NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We said last week that an Autumn rather than a Spring or Summer General Election was now clearly indicated; and though, indeed, the intervening events have at moments seemed threatening, the situation is pretty certain to settle down upon facts. Neither the Unionist nor the Liberal section of the Coalition had or has or ever will have the smallest chance of winning a General Election and forming a Government on its own, and, least of all, without the support of the personality and prestige of Mr. Lloyd George. By long association, by personal intimacies, by common compromises on previously disputed matters, the two sections have now become so involved in one another that their public separation would amount to a political scandal highly and equally damaging to both of them. In sheer disgust it is probable that the electorate would either vote for neither of them or only in such numbers as would leave the Labour Party the strongest group in the new House of Commons. The truth of the matter is that parties cannot coalesce temporarily in actual government without losing their former independence and outlines. The Liberal Unionist Party, as everybody knows, was speedily swallowed up in the Conservative Party with which it temporarily allied itself. Likewise the Labour Party, had it really shared responsibility with the original war Coalition, would have returned inside the tiger. That there is at this moment no clearly definable difference between the two sections of the present Coalition is due to the simple fact that they and their leaders have actually worked together for several years in a responsible capacity, in the course of which their nominal differences have largely disappeared. Only paper-theorists can now distinguish Unionist Tweedledum from Liberal Tweedledee.

Between now and the date of the postponed Election it is practically certain that new and even more convincing reasons will be provided for the continued co-operation of the two sections. In the first place, the world-crisis that brought them together will be found to be by no means over; in fact, we are still only in its early days. The financial system of the world, which was the root-cause of the war, is still intact and may confidently be expected to create an increasing number of increasing difficulties; and from that wood there is no escape save by a way that nobody is yet disposed to take. In the second place, the longer the situation is looked at the more unmistakable will it appear that the grounds of difference between the two sections are trifling in comparison with their common features. No economic fact divides them; both stand firmly on the same platform of economic fallacies; and just to the extent that economic questions become and remain predominant, the co-operation of the sections must be taken for granted whether they are in office or out of it. In the third place, as each is likely to see on reflection that neither can form a Government by itself, the practical choice before them is co-operation either with each other or with some other section. But what are the other sections? On the one side, the Asquithian group with which it is conceivable that the Liberal section might co-operate, but without much profit to itself; and, on the other side, the Labour group with which it is certain that neither section could work. Where is the advantage from a divorce that would either entail a worse marriage or no marriage at all? Finally, much will depend on the success with which the Labour Party can be persuaded to continue its role of political bogey-man. Thanks to the combination of the finesse of the older parties with the stupidity of the Labour intelligentsia, the Labour Party has allowed itself to become the horrible warning of all moderate citizens, contrasted with which even the most reactionary Government appears to be preferable. Its programme of Nationalisation with an inevitable State-slavery under the dictatorship of Mr. Sidney Webb is a veritable present to the older parties; and so long as it can be induced to submit itself to Fabian control, its impotent role as the drunken helot of politics may be expected to keep the other sections sober. Reaction has much to thank the Labour Party for. We do not exclude even its life.

Without anticipating the possibility of such a political folly as the suicide of the present Coalition, it may be useful to forecast the consequences of a Labour victory at the next General Election. Certain of the die-hards, we understand, are under the impression that the experiment of a Labour Government, especially in the unfavourable circumstances of a group-system and a Dutch diversity of opinion among the Labour Members themselves, would and could only result in an
early reaction which would establish the Unionist party in power for a long period. But this reasoning is very shallow indeed; it altogether ignores both human nature and history. Above all, it forgets Kerensky. For the often demonstrated consequence of a "trial" of incompetent extremists in office is the emergence, not of relatively competent reactionary moderates, but of extremely competent revolutionary extremists. It was not Milukov who succeeded Kerensky, but Lenin. What our die-hards fail to take into account is the direction of the momentum implied in the very fact that a Labour group would have become the direct actual Government of the day. Quite fresh expectations would be quickened and created by it. Appetites for power and place, now quiescent from long despair, would be speedily emboldened to declare themselves; and from the moderate meals provided by the patronage of a Labour Government the demand would grow for banquets. A Labour Government in office would in all probability fall into the hands of the Communists within a year or two. If the fundamental principles of the Labour Party were such that it could solidly meet the inevitable attack of the Conservatives on the one side and of the one side and of the one side and of the other side, by the obvious means of satisfying the demands of the multitude of plain citizens; if, in short, the Labour Party had a national policy calculated to better immediately the material circumstances of a large part of the population, its success would be assured. But, as we very well know, the actual programme of the Labour Party is calculated to damage at least nine citizens out of ten and thus to supply the extreme groups on both sides with ample material for propaganda. And inevitably the more violent of these groups would sooner or later displace the Labour Party. Between a military dictatorship and a dictatorship of the proletariat there is little to choose, and even that choice would scarcely be open after experience of a Labour Government. The Reds would have it.

All this, it is needless to say, is without prejudice to a policy that might but does not exist: a policy based not upon one or other of the constituent factors of an economic community, but upon the economic product itself; in fact, not upon the various means to wealth but upon wealth itself. Consider, for example, the economic bases of the existing political sections. With minor differences derived from a leaning to Land or Capital, both sections of the Coalition stand on the common ground of defence of the existing order of Producer, and, ultimately, of Credit-control. Their economic platform is the exploitation of the consumer via the control of finance; and their economic object is to make the consumer pay and to retain the goods for themselves. The Labour Party, on the other hand, is no more than a thorn in the flesh of the Capitalist parties. No more than these is the economic principle of the Labour Party concerned with the consumer; but its particular favourite in the common cause of consumer-exploitation is the factor of Labour. That the more that goes to Labour, not the less that goes to Capital, but the less that goes to the Consumer, is as clear as print to those who can read. But the Labour Party and its so-called "brains" are quite indifferent to the fact, with the consequence that as between the two sets of exploiters the consumer in general prefers the evil to which he is accustomed. The alignment of politics in its present formation is a consequence of the preceding alignment of economic theories; and it cannot be effectively changed until the latter have undergone drastic revision. The new politic to which everybody professes to look forward must arise from a new economic; and we can indicate the new point of view in two words, Consumer and Price. Producer and Cost are the common symbols of all the political parties of to-day. The political party of to-morrow or of a remote day after to-morrow will have for its symbol the Consumer rampant among falling Prices.

