and suicide, all, except drink, being illustrated in this story. The author does not seem to be aware that the war has produced no new diseases in the sphere of psycho-neurosis; all that it did do was to make the external shock of more importance in the causation of the trouble than the pre-disposition—contrary to the usual rule in civilian cases. Even so, some of the worst cases were those which had not been subjected to "shell-shock," but had collapsed under the tension of expectation of an explosion. It is impossible, for practical purposes, to draw a distinction between neurosis caused by the war and neurosis arising in the ordinary course of civilian life; the diseases are the same, the dangers are the same, and if medical observation for five years is the prescription (which we doubt),

it should be applied impartially to all cases of neurosis. Neurosis, in fact, would have to be made a notifiable disease, and, to be effective, would compel a drastic revision of our Lunacy Laws. That revision would put so much power into the hands of the medical profession that public opinion, while still scientifically unenlightened, would probably prefer the unapparent danger to the obvious tyranny. We have recently seen that a man can be sent to Colney Hatch for being a "crank," for holding pacifist opinions and indulging in vegetarian practices; the number of such cases would certainly not diminish if the necessary consequences of the author's proposal were to be developed. The two more practical suggestions would be a revision of the legal doctrine of responsibility, and the appointment of a medical assessor in criminal cases; these reforms are long overdue, and make no inroads on civil liberty. In the large majority of cases, there is no need to compel the neurotic subject to seek treatment; and if this awful story awakens the public mind to the point of bringing pressure to bear on the few who decline treatment to make them seek it, it will have done all that it has any right to do.

The Law of Struggle. By Hyman Segal. (Massada Publishing Firm, New York. $1.50.)

The central dogma of the author is that pain "is the very stuff of life," and that struggle is the resolution of it in action. All action, or struggle, he asserts, is escape from or, as he puts it, fulfilment of pain; the "will to live" and the "will to power" are false formulæ; and there remains simply the "will to struggle." Mr. Segal applies this formula with no small ingenuity and with occasional profundity to morality, politics, economics, war and religion. Unfortunately, however, "struggle," as he conjures with it, may mean anything, even its opposite. It is a pity; and it is the fault of his ingenuity, which is American, just as his profundity is classical. On account of the former (and it is useless to quarrel with the criterion) the latter will be overlooked, and Mr. Segal will be set down as just another American crank. Had he lived, however, in a country where "the best that has been said and thought in the world" was known, at any rate to writers, his work would have been given attention and, what is the point, would have been of some value. Mr. Segal, in short, is suffering from America's lack of sound criticism. In his book the most astonishing nonsense is mingled with sense and truth; and all conveyed in a language which seems to have been created for the expression of fad. In spite of all, the book is worth reading by those who can distinguish thought from mere assumption.

The London Venture. By Michael Arlen. With Drawings by Michel Sevier. (Wm. Heinemann 4s. net.)

These essays appeared some time ago in THE NEW AGE under the title of "London Papers," and in book form, and on a second reading, they will retain their charm. What the secret of that charm is it would be difficult to say, but it is not, we think, a reminiscence of the Yellow Book. "Michael Arlen" *pretends*, it is true, to be decadent, to be superior, to be a "public school" man; but his charm is not generated by any of these poses, but, on the contrary, informs them, so that we almost—we actually—are resigned to them. His charm, in short, is simply human, and reaches us from behind the poses. It is this admirably human attitude, indeed, that gives these papers the value they have. Mr. Kouyoumdjian's Shelmerdene, for instance, is not a lay figure out of the Yellow Book: as he makes us see her, she is simply "a good sort." And his other subjects are transformed in the same way. In short, he has taken the Yellow Book and humanised it. Here and there, however, and especially in the first two or three essays, he has failed. It is, for instance, an error in taste, in a book written to charm, to be censorious, to be propagandist, and to mention Mr. D. H. Lawrence.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"SOCRATES AND NIETZSCHE."

