An air of sphinx-like mystery enwraps, for the moment, the Washington Conference. A situation, cryptic to the last degree, has been created by Mr. Hughes's sensational dramatic ultimatum (one may almost call it) on naval armaments. It certainly took nearly everyone completely by surprise; few had dreamed of so drastic a proposition as the scrapping of battleships actually in building. Both Great Britain and Japan found themselves so out-manoeuvred as to have perforce to accept the proposals instantly “in spirit and in principle.” This formula leaves ample scope for reservations in detail; and the scheme may therefore be a good deal pared down before it is finally adopted. In particular, Japan is very likely to insist on an appreciably higher standard than the equipment of her capital ships has had their day; indeed a French aircraft expert has been prophesying that ships of all kinds, including even submarines, will be, if they are not already, reduced to impotence by great battle-planes. The contracting Governments may be, whether not already, reduced to impotence by giant battle-planes.

The psychology of Imperialism will now have to be created, if America is to go the way in which economic forces are training her. Professor Nearing points out how abundantly motives, already popular, supply the raw material for “the ruling class” to work up. He shows very clearly how steadily Imperialist the policy of the United States has actually been all along, chiefly within the limits of North and Central America, though in the Philippines adventure has all along, chiefly within the limits of North and Central America, though in the Philippines adventure it has already broken out of these bounds. The time, he goes on to point out, has now come for the States to give a far wider sweep to their ambitions. “The presence of so large a surplus under the present economic system leaves the ruling class no choice—it must follow the path of imperialism or wreck the home machinery.” The Imperialist path has hitherto been pursued with a singular degree of that unconsciousness which has often been supposed to be a peculiar British quality and is always imputed to us as hypocrisy. The psychology of Imperialism will now have to be created, if America is to go the way in which economic forces are training her. Professor Nearing points out how abundantly motives, already popular, supply the raw material for “the ruling class” to work up. He seems to assume, however, that this “ruling class” as a whole has already consciously accepted the full-blown policy; but we suspect that many of the business leaders of America are still only de facto Imperialists, while remaining, in their conscious intentions, pacific idealists. Their blameless consciences will, however, make no difference to their political action, when the choice has to be made.
If—as is much to be wished—things at Washington should go according to plan, we should be assured of a certain moratorium of the threatened war. Our apprehension is that people may mistake a respite for a definitive reprieve. Its real value, however, lies only in its giving a little more time for the initiated in all countries to enlighten their fellow-citizens as to the true causes of war; and, even so, the time is short enough. It is a gleam of hope through a sky thick with clouds. And, until such time as the country is assured that the war will not come, it must be watched over carefully, a task which we, the people, are called upon to perform.

Mr. W. L. Hichens is troubled by the same considerations. He has been emphasizing the importance of maintaining, at concert pitch, plant suitable only for armament work, in case it is urgently needed again in ten years' time. He suggests that the State should subsidise firms—legal and illegal—and other forms for the upkeep of these machines—a new and highly intriguing form of the unemployment problem! After all, he and Mr. Balfour are perfectly right. Unless or until we put the economic relations of nations on an entirely new footing, "preparedness" is nothing but the bare minimum of prudence. If we are going to maintain the assumption that the purpose of industry is to "provide employment," then the closing down of a large part of the armaments industry, just in case the present emergency will now be diverted to productive channels. But will it? Not unless some way is found to make this happen; it will not be by accident. These very same Labour spokesmen have been heartily endorsing the "provision of employment" theory and applauding the Government for their efforts to stimulate this. They do not seem to have grasped the idea of turning on the productive machine with the single-minded purpose of delivering the goods which people need, and leaving mere employment to take care of itself. Certainly they have no method of dealing with the problem of making all of these lines. Meanwhile, everything is conspiring to pile up economic difficulties for every nation of the world. This abundant source of "employment" cut off at Mr. Hughes' fiat, the never-failing relief of war interdicted for possibly some years to come, the political conditions governing the farmers, and the markets, still unexhausted, to be, in all probability, statistical and the economic condition for them thereby thrown into still sharper outline—all this is but an intensification of the stress. The fates will not suffer the nation to evade the issue. Is "employment" to be put on hold? Does industry, or ought it to, exist to provide employment? Shall we continue to insist on "Nothing for nothing," "Payment only for work done"? The world must answer these questions—and answer them aright—or see its civilisation perish, even more utterly than it has perished in Russia.

Lord Robert Cecil has been urging up the Labour Party with a generosity of sentiment. As he points out, it is in truth a coalition. It contains "men on the one side who would regard a Conservative social reformer as a rather advanced politician, and on the other sympathisers with Communism and Bolshevism." Their one bond is that "the great bulk of them belong to the wage-earning class." That explains the sufficient condemnation of the Labour Party as a party claiming to be national and aspiring to hold the reins of office. Class dictatorship is in principle a detestable thing, and is in the last degree unlikely to be tolerated by the people of this country in the form of a proletarian dictatorship. The only economic character in which citizens as such can combine is that of consumers. If a new political party there is to be, founded securely on economic issues, it must be a consumers' party. But indeed it may well be that political parties in general will very largely lose their importance in the near future. Some kind of consumers' association, more or less definitely organized, may well come to be the chief social force in the country; and it may altogether refuse to go into politics corporately. In so far as its aims depend on legislation or public administration, it may be content to exert powerful pressure on all political parties. But very largely it may accomplish its aims by various kinds of "direct action" in the economic field. It has in its hands the weapon (already acknowledged in name by the business world) of the "consumers' strike." This might be developed, by deliberate organisation, into an instrument at least as formidable as the industrial strike. Yet, unlike the latter, it could, in the nature of things, not be employed in any sectional way; it would needs operate solely to reduce to order anti-social minorities. Fortified by this weapon, serious economic demands consumers might develop by degrees other forms of more constructive action, and might, in the end, play the chief part in the recasting of society.

The entire social movement is at present in the melting-pot to a degree unexampled since the rise of international Socialism. This appears peculiarly clearly in the fate which has befallen "Guild Socialism." It possesses either a consistent general theory or any clear theoretical side of things, that has for nearly ten years past been by far the most important phase of the movement—in this country at least, and there have been closely corresponding trends of thought in other countries. It has kept a certain touch too with practical realities by appealing to the widespread aspiration of groups of people who would regard a Conservative social reformer as a rather advanced politician, and on the other sympathisers with Communism and Bolshevism. Their one bond is that "the great bulk of them belong to the wage-earning class." That explains the sufficient condemnation of the Labour Party as a party claiming to be national and aspiring to hold the reins of office. Class dictatorship is in principle a detestable thing, and is in the last degree unlikely to be tolerated by the people of this country in the form of a proletarian dictatorship. The only economic character in which citizens as such can combine is that of consumers. If a new political party there is to be, founded securely on economic issues, it must be a consumers' party. But indeed it may well be that political parties in general will very largely lose their importance in the near future. Some kind of consumers' association, more or less definitely organized, may well come to be the chief social force in the country; and it may altogether refuse to go into politics corporately. In so far as its aims depend on legislation or public administration, it may be content to exert powerful pressure on all political parties. But very largely it may accomplish its aims by various kinds of "direct action" in the economic field. It has in its hands the weapon (already acknowledged in name by the business world) of the "consumers' strike." This might be developed, by deliberate organisation, into an instrument at least as formidable as the industrial strike. Yet, unlike the latter, it could, in the nature of things, not be employed in any sectional way; it would needs operate solely to reduce to order anti-social minorities. Fortified by this weapon, serious economic demands consumers might develop by degrees other forms of more constructive action, and might, in the end, play the chief part in the recasting of society.

