NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The great "triumph" of the Washington Conference, culminating in the five-Power "Treaty for the Limitation of Naval Armaments," has passed, strangely enough, almost without public notice. Such an event, if it had had anything in the least degree real about it, would have lit bonfires all over the world. All the Magi would have brought presents to the cradle of the new prince of peace. But instinctively it has everywhere been recognised as the sham it is, an instrument, in the first place, not of peace but of economy, and, in the second place, not of agreement but of submission. For the astonishing fact is that outside a very few minds nobody believes that peace can be established by the limitation of armaments or even by the abolition of armaments. The world is absolutely sceptical on the subject, having, in the common phrase, had some too often and too recently. And the still more astonishing fact is that scarcely at all in America and only a little more clearly elsewhere is it realised that, at bottom, the present Treaty is the first act of the new American world-hegemony—we might almost say of American world-dictatorship. Mr. Balfour must surely be among those who asked himself? Actually America is already in complete control of the financial system of this country. Every ounce of gold nominally in the possession of the Bank of England is "on call" by America and is virtually a loan to us upon terms. And potentially, as everybody knows, America can outbuild us in fighting shins as soon as events care to put our relative capacities on trial. The conclusion is that discretion is the better part of our "ancient valour," and that the sooner we have left the Conference without an Ally and with a treaty with Japan; and potentially, as everybody knows, America can outbuild us in fighting shins as soon as events care to put our relative capacities on trial. The conclusion is that discretion is the better part of our "ancient valour," and that the sooner we have left the Conference without an Ally and with a treaty with Japan; and the course inevitably pursued by currents and masses of economic facts: and to the extent to which the signatory Powers of the new Treaty actually require (by virtue of their domestic system) constantly expanding markets for their constantly expanding "surplus" to the same extent they will come into collision at an increasing number of points all over the world. The Limitation of Armaments, under those circumstances, if it means the supremacy of the American exporter, will necessarily spell the gradual disappearance of all the work of Washington—a choice which the world will find it difficult to make. Perhaps in that emergency the world may listen to something to its advantage, as it will not now.

We are almost afraid to enumerate some of the considerations that must have been present in the minds of the representatives of the secret side of our diplomacy at Washington. So much has to be taken into account that the public does not know and that the Press cannot understand,—matters of intuitive estimate, calculations of possibly immediate, possibly remote, urgency, dynamic factors in the situation whose movements can only be guessed—that there is little wonder that not more than a dozen or so people possess the secret of any foreign policy. What, for instance, has been the influence of India on the management of our foreign policy in this country? It is clear that the example of Ireland, our submission to rebellion where reason had failed to move us, will infallibly be followed by Egypt and India; but the question to be answered by the practical directors of our foreign policy is When? In the case of India the question, moreover, is momentous in the extreme. The world had become accustomed to coercion in Ireland, and had become so accustomed to coercion in Egypt, and they are both only such relatively unimportant areas, that rebellion and repression, followed by rebellion and repression, were almost the necessary order of events. But India, it need scarcely be said, is on a different scale altogether, and in the event of a "rebellion" in that part of the world, "the vindication of the law and the strict repression of world that there is not room enough for more than one great exporting country on the planet? Foreign policies are not the playthings of mere sentiment or reason, but the course inevitably pursued by currents and masses of economic facts: and to the extent to which the signatory Powers of the new Treaty actually require (by virtue of their domestic system) constantly expanding markets for their constantly expanding "surplus" to the same extent they will come into collision at an increasing number of points all over the world. The Limitation of Armaments, under those circumstances, if it means the supremacy of the American exporter, will necessarily spell the gradual disappearance of all the work of Washington—a choice which the world will find it difficult to make. Perhaps in that emergency the world may listen to something to its advantage, as it will not now.

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disaffection" will not be possible, in the first instance, and, in the second, could only be attempted either with the connivance of America or at the risk of bringing America into the field as the champion of Indian liberty. Is it part of the arrangement that America shall be benevolently neutral in the event of a fresh outbreak in India? And is the price the admission of American plottocracy as the directing partner in the exploitation of the East? Recalling once more the fact that American finance now controls British finance, it would not surprise us to learn that the secret agreement at Washington concerns the division of the spoil and arrangements for co-operation in the event of the attempt to escape the domination of international finance. As everybody is now beginning to guess, governs policy; and since, as things are, the dominant unit of value is the dollar, with the sovereign as its junior partner, an agreement between the dollar and the sovereign to play into one another's hands is not at all improbable. The situation in India is certainly critical enough to make some such arrangement practically necessary; and we do not doubt that it was discussed at Washington, if not openly, then even more effectually.

In his article, printed elsewhere, Mr. Belloc takes as gloomy a view as it is possible to take of our general situation. Not only is it desperate—in which opinion we agree with him—but of all the current remedies, including the most "profound," namely, Credit Reform, not one, in Mr. Belloc's judgment, is practicable. At the same time, however, since a patriot may despair but never surrender, Mr. Belloc continues his search for a remedy, and encourages his fellow-citizens to do the same. But what is the use if the most "profound" remedy now on offer is impracticable by reason of the opposition of the capitalistic oligarchy? A more profound remedy is not likely to be improvised in moments of rising crisis; and the faster the pace towards the cataclysm the less chance of bringing home anything from our desperate search. Mr. Belloc's apprehension of the impracticability of the Credit Scheme is, however, considerably reduced in alarm for us by his employment of the ancient fallacy of our dependence upon imported food and raw materials. The opposition of the financial interests is, indeed, no bogey; we have proved it by experience. But the difficulties of foreign trading under the Credit scheme, as advocated in these pages, are, equally certainly, bogeys specially manufactured by the same financial interests and for the same purpose, that of diverting attention from the need for Credit reform. Is the world so under-productive of foodstuffs and raw materials that this country could not obtain ample supplies, provided that in exchange she could sell manufactured goods below the price of any possible competitor? What, in fact, is the difficulty at this moment? It is not a shortage of supply of foodstuffs, wood, wool, hides and the rest. They are in superabundance, in some cases actually, in others potentially. The difficulty, in short, is not in their supply, but in the price we demand for our goods in exchange. But suppose that by the institution of a price-ratio based, not on gold, but on our Real Credit, we could afford to export goods considerably below the apparent cost of production (and if this is impossible, the whole Scheme is moonshine, and not in the least "profound"), is there any doubt that we could, if we wished, "buy all the food and materials on the world-market? Our only limits as suppliers would be, in fact, the limit of the world's productivity coupled with the limit of potential demand for British goods at lowest world-prices. By controlling prices, we obtain control of goods. Price-control is economic control. And since the whole object of the Dollar-Rupee Credit is to escape the Control of Prices, unless it effects such control it is useless, while, if it does, it would settle the economic problem. Who controls international trade to-day and by what means?

The answer is the financiers and by means of price-regulation. The obvious remedy for this state of affairs is to take the weapon which has proved so effective—the power to regulate prices, independently of the financiers. No other remedy need be looked for; there is none.