It looks as though the great Geddes whirlwind were going to prove only a mild puff after all. The "Times" stigmatises the Government's definitive proposals as "half-hearted economy." We are glad they are no worse. In the present wretched conditions of public opinion and of political control some measure of "Economy" was obviously inevitable, so we may well be thankful for small mercies. A special subject for satisfaction is that the education cuts are little more than one third of those urged by the Geddes Committee. It is on this head that the most vigorous fight will certainly be made against "economical" sabotage. The latest champions of sanity are the headmasters of Eton and Marlborough. They have written a joint letter to the "Times" urging the need for more careful inquiry, if any saving is to be made on education. They draw a clear line between real economies in administration and a cutting down of the actual service. They urge a wholesale deflation of bureaucratic expense and officiousness, and a treating of the teachers as responsible free agents. All this is to the good. But that cannot be the end of the matter. "Economy" on the Napoleonic scale having definitely failed, some substitute for it must be found. It is likely that this year's Estimates represent the extreme effort of the "economising" tendency. Certainly much more ought to be spent on various forms of social amelioration, and almost certainly an immense and increasing pressure will be applied to secure such spending. Yet it is perfectly true that taxation can hardly be much further increased, and ought to be substantially diminished. The fact is that no practicable method can be discovered of "paying for" national amenities which, in the real truth of things, we can perfectly well afford, unless we can find means of actualising fully our superabundant potentialities of production.

The "Times" has endeavoured to give a fillip to the languishing faith in "Economy" by publishing a special article, under the title "The Road to Ruin," by Mr. F. C. Harrison. He is very bold, and demands "far deeper" cuts—"deeper even than was suggested to the Geddes Committee as desirable." There is an ominous sound about his dictum that "the whole scale of our domestic expenditure" must be recast. Nor does he leave any loophole for doubt as to the interpretation of this. "We shall have," he declares, "to begin again many rungs lower on the ladder of social progress." Plenty of people are proclaiming this philosophy by tongue and pen; it is even urged in pulpits on the highest religious grounds. The root error that underlies it is revealed with most satisfactory perspicuity in Mr. Harrison's sentence, "It is absolutely imperative to adjust our national expenditure to our national income." It is the old familiar trouble of the static mind. We must get utterly out of our heads the notion that our hitherto realised income has anything whatever to do with the matter. The one and only measure of legitimate expenditure is our potentialities of producing national (real) income be raised to anything approaching what it might be unless we daringly (or, as Mr. Harrison might call it, "recklessly") bank on those potentialities.

Labour has sensational success in its sensational assault on the seats of the mighty in the L.C.C. We need hardly say that we look with approval of the sort of "Municipal Reform" under which London po-
triotism and civic pride have so long been stifled. Its whole wisdom is confined to "Economy," first, last, and at any price. It is unfortunate that the only serious chal-

enge to this dreary regime came from the Labour Party. That party has no plausible claim to the con-
fidence of the bulk of the electorate. Its policy, na-
tional and municipal, is a thing of shrubs and patches, not unified by any deep or broad view of social needs as a whole. And so far as, here and there, a consistent philosophy peeps out through it, it is a profoundly wrongheaded one. In spite again of its frantic pro-

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that basis, too, links it in the closest manner, in the public mind, with the total action, particularly the in-
dustrial action, of the entire Labour movement. And it is the tragedy of the situation that force of circum-
stances, combined with the ignorance and shortsighted-
ness of leaders, drove the Unions into fighting, on purely producers' lines, what was essentially a con-
sumers' issue, and thus alienating their natural allies in the vindication of claims, in themselves most unim-
peachable. Finally, many of those whom middle-class (and even sober working-class) noise in the ranks of London Labour are just those whom moderate and sober working-class opinion has best cause to distrust. We hope that the Party (and particularly the intellectuals who have lately rallied round it) will not again send us into the tangle. The "New Commonwealth" is at least as im-
portant as the old one. And so long as there is movement there is hope. We hope that the Party (and particularly the intellectuals who have lately rallied round it) will not again send us into the tangle. The "New Commonwealth" is at least as im-
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Mr. Thoresby appears to us to grasp inadequately both the possibilities and the necessities of the situation. He seems to think that our present needlessly excessive dependence on imports is a thing not easily or rapidly to be remedied. Considering that, in the exceptionally unfavourable conditions of the War, we nearly doubled our home supply of wheat within two years, it is an odd judgment that "it would require many years, with all the will in the world and all pulling together, to change this national condition of things." With regard to unemployment, Mr. Thoresby is all over the place. He accepts as too obvious to need argument the usual plutocratic assumption that the main remedy must be to increase our export trade. To this end we must reduce costs (he makes the astonishingly naive equation, "reduce rates and prices, that is, reduce standards of living"). He evades the usual remedy of reducing wages (upon which rock the drift of his argument seems to be sweeping him) by the dexterous swerve of boldly affirm-
ing that rent, rates and taxes are "the principal item in the cost of production." Hence of course we must have Government "Economy"—and incidentally manu-
ufacture unemployment wholesale. Mr. Thoresby has presumably never heard of price regulation supported by drafts on the national credit.

It is refreshing to find any journal that shows the least sign of live thought on our social and economic tangle. The "New Commonwealth" is at least unconventional in its ideas. It seems to be on the move mentally; so long as there is movement there is hope. In its January issue its editor, Mr. Frederick Thoresby, made a somewhat elaborate analysis of the present situation, under the title of "The Only Way." He rightly en-
freanced that it is a question between industrial peace and chaos. He pointed out the absurdity of such phrases as "Down with Capitalism." But he showed himself alive to the move to the left, and the new and clear-sightedness of leaders, drove the Unions into fighting, on purely producers' lines, what was essentially a con-
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"has almost certainly missed the Socialist State," "it cannot at present get at the Distributive State." In Heaven's name why not? We have repeatedly urged Mr. Chesterton to consider the way thither; and as he now confesses that he sees no other way that is as yet open, it the more behoves him to take up our challenge. It is true that what we are principally and directly concerned to promote is the distribution of claims. But our policy would render incalculably easier a wide diffusion of those more concrete forms of property, such as the small plant of the independent artisan and the farm of the peasant, in which Mr. Chesterton is chiefly interested. Peasant proprietorship, in particular, could by no possible means be more effectively stimulated than by the establishment of a Just Price for agricultural produce and by the promotion of agricultural banks. But at any rate in his philosophy of property the sage of Beaconsfield is profoundly right. The ultimate test between a sane and an insane seeker after a new social order is whether he believes in property. The ordinary Socialist indeed will usually declare that he does. But in fact he leaves no adequate or assured basis for it. The whole outlook of Collectivism (and the Old Testament Guild Socialist is fundamentally a

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The Situation in India.

IV.—HINDU-MUSLIM UNANIMITY.