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The question "What is the truth about Germany?" still continues to provoke intense curiosity. The "Organiser" has published a sound and illuminating article on the mystery of the mark. The writer maintains that Germany knows what she is doing and has no intention of crashing. He points out that she has not to buy raw materials with depreciated marks; she pays for them by means of finished goods. Thus she can carry on and on. She keeps printing marks, but, side by side, she keeps expanding her production; and until she reaches the limit of her productive capacity (from which she is very far as yet), she can safely go on inflating her currency. The writer assumes that the German capitalists or the limit of human nature will not permit the prices sufficiently to secure to the workers a tolerable standard of life. But this seems to us somewhat doubtful. In spite of a certain amount of State regulation of the prices of a few necessaries, there has lately been an enormous rise in the cost of living in Germany, resulting in strikes and the looting of shops. However, the "Organiser" seems to make clear that the game could easily be carried on indefinitely, if only Herr Stinnes and his colleagues were farsighted enough. Mr. Arthur Kitson has been taking up the same issue in the correspondence columns of the "New Witness." He makes much the same points. But he suggests that by a mere policy of inflation we could, in this country, have avoided our present troubles. It is not true, however, that the mere wholesale issuing of money to the public without any other action would suffice to turn real into effective demand. Its beneficial effect would, in fact, under the existing system, be very largely neutralised by the consequent rise of prices. Mr. Kitson too frequently in his pronouncements forgets to mention the concomitant necessity for price regulation. That this is the more regrettable since he has more than once generously and emphatically endorsed the Douglas-New Aot Scheme. Incidentally he points out that a financial defaulting of the German State in regard to the reparations payments is quite a different thing from a real bankruptcy. It is being held up to ransom by the financiers, as a condition of their extricating it. The Trade Unions are putting forward counter proposals. These follow the usual lines of Labour policy everywhere—socialisation of industries, heavy taxation, especially a capital levy, and so on, through all the old stock lines.

We wish to take this opportunity of correcting an unwitting injustice done to Mr. Arthur Kitson in the first edition of "Credit-Power and Democracy," on which book, as our readers are well aware, our economic policy is based. Mr. Kitson's name was there bracketed with that of Sir Oswald Stoll as joint pioneers in the attack on the gold standard. It subsequently became clear, however, that the resemblance between the views of these two writers was extremely superficial. Though their respective criticisms of the existing situation followed somewhat similar lines, their true aims evidently were widely different, and the reference to Sir Oswald Stoll was accordingly omitted from the text of the revised edition. But how radical is the divergence between the two propagandists of Mr. Kitson and Sir Oswald Stoll has only recently been brought out into the full light of day. Particularly unfortunate, it appears, was the suggestion that any outlook, fairly to be called "public-spirited," underlay Sir Oswald's objects, either destructive or constructive. For it is now clear that, after all, he is no true enemy of the gold standard—that sinister device whereby "humanity has been crucified on a crank of gold." He would merely replace the gold standard by a simulacrum of itself, even more deadly in its possibilities. We see in Sir Oswald Stoll's pronouncement another indication of the coming offensive, for snatching out of the present crisis a final victory for centralised international finance.

The Essence of the Matter.

By Hugh P. Vowles.

It will be seen that under this system the consuming public is paying, in the price of the goods it consumes, not only for those goods, but also for the Capital-goods, the plant, machinery, tools and so forth which become the property of the Capitalist and not of the community. It likewise pays for the maintenance of such plant. There is thus by the system a constant whittling away of the Community's purchasing power to the advantage of the Capitalist and the Financier. And the process, as already stated, is cumulative. The progressive substitution of plant for human beings (relative to output) means a constant relative increase in that element of price known as establishment charges, and a constant decrease in the element of salaries and wages relative to productive power, which in turn means constantly (relative) diminishing distribution of purchasing power and its concentration in the hands of the Financier. And since purchasing power can only be represented by money, this means a concentration of Financial Wealth.

At the same time, since the public pays for all capital goods (very often several times over) but never gets delivery of them—since they are retained by the Capitalist, this means a cumulative concentration of Real Wealth in the hands of the Capitalist; particularly that part of Real Wealth (plant, etc.) which augments the original Real Capital of man-power a millionfold in these days of mechanisms and the utilisation of solar energy. Moreover, the big Capitalist and Financier squeeze out the little ones in the process of concentration of power. The little men find it increasingly difficult to get the small loans of Financial Capital necessary to maintain their local effects. Thus Mr. Tovey in his "Dictionary of Secretarial Law and Practice" says: "Holding a position as he does, where proposals for arranging increases of capital are continually being submitted to him, he is startled at the number of excellent businesses whose efforts to expand are threatened by this difficulty of raising capital in small amounts." In short, it is the large-scale Financiers and Capitalists who nowadays get all the plums.

Now this process must clearly defeat itself in the end, and the present social system would long ago have collapsed had it not been for the enormous increase in productive power, with its reduction of cost, which science has given us to offset the drainage of purchasing power. But this has only delayed the collapse, not made it less inevitable; just as an additional factor in the United States, the simple manouvre of "going farther West" into virgin territory, has also delayed it. The net result has been that each invention, each improvement in process, has left the great Financier squeeze out the little ones in the process of concentration of power. The little men find it increasingly difficult to get the small loans of Financial Capital necessary to maintain their local effects. Thus Mr. Tovey in his "Dictionary of Secretarial Law and Practice" says: "Holding a position as he does, where proposals for arranging increases of capital are continually being submitted to him, he is startled at the number of excellent businesses whose efforts to expand are threatened by this difficulty of raising capital in small amounts."

* There have, of course, been enormous waste, sabotage, mismanagement, defective organisation, etc., which have reduced the "harvests" far below what they might have been. But that at the moment is all for the best, and we might note in passing that all waste is incorporated in price and paid for by the wretched consumer! † We must have at least 50 per cent. greater productive ability now than before the war, because of huge-scale
he plant remains idle or partially so; or the goods when produced are either left stacked in bulging warehouse houses because there is insufficient purchasing power distributed through the community to back its better need, or again goods are deliberately allowed to rot (Government motor cars, Army blankets, etc.) and otherwise kept off the market, because a shortage of goods at market means that higher prices are obtained; a few sales at high prices being an easier way of absorbing all the available purchasing power than large sales at low prices. And then we are solemnly told that the remedy for this state of affairs is increased production. It makes one wonder whether the world is in reality mad beyond hope of cure.

Summing up, then, and at the same time adding a few points not so far directly touched upon:—

We see a top heavy and lop-sided social system in which productive ability is vastly in excess of distributed purchasing power, the latter always tending to equate itself to bare subsistence level no matter what improvements are made in process, since this is the only point at which the Financier will limit the drainage of purchasing power through the community.

We see that the decreasing distribution of purchasing power will leave an ever bigger balance of goods for export, and since the same thing in various degrees is happening in all "civilised" countries, this means increasing competition for export markets, competition of a savage and unbridled kind which must inevitably lead to war;* Leagues of Nations, alliances and peace propaganda notwithstanding. Indeed, such good intentions will only too surely facilitate our descent into the Hell of War by distracting attention from the realities in the background which are steadily pushing nations into conflict.

We see that all this and much other evil arises out of the Financier's control of credit, and therefore his control of the whole community, since the Government, the Press, and indeed all Industry must come to him before they can function fully. The Financier controls the capitalist, who in turn controls the salary and wage-earner by being the distributor of the purchasing power emanating from the Financier. The Capitalist is also the means whereby a large portion of such distributed purchasing power is recalled in Prices. We see that in his capacity of price-fixer the Capitalist cannot be effectually taxed, since he incorporates all taxes—whether imposed by the Government or the Financier—in prices and thus passes them on to the consumer notwithstanding. Indeed, such good taxes—whether imposed by the Government or the purchasing power, the latter always tending to wage-earner by being the distributor of the purchasing power—improvements are made in process, since this is the consumer, together with a tax of his own in the shape of improvements.

It makes one wonder whether the world is in reality mad beyond hope of cure.