Irish Labour has categorically declared the end of the truce which, like English Labour in the earlier part of the Great War, it had accepted during the time of national struggle. It is now determined to come into the field as an independent force and press to the utmost its sectional claims. Up to a point doubtless that is legitimate enough. But what is the use if the most "profound" section of the community should be patiently heard in the political forum, and undeniably the views of Labour cannot make themselves effectively heard through the established agencies. Further, political parties generally busy themselves with everything but the economic issues which lie at the very base of the life of society; and these must needs be the first concern of Labour, whether it has anything intelligent to say on them or not. In itself therefore the mobilising of Labour for industrial and political action might well be welcomed; but unfortunately the manifestos issued by the Irish Labour Party and Trade Union Congress displays as little vision or breadth of view as similar productions on this side of St. George's Channel. Its demands begin with "A Republic in which those who give labour and service to the Commonwealth, every capacity they, are the citizens, the rulers, and the owners." In other words, some cabal claiming to speak for "the proletariat" is, at its own discretion, to recognise, or refuse to recognise, whom it will as rendering useful "labour and service to the Commonwealth"; and no one else is to be suffered to live. This is practically a declaration of civil war on all citizens except wage-earners. But Labour must recognise that it cannot recast society all by its little lone self. It can be but one of various forces contributing to the resultant and diminishing one at that. Its claim to dictatorship is particularly absurd in Ireland, where an already highly successful movement is on foot, appealing to all classes and relying for its special fulcrum on the peculiarly characteristic element in the nation, the peasantry. The Agricultural Organisation Society holds within it a vastly better hope of an Irish co-operative commonwealth than any sectional claims. Up to this point doubtless that is legitimate enough. But what is the use if the most "profound" section of the community should be patiently heard in the political forum, and undeniably the views of Labour cannot make themselves effectively heard through the established agencies. Further, political parties generally busy themselves with everything but the economic issues which lie at the very base of the life of society; and these must needs be the first concern of Labour, whether it has anything intelligent to say on them or not. In itself therefore the mobilising of Labour for industrial and political action might well be welcomed; but unfortunately the manifestos issued by the Irish Labour Party and Trade Union Congress displays as little vision or breadth of view as similar productions on this side of St. George's Channel. Its demands begin with "A Republic in which those who give labour and service to the Commonwealth, every capacity they, are the citizens, the rulers, and the owners."
that is being spread abroad everywhere with sinister
iniquity. Mr. McKenna is, of course, perfectly con-
scious of the most serious proposal in the field for
dealing with the financial situation. He knows as well
as anyone that it hinges almost entirely on the policy of
regulating prices, and that it only advocates inflation on
this basis. In face of this, he carefully abstains from
dropping the slightest hint that anyone has ever
suggested anything of the kind. Yet presumably he
would himself not venture to deny that the root of the
trouble is a deficiency of purchasing power. The
problem then is to increase this relatively to the level of
prices; that is, what we may call, and what the
authorities and Trade Unions are painfully familiar;
two-handed weapon of expanding credit and simul-
taneously reducing prices? And, if that is not possible,
by what other means can the requirement be met? Mr.
McKenna's whole ideal was contained in "stability of
prices"; again the static mind, against which we are
most emphatically disagree with the capitalist side. On one point, indeed, we entirely agree
with McKinna. We certainly have not heard the last of
him. For the present the Guardians have postponed its operation and are taking special
measures to consolidate and
continuous fall of prices. Undeniably our produc-
tivity is continually increasing, and the consumers ought
all the time to be feeling the full benefit of this. Under
a regime of stable prices the recipients of fixed in-
comes cannot share in the benefit. Even apart from
that a constant readjustment of wages and salaries at
short intervals is a clumsy and disturbing business,
whence prices, if regulated scientifically by a ratio,
would always be automatically finding their proper level
to a nicety. Mr. McKenna dished up once more the
usual unintelligent criticism of "restriction of output"
—on the part of the workmen; not a word about the
far more wholesale and systematic restriction on the
capitalist side. On one point, indeed, we entirely agree
with him—that "our present taxation has probably
exceeded the limit" beyond which it tends to hamper
enterprise. But we most emphatically disagree with
his conclusion that the only remedy is to reduce expenditure.
He stipulated that this must be consistent with
"our contractual obligations." We would point out
that the "country fit for heroes" was every bit as
truth) that it is illegal. For the present the Guardians
have postponed its operation and are taking special
measure to consolidate and
continuous fall of prices. Again, we
have no doubt that Mr. Douglas
will be more than equal to dealing with his critic.
Meanwhile we would make one or two comments.
Professor Hobson rightly points out that the evil centres in a disproportionate employment of capital and labour
in producing fresh capital, as compared with consum-
able goods. But he very inadequately examines the
causes of this. The mal-distribution, as between differ-
cent classes, of the existing aggregate income is alto-
gether insufficient to account for our troubles. Again,
he has made no serious attempt to understand the
rationale of the Producers' Bank. He treats this as
though its claim to finance industry were intended to
rest solely on its money deposits. But it has been ex-
plained with sufficient clearness that it is designed to
be a convenient machinery for consolidating and can-
tralising the Real Credit of the workers and the
industry. If Professor Hobson has any criticism to bring
against this conception of such Real Credit as being, in
its own right, potentially money, let him produce it.
But his present comment ignores the true issue.
Finally, one of his chief points rests on the assumption
that banks issue credit solely out of actual savings
which are in their keeping. How far this is from the
fact was demonstrated not long ago in our columns by an
analysis of a typical balance sheet of a banking firm.

Mr. Studdert Kennedy is one of those Anglican clerics
who made their reputation as chaplains during the War.
Since then he has held, in Church circles, a position
hovering ambiguously between fame and notoriety. He
is of a mercurial temperament, and consistency can
hardly be numbered among his virtues. Yet, however
zigzag the line of his advance, he does seem of late
to have been getting nearer and nearer to the roots
of things. As he is, with little question, the most pop-
ular preacher and platform speaker in the Church of
England, his views are a matter of some importance.
His latest outburst is eminently significant. He de-
liberated from the pulpit of a parish church at an official
service for the mayor and corporation of Wallasey.
Were any city fathers ever before challenged with such
plain speech on one of these State occasions? "Nothing
he saw in France," he declared, "was so abominably
disgraceful or so abominably unnecessary as the state
of the unemployed. He characterised the Dean of St.
Paul's statement that they could all find work to-mor-
row, if they looked for it, as "idiotic." "There was no
necessity," he continued, "for any child anywhere in
the world to go hungry." He denounced the assumption
that, "because a man was successful in his own busi-
ness, he was a good man to advise on the policy of a
nation." The "problem," he insisted, "which faced
them to-day would be solved when they made proper
use of the gifts given them for the good of all.
Mr. Studdert Kennedy appears to have no use for the ordi-
nary episcopal musing about "good will." As he
emphasised the need for "clear-sightedness and a big
vision," it is to be hoped that he will next time tell
people straight out exactly what needs to be done, and
that he will devote himself to a sustained propaganda
for the Church's own policy of the Just Price. But what a
fascinating vista opens up to the imagination, if we
speculate on the possibility of this "tumultuous priest"
establishing a hypnotic influence over the Archbishop
of Canterbury or the Bishop of London and "suggesting
him to his next actuates his imagination of an eminently respectable audience
when this sort of thing was flung at them in place of the
suavely correct address which they had come to hear.

If the public realised the pass in which our industrial
fortunes are involved, if they visualised from day to
day the meaning of 2,000,000 unemployed, there would
surely be a loud outcry for a public inquiry into the financial situation. We are very glad that Professor J. A. Hobson has been examining the Douglas-New Axi Scheme in the "Socialist Review." Any notice of the policy, favourable or unfavourable, by an economist of such repute, is bound to draw to it
the attention of numbers who otherwise might barely
have heard of it. We have no doubt that Mr. Douglas
will be more than equal to dealing with his critic.
What Is To Be Done?

Some years ago I was in a room where a man lay in peril of death. There were two doctors in the room, a nurse, and myself. The man was not dying, but he might die; and the air was full of that tension which marks the crisis of a tragedy. He might be saved or he might not be saved. It would shortly be decided. It was night.

In the street without there rose the brawling noise of two youths disputing upon some petty game of hazard; pitch and toss or what not. "I sye yer did!" "Nah! yer a loiar." Then a shove and a scuffle. We heard the measured tread of a policemen (for the house was the house of a wealthy man) and the disputants were silenced. It was an interlude, grotesque or shocking, according as one chose to take it.

An exact echo of this rose in my mind last week, when I saw the newspaper owners filling their tawdry columns with the speeches and counter speeches of the politicians. All those speeches were made up of wretched little vulgar personal attacks and replies—and the background to it was the enormous crisis of England.

This vast industrial society, packed into its hopeless great cities, is in mortal peril. It may be saved, or it may not be saved. Its enemies have taken for granted that it will die. Its own citizens (for it has no external friends left) nourish for the most part a habit of living upon the best instructed, has no effect at all upon the politicians. All those speeches were made up of columns with the speeches and counter speeches of the politicians. We note the grotesque or shocking, according as one chose to take it.

A second answer given is that transformation would he much slower than the pace of our transform credit. It is far more profound, and more nearly satisfactory. But I suggest two obstacles to its achievement, and a criticism of its value. The two obstacles in the way of its achievement are, first, the possession of all the power by the other side; secondly, the vast complexity, length, and delay of a transformation. It is not conceivable that if ever the new scheme of credit were to take its first step towards realisation there would not be an immediate and formidable repression of it. That repression would certainly be successful unless you could get strong public opinion in favour of the change, which you certainly could not. Next, even if you, by a miracle, got the new scheme under way, the pace of the transformation would be much slower than the pace of our original catastrophe. As for the general criticism against the scheme, it is this:-First, Credit is not everthing; it is not even the original force behind production, vast as is its present artificial power. It is still a power parasitical upon the prime process of unpunished corruption. We note the grotesque blunders in foreign policy, the cutting down of the Navy in obedience to a threat from the United States, the abject surrender in Ireland, the cutting off of the Colonial system from the united foreign policy of the country. The substitution of international financial interests for British interests, and the substitution of abuse and insult towards rivals for policy restraining those rivals. But no one of these things can be changed to the advantage of the country, for the general disease from which they proceed has gone too far.

While then it is the duty of every man who can express thought or mould it to insist, even clamorously, upon the scale of the peril, and upon its pressing immediate character (for until that is appreciated nothing can be done), it is still more a duty to seek alleviation at least, and if possible a remedy.