I have often seen it stated in the English Press that Muslims cannot be sincere adherents of Mahatma Gandhi, and that the settlement of the Turkish Question in the way that Muslims wish would put an end to an alliance which the writers call unnatural. Evidently the gentlemen who write these things have never mixed, as I have, freely with the Non-Co-operators. On my first arrival in India I asked Shaikat Ali (now in prison—two years' penal servitude—for his opinions) what Mahatma was like. The reply was: "What every Muslim ought to be, he is." The Indian Muslims have much reason to be grateful to the Hindu saint; they know it, and they are a community which never yet was guilty of ingratitude. When the terms of the Treaty of Sevres were first made known in India, the Muslims saw how they had been betrayed by England and led by her false promises to aid in the destruction of their dearest hope. They were in a fury, ready to rush unarmed upon the British bayonets or emigrate en masse. It was then that Gadhi came to their assistance, bringing with him the support and sympathy of the Hindus. It was a gesture any statesman might have envied, which the saint performed in all sincerity of heart. The Muslims welcomed him. In consultation with the thoughtful heads of their community he chose the policy of Tark-i-Mawalat (withdrawal from relations) known in English as Non-violent Non-co-operation, which, be it said in passing, is a Muslim policy derived from the Koran itself, and the correct Jihad for subject peoples who are still not persecuted beyond bearing. It is the Jihad of Moses and of Muhammad during thirteen years at Mecca. The Jihad for subject peoples who are persecuted beyond bearing is emigration, the Jihad of Moses and of Muhammad when he fled to El Medinah. We may estimate the present situation in India at the stage at which the Muslims saw how they had been betrayed by England and led by her false promises to aid in the destruction of their dearest hope.

The Hindus will tell you that the object of this movement is to bring the British Empire under the rule of Muslims. This is not so. It is a movement of self-sacrifice. "What every Muslim ought to be, he is." It is not the political side of Non-Co-operation that is at stake; it is the constructive side of what the Hindus call it—"the constructive side of Non-Co-operation is constructive." We are not asking for the freedom of the Muslims, we are asking for what we believe the Muslims have a right to—nothing more. If you will not give us what we believe we have a right to, we shall have to resort to methods which have been tried by other nations. But you will, and the results will be good. We have now got to the stage when we must insist on our reasonable demands. If you refuse we shall take the next step. But let me assure you that it will be a step only if we are forced into it.

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A saint, no matter what his creed, is revered by Muslims, and no one ever answered the description of one "who turns his face towards God while doing good to men, verily his reward is with his Lord: and there shall no fear come upon them, neither shall they suffer grief." What is the political side of Non-Co-operation? First and foremost, it demands the settlement of the Turkish Question, in accordance with the solemn promises of England made during the War to Indian Muslims and to Arab Muslims, to secure their help at crucial moments. That is not madness, since our minatory friends are eager that we should concede it instantly. And what remains? Swa-raj—Dominion status, as Gandhi himself has defined it. It does not seem to me at all unreasonable, but then I am not an Anglo-Indian official, who values more than anything else his irresponsibility to the Indian people, who provide his salary. We have not got to the stage of Ireland yet in India, though we have more grievances than Ireland has had for a century past. There is not a man in India of sound intellect who would not be thankful to have his country's free development within the Empire, if it can be done without the sacrifice of principles which
India rightly or wrongly regards as her national soul. If the present Government of India, British as it is in character, could be made to stand for India in the councils of the Empire as the Government of Australia stands for Australia, and were responsible not to England’s but to India’s Parliament, that would be England’s but to India’s Parliament, that would be birthright. Repression of a movement really conscientious operators, properly India rightly or wrongly regards as her national soul. If the present Government of India, British as it is in character, could be made to stand for India in the councils of the Empire, that is a fact which the people fully realise, but the Government apparently does not. If the Government could but he brought to share the people’s view upon this subject, that—I verily believe—would be Swa-raj. If till that change of heart takes place, the Hindu and the Muslim non-co-operators will remain united by a host of common grievances, and stand together in defence of aspirations which they call their birthright. Repression of a movement really conscientious and based upon obedience to the Higher Law, which the British Government has repeatedly broken, will increase misunderstanding and make martyrs; it may even cause a serious rebellion, not of the non-co-operators, properly so-called, but of their angry sympathisers. But it will never shatter Hindu-Muslim unanimity. Strange to say, until the persecution of Turkey became evident, the Indians credited the British Government with their own ideal of theocracy and honestly supposed that the directors of our policy believed in God and were observant of the Higher Law. This curious mistake is largely owing to the wording of the royal proclamations to the Indian people—notably of Queen Victoria, who is adored in India—which breathe a sense of high responsibility, and mention God. It has given to the present era of broken pledges and immoral acts of government a bitter atmosphere of disillusionment for the great mass of Indians, who at present are prepared for any infamy upon the part of the Government, and braced up to resist it. A statesman would, I think, prepare for them a glad surprise.

**Nietzsche Revisited.**

By Janko Lavrin.

VII—“MACHIAVELLISM OF STRENGTH.”

I.

Before proceeding further with our analysis we must point out a few more external factors which exercised a great influence upon the whole trend of Nietzsche’s philosophy and at the same time developed his individuality to a tension that may have greatly contributed to his subsequent mental breakdown.

The first of these causes was a complete and stupid ignoring of his books on the part of the German Press and public. As a matter of fact, Nietzsche’s embittered rancour and resentment against Germans and German culture is largely due to this circumstance. He complains of it in many of his letters. And no wonder: for just when he most needed the greatest belief in himself and in his mission there was not a word of encouragement on the part of German public opinion; and on account of his very first book, perhaps the profoundest study ever written of the origin of Greek Tragedy, he was even ostracised by the German “professional” philologists who managed to discredit him to such an extent that for a while he lost almost all his students at the University of Bâle.

As late as 1888 he complains in a letter to his friend, Seydlitz: “And look at our dear Germans! . . . Although I am in my forty-fifth year and have published about fifteen books, no one in Germany has yet succeeded in producing even a moderately good review of a single one of my works . . . . There have been evil and slanderous hints enough about me, and in the papers, both scholarly and un scholarly, the prevailing attitude is one of ungoverned an imosity—but how is it that no one feels insulted when I am abused? And all these years no comfort, no drop of human sympathy, not a breath of love.”

This animosity and lack of sympathy was all the more dangerous to Nietzsche because of his innate modesty and his almost feminine craving for the support of stronger characters. It was the dependence, the softness, mollesse of his own soul that often threatened to undermine his spiritual independence even after he had tried to assert this independence by most painful experiments upon himself and upon his “strength.”