We see that under this system the adventurer who can inspire confidence is more rapidly secured financially than a diligent man of intelligence and knowledge. The glib talker, the man with plenty of self-assurance, the well-dressed and dignified charlatan, the quick-minded and superficially clever person—all these have qualities which impress those who do not know anything better, and the natural sequence of the confidence inspired is credit.

We see that the Socialists in attempting to plan a new social order failed in the necessary analysis of the existing system; they saw the part played by the Capitalist in regard to profits and the prosperous state of the means of production, but failed to see that the ultimate control, the decision as to policy, lies with the Financier who derives his power from Credit-Issue. They therefore failed to see that as a change in the form of administration is only a change in the machinery for putting policy into effect, schemes for Nationalisation, etc., would be of little avail so long as the Financier's control of policy is left untouched. Indeed, Nationalisation may be a step further in that process of centralisation of which the Financier approves; and since he controls the Government, it is highly improbable that he would fail under a centralised bureaucratic nationalisation to bring Government officials into line with his requirements. The Socialist has, in effect, mistaken the second step in social reform for the first. In order that we may not fall into a similar error, it has been necessary to undertake this lengthy analysis.

Unless I have failed in my purpose the reader will have realised that no proposals, which are not centred about Credit-Control and Price-Fixing in the first instance, are likely to effect any lasting improvement in the material—and therefore the mental and moral—condition of mankind; notwithstanding the fact that such proposals may be of the greatest ultimate importance in the re-fashioning of civilisation. I say the mental and moral condition not because much material well-being is essential as a basis for mental and moral factors but because a system which is based on an inequitable distribution of material wealth must of necessity be in conflict with the elementary principles of reason and morality; and is therefore inherently unstable and doormed.

Our Generation.

It is curious how often the Church and the unemployed seem to get confused in the columns of the daily papers. Whether the conjunction is good or bad we will not say yet. The Church is at any rate "concerning" itself with the unemployed, and in doing that it is recognising as one of its functions something that it would not have recognised twenty or thirty years ago: that is, that it is its duty, as far as it is able, to mould society, and not merely the person in a certain form. Sentiment in the Church has already gone so far in this direction that the Bishop of Durham, with what seems an excess of moderation, has begun to protest against it. His protest is appropriately printed in the "Morning Post" under the general heading, "The Unemployed." Dr. Henson seems to agree with him; the Bishop of Durham is at any rate fully and honestly conscious that "good-harm is at present being done by the reckless denunciation of the existing social order, often by men who have no special knowledge either of history, of society, or of the present situation." How wicked it must be for men who do not know history to denounce injustice! But it is not only wicked, it is enervating; and Stendhal said long ago (and Dr. Henson seems to agree with him) that the possession of enthusiasm by any man is sufficient to disqualify him for any high post in the State or the Church. "Hypnotised by their own enthusiasm," continues the Bishop of Durham, "they use language not only altogether excessive but also highly inflammable. . . . Having created or
stimulated popular discontent by rhetorical exaggeration, they point to discontent as sufficient proof of the existence of social oppression. They are immersed in a fallacy. In short, the general distress has no objective existence; it is merely a psychological illusion suggested to the people by the Clergy! If Dr. Henson believes this he is immersed in a verbal fancy, and hypnotised by his own phrases. Of course we know that enthusiasm is always a dangerous thing, and when it is unintelligent a noxious thing. But simply, and with our eyes open, we prefer it to petrifaction or patrefection; just as we prefer life to death. Even if the Churchmen who denounce the existing social order know less of it than the Bishop of Durham, their enthusiasm in denunciation is more salutary than his apathy; for while he, we presume, has studied history and society so long and so thickly that he is tired of them, and has not even any opinions left, they are beginning to study them; their enthusiasm is a sign of interest. But we deny that the enthusiasts are less intelligent than Dr. Henson; on the contrary, they are infinitely more intelligent, because they are on a different plane. They are trying not only to understand but to act. But it is action that all men, who make history a criterion, fear most; every man who lives on the lower slopes of the intellect is mortally afraid of action. Of what real use can one have often wondered even though the newspapers always quote them? Of what use is the Bishop of Durham? What has he done for his age? So far as we know he has not even done any evil. He has not enthusiasm enough.

The Church is, after all, like every other institution of our time, three-parts dead. Its greatest task is to become alive, as it is the great task of everything else. It really does not matter whether a man is in the Church, or outside the Church; that is a question decided in the end not by reason. We have gone past all the intermediate issues, nowadays, and we have reached the ultimate one; whether men are living or dying. The Church is certainly some men's "America," where they must overcome or go under; and whether we are for the Church or against it, all that we need ask at the present day is that both Church and anti-Church alike should be alive. For to become intelligent thing the other different men can attempt to-day. We quote from the same issue of the "Morning Post" some thoughts of a Churchman who has not succeeded. Canon Alexander, preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral some Sundays ago, was almost topical on "Labour and the Church." (What, by the way, could the Church do without Labour—as a topic?) "It was very important," he said, "that the workers should realise that they could do for the country, the Church, for the progress of Christianity, things which no other body of men could do. The first need was to get rid of class-consciousness." But of course not by ceasing to be a class; not by embracing an economic theory which, by accomplishing the general economic salvation, would make the whole matter of "class" properly subordinate. No, workmen must just get rid of "class-consciousness." This the workers will, indeed, be able to do when they are truly universal brotherhood, although expressed in the phrase, "one people, one aim, one brotherhood," is not to be gainsaid. Take a wide enough view of history, and the ideas that it expresses, as Wundt does in his "Folk-Psychology," and the trend of things to the development of the idea of humanity is clear. "World empire, world culture, world religions, and world history represent the four main steps in the development to humanity." If John Ball's dream of making every man in the land a nobleman without a body, that it may continue to exist for yet a little while. "Labour could do more for itself and for the welfare of men by throwing its forces into the spiritual battle than years of Trade Unionist or International Conferences could accomplish." In short, the Church is not going to redeem Labour; it desires to be redeemed by Labour. It must be clear now what we mean when we say that institutions and men, whatever and whoever they are, must be alive; must, if necessary, be shocked into life. The dead are always dangerous; they feed on the living. "They burn over a slow fire and yet cannot become warm."

EDWARD MOORE.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The enthusiasm with which The Old Vic audience greeted the production of Mr. Halcott Glover's "Wat Tyler" on November 14 was good to hear; it had that thunderous undertone that a London crowd always develops when it is really moved; and that a new play by an unknown author should have evoked it is in tribute to his power. It does not signify, and there is no need to pretend, that "Wat Tyler" is a masterpiece; "The King's Jewry," which it is Mr. Matheson Lang's artistic duty to present, marks a great advance in technical power; but it does signify that Mr. Glover has the root of the matter in him, that he can stir the emotions of his audience. That he did so not by opposing great characters, but by setting in conflict great conceptions which have been at war throughout civilised history, at least, is a remarkable fact. The essential conflict of the play is between Wat Tyler and John Ball, between Minimalist and Maximalist, as they say in Russia, between prophet and priest, Christ and Pilate, between what ought to be and what can be so long as the men who act are not the men of vision. When Plato told us to make our philosophers kings, he had a glimpse of the necessity of bringing to the art of government both virtue and wisdom—for I can not believe that he had prevision of McGaigart. A fool can do things; Buddhism suggests that only fools do things; but the things that are done by fools do not make for that "more life, and fuller, that we want," nor fulfil the hopes of men.