The time is short; it seems but yesterday that the social machinery was in full working order, and already we are within measurable distance of repudiation—partial repudiation at first, of course—then of rationing, and then of famine. No one can say that pace the tragedy will develop, but its rate is increasing progressively and so fast that the problem is already acute. What can be done?

The answer to that question varies principally with two factors in the mind of him who attempts it; first, his judgment of what is cause and what is effect; secondly, his judgment of the subconscious mentality governing his fellow citizens. It is clear that the search for a remedy will be directed towards the causes of the evil, and as judgments differ as to what those causes are, so are the various directions divergent and even contradictory. It is equally clear that no remedy suggested is practical, unless one has guessed rightly what and how much can be done with the popular mind.

The first answer given is this. Our trouble is due to the breakdown of public life; the incompetence and corruption of the little co-opting clique which lives off the taxes and professes to direct the State is the root of the evil. Let us break with that system altogether, and call in new men.

That answer is erroneous, because there is no machinery for calling in new men, or for judging them. And in the second factor, the mind of the crowd, there is no machinery for making the mass accept new men. The politicians and the half-dozen owners of the Sunday Newspapers (which alone form the opinion of the country) form one body. There is no avenue by which the personnel of government can be changed. But there is more than this. And even if you were to change the personnel of the Government you would not save the situation, for that personnel no longer controls the flood.

A second answer given is that of The New Age: transformation credit. It is far more profound, and more nearly satisfactory. But I suggest two obstacles to its achievement, and a criticism of its value. The two obstacles in the way of its achievement are, first, the possession of all the power by the other side; secondly, the vast complexity, length, and delay of a transformation. It is not conceivable that if ever the new scheme of credit were to take its first step towards realisation there would not be an immediate and formidable repression of it. That repression would certainly be successful unless you could get strong public opinion in favour of the change, which you certainly could not. Next, even if you, by a miracle, got the new scheme under way, the pace of the transformation would be much slower than the pace of our original catastrophe. As for the general criticism against the scheme, it is this:-First, Credit is not everthing; it is not even the original force behind production, vast as is its present artificial power. It is still a power parasitical upon the prime process of
production, which is the application of human energy, initiative, and intelligence to the operation of instruments and stores of necessities to natural forces. Secondly, it applies to production within the country. And again, a theoretical or practical transformation of our capitalist production might set to work the machinery for cutting and adjusting wood for house room. It is absurd that a community needing clothes, and having them not, should leave the machinery standing idle. But the machinery could not produce hides. Again, any theoretical or ‘atrocious aspects of existence,’ destroying almost with a frenzy all the traditional religious, philosophic, moral or aesthetic veils and shelters.

Many of his inquisitive excursions into the remotest domains of theory of knowledge, of psychology and of human consciousness in general, were dictated not so much by a search for ‘knowledge’ as by a search for risks, i.e., for proofs of his strength. For the greater the (theoretical) risk a man can face and survive, the greater the feeling of power he derives from it—that feeling which alone can justify his existence from the standpoint of an ascending Life. Consequently, the conquest of the greatest risk—the risk of destroying everything he knows about God, without finality and meaning—would be tantamount to the highest pitch of his own strength. All the more so because in Nietzsche’s own words the degree of man’s will-power ‘may be measured by the extent to which he can dispense with the meaning in things, by the extent to which he is able to endure a world without meaning.’

There is a kind of profound ecstasy derived from one’s ‘inward union with God,’ through which life and world seem to become perfect for a while and full of an eternal sense. But this mystical ecstasy has its counterpart in what we might call a magic ecstasy, with its two aspects—religious and irreligious: the first aspect we see in a Luciferic believer who repudiates God in the name of his own, cosmic, independence and self-assertion; the second we may study in an unbeliever who realises all the senselessness, all the horror of a Life and Universe without God, and yet tries to face it unflinchingly with that superhuman defiance from which he may obtain an inward intoxication with his own power and an ecstasy as great as that of a mystic, although these two ecstasies are on the opposite poles of human consciousness. Certain profound but utterly desperate and therefore reckless souls may have recourse to this intoxication in the same way as many unhappy people have recourse to alcohol. For what other mental drug could give them, for a time at least, the illusion of that incredible inward daring, of that tension and depth of life which our commonplace and sober external reality can never supply? This ecstasy may be sometimes even intensified by the feeling of the absolute independence of a man who is left in the middle of an eternal void—without any moral, religious or other solace—to create his own values.

It is natural that many thinkers prefer stealthily to return even through the backdoor to the comforting hypotheses of God and Absolute moral Value, rather than face this ‘new terrible liberty’ and cosmic loneliness of Man. Does not Kant’s Categorical Imperative belong to this kind of backdoors? And so does Tolstoy’s stunted ‘Christianity’; for both Kant and Tolstoy tried to secure their backdoor by proclaiming man’s moral conscience as something beyond all questioning, as the eternal law and voice of God Himself. Nietzsche, on the other hand, seemed to coquet with a certain pleasure (derived from the very awe before his own recklessness) just with those possibilities and problems which are thoroughly avoided, or at least thoroughly masked, by the majority of seekers and thinkers. Accepting the ‘death of God’ as a fait accompli, he did not shrink from all the other unpleasant conclusions, realising perfectly well that ‘the belief in the utter immorality of Nature, and in the absence of
all purpose and sense, are psychologically necessary attitudes when the belief in God and in an essentially moral order of things is no longer tenable." And with his usual ruthlessness he now sets to work to show to us not only the utter immorality of Nature, but also the immorality of our current morality itself in so far as the latter is judged by the standards of Life.

II.

Having done away, however, with God as the "Categorical Imperator," i.e., with every possibility of a reigious transcendental justification of morals, Nietzsche was bound to be confronted sooner or later with the notorious formula, "Nothing is true—all things are lawful." And is not this formula in itself a most dangerous crossways whose main road leads straight into the deepest recesses of pessimism and moral nihilism? Nietzsche saved himself from this road on the one side by his instinct for "Promethean" defiance, and on the other, by his "transvaluation of values" which in essence was but a continuous "pragmatic" attempt on his part to save Life from being engulfed by the great void. His very first step in this direction was a radical emancipation from Schopenhauer's Buddhist pessimism, for "a patient has no right to be pessimistic." He did this by transvaluing Schopenhauer's concept of the "will to exist" into the concept of a striving Will to Power which he proclaimed as lawful. And is not this formula in itself so "moral" principles. This is the main reason of Nietzsche's antithesis so far as our "modernity" is concerned.

As he wanted to rear, not "good" men, but powerful men—men who are strong enough to manage even their most dangerous instincts—he preached not the elimination of passions and "evil" instincts, but their utmost weakening, cowardice and lack of vitality. And so a merciless analysis and exposure of these "good" virtues will necessarily form the first phase of Nietzsche's moral transvaluations.

As is known, Nietzsche discovered many such virtues in our Christianity, in the modern democratic movement, as well as in the whole of modern "decadence," with its inherent tendency to protect the quantity of the species Man at the expense of its quality. He sees in the whole of our prevalent "herd-morality" only a hypocritical garb for that incurable weakness and "anaemia of will from which our modern humanity is suffering. "All the forces and instincts which are the source of life are lying beneath the ban of morality: morality is the life-denying instinct. Morality must be annihilated if life is to be emancipated." Why? Because the fundamental tendency of all weaklings is to undermine the whole of life by enfeebling the strong and reducing them to their own level—by means of their weakness, cowardice and lack of vitality. And so a merciless analysis and exposure of these "good" virtues will necessarily form the first phase of Nietzsche's moral transvaluations.

As a counter-measure against this "Christian morality of taming" Nietzsche devises, not immorality, but what he calls the morality of rearing. The methods of rearing might easily seem immoral when viewed from the standpoint of the values of taming. This does not, however, imply that the former are any more immoral in themselves than the latter; for, according to the principle of the relativity of morals, no values are moral or immoral in themselves, but only in our attitudes to them. And Nietzsche expresses his "biological" attitude fairly clearly when he says: "Rearing, as I understand it, is a means of husbanding the enormous powers of humanity in such a way that whole generations may build upon the foundations laid by their progenitors—not only outwardly, but inwardly, organically, developing already the existing stem and growing stronger." A dangerous, heroic life with a continuous self-conquest and growth as against the comfortable and easy stagnation of our modern Philistines whose only object is a kind of petty utilitarian "happiness"—this was Nietzsche's antithesis so far as our "modernity" is concerned.

III.