He confesses his weakness especially in this passage from a letter to Peter Gast (August 20, 1880): “They [losses of friends] constitute the cruellest sacrifices my path in life and thought has exacted from me—and even now the whole of my philosophy totters after one hour’s sympathetic intercourse with total strangers! It seems to me so foolish to insist on being in the right at the expense of love, and not to be able to impart one’s best for fear of destroying sympathy. *Hinc mea lacrima.*”

The extent of his doubts of himself may also be best illustrated by some of his letters. For instance, in 1874 (October 7) he writes to Rohde: “Truth to tell, I live through you; I advance by leaning upon your shoulder, for my self-esteem is wretchedly weak and you have to assure me of my own value again and again. In addition to that, you are my best examples, for both you and Overbeck bear life’s lot with more dignity and less wailing, although in many respects things are more and more difficult for you than for me.” And in March, 1881, he writes to the same friend: “Friends like yourself must help me to sustain my belief in myself.”

And what a gap in his soul he felt after his sudden breach with Wagner—the only man who knew how to encourage him by his sympathy. Long after their quarrel the lonely Nietzsche remembers those days with a kind of sad rapture. “For my part,” he complains on this account in one of his letters in 1880, “I suffer terribly when I lack sympathy; nothing can compensate me, for instance, for the fact that for the last few years I have lost Wagner’s friendly interest in my fate. How often do I dream of him, and always in the spirit of our former intimate companionship! No words of encouragement on the part of German public opinion; and with no one have I ever laughed so much as with him. All this is now a thing of the past—and what does it avail that in many respects I am right and he is wrong? As if our lost friendship could be forgotten on that account!”

In the years of his greatest depression he had no one who could cheer him up. The more he craved for friends, for disciples, for encouragement, for belief in himself and in his task, the greater was the silence. “I confess,” he writes in 1883 (August 16) to his most devoted friend, Peter Gast, “that what I should most like at present would be for someone else to compile a sort of digest of the results of all my thought, and thereby draw a comparison between me and all other thinkers up to my time. Out of a veritable abyss of the most undeserved and most enduring contempt in which the whole of my work and endeavours has lain since 1876, I long for a word of wisdom concerning myself.”

* For most of the quotations from Nietzsche’s letters I am indebted to Mr. Ludovici’s translation of “Selected Letters of Friedrich Nietzsche” (Heinemann), and for other quotations to “The Complete Works of F. Nietzsche,” edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. (Fontis.)
II.

Unfortunately, this word of wisdom did not come in time either. The silence round him and his work remained absolute. In his "subterranean burrowing" he felt therefore more and more lonely, more and more abandoned.

"Oh, dear friend," he writes to Rohde (February 22, 1884), what an absurdly silent life I lead! So much alone, so much alone! So solitary was Nietzsche in 1887 (November 11): "Who has ever approached me with a thousandth part of my passion and my suffering? Has anyone even an inkling of the real cause of my prolonged ill-health over which I may even yet prevail? I am now fortunate and am just as much alone now as I was as a child.

"Where are those old friends with whom in years gone by I felt so closely united?" he asks his sister (July 8, 1886). "Now it seems as if we belonged to different worlds, and no longer spoke the same language! Like a stranger and an outcast, I move among them—not one of their words and looks reaches me any longer. I am dumb—for no one understands my speech!—but they never did understand me!—or does the same fate bear the same burden on its soul? It is terrible to be condemned to silence when one has gone by I felt so closely united." He adds: "A man must have a vast amount of humanity at his disposal in order not to pine away in such drought." This terrible drought is the reason why he so clung to his very few friends and unconsciously exaggerated their talents and their significance, often rating them much higher (for example, in the case of Peter Gast) than his own. It also explains why he greeted with such enthusiasm every casual "admirer" and disciple who spoke quite literally, I hold the future of mankind in my hand. . . . . The task that lies upon me is after all my own nature—and thus only now have I some idea what the happiness was that awaited me all this time. I play with a burden that would crush every other mortal. For that which I have to accomplish is terrible, in every sense of the word. I do not challenge only individuals—I challenge the world of mankind with a terrific indictment. However the judgment may fall, for or against me, my name is in any case linked up with a fatality the magnitude of which is unutterable.

III.

In this way, much that was felt before as an unbearable weight is now transmuted into the "happiness" and bliss of the lonely one who is so high above ordinary mortals that a descent towards them, or even friendship with them, would be a kind of self-poisoning. He now revels in his pride to such an extent that he rejects the mere idea that anyone could be worthy of his company and of his love. "I equally do not believe that I could love anyone, for this would involve the supposition that at last—O, wonder of wonders!—I should find a man of my own rank."

So Nietzsche's striking egotism was a tragic reverse of, or better still, a self-protective reaction against, his own loneliness. And the highest pitch of this reaction we find perhaps in his autobiography, Ecce Homo, in which his self-esteem and self-glorification have grown, step by step, just out of that loneliness and those doubts of himself against which he had no other antidote, no other means of self-defence.

"Why I am so clever," he heads one of his chapters; and others, "Why I am so wise," "Why I write such excellent books." And in the preface to the same work he says: "This book, which speaks across the ages, is not only the loftiest book on earth, literally the book of mountain-air—the whole phenomenon, mankind, lies at an incalculable distance beneath it—but it is also the deepest book.

"This work," he writes in the same strain about his "Thus Spake Zarathustra," "stands alone. Do not mention the poets in the same breath . . . compared with it everything that other men have done seems poor and limited. . . . Goethe and Shakespeare would not for an instant have known how to take breath in this atmosphere of the heights." "Speaking in all earnestness," he says again, "no one before me knew the proper way, the way upwards: only after my time can men once more find hope, life-tasks, and roads mapped out that lead to culture—I am a joyful harbinger of this culture. . . . On this account alone I am also a fatality."

Or even more eloquently: "My genius resides in my nostrils. . . . Mankind can begin to have fresh hopes only now that I have lived."

And what an exaggerated over-estimate of his own work and personality we see in a letter he wrote to Brandes in winter, 1888, just a few weeks before he went entirely mad: "I vow to you that in two years we shall have the whole inhabited globe in convulsions. I am a destiny." But while trying thus to deceive his
fate, he himself was deceived by it. In the critical moment his mind was overwhelmed by his own megalomania. On the very eve of his complete breakdown (December 31, 1888) he wrote to August Strindberg (who at that time was also on the verge of madness) the following lines:

“I have appointed a meeting day of monarchs in Rome. I shall order...to be shot.” And he signed himself: Nietzsche Cäsar.