It is true that John Ball's vision has limitations born of his age and place; and nobody could pick holes in his argument for a pastoral civilisation and the equality of men in agricultural life. But the drive towards universal brotherhood, although expressed in the phrase, "one people, one aim, one brotherhood," is not to be gainsaid. Take a wide enough view of history, and the ideas that it expresses, as Wundt does in his "Folk-Psychology," and the trend of things to the development of the idea of humanity is clear. "World empire, world culture, world religions, and world history represent the four main steps in the development to humanity." If John Ball's dream of making every man in the land a ploughman is not so appealing as Ibsen's dream of making every man in the land a nobleman (the implication being that virtue without grace is an imperfect life; the discipline of morals finds its objective in the creative activity of the artist), the fact remains that the spirit is the same, driving in the same direction. Both alike are concerned with humanity as it could be, as it ought to be; and the practical men like Wat Tyler, who "make risings for a simple end," or confront a prophet of the Kingdom of God with a demand that he shall "table his Bill" (in-
stead of themselves expressing his spirit in their own Bills) have brought us to a world-peace that has so scared themselves that they are now trying, at Washington, to tie their own hands, and prevent themselves from doing it again. No one was so scared by the practical man's war as by the practical man's peace. It was the prophecy of a new heaven and a new earth that drew men into battle, trusting vainly to the promises of men who were only capable of creating a new Hell upon an old earth.

I am not going to waste space in talking about the technical faults of the play; I said all that I had to say on that point when the play was published, and was told that King's Jewry shows that Mr. Glover does not need criticism. But the performance was both better and worse than I expected; better in its general efficiency, worse in its lack of inspiration in its two chief characters. Mr. Ernest Milton, who played John Ball, missed greatness time and time again by the merest hair's breadth; just as one expected the authentic note of the author was evidently thinking of him as a hand" -- the author was evidently thinking of him as a leader; he was more concerned with taking his ease on the march than with keeping alive the spirit of the people. Wat Tyler was a representative man; in him, the whole crowd spirit became vocal, he spoke for them, and not at them, as Mr. Harvey did. There was a smouldering wrath under this man's bonhomie, a hint of menacing strength that Mr. Harvey's almost casual delivery did not convey. It should have blazed in the throat to John Ball on London Bridge, blazed into the wrath of Thor, the Hammer of God—and, by the way, Tyler does not use his tiler's hammer after the first act, but appears "holding a large hammer in his hand"—the author was evidently thinking of him as a symbol of Thor. Mr. Willfrid Walter, as Jack Straw, gave a sound but uninspiring performance of the man torn two ways, following Tyler but believing in Ball. But the crowd scenes went much better than I expected; it was remarkable how much of the members of the company. Miss Florence Buckton, as Bet Marlow, had little else to do but lead the crowd; but she led it with a vehemence and fury, a sense of personal wrongs, that made revolution possible. In John Ball's quaint masque, she played Eve; and as always when she has verse to deliver, made even this crabbed stuff beautiful. There was, too, an extremely fine piece of acting by Miss Esther Whitehouse as a drunken woman of the town; her utter abandon was a thing to be remembered in this very crowded act. Most of the crowd seemed capable only of blind adulation, of making confusion; but the unusual stimulus of so fine a piece of character work had brought them. Moreover, it often happens that the stirring up of one's lower sub-conscious elements stirs at the same time also one's super-conscious currents may experience the creative ecstasy of a genius where lower organisms may have simply fits of hysteric of or madness.

II. —PATHOLOGY AND ART.

One of the subtlest problems of the psychology of artistic creation is the relation between "insanity" and genius, or—to put it more modestly—between pathology and art. In European Art and Literature we find some instances of highly sane geniuses (Milton and Goethe), but the number of those who were "some-what mad" seems to be considerably greater. This is especially the case in the nervous 19th and 20th centuries. There even arises the question whether an artist like Goethe was organically "normal," or whether he only managed to balance (by means of his will his inward creative forces) to such an extent as to present to outsiders the peace and harmony of a Greek statue. Moreover, his very artistic creation might have been one of the means for restoring that balance which prevented him from an inner disintegration. At any rate, we take modern Art or literature, we find that many of its important representatives were on the verge of abnormality, or of a complete degeneracy. It is enough to quote the names of Edgar Poe, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Dostoyevsky, Hölderlin, Heine, Nerval, van-Gogh, Gauguin, etc., in order to confirm the above statement.

This curious fact cannot be mere coincidence. The very abundance of pathological talents shows that there must be some connection between their Art and their Pathology. In how far is the former conditioned by the latter? Or vice versa? Is the pathology the real cause of their Art, or is it only one of the more or less undesirable stimuli? Or a reaction? Or perhaps all together?

II.

All artistic inspiration may be defined as a flash of our Unconscious penetrating into our self-consciousness. In a perfectly normal state the balance between the conscious and the unconscious is more or less complete; but as soon as the unconscious gets the upper hand the balance is disturbed. In cases where one's self-consciousness is flooded—so to speak—by the subliminal uprushes, we get even a kind of obsession—in a negative or positive direction, according to the quality of the channels between our subliminal and the conscious areas. An organism susceptible of super-conscious currents may experience the creative ecstasy of a genius where lower organisms may have simply fits of hysteric or of madness. Very often these two currents—the one coming from the super-conscious, the other from the sub-conscious—are so curiously intermingled in one and the same individual that it is impossible to draw a line between them. Moreover, it often happens that the stirring up of one's lower sub-conscious elements stirs at the same time also one's super-conscious currents to a spasmodic activity. This explains why indulgence in sex, in alcohol and vapid statements of certain people a sort of creative ecstasy, although its artistic result usually shows a kind of strained and smoky magic (for instance, the art of Poe).

However, there are individuals in whom the disproportion between the conscious and the unconscious is of a chronic and at the same time of an organic nature. And the greater the gulf between the two elements the stronger must be the means to restore the balance. The more they are overwhelmed by their own Unconscious the more they risk the danger of being swallowed by it (i.e., become insane), provided they do
not find a means to cope with it and thus restore (for a time at least) the necessary inner “harmony.”

One of the advantages in such cases might be artistic creation, through which one “confesses,” i.e., discharges the accumulated inner pressure. If taken from this standpoint, a large portion of art might be the result of “pathology.” So much so that the greater and the more differentiated the inner conflicts and suffering the profounder art they can create, in so far as artistic creation becomes a struggle on the part of the artist with his own inner disintegration, with his Fate and suffering.

III.

Nietzsche belongs in the high degree to this type of creator. He became a philosopher perhaps not so much out of “thirst for knowledge,” as because of his defiance of Fate. His philosophy was the only means of struggling with his Destiny—with his disease, his “decadence” and weakness. He himself realised this fully, as we see from his aphorisms and letters.

In the “Will to Power,” for instance, he writes about the relation between Art and Pathology the following lines: “It is the exceptional conditions that make one artist; all those states which are related to, and profoundly interwoven with, pathologic phenomena: so that it appears impossible to be an artist without being diseased.”

And in his “Joyful Wisdom” we find the remark: “Europe is a patient who owes the highest thanks to an artist; all those states which are related to, and profoundly interwoven with, pathologic phenomena: so that it appears impossible to be an artist without being diseased.”

This “intellectual sensitivity” (intellectuelle Reizbarkeit) may be developed in single individuals also by some or other physical disease in so far as this irritates and stirs up some of those mental currents which in a normal and entirely healthy individual usually remain unconscious. Many consumptive people, for instance, manifest in the course of their disease a refinement and susceptibility which they would hardly possess were they robust and healthy. There are physical diseases which stimulate one mentally, perhaps, in a higher degree than any health could do, although the stronger the stimulus of this kind, the more violent and dangerous may be the reaction that follows.

IV.

Nietzsche himself owes his penetrating analysis, his morbidly moody temperament, his biting satire, his day-dreams, hyperbolic to Life—suffering from which he suffered and which gradually led him to progressive paralysis and madness. Apart from being one of his stimuli, his disease intensified his “intellectual sensitiveness” and also determined the general trend of his writings.