Now, in order that these "conquering and ruling natures" of the future should not be quite devoid of their material, Nietzsche seems to be kind enough to offer them all the rest of mankind. Or, at any rate,
as long as he is sure of a powerful élite of real "masters" he does not bother very much about the fate of the rest of humanity. He does not even preach the abolition of "decadence" in its totality; what he really seems to want is but a kind of quarantine—a strict line between the ascending and the decaying elements, that is to say, between "the masters" and the "herd." At last he goes even further: he proclaims decadence as a necessary condition of growth itself. According to him, it is simply disgraceful on the part of the Socialists, for example, to argue that "circumstances and social combinations could be devised which would put an end to all vice, illness, prostitution, and poverty"; for decadence necessarily belongs to all periods of human history. Where there is growth there must be also refuse and decaying matter; such is the law of vital processes. So much so that the highest culture and the greatest corruption are always parallel phenomena—they go, so to speak, hand in hand.

But if the law of vital processes requires decadence as well, then the struggle for the abolition of "refuse and decaying matter" would be a struggle against life itself. How are we to reconcile a case like "the decadent" with the "reverse of such a creature," especially if these two elements are so interwoven that a demarcation-line between them is almost impossible? Nietzsche settles this question in a very straightforward, almost fathistical way. He divides the individualism of ascending and decaying values; he even advocates the co-existence of entirely opposite kinds of morality—in so far as this co-existence is regulated by the principle of hierarchy, or, as he himself puts it, by the order of rank. "My philosophy," he says in "The Will to Power," "aims at a new order of rank: not an individualist morality. The spirit of the herd should rule within the herd—but not beyond it: the leaders of the herd require a fundamentally different valuation for their actions, as do also the independent ones or the beasts of prey." And the standard? "The modicum of power which you represent decides your rank; all the rest is cowardice," replies Nietzsche in the manner of a general who is distributing his forces before the battle. Carried away by his idea of a new order of rank (which in his case is the logical outcome of "relativity" in morals) Nietzsche suddenly becomes an enthusiastic supporter of those decaying elements which are necessary in order to fill up as well as possible all the departments of his order of rank. "We are atheists and immorals, but we take care to support the religious and the morality which we associate with the gregarious instinct: for by means of them, an order of men is, so to speak, being prepared, which must at some time or other fall into our hands, which must actually come for our hands. Beyond Good and Evil—certainly, but we insist upon the unconditional and strict preservation of herd-morality. The continuance of the Christian ideals belongs to the most desirable of desiderata: if only for the sake of the ideals which wish to take their stand beside it and perhaps above it—they must have opponents, and strong ones, too, in order to grow strong themselves. That is why we immorals require the power of morality: our instinct of self-preservation insists upon our opponents maintaining their strength—all it requires is to become a master of them. The levelling of the mankind of Europe is the great process which should not be arrested; it should even be accelerated. The necessity of clearing gulfs, of distance, of the order of rank, is therefore imperative; but not the necessity of retarding the process above mentioned."

And so on!

V.

What strikes one in reading these and similar passages is the fact that, in so far as the organisation of collective humanity is concerned, Nietzsche advocates, on the one side, the application of rules and divisions reminding us a little of the tendency towards a strict hierarchy and discipline of the Prussian army of yore; and on the other, his recipes for a collective treatment are at the same time largely an extension and a generalisation of his own self-treatment and self-discipline. It seems as though Nietzsche had projected (consciously or unconsciously) his personal tragedy and dilemma upon the whole of modern sick and decadent Europe, almost identifying its disease, its fate, with his own. In the dangers threatening the organism of the European humanity he rediscovers, as it were, his personal dangers, and vice versa. And so his own fight, self-discipline, and will to victory gradually acquire in his eyes a symbolic, a general significance. It is not only his own disease and fate that are at stake in his personal struggle to overcome them; for his self-cure and self-conquest will show the way to the cure of humanity; while his defeat would mean also their defeat and ruin. And since his philosophy is (in his opinion) the only radical cure, he is the only real, no, the greatest living philosopher on earth. He is, in fact, "a fatality."

It is hardly necessary to say that such an attitude towards his own pains on the part of Nietzsche must have deepened not only the significance of his personal tragedy, but also the feeling of his responsibility, of the importance of his own struggle, as well as his pride in being a sufferer on a "titanic" scale, or even a kind of "crucified" Redeemer. Those transvaluations of values which he ordered took as necessary measures for his own self-preservation he now continues sub specie of mankind. He now destroys and builds with the proud consciousness of a teacher and prophet who has a great "mission" and who is working for millennium. Thus we arrive at the strange line where the growing egotism of a sufferer overcomes itself through its very excess, as it were, touching at the same time upon that plane where egotism itself becomes "transvalued" into something that is of a higher order. A study of this boundary line will give us perhaps a few more clues to the "real" Nietzsche.

THE HIGH TIDE.

I know a southern valley where
A river joins the sea.

There is a music in the air,
A fragrance on the lea.

There rose one night the south-west gale
Whose breath no mercy yields;

And birds played elfin flutes,
Whose breath no mercy yields;

Of ocean-meadows deeply still,
Whose breath no mercy yields;

Of emerald sea-weeds twine,
Whose breath no mercy yields;

And now, where once the daisies bloomed,
And birds played elfin flutes,

O gentle daisies starry-eyed,
O gentle daisies starry-eyed,

There is a music in the air,
A fragrance on the lea.

From lucid orchards of the deep
Dark piles of seaweed show where boomed

Where never bird may sing or sleep,
Where never bird may sing or sleep;

Nor bee drone soft and low... . .
Nor bee drone soft and low... . .

What felt you 'neath the waves' salt kiss?
What felt you 'neath the waves' salt kiss?

Where emerald sea-weeds twine,
Where emerald sea-weeds twine,

Whose breath no mercy yields;
Whose breath no mercy yields;

Fold upon fold the low hills stand,
Fold upon fold the low hills stand,

And birds played elfin flutes,
And birds played elfin flutes,

There rose one night the south-west gale.
There rose one night the south-west gale.

Brought by the fierce, wind-driven tide,
Brought by the fierce, wind-driven tide,

O gentle daisies starry-eyed,
O gentle daisies starry-eyed,

Of ocean-meadows deeply still,
Of ocean-meadows deeply still,

What was saw in those wild hours,
What was saw in those wild hours,

Whelmed in a trance of fear end bliss
Whelmed in a trance of fear end bliss

*Neath drifts of sea-foam flowers?
*Neath drifts of sea-foam flowers?

EVA MARTIN.
Readers and Writers.

It is not so easy, if one is living in London, to arrange one's reading that it may be regular, ordered and progressive. Whatever plan one may decide upon at the beginning of the year (I speak of very noble natures) or the month (still magnificent determination) or the week (which is more or less my level), circumstances will usually prevent one's carrying it out, or, on the other hand will compel one to make large additions and interludes. For example, suppose me to sit down in the coming week to read, shall we say, the complete works of Theodore Dreiser. I know what would happen. I should be in the middle of "Sister Carrie" on Monday morning and a post would come in from America with one or two new books that must absolutely be looked at. Perhaps they will need merely skimming and putting aside for future perusal; so much the better. But more likely, since publishers do not send review books entirely for my personal amusement, they will need to be read and commented on. Then on Tuesday, an English publisher, greatly daring, will perhaps send me a book, with the same result. On Wednesday—and here I stop—some one will probably seize the eye of a needle than a review book from skimming and putting aside for future perusal; so weighing about ten pounds each at least—but my address for parcels to be forwarded, my reading of him "Women in Love" as an interlude to the adventures beginning of the year (I speak of very noble natures) succumbed to Mr. Lawrence's admirers and taken on parole to do so. I shall read my Dreiser without fail, days still having twenty-four hours, but, short of my going and living in the country without leaving an address for parcels to be forwarded, my reading of him will not be the pure and unfilleted process that I should like it to be. Such are the woes of a reviewer.

All this is to explain why it is that I am turning again to Mr. D. H. Lawrence in these notes. Heaven knows this publisher does not encourage the reviewing of Mr. Lawrence's books—it is easier to pull a camel through the eye of a needle than a review book from Mr. Secker—but his admirers are most persistent. Last week somebody brought me a copy of "Women in Love" and ordered me to read it at once; two days later I met somebody else who claimed to be portrayed in this novel and also insisted that it was my duty as a friend to read it. I was trying hard to read again Tol's "Annals of Rajasthan"—two enormous volumes, weighing about ten pounds each at least—but I have succumbed to Mr. Lawrence's admirers and taken "Women in Love" as an interlude to the adventures of the royal house of Udaipur in the time of the Mogul Emperors. The contrast between "Women in Love" and men in action is too extreme, I trust, for my impressions of either book to be affected by the other.

Mr. Lawrence's novel consists, I imagine, of some 150,000 words—there are over 500 pages of smallish type. It is monumental as a modern novel, and yet it is not send review books entirely for my personal amusement, I could not do it. I know that at the end Ursula, Gudrun, Gerald and Birkin go for a journey to Switzerland together; Birkin and Ursula marry, but Gudrun on intimate examination decides that Gerald is a bore, and that a little foreign woman is more attractive for her; and in the confusion occasioned by this discovery Gerald dies in the mountains. Otherwise I can only say that the way to distinguish Ursula from Gudrun in the body of the book is to realise that she is Mr. Birkin's lady, while her sister is Gerald's. Otherwise, so roughly and unconvincingly has Mr. Lawrence outlined them, you cannot keep them apart.