IV. Further illustrations are superfluous. We wanted only to point out that the double struggle which Nietzsche had to sustain—against his increasing disease on the one side, and against his increasing loneliness on the other—was too much even for his will, even when aided by that “Machiavellism of strength” which was one of the main strategic tricks of his will to health and power. This “Machiavellism” sometimes has recourse to such evident illusions and self-deceptions that we involuntarily begin to doubt Nietzsche’s “intellectual conscience” and that uncompromising honesty towards reality which he shows for instance in his “Human-all-too-Human.” In a certain way this attitude towards Nietzsche is not far from truth, for Nietzsche was also here very two-faced; so much so, indeed, that he must seem full of contradictions to those who cannot read between the lines. But the very nature of these contradictions is fairly simple if one remembers that Nietzsche was all the time wavering between his will to aesthetic illusion (“the justification of the world as an aesthetic phenomenon”) propounded by him in his first work, “The Birth of Tragedy,” and his will to strength which required from him the daring— to face aesthetic illusion (“the justification of the world and reality in their most repellent aspects without illusion.” It is true he tried to overcome this duality (by his Dionysian Impulse), and yet we find him again and again too often indulging in his “Machiavellism.”

Nietzsche was aware of these, as well as other, contradictions with which he might be reproached. And knowing this, he wrote the following characteristic passage in self-explanation and perhaps even more in self-defence (“Human-all-too-Human.” I, Preface, 1889): “Supposing, however, that I was reproached with good reason, what do you know, what could you know as to how much artifice of self-preservation, how much rationality and higher protection there is in such self-deception—and how much falseness I still require in order to allow myself again and again the luxury of my sincerity? ... In short, I still live; and life, in spite of ourselves, is not devised by morality, it demands illusion, it lives by illusion...but—There! I am already beginning again and doing what I have always done, old immoralist and bird-catcher that I am—I am talking un-morally, ultra-morally, ‘beyond good and evil.’

However, at a nearer glance even his “immorality” may prove one of those artifices of self-preservation which he has just mentioned. Anyhow, an inquiry into his personal morality or immorality will surely be of greatest interest.

BEAUTY.
Fantasia in jewelled palaces
All colour-dazzled, vivified with flame,
And spires of opal splendour, loved to frame
A vehicle of delight, rich galaxies
Of sparkle and resplendence, such as ease
The heavy heart, the deaf and blind and lame,
The heart oppressed; to these with magic came
Fantasia in her jewelled palaces.
So seemed perfection ripe as summer sun,
Yet was but fire-mist of an out-lived damn;
So seemed it acme as the waves that run
Before the seventh—till as white as lawn,
As white as lamb, as white as daisy’s face,
As white as lamb, as white as daisy’s face,
So seemed perfection ripe as summer sun.

No psychologist that I am aware of has yet addressed himself to the task of chronicing the fortunes of any one of the great Principles that have moved the world. Hegel opened that matter in his system; but he did not pursue it. The Papers of great Principles, as such, have been little investigated until now. History may be described as narrative treating of the fortunes of the world of mixed Principles; but very little history has to do with Principles, psychologically considered.

What, after all, is Principle but a growth of the mind? Like the flowers of the field, the Idea grows up; puts forth blossom; charms, or offends, the eye for a space; then languishes, and finally dies. A poetic mind might so summarise its life-story; but one less open to the seductions of imagery drawn from visible Nature might prefer to seek an analogy in more prosaic quarters. Such a one might compare Principles to the blood which flows in our veins, which swarms with microbes, some beneficent and conservative of life, and the rest malignant, and inimical thereto. Between these two sorts, a constant warfare is waged. The good Principles in our blood are ever the object of attack by the bad; but, in the event, the forces hostile to life prevail; and we die. And so do Principles perish, after that which is mortal in them has gained the upper hand, and their power of resistance is spent. Nevertheless, as in Nature, so in the ideological economy: Death is not end, but change. A flower dies, and lo! Spring comes and raises it up to life again. A Principle dies, and the next thing we hear of is its resurrection in some new form. Thus are decay and change in all that we see around us; and, too, in that which we see not, but is equally real, if the rising science of psychology is to be believed.

One of the world’s great Principles is the revolutionary one; and Man is the garden in which it periodically floursishes. That Principle bloomed when the French Revolution came, and died when it expired. In 1789 it sprang to life again; then went the way of Nature, and slept a while. The same blood-flushed blossoms were seen again of late; and the snows of Russia formd their background.

Plato fixed his “Ideas” in the clouds; but if he was wrong in that, he was right, I think, in this, namely, that he affirmed that Ideas are real—as susceptible of human apprehension, in their archetypes, as material objects are. In the economy of God’s providence, mind is previous to matter, and, if previous, independent of it; and if independent, sui generis, and of a different order to the rest of creation, or evolution. This matter is touched by Bergson, who allows in his “Mind Energy” that “the brain does not determine thought.” And if it determines it not, how is the brain determined as to thought, if not by the pressure of Ideas on the soul?

Principles, then (as I think), are real, and of an essence indestructible, though they are subject to change, in the same way, and in the same sense, where-in the universe itself (of which they are a part), is so. Many learned doctors have arisen of late, who have diagnosed for us the diseases and distempers of the modern world, and a plethora of nostrums is the gift of these sages to mankind. But remedies compounded of aught save good Principle can but help the peoples to the grave; and it is very noticeable that, of the remedies that have been prescribed, but few indeed contain good Principles. A cry has arisen of late of “Away with Idealism! Back to the land of stern Reality!” Sheer ignorance and crass folly! It is want of Idealism in men and princes that has brought the world to its present sorry pass; and strict adherence to good Principles is the only way to heal its hurts, and cleanse its soul.

R. ERSKINE OF MARR.

J. A. M. A.
The New Age

Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

That there is a real difference between the art of creation and the art of interpretation no one can doubt; criticism itself implies it, and the agony of authors at rehearsal demonstrates it. Wordsworth, speaking of literature, said that the matter always comes out of the manner, a judgment that is true to some extent of the technique of literature, but is much more true of interpretative arts generally. For the interpretative arts, acting particularly, are technical and tend to the establishment of traditional renderings; those traditional renderings are really valid only for the types they originally represented, and an author who imagines other types finds it difficult to make actors understand what he means. Shaw has told us, for example, of the bewildermend of actors confronted with his plays, which had neither heroes nor villains in the accepted sense; and in Signor Pirandello's "Six Characters In Search of an Author," recently produced by the Stage Society, a similar conflict is put on the stage. The members of the company include the leading comedian, the leading man, the leading lady, the juvenile man, the juvenile lady, the heavy lady, and so on; and the very descriptions indicate the limitations of the interpretative art. Signor Pirandello shows that this traditional cast is incompetent to represent reality, in this case, being the characters as imagined by the author. The fact is obvious to everyone who has ever seen the Gods in opera, Wagner, for example; one has to be nothing but ears to believe in their divinity. But the reality imagined by Signor Pirandello is nearer to everyday life, and perhaps further from the box of tricks that makes up the technique of the average stock company.