Concerning disease—are we not almost tempted to ask whether this is not necessary? Only great pain is the last deliverer of the Spirit . . . that long and slow pain, which does not hurry and makes us burn on like green timber, compels us to descend into our last depth . . . . Such pain hardly ‘makes us better,’ but I know for certain that it makes us profounder.”

Or take this passage from his significant letter to Baron von Seyditz (written as late as 1888): “It is no pride that has sealed my lips so long, but rather the humility of a sufferer who is ashamed to betray his incurability and to the eternal changes of his suffering: these continuously new dangers, pains (Schmerzen), have eventually produced that intellectual sensitiveness which is almost equivalent to genius, and is, in any case, the mother of all genius.

This “intellectual sensitiveness” (intellectuelle Reizbarkeit) may be developed in single individuals also by some or other physical disease in so far as this irritates and stirs up some of those mental currents which in a normal and entirely healthy individual usually remain unconscious. Many consumptive people, for instance, manifest in the course of their disease a refinement and susceptibility which they would hardly possess were they robust and healthy. There are physical diseases which stimulate one mentally, perhaps, in a higher degree than any health could do, although the stronger the stimulus of this kind, the more violent and dangerous may be the reaction that follows.

The fame of Ibsen is now at that historical stage when for shallow minds it has passed into eclipse. Mr. Lavrin’s book comes appositely to show that its light is still reflected from another point of view. The ups and downs of a genius’s reputation deserve some consideration from psychologists. Assuming a fame established in an author’s lifetime—even to the extent (as in Ibsen’s case) of creating a “movement,” a drift of ideas—why should it all slowly gutter out, or, as some may say, in a storm, with a rustle of scattered pamphlets, a whisper of praise? Are we to conclude that the homage of the ‘intelligentsia is based on no firmer reality than is a schoolboy’s fashion in games’? Anyway, it is not an inspiring enquiry from a literary point of view, so I leave it to the psychologists, to resolve into complexes, inhibitions and herd instincts. I satisfy me to conclude that the intelligent, as distinct from the intelligentsia, are the “happy few” who fix their opinions slowly and with infinite precaution; and who, once they have admitted a point of view into the intimate arcana, never cease from worshipping. To the Happy Few, Ibsen is (and always has been) a probationer to the order of genius. Mr. Lavrin now comes nearer to determining his position than any previous critic. Formerly, in writing of Dostoevsky, he had Merezhkovsky to emulate. In Ibsen’s case there is, to my knowledge, no single rival or predecessor on the same plane.

“This book (says Mr. Lavrin in a preliminary note) is an attempt to deal above all with Ibsen as representative of modern consciousness. In this respect it may be considered a complement to the merely aesthetic or merely social criticisms of Ibsen and his works”—and, I may add, since modesty forbids Mr. Lavrin; it may be considered as a supersession of the merely, all too merely, ideological criticisms of Professor Brandes.
and Mr. Shaw. In this connection Mr. Lavrin has buried Ibsen the propagandist (who never existed either in his own admissions or in fact, but only in the wishfather-to the hope fancies of lost causes) and has brought to life the vital figure of Ibsen the artist. One wonders, in retrospect, wherever they found Ibsen of the Problem Plays, a ‘Brechtian ghost and ghastier’ than any Nature ever created. They (I say ‘they’ because I don’t own the generation) really projected their own ideological sympathies and aspirations into the all too receptive appearance of Ibsen. And the burden did not look too unnatural on the beast. The mistake, indeed, as Mr. Lavrin says, ‘was more than natural, for there is hardly another great modern writer who has so impregnated his art with deliberate ‘Ideas.’ At the first glance he seems to be the most ideological artist of our time. And yet, the ideas, as such, were neither the aim nor the end, but only the material, the means, of his writings. Instead of dissolving art in his ideas, he dissolved his ideas in his heart. Instead of going through reality to ideas he tried to penetrate through contemporary ideas to the very truth, of contempt the reality.’ But you can’t touch pitch without being defiled, and that is the explanation of the obscurity in which Ibsen the artist has hitherto dwelt. We owe Mr. Lavrin a great debt for removing the pitch.

Different people will find different values in this suggestive book, but personally I would like to refer to the stress laid on the representative character of Ibsen’s consciousness.

That Ibsen did not “represent” the ideas of his age is now evident. He used these ideas to represent—not merely the age, but the reality underlying the age. That reality Mr. Lavrin calls a spiritual cul-de-sac. Ibsen accepted the “moral” plane of the materialist conception rather than that of the transcendental plane of religious consciousness. But it is to Ibsen’s eternal credit (and this is where I find Mr. Lavrin so penetrating) that he did not give expression to his despair in a pessimistic conception of the universe, but sublimated his consciousness of defeat into a tragic art. It is more than two years since these pages, so I may earn the gratitude of those whose memory is short (and otherwise I shall only emphasise what ought to be emphasised) if I quote Mr. Lavrin’s illuminated distinction between tragedy and pessimism:

The pessimistic attitude is merely negative and therefore uncreative, while the tragic attitude is an overcoming of pessimism through pessimism itself. A tragic individual approaches life, not through a ready-made optimism or sentimental idealism, but by bravely facing our existence in its most negative aspects, and consciously striving to transform it just because of its vulgarity and evil. This attitude is beyond sterile pessimism, as it is beyond that naive and sheltered optimism which sees in reality only what it wishes to see. It is perhaps the only attitude that leads to a creative transvaluation and transformation of life. In order to achieve such a transvaluation two things are necessary: the artist is a robust creative will, and the second is an over-individual Value in the name of which one must strive. Without a value of this kind, the struggle is in danger of becoming a mere struggle for struggle’s sake, and the conquered inner freedom nothing but a freedom for the sake of freedom.

This passage is the measure of Mr. Lavrin’s critical capacity. It is criticism such as we starve for (we really overfed): it is philosophical criticism in the right sense of those misused words—words for which Mr. Lavrin perhaps wisely substitutes his own “psycho-criticism.” We need a generation of its influence to set our standards right. Incidentally this passage may be appended without any terrors to the tentative remarks I made last week on the subject of Mr. Hardy. Mr. Lavrin finds in Ibsen an intense will to creation without an adequate creative value. In Mr. Hardy we find neither intense will to creation nor any adequate value, but merely a negative, an uncreative, pessimism.

**Day-Dreams.**

A MECHANIC expositon of psychology is always somewhat dry and unprofitable, and this book* by Dr. Varendonck is no exception to the rule. Day-dreaming and so-called mind wandering is a phenomenon both interesting and important for psychology, for it is actually the activity of the unconscious during the waking state. For true analytic and synthetic work the phenomena dependent upon the dream state are the most useful, being pure productions of the unconscious, but that is not why I find Mr. Lavrin so penetrating; to represent—not merely the age, but the reality underlying the age, to the very core, to the naked truth, of contemporary ideas. Ibsen accepted the “moral” plane of the universe, but sublimated the distinction between tragedy and pessimism: that is to Ibsen’s eternal credit (and this is where I find Mr. Lavrin so penetrating) that he did not give expression to his despair in a pessimistic conception of the universe, but sublimated his consciousness of defeat into a tragic art. It is more than two years since these pages, so I may earn the gratitude of those whose memory is short (and otherwise I shall only emphasise what ought to be emphasised) if I quote Mr. Lavrin’s illuminated distinction between tragedy and pessimism:

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This is the most interesting point in his book, and it is perhaps the latter. If so, he is wrong, for intuition can only be contained in a theory that would admit either the impersonal unconscious of Homer Lane or the super-conscious of Kenneth Richmond. Yet in truth their theory is upside-down here; it is that part of the background psyche they call the unconscious which really censors the true, the impersonal unconscious; and the sub-conscious in a sense consists of the rejected, or non-expressed as Dr. Noll would say, the elements of the super-conscious. The Freudians are correct enough in their findings, woefully astray in their theories thereof.