Sir,—I was surprised and not a little shocked to read, in an article on "Socrates and Nietzsche" in last week's NEW AGE, that Benjamin Kidd was "the evangelist par excellence of decay and confusion," and that his work was mere "sentimental slop." I must agree with the writer in "not professing to be a disciple of Nietzsche, not even in being competent to interpret more than a tiny fraction" (in my case, not even that) "of his marvellous work." But neither can I agree with the writer in "a belief in the compelling necessity of an aristocratic view of life as the only alternative to Nihilism and death by decay."

Benjamin Kidd, as I read him, simply mentions Nietzsche, not as a "fanatical preacher of War," but as one of the great apostles of the doctrine of Force, on which Western Civilisation has, for upwards of two thousand years, fed and been nourished; and this interpretation of Nietzsche Kidd establishes quite soundly by a number of quotations from Nietzsche's own work; nor do the writer's two quotations from Nietzsche, the former of which impeaching the Germans for "having also on their conscience the foulest kind of Christianity, the most incurable that exists—Protestantism," and the latter admitting that a victory in war does not invariably benefit the victor, serve to confound Kidd's interpretation.

Personally, I do not regard Kidd's work as "sentimental slop," and I know of others who agree with me that Kidd is the pioneer of an extremely vital creed, which may have a lasting and a beneficent influence on the future of the world: that the doctrine of Force, of which, as far as I can see, Nietzsche was one of the great apostles, and which has done nothing but involve Western Civilisation in ruin, should be discarded, and that we should look to the emotion of the ideal (and emotion, as Kidd so ably points out, is not sloppy sentiment, but the finest and most potential ingredient in man's composition) and its development and direction for the salvation of the world.

The really controversial part, as it seems to me, of Kidd's thesis is that women have the greatest capacity for the emotion of the ideal and should therefore become the future rulers of the world; this the writer curtly dismisses with a bracket to the effect that women are "(the sex least able to control the emotions)."

The writer, though he does not admit it himself, would appear to his readers to be an apostle of Nietzsche: nobody would feel any great animosity against him on the strength of that fact. But those who are not apostles of Nietzsche, but are, maybe, apostles of Kidd, do resent being accused, with Kidd, of falsifying and burlesquing Nietzsche's work, when their case against him is founded on Nietzsche's own writings.

D. R. P. JOHNSTONE.

* * *

"TRUST" HOUSES.

Sir,—I have been told that one of the purposes of the Trust Houses, Ltd., is to provide food at a reasonable price and free of any implied obligation on people "to drink." Such, however, is my experience of the Trust's Victory Restaurant in Leicester Square that I am curious to know whether I was wrongly informed. With a friend I went in there just before ten o'clock one evening, wanting only a cup of coffee. The waiter suggested supper. We ordered black coffee. Immediately he put before us the wine list he already had in his hand, interrogatively murmuring: "Wine? Anything else, sir?" Standing by another table there was a waiter having a drink with the two men sitting at it, one of whom presently began to beat time with his arms to the music of the orchestra. Perhaps he was not drunk, but he looked it. Our bill for two black coffees and four triangular ham sandwiches was 4s. 6d. There may be a difference between the restaurants run by the Trust Houses and others, but thus exemplified it does not lie in any social benefit.

A. R.

Pastiche.

HUMPY NOTES BY A HUMPY PERSON.

Written to "R. H. C." on the eve of his two girls going back to school to continue their "education."

Quotation from THE NEW AGE, January 15, 1920: "Silence risks nothing: it kills without a trace."

A political meteor of the North a decade ago—long since spark out—said to me once that it mattered little whether the newspapers praised or blamed him so long as his meetings and speeches were reported. At that time he was an M.P., and being a born orator—a gift that has no relation to character—he could fill the largest halls in any city for his lectures. The remark was in keeping with the man, and as soon as the newspapers "dropped" him his meetings and his influence dwindled.

All reformers are up against this deadly silence, and active opposition is far less difficult to overcome. There are several reasons for the silence: (1) The innate conservatism of the average fairly contented man. (2) The dislike of seeming other than your fellow-man. (3) The fact that the majority of people are better suited by being ruled rather than take the trouble to rule themselves. (4) The difference in the direction of desire and the strength of desire in youth and age.