This is perhaps the most curious defect in Mr. Lawrence. His characters are so indefinite that they merge one into another. You cannot keep them apart. But while this is true of his minor characters, it is quite the contrary in the case of the minor ones. His thumbnail sketches are brilliant; he can draw a character in a dozen lines so that he or she lives in your memory long after the book is set down and its themes forgotten. I think the explanation of this inconsistency of Mr. Lawrence might be explained by saying that he invents his chief protagonists and copies his superiors from life. Whether this is true or not, I have no means of being certain; but I think it is probably so. Mr. Lawrence is a weak inventor; his dramatic incidents are so vague that they usually cease to be plausible. But when he is describing something that he must have watched—when, in short, he is drawing from life—then his writing is always good, sometimes amazingly skilful. There are two passages in particular in "Women in Love" that seem to me wonderful penwork. One is a description of a man holding a frightened horse to the gates of a level-crossing while a noisy goods train passes; the other, not so spectacular but not easier to write, describes a little girl foisting her puppy.

Here are one or two sentences from the first passage I have mentioned, though I should advise the reader to turn to the original (pages 113-4-5) for the whole incident.

The locomotive chuffed slowly between the banks, hidden. The mare did not like it. She began to wince away, as if hurt by the unknown noise. But Gerald pulled her back and held her head to the gate. The sharp blasts of the cliffing engine broke with more and more force on her. The repeated sharp blows of unknown, terrifying noise struck through her till she was rocking with terror. She recoiled like a spring let go. But a glinting, half-smiling look came into Gerald's face. He brought her back again, inevitably.

The noise was released, the little locomotive with her clanking steel connecting-rod emerged on the highroad, clanking sharply. The mare rebounded like a drop of water from hot iron. . . But Gerald was heavy on the mare, and forced her back. It seemed as if he sank into her magnetically, and could thrust her back against herself. . . .

The locomotive, as if wanting to see what could be done, put on the brakes (curiously but typically saw this sentence] and back came the trucks rebounding on the iron buffers, striking like horrible cymbals, clashing nearer and nearer in frightful strident concussions. The mare opened her mouth and rose slowly, as if lifted up on a wind of terror. Then suddenly her fore feet struck out, as she convulsed herself utterly away from the horror. Back she went. . . . At last he brought her down, sank her head, and was heaving her back to the mark. But as strong as the pressure of his compulsion was the repulsion of her utter terror, throwing her back away from the railway, so that she spun round and round, on two legs, as if she were in the centre of some whirlwind. . . .

Meanwhile the eternal trucks were rumbling on, very slowly, trending in the other direction like a disgusting dream that has no end. The connecting chains were grinding and squeaking as the tension varied, the mare moved and struck away mentally, her terror fulfilled in her, for now the man encompassed her; her paws were blind and pathetic as she beat the air, the man closed round her, and brought her down, almost as if she were part of his own physique.

There are not many people who can write such descriptions as this. It is curious that Mr. Lawrence, whose descriptions are as exquisite and skilful as a Japanese woodcut, should be full of care to formulate the depths of the souls of his characters in the manner of a Dostoevsky. The difference between
Dostoevsky and Mr. Lawrence is just the difference between success and failure. Dostoevsky shakes the world of his characters and something happens; with Mr. Lawrence, thunderclouds of emotion and passion collect, but they never burst; the rain never falls, the lightning never flashes. To adapt a trite phrase, Dostoevsky's mind masters matter; but with Mr. Lawrence his material goes far beyond his powers of interpretation. But when he ceases to plot and simply draws from life, I know no living English writer who can describe some sorts of scenes and some sorts of people better than the author of "Women in Love."

C. E. BECHHOFER.

The Note-Books of T. E. Hulme.

Edited by Herbert Read.)

III.—CINDERS (Continued).

The sick disgusting moments are part of the fundamental cinders—primeval chaos—the dream of impossible chaos.

The absolute is invented to reconcile conflicting purposes. But these purposes are necessarily conflicting, even in the nature of Truth itself. It is so absurd to construct an absolute which shall at each moment just manage by artificial gymnastics to reconcile these truths that can be traced to the personal circumstances and prejudices of his class, experience, capacity and body. This, however, is not an instance of error or hypocrisy. There is no average or real truth to be discerned among the different fronts of prejudice. Each is a truth in so far as it satisfies the writer.

We must judge the world from the status of animals, leaving out "Truth," etc.

Philosophy is about people in clothes, not about the soul of man.

Animals are in the same state that men were before symbolic language was invented.

The world lives in order to develop the lines on its face.

These little theories of the world, which satisfy and are then thrown away, one after the other, develop not as successive approximations to the truth, but like successive thirsts, to be satisfied at the moment, and not evolving to one great Universal Thirst.

Through all the ages, the conversation of ten men sitting together is what holds the world together.

Never think in a book; here are Truth and all the short summary paradise words.

Listen to the words of heroism and then at the other capital letters; but think in a theatre and watch the audience. Here is the reality, here are human animals. Listen to the words of heroism and then at the crowded hundreds who applaud. All philosophy subordinates this. It is not a question of the unity of the world and men afterwards put into it, but of human animals, and of philosophies as an elaboration of their appetites.

The importance of the circle of people. Sailors telling tales. Sailors looking at a map—it exists in all their minds.

Waves.

Heaven as the short summary paradise of words.

The ideal of knowledge: all cinders reduced to counters (words); these counters moved about on a chess board, and so all phenomena made obvious.

Something is always lost in generalisation. A railway leaves out all the gaps of dirt between. Generalisations are only means of getting about.

Cf. the words love, sex, nude, with the actual details.

I hate more than anything the vague long preten-

tious words of Wells—"indefinable tendency in events," etc., etc.

Always seek the hard, definite, personal word.

The real levelheadedness: to be able to analyse a pretty girl at first sight, not to be intoxicated with clothes, to be able to imagine the effect of dipping in water—this is what one must be able to do for words, and for all embracing philosophies. We must not be taken in by the armchair moments.

The World is Round.

Disillusionment comes when it is recognised that all heroic actions can be reduced to the simple laws of egoism. But wonder can even then be found in the fact that there are such different and clear-cut laws and egoisms and that they have been created out of the chaos.

The pathetic search for the different (Cf. Gide). Where shall they find it? Never found in sex. All explored sex is the same.

World as finite, and so no longer any refuge in infinites of grandeur.

Homiu. Resolution of apparent flexibility and continuity into atomic structure. Oratory and fluency mean a collection of phrases at fingers' ends. This seen in Hyde Park, the young men, Christian preachers. Escapes to the infinite:

(i) Art, blur, strangeness, music.

(ii) Sentimentality.

The sentimental illusion of a man (invalid) who takes pleasure in resting his head in a woman's lap—it is a deliberate act, work on her part. While he may feel the sentimental escape to the infinite, she has to be uncomfortable and prosaic.

All experience tends to do away with all sentimental escapes to the infinite, but at the same time to provide many deliberated, observed, manufactured, artificial, spectacular, poised for seeing continuities and patterns. The universal conspiracy: other people unconsciously provide the sentimental spectacle in which you luxuriate. The world is nothing more or less than a stage.

There may be an attitude which sees that most things are illusions, that experience is merely the gradual process of disillusionment, that the new as well as the old ideals turn out to be partial, non-continuous or infinite, but then in face of this decides that certain illusions or moods are pleasurable and exhilarating, and deliberately and knowingly encourages them. A judicious choice of illusions, leading to activities planned and carried out, is the only means of happiness, e.g., the exhilaration of regarding life as a procession or a war.

In the opposition to Socialism and Utopian schemes comes the insistence on the fact of the unalterability of motives. Motives are the only unalterable and fixed things in the world. They extend to the animal kingdom. They are the only rock: physical bases change. They are more than human motives: they are the constitution of the world.

That great secret which all men find out for themselves, and none reveal—or if they do, like Cassandra, are not believed—that the world is round. The young man refuses to believe it.

For discussion.

(i) How far the pretensions of science are true. How far there are such things as non-laws.

(ii) The nature of truth.

(iii) Laplace's fallacy. It is not in the nature of the world to be calculated; the future is variable.

Refuse World as a unit and take Person (in flight from the word fallacy).

But why person? Why is the line drawn exactly there in the discussion of counter words?

We are becoming so particular in the choice of
words and the rejection of symbolisms that we are in danger of forgetting that the world does really exist.