To return to Dr. Varendonck, he makes a good ob-

* "The Psychology of Day-Dreams." By J. Varendonck. (Allen and Unwin. 18s.)
vation when he says, "A thought is the adaptation of revived memories to a present situation under the influence of affect or will." This is good, and coincides closely with Jung's statement that the symbol—the thought-form—is a means of referring to the at present unknown by analogy with what is already known. And this being so, it is most disappointing that Dr. Varendonck should have so poorly an opinion of "affect or will" as to imply that it is simply the driving force behind the Freudian unconscious. Pure affect is of course, so, and life is a trinity of love and power and wisdom. The Freudians suffer under the illusion that "man will be tormented in eternity for following his energies." And talking about energy, Dr. Varendonck repeats once or twice, with great pride in the discovery, that day-dreaming, his conception of day-dreaming that is to say, is a manifestation of universal energy. It is perhaps a pity that he can ascribe to the "universal energy" no better function than that of producing Freudian fantasies.

Let us see whether we cannot separate the sheep from the goats. So-called day-dreaming, absent-mindedness, wasted-gathering, may in actuality be manifested in two things. It may be consequent upon psychologic conflict and the precursor, or a symptom of, neurosis; or it may be an intuitional state, a state of inspiration. Distraction, as Dr. Varendonck very rightly remarks, is the reverse of inspiration. He might possibly strive to defend himself from our criticisms by contending that in his book he was concerned with distraction. But he does as a matter of fact try to deal with inspiration and intuition as well, and it is in ascribing an identical function to both distraction and inspiration that his error lies. In point of actual fact the two states are a pair of opposites, and neither can function in the other's presence, the one is not compatible with the other. Therefore it cannot be that their method of functioning is the same. Here is another fact. Many of the phenomena which appear superficially to be the most obvious mind-wandering turn out on careful analysis to be intuitions, phases perhaps of clairvoyance, perhaps of telepathy, or to be classed under that somewhat Protean term psychometry. To go no further than Dr. Varendonck's own examples, these permit of quite straightforward treatment on true psychologic lines. This is not, of course, to say that all unconscious activities are intuitional. To say that would be to commit as gross an error as the Freudian who proclaims—I meant to write proclaims, there is an unconscious judgment—of whom Dr. Varendonck tells that he is the only one who proclaims that the unconscious is compact of infant sex. What I am driving at is that there are different states of consciousness to be found in the so-called unconscious. The wind really does blow where it listeth, and few men hear or know the sound thereof. An extremely simple example is the tunes that any man will now and again find himself humming quite unawares. They will always repay analysis both reductively and constructively. Mind is in fact a sixth sense of revived memories to a present situation under the author, and that revealed the true nature of the book in the one glance. I suppose a review. He opened it haphazard, "unconsciously," and his eye fell upon a misprinted passage that must have been passed by the author, and that revealed the true nature of the book in the one glance. I suppose a Freudian could wish that he had read his book, and therefore his unconscious opened it at that page, but such an argument would warp their present theories to breaking point. The other example is of a man who visited a friend in the evening. When they left the room they were sitting in the visitor went last, and thought he should switch out the light. But as there was a row of switches by the door, he decided to leave well alone for fear he should touch the wrong one. Yet as he passed through the door he inadvertently jerked up his elbow and caught the right switch. It may be added that he had never seen the light switched on or off in that room. Such examples can be multiplied indefinitely. J. A. M. ALCOCK.

A Confession.

By Rowland Kenney.

RED UN had bad feet. There was nothing much the matter with them, they looked like any other man's feet, but they were ill used. He allowed them, soaked them in cold water to harden them, threw away his ragged socks and tried walking with the skin of the foot bare to the shoe; had it been possible he would have wrapped them in cotton wool and carried them on his back. But nothing helped. The more he doctored them the worse they got, and in the end they became an obsession with him. At night in the doss-houses he could talk of nothing but feet. Old roadsters said he was "batty"—it is difficult to learn the successful fact that he had feet—and they touched wood when they saw him.

Into every discussion Red Un's feet were intruded. When old soldiers criticised the strategy of Bobs or Kitchener on some now-forgotten campaign, Red Un, who had never tasted pipeclay in life, argued that success or failure had been wholly due to certain precautions taken, or not taken, regarding footwear and footcare; whilst the old soldiers, agreeing with him on the principle of his general proposition, cursed him from Hell to Halifax. . . . So he hobbled along the roads like a crippled bear, shuddering in the shadow cast by the approaching end of his tramping life.

It was tragic. For seven years Red Un had practised the delicate art of feeding on the wing, of extracting nourishment from a fleeting landscape. A native craftiness, careful study, and hourly practice had made of him a master-moucher. He had learned his craft thoroughly—grunting, whining, wheeling, romancing his way into every corner of the land. True, he had learned slowly. The technique of the art of mendicancy—unless it has behind it the platitudes and shibboleths of some "cautious"—is difficult to learn. The successful moucher is a man of many accomplishments. He is a psychologist: he must read men's and women's faces as a sailor reads the skies. He is an artist in words: his stories must be more convincing than those of the greatest writer—they must be at once accepted and immediately past. As a philosopher he is in a special class; for there are times when nature refuses him material upon which to exercise his psyche or his artistry, and his philosophy is the only thing upon which he can live.

The curious thing was that Red Un, past master at the trade of romancing, never dreamed of exploiting his wretched feet. He had seen sound and hearty men make a good living out of an easily acquired limp; he had watched—with, it must be admitted, some measure of contempt—a withered arm change into blindness from birth. His own stories, told to plying housewives or romantic young girls at innumerable back-yard doors, had manifested a practical creative faculty, a delicate yet strong imagination. Yet here he was, baulked by a simple piece of realism, and when, so far as tramping went, his feet finally crooked, he drifted into Milton goods yards and asked for a job where he would not have to do much walking about.

To Red Un this descent into the pit of regular work and ordered hours was a grinding humiliation. As a master-moucher he had been proud of his abilities; to be driven to work for twelve hours a day for a pound a week was devastating to his complex but one-time balanced mentality. Worst of all, he had to begin all over again, to learn an entirely new, if simpler, way to life.

Being short of hands, the yard foreman gave him
every chance. He was put on loading, and soon found the whole gang apparently dead set against him. A good loader looks over a load on a horse wagon, glancing casually at the separate articles, forming a mental picture of them reformed into a safe load on the railway wagon, and works each package into the place appointed for it in his own mind as it is dropped by the gripping hooks of the overhead crane. This Red Un failed to do. In a second of time he could conceive a dozen pictures for stories, but he could not form a mental image of refashioned safe loads of goods. The cramenen, naturally enough, expected a box or bale to be "shipped and shopped" as they dropped it into the wagon. Red Un should have seen that it fell well and, when he failed, so causing them to have to run up the stuff two or three times instead of once, the cramenen told him interesting things about his hair and feet. It was hard luck, but Red Un had not the skill for this kind of unskilled work, so he was put to hooking-on for the cotton gang and driven into the centre of my sphere of action.

Now Red Un's new job of hooking-on is a very simple one. The required bales having been stripped of their tarpaulin sheets by the cotton gang, the capstanman slams one into position under one of the hooks. Then he hurls the hooks and was opened the long-armed hooks between the bales. When one is gripped, the ganger, standing in the doorway on the particular floor then being used for storage, pulls the rope that works the crane, jerks up the bale, checks it opposite the door, swings it and lowers away as it comes inwards onto the floor. It is then trucked away by one of the gang to its appointed bay, whilst the hooks and chain go rattling down for another bale.

As a weather protection for the cotton, the Milton shoots were boarded right up to the roof. They loomed like tall, overgrown wooden huts hung on to the long-armed hooks between the bales. One of the gang to its appointed bay, whilst the hooks and chain go rattling down for another bale.