To bring the six characters on the stage, to make them tell their story chiefly in hints, and to attempt with the aid of the actors to make a play of it, is the obvious procedure. It could be made very funny, and at moments it was; for the actors have at their command nothing but their conventional tricks of expression, which so falsly the reality that the "characters" exclaim: "But I'm not a bit like that really." The matter that comes out of the manner of the actor may be as real as it is familiar, but it is not interpretative, transitory, of the author's meaning; there is a dualism even in the artistic universe, which denies reality to a new form of life. Emerson said that "religion is endogenous like the skin; a new statement every day;" but the interpreters of religion, the clergy, are not "quick studies," and prefer to pronounce curses on anyone who shall add anything unto the things revealed, as is stated in the last chapter of the Book of Revelations. Art suffers a similar disability, and one can understand, if not entirely agree, with the argument that drama cannot be acted, or cannot be acted by human beings; certainly, until a style becomes traditional, few actors can interpret it, and if drama is at least a generation behind the times, the interpretation of drama lags far behind that. Why, actors do not yet understand Shakespeare, and Hall is a place where authors wail: "Misunderstood!"

We are asked to infer that the play which the six characters embody will never be written because the resources of the theatre are inadequate to the representation of it. It does not matter; the substance of their story, the unconscious incest theme, is familiar in other settings, and it could be given to the milliners, to the gangsters, to the laundry girls, and integrated with the milliners has not been shown on the stage, we are sufficiently familiar with the fact from other sources. It is not even certain that the incest theme would have a tragic import for a modern audience familiar with biology, or even Egyptian history; one perceives in the assumptions of Signor Pirandello's six characters a conventionality of values at least equal to that of the actors. I even remember this father-daughter, this being tricked in a play called, I think, "Tiger," written during the sensational period of the white slave agitation. We can easily dispense with Signor Pirandello's unwritten play and the comedy of contrast between "reality" and its stage representation might well have been more developed. Actors at rehearsal are not the most interesting people; and the development of "reality" proceeding pari passu with its distortion, has no other effect than that of bewildermend. With the exceptions of Mr. Franklin Dvall, who played the father with extraordinary naturalness, Miss Margaret Yardie, who was "evoked" as the procoress milliner, the only performance worth noticing was that of one of Miss Italia Conti's pupils. Master Freddy Peisley gave an extraordinarily clever study of a boy shamed in the very soul of him, and driven mad by the shame until he shot himself. If I remember rightly, he was not one to speak; but his appearance haunts the memory.

It was announced that the Stage Society has come to the end of its funds, and unless it obtains £100 quickly it will not be able to complete its arrangements for the season. Donations, and more members, are required to keep the Society in being; its record as an experimental theatre constitutes a claim on the regard of the public. It ought to get its money quickly.

The Play and Pageant Union at the Hampstead Garden Suburb is in similar difficulty; it wants more members at a subscription of twelve shillings a year. The secretary is Laurence Ellen, 45, Temple Fortune Hill, N.W. 11, from whom all particulars may be obtained. This amateur society has been in existence for some time, but I knew nothing of it until Feb. 25, when I was invited to a triple bill, the plays being written, staged, and performed by the members. The acting certainly suggested the need of new members. As the Union has now established a Dramatic School under the leadership of a professional teacher from the Central School of Dramatic Art, Albert Hall, both old and new members have an opportunity of developing what acting ability they may have—and we all imagine that we can act.

This Union is an attempt to found a Community Theatre; and judging by the performance that I saw, the Hampstead community certainly possesses plenty of ability exercised in what is called the art of the theatre. The third item, "The Magpie Garden," a Mime set to Chopin's music by Paul Jewitt, was a triumph of dressing, grouping, and particularly lighting. The puppet show, in the second piece, almost convinced me that Gordon Craig is right: it was the human element that disconcerted. All these things were done by the members, the designing and painting of the scenery, the making of costumes, the writing of plays, and, God help us, the acting of them—but they mean well, and if only they can get more members, the chances of a good performance should be correspondingly increased. It is certainly a ambitious community, for it intends to produce in April a translation of a de Musset play, under the title: "No trifling with Love," and in June a pastoral play in the Union's own outdoor theatre—they may sound better in the open air. It is a very interesting experiment—the acting was decidedly experimental—and should provide an efficient nursery for whatever dramatic ability, creative and interpretative, is in need of development on the Northern heights.
The Dead Hand.

It is a commonplace of Labour policy that our system of land tenure and development should not be determined either now or in the future by the system beloved of past generations of landlords. Even if previous owners had been actuated by motives of national service, instead of private profit, the actual and possible development of agriculture makes former systems of tenure obsolete. Thus a Labour audience is always ready to accept a speaker denouncing the malignant influence of the dead hand on the land problem. Would that Labour cultivated a similar enlightened attitude towards the general problem of which the land question forms a part. The Treaty debate in the Dáil Eireann aptly illustrates the point in a different sphere. Several speakers appealed to the memory of dead persons, and the former attitude of those persons, as a valid argument in support of their own criticisms of the current situation. A great danger of this method of reasoning is that it assumes the situation to be static, whereas the truth is that it is dynamic, new elements having arisen that obviously partly change the problem. An appeal to the opinions of the dead must be to some extent beside the point when the persons invoked could not review the later elements modifying the central problem.

In economics and finance the Marxians are the counterpart of the speaker referred to in the Dáil debate. Are we forever to be threatened with the dead hand of Marx? Have his dicta to stand for all time, no matter how contradicted by events? Confused, the Marxians do not perceive the truth that the word of Marx as little had the effect of rendering economics static as the word of Canute succeeded in arresting the waves? Because Marx spoke the economic structure did not at that moment take on an indelible form which by perseverance itself as long as man has to win Nature's resources from her in order to live. In fact Marxians do Marx an injustice. He clearly perceived the dynamic and evolutionary nature of economic organisation. His slogan "Workers of the world unite," etc., implied that the direction of economic evolution could be changed consciously. It is as sound an implication that economic change proceeds unconsciously, until one day we wake up like the swimmer drifting out to sea, and become aware of the miles we have drifted by chance. We have drifted by chance, and alien elements in addition have been effective in the process. A great danger of this method of reasoning is that it assumes the economic power originally expended in the construction of the machinery. Let a concrete example be adduced. A picture theatre successively changed hands at the following figures: £6,000, £12,000, £15,000, £18,000, and £22,000. As a concrete embodiment of labour power the establishment remained practically unaltered. Yet its value increased by £6,000, or 267 per cent. This change could not be attributed to an increase in economic power that had ceased to function. It was due solely to the increasing demand of the consumer upon the services or facilities provided by the organisation. Thus part of surplus value is due to a factor not recognised by Marx or his followers.