The two ultimate principles upon which the whole of knowledge can be built are independence of the imagery which steadies it. Subtle associations which familiar images recall are insinuated into the thought.

Though perhaps we do not realise it, we are still governed by the analogy, by which spirit was first compared to the wind. The contrast best when looking at the sun. (Perhaps it would be better to say that there are some new things under the moon, for here is the land pre-eminently of shadows, fancies and analogies.)

Danger: one must recognise thought's essential independence of the imagery which steadies it. Subtle associations which familiar images recall are insinuated into the thought.

In the sixteenth year of my age I entered Peking University. There I made many girl friends, among whom Miss Seng was the most beautiful and accomplished. Young as I was, I understood love only in the abstract, and read of it in poetry. When I began to experience it, Miss Seng was the object of my passion. Even in the lecture rooms I always studied her face with mute excitement. Two days later, it came. Her refusal disappointed me very much, but it did not make me despair. In the New Year, she went to her home, which is thirty miles from Peking. I sent her a Chinese History, a present for which no return was anticipated, but I did expect to get a few lines from her saying that she liked it. Day after day, week after week, she kept silent. The University reopened on January 15. I was there early in the morning, in the hope that I might be able to see her. But she did not come to the lectures until the end of the month. When I saw her again, she had worn herself out, her face was pale, and her hands were thin. What was the cause of her altered looks? I advised her to take some exercise, and she agreed to dance in the University hall three times a week. The first day she went in, as I could not dance at that time, I looked on, but no one invited Miss Seng to dance. Her eyes were fixed on the floor; her face became scarlet, and at last she got up from her seat and went out. I followed her and called her name from a short distance. Her head never turned in my direction, and her feet moved quickly and heavily towards the women's common room. For a little while I was annoyed, but later on I thought it was my fault for not having introduced some friends of mine to her. She said that she was in a difficult position to sit alone in the dancing hall without any partner! Next day I apologised to her, but after that she was very cold to me.

Some weeks later I wrote and asked her to come to a debate in which I was to take part. She did so and during the debate seemed very happy for a few minutes, but shortly afterwards dropped her head again. She left the debating hall just as I was about to speak to her. This made me wonder "Is she angry with me?" "Did I offend her?" "Why does she hold aloof from me?" I asked myself. "Oh! I could not know what was in her heart." As the summer vacation drew near the University gave a dinner on the last day of the session. I intended to get a ticket for her, and asked her frankly whether she would join me. She refused. What surprised me most, however, was that she said I was indifferent to me. And now I can no longer endure her indifference. I must give her up, and start a new life.

During the summer vacation I spent part of my holiday on "West Lake." One evening a servant came to my room with a registered letter. It was redressed from my home in Shanghai. I recognised the writing in her hand. As I looked upon her, she applied it to her lips, and began to play upon it. The sound was so sweet that my heart was almost melted. Soon the music stopped, and I drew near her. It was Miss Seng. Her flute was now resting on her lap. I approached her silently and stood behind her. Putting my hands over her eyes and imitating a girl's voice, I asked her to guess who I was. "I can't," she replied. "Please take your hands, but I feel giddy," I obeyed her, and she, after having recognised me, said "Oh, how you startled me. You must not do it again." Then she invited me to sit by her side. We talked sweet lovers' talk, so sweet, that I must confess that I had never experienced moments of more exquisite felicity. My dream was, however, interrupted by some thing I could not remember. Next morning when I met her in the lecture room, I blushed; the cause of my blushing she could never know.

The New Year was drawing nearer. Having decided to take her to the 'New World,' a music hall, for an evening, I wrote my first letter to her which, to tell the precise truth, took me three days to compose. The letter was sent, and I awaited her answer with feverish excitement. Two days later, it came. Her refusal disappointed me very much, but it did not make me despair. In the New Year, she went to her home, which is thirty miles from Peking. I sent her a Chinese History, a present for which no return was anticipated, but I did expect to get a few lines from her saying that she liked it. Day after day, week after week, she kept silent. The University reopened on January 15. I was there early in the morning, in the hope that I might be able to see her. But she did not come to the lectures until the end of the month. When I saw her again, she had worn herself out, her face was pale, and her hands were thin. What was the cause of her altered looks? I advised her to take some exercise, and she agreed to dance in the University hall three times a week. The first day she went in, as I could not dance at that time, I looked on, but no one invited Miss Seng to dance. Her eyes were fixed on the floor; her face became scarlet, and at last she got up from her seat and went out. I followed her and called her name from a short distance. Her head never turned in my direction, and her feet moved quickly and heavily towards the women's common room. For a little while I was annoyed, but later on I thought it was my fault for not having introduced some friends of mine to her. She said that she was in a difficult position to sit alone in the dancing hall without any partner! Next day I apologised to her, but after that she was very cold to me.

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as that of the one whom I loved; the only one for whom I ever cared—Miss Seng. Opening it eagerly, and reading the contents I burst into an agony of tears. Oh! how silly I was? I know you love me too, but I often think I am an unworthy friend of yours. Last December you asked me to go to the "New World," I should have done so had I not been restrained by a needless fear that others might laugh at us, or even discuss us. I am sure my refusal disappointed you. In the New Year it was very kind of you to send me the volumes on Chinese History. I liked them very much and should have sent you a thousand thanks in writing had I not been ill, or had not my senses been morbidly dull. But being unable to write and not bold enough to ask my mother to do it for me, I kept silent till I saw you at the University. I never told you of my illness for I did not want to worry you.

In the Spring, you advised me to take some exercise and I decided to dance. But in the hall no one came to ask me to be his partner, and I began to think that I had lost the good books I once had. As I was physically weak, it was not quite possible to study hard, or to attain my honours. Depressed by these thoughts, I left the hall— you followed me and called me by my name. But I would not turn my pale and thin face to you at that moment. Later, I attended a debate, and was gladdened by your winning a prize. My happiness, however, was clouded. To think that you were so admirable made me realise how unworthy a friend I was. So I left without speaking a single word to you. Thereafter my head ached incessantly until a week before the University dinner. My health was very bad. In consequence I refused your invitation for the second time. But on the day of the dinner I felt a little better and I came up to the University and tried to find you but in vain. I got my own ticket intending to join you. But when you entered you were so angry with me. You did not speak to me nor could I to you. This drove me frantic. Since then self-pity has sapped my strength and, now it is so much worse that I have only one wish, namely, to see you before I die. Come to me, come to me at once, or you will be unable to see me again.

Having packed my things, I caught a train to Peking. Two days' journey seemed to be more than a year. During that time I scarcely ate anything or spoke to my fellow travellers. When the train arrived at Peking, I hastily went to my destination. Mrs. Seng met me and told me that her daughter was very anxious to see me. She led me to her daughter's room. Miss Seng, catching sight of me, started, then smiled, and then tears flowed from her lovely eyes down her hollow cheeks. "My dear friend," she said, "I am so glad that you have come. I am very happy at being able to see you before I die. Please come near me." She stretched out her right hand, and I clasped it in silent agony. Five minutes passed. Then she cried out "It is too late! It is too late!" I felt her hand trembling in mine. Her face became very pale. Mrs. Seng ran out and rang up the doctor who was many miles off. Alas! It was too late! Before he reached the house Miss Seng had breathed her last.

It is three years since she died. It was I who misunderstood her. It was I who made her such an easy prey to the spoiler Death. "Mountain and rivers may undergo a change and disappear from the earth, but my repentance will have no end."
extraordinary liveliness and outstanding merit in the pot-boiler," another calls it "a musty farce"; and I thought the play amusing or interesting. Yet, curiously enough, these same critics praise the "production" and it is precisely there that I feel uneasy. For, obviously, if in a performance we get one or two characters perfectly realised and superbly played, and the rest not in the picture, the production leaves something to be desired. That something, I feel sure, is understanding and enjoyment of the play; and if Mr. Summers can only communicate both to some of the players we shall be able to agree with his estimates of the plays. It depends upon the actor's imagination and understanding of the part as to which way his creative power will work; if he has a clear perception and enjoyment of certain characters in certain periods, he will develop a style that is fitting, will seem to project himself into that character, and will be convincing, real and convey to us the mood intended by the author. But if the actor has not this understanding, he will suppose that these are people just like himself, will try to express the Restoration in terms of a twentieth century masquerade, and leave us wondering why anybody ever thought the play amusing or interesting.

We got examples of both methods in the production of "The Chances." There was the Bawd, a portly character in that period, and will develop a delightfully amoral, a character perfectly realised and superbly played, and the rest not in the picture, the production leaves something to be desired. That something, I feel sure, is understanding and enjoyment of the play; and if Mr. Summers can only communicate both to some of the players we shall be able to agree with his estimates of the plays. It depends upon the actor's imagination and understanding of the part as to which way his creative power will work; if he has a clear perception and enjoyment of certain characters in certain periods, he will develop a style that is fitting, will seem to project himself into that character, and will be convincing, real and convey to us the mood intended by the author. But if the actor has not this understanding, he will suppose that these are people just like himself, will try to express the Restoration in terms of a twentieth century masquerade, and leave us wondering why anybody ever thought the play amusing or interesting.