"Look out!" yelled my nipper. "Wait a minute!" said Red Un. "Get to hell out of it!" I barked, slowly tautening the rope. The fingers loosened the chain ring of a heavy pair of dog-hooks. "Get to hell out of it!" "They were stripping off the bales. The heel of one of the gang came hurrying down the warehouse stairs I saw the rope moving, you just skip and keep quiet. "We capstanmen demanded—and for safety's sake generally got—free rope room when we started in to work. "What the blazes——" the colour of his hair was reflected in Red Un's eyes, but I had the stuff moving and ratted along in contemptuous silence until his wagon was home. Then I spoke to him: "Look here, Red Nob," I said, in a not unkindly tone, "when you see the rope moving, you just skip and keep quiet. "We capstanmen demanded—and for safety's sake generally got—free rope room when we started in to work. "Look out!" yelled my nipper. "Wait a minute!" said Red Un. "Get to hell out of it!" I barked, slowly tautening the rope and brushing him aside, without, however, seriously hurting him. "There's no waiting here."

"You're a hell of a man," he said, "I want none of your lip. I can watch myself." And he painfully clambered on to the waiting load.

Then I killed him—deliberately, but not directly, of course. And really it was his own fault. The evil was, though I did not then know his story, that he was eaten up with pride. He wanted to listen neither to reason nor advice, whilst I was an old-timer in the yard, with all the arrogance and conceit of an old-timer. So between us the necessary words were left unspoken. He was too proud to listen to advice, and I was too arrogant to compel his attention by explaining the nature of the advice I offered.

"If you've any bloody sense," I said, as he instantly rolled to the back of the load after hooking on his first bale, "you'll keep under the shoot this morning."

His reply was an obscenity. I had expected that. Perhaps I had half hoped for it. From the very first he had irritated me. I did not argue or explain but placed my right foot on the capstan, rested my forearm on my knee, and waited maliciously for the shooting blow to fall. In perfect confidence I waited. Had it missed him I should have been as surprised as disappointed.

It was the custom of Jack West, the yard blacksmith, to collect all blunted capstan and jigger hooks at about eleven o'clock every Thursday morning, the time that Red Un and I had our little difference, and I had seen Jack enter the warehouse whilst the gang were stripping off the bales. Instead of carrying the mass of dropping them out of the windows as he went from floor to floor. Now the window that was handiest for Jack on the fourth floor, where the cotton gang were working, was next to the shoot where Red Un was hooking-on. Red Un was half through the load when I saw the window open. "Look out!" Jack shouted. He peered over the sill and his browned arm swung wide. His fingers loosened the chain ring of a heavy pair of dog-hooks. "Red Un cried "haul away!" after hooking on a bale and then reared himself upright—outside the protecting shoot and directly under the window that framed Jack West's now open mouth and staring eyes.

I waited for the thud. It came; but it was only a slight sound compared with the jangle of the chain and the gasping croak of Red Un. The heel of one of the hooks hit him squarely at the top of his upturned forehead. He seemed to stand for an appreciable time, as if the undirected carcass of him was in doubt about the decent next thing to do. His arms shivered a little, giving one the impression of two trembling spirals suspended from his shoulders; then he gave a quick half-turn and toppled over. His head struck the edge of the load and his legs, ridiculously loose and with a look of pitiable helplessness, swung outwards, so that he dropped on his feet, crumpling up immediately into an untidy heap. As his face reddened and the chuckling gang came hurrying down the warehouse stairs I looked up to the window by the shoot, where the staring eyes, with that gaping mouth beneath, still looked in horror at the tragic outcome of a simple customary piece of daily routine.

**Views and Reviews.**

THE NEW HUMANISM—II.

It is when we come to consider some of the developments from the simple biological proposition: "That the survival of the group makes it necessary to demand, on an average, three children from every woman": that we begin to argue. It does not follow, for example, that every woman should, in fact have three children. "If we can demonstrate on the basis of sound biological data," says Dr. M. M. Knight in this book,* that the bearing of children is necessary for the full and com-

* "Taboo and Genetics." By M. M. Knight, Ph.D., Iva Lowther Peters, Ph.D., and Phyllis Blanchard, Ph.D. (Kegan Paul. 10s. 6d. net.)
ple development of the individual woman, physically and mentally, we shall have gone a long way toward securing voluntary motherhood." But it seems impossible to demonstrate this in the case of those women whose metabolism is predominately male, who approximate and mentally, we shall have gone a long way toward securing voluntary motherhood."

Dr. Knight's assumption that "the highly individualised woman may also be the most vital," and capable of reproduction as well as self-expression. If Mr. Pell has demonstrated anything clearly, it is that fertility is a function governed by quite definite laws, which, so far, do not seem to be compatible with extreme individuation in the female sex. Dr. Knight's assumption that "the highly individualised woman" can "turn of her own accord from competitive social activities to the performance of the biological function for which she is specialised," that is to say, that she can become fertile at will, and that the progeny would be valuable, is not supported by any facts known to me, or appealed to by Dr. Knight. She assumes that most of these women induce sterility by Malthusian methods, although the evidence collected by Mr. Pell is incompatible with that assumption; but whether or not they do try to evade their biological duty, Mr. Baines' researches into "Germination In Its Electrical Aspect" suggest very strongly that the precautions are unnecessary. It is a fact, for example, that the galvanometric deflections of a brain-worker may fall from 400 mm. in the morning to 40 after a day's work, and will not (except by the use of a Vtic Rod) rise to even that value. Such people have not enough electrical energy to germinate; and a woman definitely has to choose between the function for which she is biologically specialised and those functions for which she may be socially adapted.

In politics, we are always under the biological necessity of asking: "Cui Bono?" of every proposal to alter institutions; and I can see no reason for any change in our institutions for the benefit of women who probably cannot have children, and quite probably ought not to have them if they could. These "Oddy-Toddlies, all heads and no bodies," like John Stuart Mill, are not of any particular value to the survival of the group. Politically and socially, we can only concern ourselves with the exceptions to the rule, not with the exceptions. The highly individualised modern women must be presented more cogent reasons for taking upon themselves the burden of reproducing the group. It is obvious that from just this energetic female stock we should obtain a large part of the next generation, if we are at all concerned over the welfare of the group and its chances of survival.

But the biological value of women who will not do their biological duty is not obvious; if they were a superior type, one would expect at least a clearer conception of their duty to the group. That is aristocracy; it is also Communism according to Mr. Shaw's definition of a Communist as "an intensely proud person who proposes to enrich the common fund instead of to sponge on it." Unless these highly individualised women have at least as strong a sense of social duty as their poorer sisters, with the addition of a clearer insight to the best means of fulfilling that duty so that the quality of the society that bred and sustained them shall, at the very least, not suffer, I cannot regard them as superior types requiring differential treatment.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

An Introduction to Philosophy. By Wilhelm Windelband. Translated by Joseph McCabe. (Fisher Unwin. 21s. net.)

Philosophers are always offering us "Introductions," but the Divine Sophia, the Siamese twins of Reality and Appearance, has not yet effected what William Blake called "the marriage of Heaven and Hell." The chief purpose of this volume by the distinguished German historian of philosophy is to make us better acquainted with his beloved, to remove the fearlessness in this connection and not with their intersexes, in short, with the women who have the children that the other women cannot, will not, or ought not to have. When a woman (like one case that I know) has eleven children, all living and, as the school doctor absurdly says, "old-fashioned" because there is nothing the matter with them, and has to carry on with the wages of a tram-driver, I certainly find myself in sympathy with the general argument of the authors of this book for "a newer and more rationalised mores." The children of such a woman are, in my opinion, far more valuable than would be the children of, say, Edith, in Mr. Shaw's "Getting Married," who is a very good example of the type of "these highly individualised women" and they would be far cheaper. Double the income of the tram-driver's wife, and most of her difficulties would disappear; but hear Edith:

"If Cecil wishes any of the children to be his exclusively, he should pay me a certain sum for the risk and trouble of bringing them into the world; say a thousand pounds apiece. The interest on this could go towards the support of the child as long as we live together. But the principle would not apply to my property. In that way, if Cecil took the child away from me, I should at least be paid for what it had cost me.