I am naturally a fearful person, and when the humpy fit is present as well I instinctively crave sympathy and understanding. It has been an interesting mental problem to decide to whom these notes should be addressed. The Editor is too high, "A. E. R." is too logical, Atheling is too wrapt in his music, and Ezra Pound knows too much. Dr. Alcock I am not yet en rapport with, and so it is to the humanity and fellowship of "R. H. C." that I appeal.

Education as practised to-day is all wrong, and the new Act is not going to make it better. The only education required beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic should be directed to educating boys and girls how to obtain any knowledge they wish to acquire in the quickest and most certain manner. The rest of education should be training—training in habits, judgments, ideals, and taste. The three most consulted books in my house are the "Dictionary of Phrase and Fable," "Familiar Quotations," and the "Oxford Concise Dictionary."

I cannot see the Reformer ever making an ideal world. Suppose this country alone could be made liveable in for every man, woman, and child, so that everyone had the right feeling of love for their neighbour and sufficient physical comfort for their needs. I do not know whether the wealth of the country coupled with perfect non-self-seeking administration would allow of this ideal, but, if it did, the barbarians from other countries would take advantage of the ensuing softness and put us all into captivity.

An eternal difficulty throughout mankind is that you must be a driver or a driven, and modern civilisation is no nearer solving it than the earliest civilisation did. Unless a man is educated for one of the taboo professions or has a very special talent, it is impossible for him to earn sufficient by the labour of his own hands and head to maintain himself and his family in even the plainest comfort, and, if he tries to do so, the hard grind for existence leaves him little time or inclination for the finer arts of life. To secure a comfortable existence he must employ the labour of his fellow-men at a profit. Even co-operation is not sufficient, and, however merciful the employer may be, the lowering in character is perhaps worse for the driver than for the driven.

Do you know Stanley Bligh and his books? There is a lot of meat in them, and it is meat sufficiently cooked to be palatable to the average thinking man. The conception is too practical, or rather mundane, to satisfy the finest palates, but Bligh would doubtless answer that practical psychology is the only kind that cuts any ice. In a normal mood I find him stimulating and satisfying.

Labour is essentially honest, while brain-work is not necessarily so. To move so many tons of earth, to cultivate so many acres of land, to erect a machine and make it run all requires honest labour, and a man cannot cheat himself or anyone else that he has done it when actually he has not. Brain-work that results in action is also usually capable of proof—unfortunately, often long after the work is done. But so much brain-work is spurious that not one of us can pass the test of asking curselves, "Do our best thoughts always result in the appropriate action?"

THE NEW AGE is a tantalising—indeed, aggravating—paper, and to the man who has a living to make in this world it should be taken in homeopathic doses. The range of thought is so wide and the subjects treated so varied that it is essentially a specialist's paper. Practically every issue I receive is finally posted off to some specialist friend—actor, musician, artist, or politician—and it is often difficult to decide which article will be of most value to which person. X.

FROM MY CHILDHOOD DAYS.

By Friedrich Rückert. Translated by P. Selver.

From my childhood days, from my childhood days
Evermore a song I hear;
On what distant ways, on what distant ways
Lies all I held dear!

Does the swallow's trill, does the swallow's trill
Guiding autumn and spring,
By the village still, by the village still
As in old times ring?

"When I said adieu, when I said adieu,
Chests and coffers were laden there;
When I came anew, when I came anew,
All things were bare."

Childhood's fount of words, childhood's fount of words,
Artless wisdom thou hast won,
Knowing speech of birds, knowing speech of birds
Like Solomon!

O thou homeland lea, O thou homeland lea,
O thou sacred site,
But once more to thee, but once more to thee
Let my dreams take flight!

When I said adieu, when I said adieu,
My world had fulness rare;
When I came anew, when I came anew,
All things were bare.

Swallows wend them back, swallows wend them back,
Empty coffers fill again;
Emptied hearts in lack, emptied hearts in lack
Evermore remain.

Ne'er a swallow brings, ne'er a swallow brings
Back what thou weepest for;
But the swallow sings, but the swallow sings
In the village as of yore:

"When I said adieu, when I said adieu,
Chests and coffers were laden there;
When I came anew, when I came anew,
All things were bare."

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