We got examples of both methods in the production of "The Chances." There was the Bawd, a portly figure flushed with "the canaries," florid and frank and delightfully amoral, a character perfectly realised and expressed with gusto by Miss Margaret Yarde. There was her kinswoman, a tipsy gentlewoman, discreetly, delicately, drolly inebriate, played with most effective expression by Miss Margaret Pratt. There were her kinsman, a tipsy gentlewoman, discreetly, delicately, drolly inebriate, played with most effective expression by Miss Margaret Pratt. There were her kinswoman, a tipsy gentlewoman, discreetly, delicately, drolly inebriate, played with most effective expression by Miss Margaret Pratt. There were her kinswoman, a tipsy gentlewoman, discreetly, delicately, drolly inebriate, played with most effective expression by Miss Margaret Pratt. There were her kinsman, a tipsy gentlewoman, discreetly, delicately, drolly inebriate, played with most effective expression by Miss Margaret Pratt. There were her kinsman, a tipsy gentlewoman, discreetly, delicately, drolly inebriate, played with most effective expression by Miss Margaret Pratt. There were her kinsman, a tipsy gentlewoman, discreetly, delicately, drolly inebriate, played with most effective expression by Miss Margaret Pratt. There were her kinsman, a tipsy gentlewoman, discreetly, delicately, drolly inebriate, played with most effective expression by Miss Margaret Pratt.

But for the rest, it was a haphazard collection of actors and actresses thrown on to work their will, to scramble through as best they could, unrelated to one another, to any period, or, so far as I could see, any general conception whatever. The sword-fight in the first act was the clumsiest scramble I have ever seen, with the exception of the fight in Nettleford's "Othello" when Mr. Swinley was hurt; and it was typical of most of the play. The scenes were not "made," they were walked through, improvised, in the first style that came to hand. Mr. Bruce Winston, as old Antonio, a Falstaffian figure, did some good work in his scene with the doctor; but he made nothing, not even a character study of his charging, or his dying. Certainly he was playing with Miss Muriel Pratt, and it seemed impossible for anyone to do good work with her; but he might at least have worked up some "business" for his fighting. Mr. Edmund Willard, who followed Garrick in playing Don John, had no reason to be jealous as Garrick was of the applause gained by his Constantia; indeed, Mr. Summers' notes are tantalising, for he tells us of all the great actors and actresses who have played in these plays, and have moved their audiences to enthusiasm, and instead of Miss Muriel Pratt trying to out-do Mrs. Abington, she just pouted, and giggled, and gurgled, as Miss Pratt always does, and made me wonder how or why actresses like Charlotte Butler, Nance Oldfield, Kitty Clive, Mrs. Abington, Mrs. Jordan, and so on, could ever have aroused enthusiasm in the audience and jealousy in other actors if Miss Pratt's idea of the part was the right one.

That is the difficulty with these revivals. The "great" tradition is almost lost; and the young generation is either so satisfied with itself or so incapable of imaginative insight that it does not begin to recreate it. There was Mr. George Skil Lanlard, as Don Frederick, doing his best to imitate Mr. Ion Swinley, as though Mr. Swanley were a master of the art; Mr. Edmund Willard, as Don John, playing himself rather well, and a very likeable person, too, but conveying no hint that he was a Restoration "blood," or that the part was worthy of Hart, of Wilks, Hallam, Gifford, Garrick and the rest. That the tradition is not entirely lost, and can be revived, the work of Miss Margaret Yardo in this play and in "Volpone," Mr. Baliol Holloway's also in "Volpone," Miss Edith Evans in "Venice Preserv'd," and others, serves to show; and there are other ways, first of all, the method of imagination in the study of a part, the practice and development of a style different from the naturalistic method of modern "observed" life, I think there is no doubt. But these people come walking on from God knows where (where, for example, did Miss Isabel Jeans learn her craft; it has nothing to do with acting) and do God only knows what. All that is certain is that they neither know nor care for the fact that these plays belong to a period when people had manners, style, and address, striking personalities, and a culture not much hampered by any sense of decorum. What they need is that someone with the knowledge and enthusiasm, such as Mr. Summers has, should get hold of them and make them enjoy the plays; they instead of expressing their creative imagination in the part. Miss Clare Greet, who played the Old Gentlewoman, Landlady to Don John and Frederick, was not quite settled in her part; she wanted another rehearsal, I think, to complete her "ejecution"; but if she had not quite got back to the Restoration atmosphere, she was certainly nearer to it than she was to the twentieth century. She forgot to emphasise the contrast between her moral pro- testation of the good name of her house, and her offers of service to the young gentleman; perhaps she did not relish the fleshliness of the jest, but it is useless to try to refine the crude bawdry of this period. It was a "guffaw" scene, and should have been played for the guffaw.

M. LARIONOV.
might then begin to want to act them, instead of playing them as though they might have been great for Garrick or Nance Oldield, but are really beneath the dignity of ex-students of the Royal Academy, or players from the repertory theatres.

Views and Reviews.

"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"-I.

There is no gainsaying the fact that the figure of Christ has extraordinary significance for Europeans. We cannot escape Him; at some time or other we are confronted with the question:

"What think ye of Christ," friend? when all's done and said?

You like this Christianity or not?

May it be false, but will you wish it true?

Has it your vote to be so if it can?

Confronted with that question, Europe has returned a myriad answers, most of which Dr. Stanley Hall considers in these monumental two volumes; no man can create a culture-hero without first reckoning with the Christ, Nietzsche himself had to write an Anti-Christ as the very condition of the existence of his Zarathustra. But confronted with the question, Europe has always asked another: "What is Christ?" As Huxley said: "So it has been with me in my efforts to define the grand figure of Jesus as it lies in the primary strata of Christian literature. Is He the kindly, peaceful Christ who frowns above the altar of SS. Cosmas and Damianus? Or can He be rightly represented by the bleeding ascetic, broken down by physical pain, of too strong a temperament, too broken a soul?" Huxley put it: "As the earliest, probably the most fundamental, characteristics without personification, cannot for long tend a machine without crediting it with human whims and tempers and even sex. Man puts himself into everything he regards; as Goethe said: "Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is"; and he needs, even as the simplest psychological compensation, a figure to express his otherwise inexpresable longings.

All I could never be,

All, men ignored in me,

That I will give to Christ,

is the only psychological inference we can draw from the persistence of this figure, and the various and antagonistic interpretations of it. Culture-heroes, quite literally, live on credit; and the more we can bring them with the more significant they are for us. When Matthew Arnold, examining the evidence for the Resurrection, exclaimed: "Behold a legend growing under your very eyes!" he did not realise that the growth of the legend was more significant, than the actual truth of its content. It is a vital necessity that man should not admit the supremacy of death; and that it should take the form of supposing that one individual rose from the grave, a feat unknown in human experience, is simply a fact that requires interpretation. As Dr. Stanley Hall says:

We must constantly translate what the dramatic personage of the New Testament said and did into what was really meant by it all. Of this they knew but little; but only dimly intuited and strongly felt it. It is the self-same faith that Paul rhapsodised about, but which we conceive as the inner psychic evolutionary nisus of the racial soul in the individual. The New Testament writers spoke far more wisely than they knew, and hence we well call them inspired. But nothing in our own age of science so cries out for explanation higher than they have yet received than these records. Thus to us to-day Christianity is less and less a solution, and more and more a problem, which like the riddle of the sphinx we must solve or be devoured by the minotaur of selfishness and animality. The state of the real knowledge of and feeling for Christianity on the part of the world of modern culture and the complacency of the Church in antiquated conceptions constitute to-day the great blemish and the one great danger of our civilisation. The Church is a cult and no longer stands for the highest culture. It has become a idolator of its symbols, and lost the holy passion to penetrate deeper into their significance. It has lost control of and often all vital touch with the leaders of mankind, and makes only a falsetto, sporadic appeal to educated youth. Its mission is to save souls, but its very seminaries teach or care little about what the soul of man really it. It should take the psychology that deals with the deeper things of humanity to its very heart of hearts, instead of maintaining its attitude of suspicion and exclusion, and help to show forth the new sense in which our scriptures are being revealed as the world's chief text-book in psychology. Thus true Christianity is of the present and the future far more than it is of the past. Its great triumphs ought to be those yet to come. In this connection, it is important to remember that one of the most important characteristics ascribed to the Christ was that He taught as "One having authority, and not as the scribes." He claimed, at the same time, that He was not destroying but fulfilling the law; He


Christ. If Christ did not satisfy a need of man, there would have been no Christology; and the variety of Christs only indicates the variety of needs that human nature had to satisfy. "A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a Jesus for?" is what Browning's Andrea del Sarto should have said. It is one of the earliest, probably the most fundamental, characteristics of an historical personage that, if its immediate aims are morally bad by persons; we all tend to drop into animism when our emotions are stimulated, we cannot even write poetry without personification, cannot for long tend a machine without crediting it with human whims and tempers and even sex. Man puts himself into everything he regards; as Goethe said: "Man never knows how anthropomorphic he is"; and he needs, even as the simplest psychological compensation, a figure to express his otherwise inexpresable longings.