Yet the same type of woman is shocked at prostitution! That one cannot infer fitness for a specialised function from the mere existence of it, is an elementary axiom that the authors forget. It is a commonplace of psychology, for example, that a good memory for Stock Exchange quotations is not developed by learning poetry, and a woman does not qualify for accountancy by working as a navvy. A woman may do extraordinarily good work at a Maternity Clinic without thereby proving her physiological capability of motherhood; even the desire for children is no guarantee of ability to produce them. These transitional types are subject to many velleities of the spirit; but Dr. Knight's own demonstration of the importance of the endocrinic glandular hierarchy in the determination of sex characteristics should have warned her against supposing that "highly individualised types" retain their biological specialisation to a degree of practical value. "Degeneracy," said Ribot, "is fatally inherent in everything that rises"; even a woman only generates so much energy which, if it is expended on "competitive social activities" for material rewards, does not exist for the purposes of fertility.

I detect in Dr. Knight's argument the same fallacy that annoys me in Nietzsche and his curate, Mr. Ludo-vici, the fallacy that aristocracy is privilege instead of social quality.

Such schemes as maternity insurance, pensions for mothers, and most of the propositions along this line, may offer an inducement to women of the poorer classes to assume the burdens connected with their specialisation for child-bearing. But the more fortunate, who find themselves so well adapted to modern conditions that they are even moderately successful in the competition for material rewards, will hardly find recompense thus for turning their social to their biological functions. To these highly individualised modern women must be presented more cogent reasons for taking upon themselves the burden of reproducing the group. That is aristocracy; it is also Communism according to Mr. Shaw's definition of a Communist as "an intensely proud person who proposes to enrich the common fund instead of to sponge on it." Unless these highly individualised women have at least as strong a sense of social duty as their poorer sisters, with the addition of a clearer insight to the best means of fulfilling that duty so that the quality of the society that bred and sustained them shall, at the very least, not suffer, I cannot regard them as superior types requiring differential treatment.

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ology, the theory of knowledge is, at once the beginning and the end of philosophy, that until we know what knowledge is, we cannot know what we have knowledge of, or of reality, or whether knowledge and reality are identical or dualistic, the non-philosophical reader will perceive that Divine Sophia is quite kittenish, and loves playing with her own tail.

But for those who have not accepted a soul-destroying Positivism or Pragmatism, who do not believe with William James that "knowing" is a "function" of the "primal stuff" which can be called "pure experience," and is therefore explicable "as a particular sort of relation towards one another into which portions of pure experience may enter," this is a very good Introduction. The difficulties of writing such an Introduction are obvious; a predominantly historical treatment would only leave the reader bewildered by the flat contradictions of the conflicting groups, while a predominantly systematic method can only be satisfactorily used as an Introduction to the science of philosophising, to the living development of that inner necessity which is at the root of the world and life on account of the contradictions of its intellectual stresses, and the various attempts to relieve them. It is only in this sense that it must take up a position in regard to the systematic development of that inner necessity which is at the root of the problems, in the historical forms of philosophy, which often, indeed, contain a clue to their solution, if not the solution itself. The Introduction, therefore, proceeds from the standpoint of immanent criticism in face of the systematic and historical material, and in this way, it must, in the forms of modern thought, accomplish what Hegel once attempted in his "Phenomenology Of The Mind." It must point out the necessity by which human thought is driven, from the standpoint of philosophy, from its naïve ideas of the world and life on account of the contradictions which they involve. Earlier, he says: "In sum, our task is to expound, establish, and comment on the chief problems of philosophy, and the lines on which the solution is to be sought, with a full account of their historical appearance. In this way an Introduction to philosophy becomes a critical inquiry into the possible forms of a philosophic view of life." It seems a poor result after centuries of improvisation on the verbs in the potential mood: be, do, have, shall, will, may, can. But, indeed, the whole of this carefully written and really interesting Introduction only convinces us that philosophy is an acute form of what the "behaviourist" psychologists call "the language habit." Words are things in this activity, and it is the word "reality" that is opposed to the word "appearance," for example; no experience ever has this duality. But it is a good book to keep for reference; the author has certainly made the problems intelligible, if, at the same time, he has revealed them as the dilemmas of the oriose.

The Fruits of Victory: A Sequel to "The Great Illusion." By Norman Angell. (Collins. 8s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Norman Angell wrote a book some years ago, and if we may accept the evidence given in the text and "Addendum" of this book, he has spent most of his time explaining that he did not mean what almost everybody thought he meant. If the Press misrepresented him, the Pacifists misunderstood him; he never said that war was impossible, or that it would ruin both victor and vanquished, or even that "men ever go to war from a cold calculation of advantage or profit." If that is so, one wonders why even in this book he so carefully calculating the economic cost of victory, why he points out so assiduously that France's calculation of an indemnity is not possible of realisation. The "Times" has referred to his "involved style"; we think that if the world is in considering Mr. Norman Angell's teaching, it must be because he approached the subject from the wrong angle. If he believed that war was inevitable unless we made it evitable, that it could not be avoided unless we avoided it, he might have made that the text of his discourse, developed his economic argument against war as an illustration of what would happen if men refused to be reasonable, and, alternately, developed whatever reasoning he has to show that peace is preferable. But as he says himself, "the first page of that book ("The Great Illusion"), the preface, referring to the thesis it proposed to set out, has these words: 'the argument is not that war is impossible, but that it is futile.' " Futil for what purpose? So far as we can gather (and God forbid that we should understand Mr. Angell's meaning from his argumentical phrases) that was not the argument against war as "The Great Illusion" "challenged the theory that the vital interests of nations are conflicting, and that war is part of the inevitable struggle for life among them; the view that, in order to feed itself, a nation with an expanding population must conquer territory and so deprive others of the means of subsistence; the view that war is the 'struggle for bread.' " If we have understood this rightly, the argument was that war was futile for the purpose of providing for a growing population. So it might be; but what had that to do with politics? The question was not: "How shall we manipulate the resources of the world to feed its people?" But "Who shall be master of the World?" Whether or not Mr. Norman Angell's question was the more reasonable does not matter in this connection; he was arguing to another postulate, and his argument was, it seems to us, irrelevant to the facts. If behind politics lies economics, and behind economics lies psychology, and Mr. Norman Angell was really dealing with the psychological facts, as he now assures us, it is strange that he never dealt with the personalities but only with what he believed to be the principles of the European imbroglio. The memoirs that have already appeared show us quite clearly that the personalities concerned were incapable of taking a whole view of the problem at the level of Polly Eccles in "Caste," and: "Now I'll just show you my power": was about the limit of their original purpose. These Casino Johnnies, these field sportsmen, these country-house Chollies, knew little and cared less for economics, national or international. To whom, then, was Mr. Norman Angell appealing? To the democracy? The democracy also knew little and cared less for economics; besides, as Mr. Norman Angell now tells us: "Nations do not fight for their money or their interests, they fight for their rights, or what they believe to be their rights": the economic argument against war seems to be irrelevant to the case of democracy. What then does Mr. Norman Angell's argument amount to? Nations do not fight for their money or their interests; they ought not to fight for their rights, or what they believe to be their rights? This is correct? May we say that Mr. Norman Angell appealing for the lawyer and diplomatist, or of an Ecumenical Council of business men and financiers? If this is so, what proposals is it to make? We give him for his information of "the economic consequences of the peace," but as he seems to be as dependent upon Mr. Keynes as everyone else is we do not quite understand the purpose of this book.