Marx's doctrine that all value arises out of expended labour power implies that work or labour constitutes the only just claim to purchasing power. If Marxians believe at all in economic evolution, whether such evolution be consciously directed or not, this doctrine places them in a serious dilemma. If science and efficient industrial organisation combined are more and more tending to the displacement of labour. Thus with less actual work more wealth can be produced. Do the Marxians honestly advocate work for work's sake? If so, they cannot believe in economic progress. If not, what is their policy for the workers displaced by improved methods? Has work to be artificially created to provide employment and distribute purchasing power? If the latter is the present Marxian gospel, it is one condemning all people to physical drudgery throughout their lives. A better policy of emanicipation would treat the vast potentialities of the industrial machine bequeathed to us by past generations as a communal heritage, a share in which is the inalienable birthright of every citizen as consumer. Then those best fitted by choice or aptitude for administering and manipulating the productive machine can be employed to do so, and be remunerated adequately for the service in addition to their claims as consumer-heirs of the inheritance from the past. Their purely industrial function, instead of being a degrading task for a private employer, would be sublimated into a communal privilege and service.

The workers are no strangers to the byways if not the highways of credit. They give much custom to travelling drapers running a credit or ticket business. The miners know how much shorter each of their stoppages would have been had Co-operative Societies refused to advance goods on credit to them during each stoppage. These instances should make it easy to comprehend the fact that given a complete organisation of National Guilds in being, Guilds would need to give each other credit. In the spring, say, the Agricultural Guild might need credit until the autumn crops could be harvested and sold.

Another outworn Marxian theory is that whatever value any product or machine possesses is due solely to the labour power expended on it. When examined in the light of numerous available examples this theory becomes increasingly untenable. Machinery, for example, becomes more or less valuable to the extent that demand upon its output increases or decreases, quite irrespective of the labour power of which the machinery is the result. Suppose a nation's productive machine to remain constant for any given period, and to be used for supplying the home demand only. That machinery would have less value if the population decreased by death and emigration, for then demand would fall off. Similarly it would possess more value if population increased by births and immigration. These factors, however, are quite independent of the labour power originally expended in the construction of the machinery. Let a concrete example be adduced. A picture theatre successively changed hands at the following figures: £6,000, £12,000, £15,000, £18,000, and £22,000. As a concrete embodiment of labour power the establishment remained practically unaltered. Yet its value increased by £6,000, or 267 per cent. This change could not be attributed to an increase in economic power that had ceased to function. It was due solely to the increasing demand of the consumer upon the services or facilities provided by the organisation. Thus part of surplus value is due to a factor not recognised by Marx or his followers.
Mr. Wyndham Lewis.

Who said that the “Tyro” is dead? It seems that the reason for the long delay is quite natural, i.e., it needed time to grow into a volume of knowledge and intelligence of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. Any highly civilised nation cannot relapse into such primitive conditions and survive. Progress and survival are inseparable.

The living intellect is a surer guide in economics than the dead hand.

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There are 18 very interesting plates, of which six are by Lewis, five by Wadsworth, three by Dobson, two by Etchells, and one each by Dismorr and Lipshitz.

The Ethics of Tarzan.*

There stands a structure on a rising hill,
Where tyros take their freedom out to kill.
—Sir Samuel Gath.

This is a speciously "modern" book, and I find it hard to understand the application of the word "common-sense": it is an epitaph assumed to decree any imputation of too serious an attitude. The academic outlook is specified only to be disowned: Mr. Joad will speak to you as one Simple Simon to another. He is a romantic as defined by the late T. E. Hulme: he does not believe in original sin. We gather that he reads the novels of Meredith and Hardy, is familiar with Tchelov and Barbellion, and finds a prophet in Bernard Shaw. If he must elect a philospher to give evidence of his sincerity, it will be someone as "interesting" as Bergson or Bertrand Russell; or, if you insist on the canonised kind, a de-pessimised Schopenhauer.

Inspired by the theories of impulse originated by Mr. Bertrand Russell in "The Principles of Social Reconstruction," Mr. Joad proceeds to develop an ethic of pleasure. In the first part of his book he cursorily surveys the rational and utilitarian systems of the past and dismisses them for not squaring with the facts. They are a priori and not empirical: they may possess a kind of logical truth, but they fail to apply to the problems of actual life. Ultimates are impractical.

Full of empirical zeal Mr. Joad turns to modern psychology. Unfortunately, in his determination to be modern at all costs, he falls a victim to the fashion of psycho-analysis. This new and interesting science is illuminating in many ways, but it should be regarded as an hypothesis of limited applicability. Like the ethical systems that Mr. Joad dislikes, it does not square with all the facts. Its central fallacy seems to me to be one of method; it too often builds on the evidence of vague mental phenomena, whereas to be truly scientific it should correlate every step with physiological data. My meaning will be more apparent by Lewis, five by Wadsworth, three by Dobson, two by Etchells, and one each by Dismorr and Lipshitz.

R. A. STEPHENS.

* "Common-Sense Ethics." By C. E. M. Joad. (Methuen and Co., Ltd. 1921.)

side Mr. Joad's doctrine, following that of Mr. Bertrand Russell, distinguishes two kinds of impulse—the creative and the possessive—and lays down as a supreme principle the promotion of those impulses that are creative and the suppression of the impulses that are possessive.

I have only space to indicate the outlines of my objections to this theory. In the first place, as an argument it seems to involve a petitio principii. How does Mr. Joad, or rather Mr. Bertrand Russell, arrive at the distinction between "creative" and "possessive" impulses? Such a distinction does not seem to be self-evident; and apart from self-evident propositions like two and two makes four I imagined that science proceeded by the logical processes of reason so deployed by Mr. Joad. In the second place, it is asserted that the creative impulses are good impulses and that the possessive impulses are bad impulses. I am not at all sure that I agree with such a generalisation (I see nothing particularly evil in A's impulse to possess a work of art, or a flower garden, or a virtuous character; nor anything particularly admirable in B's impulse to create pornographic literature, or an engine of destruction), and even if Mr. Joad could so qualify his statement that I became disposed to agree with it, I do not see how I could arrive at a logical opinion but by the exercise of what I call "reason."