All I could never be,

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was re-interpreting it in the terms of personal experience, giving it a wonderful record of success if its constituent societies had not been registered under Slaney's Act; and Slaney's Act was the work of the Christian Socialists, derived from their own experience. It was a time of great mental fertility, and the Christian Socialists were men whole-heartedly determined to put the public and of the legislature; they provided the movement with a legal status and an organic corporate life; they supplied out of their own number who were prepared to spend and be spent as “the trusted bearers of tradition, is an lesson for Guild Socialists like Mr. G. D. H. Cole, who are fond of democratic constitution-building, in Richard Isham's report. “The great evil is too many disputes, too many discussions, too many meetings, too much interference”; as manager of the Printers’ Association, he spoke from experience. But we suspect that another reason for failure is to be found in the interpretation of “Christian” in this connection. It seems to us that, in this connection, Christianity is not a condition of faith in certain theological interpretations of reality, not an act of associated worship, but the application of a body of psychological technique that makes for successful work. Maurice’s talk about “God’s order,” Ludlow’s insistence on “the religious basis of the movement,” is unnecessary and obstructive; we cannot see the trees for the wood in this perspective. We can only learn virtues by practice, one at a time; the immediate need of making an Association a success calls for the exercise of a number of virtues, and the greatest of these is equality. “Where equality is undisputed, so also is subordination,” said Shaw. But the Horatian rule is as sound in industry as in drama; neither should a god intervene as a lawyer before the behalf worthy of his intervention; and “God’s order” will probably be better established if we drop the clergyman’s insistence on it, and concentrate on the job in team-work may be Christian, but not every team-worker will accept the name.

Forward from Babylon. By Louis Golding. (Christophers. 8s. 6d. net.)

This novel, flung with the dedication “For My Father” at the head of the bearers of tradition, is an expression of youthful revolt against Jewry. It has hints of a wider significance, of a psychology of the dirty disorder of industrialism that, curiously enough, impelled Disraeli in the opposite direction. He juxtaposed the glories of Jewish history and the dismal products of the dismal science, contrasted Damascus and Birkenhead, and asserted the superiority of Jewish over English “values.” But Mr. Golding’s hero, revolting first against life in an English industrial town, revolts also against the harsh traditionalism of his father, a Rabbi; he has the poetic temperament that, in its essence, is a desire for direct and individual experience, a desire which is not often or easily satisfied by the authoritative teaching of tradition. What the boy really wanted was variety of experience; and his peculiar position as son of a Rabbi was an added limitation. When he revolted, he revolted against the things nearest him; and the story of his conflict with his father, waged on the father’s side, with hate and, on the son’s, with a natural but deplorable injustice, is painful reading. Mr. Golding deals powerfully and frankly with the peculiar difficulties of adolescence; but his hatred is a more powerful instrument of art than his sympathy. It is his Rab Monash who stands before us a complete figure, impecable, like the priestess of tradition, and terrible, in spite of his sordid surroundings. The boy is, by comparison, a passionate but amorous figure, a complex of energetic impulses without any clear aim and a direction only centrifugal, a turbulent, insecure hunger for emancipation. It is by no means a pleasant book; it combines the two most hateful things in literature, squalor and tyranny, but its power cannot be denied. It has the terrible realism of the youthful, that harsh pre-occupation with the immediate that disguises the significance of things. Philip Monash has yet to discover that religion is poetry, and Judaism one of the most poetic religions. It suffers, of course, from a sense of oppression, maintains much harshness of racial spirit, and is, in that respect, inferior in spirit to universal poetry such as Shelley sang, and on the son’s, with a natural but deplorable injustice, is painful reading. Mr. Golding deals powerfully and frankly with the peculiar difficulties of adolescence; but his hatred is a more powerful instrument of art than his sympathy. It is his Rab Monash who stands before us a complete figure, impecable, like the priestess of tradition, and terrible, in spite of his sordid surroundings. The boy is, by comparison, a passionate but amorous figure, a complex of energetic impulses without any clear aim and a direction only centrifugal, a turbulent, insecure hunger for emancipation. It is by no means a pleasant book; it combines the two most hateful things in literature, squalor and tyranny, but its power cannot be denied. It has the terrible realism of the youthful, that harsh pre-occupation with the immediate that disguises the significance of things. Philip Monash has yet to discover that religion is poetry, and Judaism one of the most poetic religions. It suffers, of course, from a sense of oppression, maintains much harshness of racial spirit, and is, in that respect, inferior in spirit to universal poetry such as Shelley sang, and
Sydney to the Golden Mile.
Sir,—In granting the hospitality of your columns to Mr. Grant Madison Hervey for the purpose of criminally libelling Australia and its people you were not dealing with an American bagman as he leads you to assume. Hervey is a notorious Australian cheap-jack politician. To the best of my knowledge he has never been in America. He was born in Casterton, Victoria, where he made his first public acquaintance with the police of my native land—and an acquaintance that later ripened into intimacy. He was for two years in their company in Sydney for one offence, and for two years more for another. During this Great Silence he formulated a scheme for the establishment of a limited Monarchy in the fruit-growing district of Mildura, with himself occupying therein as obscure an official position as would be consistent with the efficient exercise by him of the Royal Veto. When it became possible for him to do so, he told his residents—speaking in the role in which he addressed himself to readers of The New Age—that of the American Doer of Big Things—as Mr. King once says: "It was a great cruelty to a just king." They tarred and feathered him. But this expression of public confidence came some time later. He had escaped from the town when the paper of which he announces himself the editor announced the bankruptcy of a rival by poster and otherwise. The rival was not a bankrupt. Other things seemed to have annoyed the citizens of Mildura. Anyhow they tarred him and they feathered him and then went in a body to the police station and gave themselves up and as many as can be accommodated are being tried for this offence. It is a unique one in Australian annals and the defence is that Hervey was attempting to blackmail the citizens of Mildura. After this Hervey wrote articles upon the criminal origins and practices of the people of Mildura—published elsewhere than in Mildura. It was not in The New Age, though from what one can judge from the meagre police court reports their tone was the same. Nor were they published under his own name—the fact of his authorship of them was dragged from him with great reluctance in a local police court. May I add as a quite legitimate piece of literary criticism that Hervey was not so antagonistic to Australia before his experience of her jails became so complete? Grant Hervey is the author of "Australia Yet," in which the arrests of five thousand per cent. Australianism which was reviewed in your columns some years ago in a way that gave complete satisfaction to the author. My fervent feeling about my friend Hervey is that I can forgive him everything save the poems he wrote in praise of Australia. I trust that you will find space for this letter so that the more subtle among the psycho-analysts who read your paper may be enabled to discover the complex that underlies the articles of Grant Madison Hervey.

WILL DYSON.

The Poet Reincarnate.
Sir,—I suppose that the letter signed "M. L. S." in your last issue has some reference to me, as my name appears in it; but I can find nothing of importance to reply to in its length. "M. L. S." has advanced the forgone conclusion that Mr. Hope should have little that was kind to say of Miss Dane's play; and most of those who have read or seen the play will agree with her. Miss Dane's "Will Shakespeare" is a incomparable work of genius; and the tobacco smoke more dense, and the shouts for drinks more imperative. Then, "Time, gents, please," a raucous voice yells. For a few more moments all continues. Again the raucous voice cries more violently. "Time, gents! Time! Come along, gents, please," and slowly the drinkers pass outside. The weary girls collect the dirty glasses thankfully, and prepare to go to their rest. Outside a few inebriates converse disconnectedly and heatedly, but at last even these drift away to their homes.

G. E. FUSSEL.

Merry Death.
Death, the eternally beloved of my tongue, What doth avail the front of modesty, The sad-browed weed, and head with cypress hung, Under my friend Hervey's eyes; and the tobacco smoke more dense, and the shouts for drinks more imperative. Then, "Time, gents, please," a raucous voice yells. For a few more moments all continues. Again the raucous voice cries more violently. "Time, gents! Time! Come along, gents, please," and slowly the drinkers pass outside. The weary girls collect the dirty glasses thankfully, and prepare to go to their rest. Outside a few inebriates converse disconnectedly and heatedly, but at last even these drift away to their homes.
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