Mr. Joad anticipates to some extent my objections. His subtle counter-argument is to the effect that it is all a matter of temperament: if I like to be rational, all well and good; all well and good if he prefers to be impulsive: we are both in the same illusive cart and our opinions, whatever they profess to be, are, as a matter of psychological fact, the servants of our unconscious mind.

Here I will call an acknowledged authority to my aid. My quotation is from the newspaper report of a lecture recently given by Sir Arthur Keith on "The Growth of the Brain."

Dr. Henry Head's Croonian lecture on "The Release of Function in the Nervous System":

He made a most important contribution to our knowledge of the human brain, the organ which has to guide everyone of us through the daily round of work and pleasure. His message became intelligible to all who realised that man's brain had reached its present eminence by the growth and domination of the cerebral hemispheres—thus the brain's highest faculties.

This implies that as a matter of physiological evolution the cerebral hemispheres (the centre of reason have been mastered (by sheer physical development) those lower centres of the brain which are the seats of the jungle impulses. In other words, Mr. Joad's theory is directly controverted by physical evidence. So, incidentally, is the exclusive importance of psycho-analysis.

But Mr. Joad is perhaps bold enough to swallow the physical explanation and still insist on the liberation of impulse as the end of ethics. In that case I am afraid the result, should Mr. Joad's theory be widely accepted, would be a gradual atrophy of the cerebral hemispheres so painfully acquired and the return of our Tarzan humanity to the jungle they are all too ready to adorn.
of the Universe. It is constantly thrusting and pulsing and throbbing, and it abhors the static. It is the \textit{instinct}, the driving force of evolution in Nature, and of new thoughts, new emotions, new aspirations and new impulses in man. "To the promptings of all those impulses in us which seem most irrationally unaccountable we must most of all give ear, as to the restless ever-welling surge of the Life Force within us." "The Life Force springs eternally in our hearts in the shape of impulse and instinct. . . . To refuse to give ear to this prompting in the name of morals or of reason, to suppress it and to starve it is to misconceive the purpose of our lives, to renounce our function and to prove false to the principle which brought us into the world."

This capital-lettered emotionalisation of reality deserves nothing but abuse, but I will content myself with a further quotation from the report of Sir Arthur Keith's lecture, which expresses the plain truth of the matter:

Although the brain centres which subserve the instinctive, emotional, and passionate life of man are spoken of as the lower, yet they are of the highest importance, for they give the zest for life. With the rise and dominance of man's intellectual centres, there had been also an uplifting and expansion of his emotional nature. It was this that had given laughter and tears; in these emotional expressions man stood alone, although their beginnings could be traced in the apes.

To quote still further, we find Mr. Joad's ethical system resolving itself into chemical reactions:

When thrown into a state of terror man and animals assumed an instinctive posture and expression. We now know that in such states the circulating blood was flooded with a hormone or internal secretion set free by the adrenal glands. The love potion of medieval romance was not such an impossibility as was at one time believed. . . .

The existence of impulse is not in question, but only its relative value. It has functions of an essential nature, mainly connected with physical vigour and preservation. Yet above this merely physical existence, man, by the medium of consciousness, has evolved other and supervening functions. We recognise these functions as phenomena of a higher category, whilst impulse remains the manifestation of rudimentary forms —the beast in the jingling, ready to spring. My belief, as opposed to that of Mr. Joad, is that, for purposes of natural expression, the rational processes of the brain are designed to chain the beast in its lair, and to permit the restless ever-welling surge of the Life Force within us.

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Views and Reviews.

A WOMAN v. FEMINISM.

The fact that this book* has reached a second and cheap edition in two years suggests that the subject of it still has public interest. There is nothing new to readers of The New Age in Dr. Kenealy’s general attitude towards Feminism except a highly speculative biological theory; at the time when the militants were smashing windows, This New Age was insisting that what was really needed was Feminism, and not the imitative Hominism, the cult of the virago, that had usurped the name. Equality is not identity, was the axiom from which The New Age opposition to the women’s movement was derived; and equality implies sex-differentiation, and not the obliteration of sex differences. It is curious to reflect that Mr. Israel Zangwill, who once said that “women are not born but made,” should have supported a movement which had for its object the obliteration of sex differences, the complete establishment of male values for women. In the phrase of Olive Schreiner, women “claimed all labour for their province”; and it is chiefly to that text that Dr. Arabella Kenealy speaks. That this claim was a reversion to the values of savagery in the name of civilisation was as obvious as it was irritating: everybody knew that in primitive communities women do practically all the work—which is probably why they remain primitive.

The war is supposed to have demonstrated finally the complete competence of women in doing men’s work, but like most of the revelations of the war, it was unnecessary. No one acquainted with the history of industry in this country could ever have doubted it; in the first half of the nineteenth century legislation was necessary to get women out of the coal mines, for example, although it was not until about 1910 I think, that the women chain-makers of Cradley Heath were protected against “sweating.” The issue was not really whether women could do men’s work, but whether they ought to do it; and further, whether if they did do it, they could retain their competence to do women’s work.

Dr. Arabella Kenealy enters an emphatic negative to this proposition. It is, or should be, common biological knowledge that each individual carries the fundamental bases for both sexes; and it is possible, therefore, by appropriate training, to develop in one sex the latent characteristics of the other, to produce masculine women and effeminate men. Such a process, though, does not tend towards sex-differentiation, but towards sex-neutrality; and the third sex, or the intersex, or runnings, as the Greeks called them, are now recognised, and Professor Huxley, only a few weeks ago, was claiming for them immunity from legal penalties for what are called “crimes against nature.” Whether they have actually increased in number of late years I do not know; but the fact to which I have so often referred, the decline in the proportion of boy births since registration began, shows us that the basis of sexual inheritance is being affected, probably by a number of factors, and it is a fair presumption, strengthened by the obviously de-sexed appearance and behaviour of so many of this generation and the growth of public interest in the problem, that the neuter sex is increasing.

But the future is to those who furnish its population.*

* “Feminism and Sex-Extinction.” By Arabella Kenealy, L.R.C.P. (Dublin). (Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.)

J. A. TIPPETT.
tions, and the third sex cannot do that; so if what is
mis-called Feminism issues in sex-neutrality, and if its
development continues, we have to resign ourselves
to the prospect of racial extinction. Feminism, from
this point of view, is one process of evolution of
decadence—us one might expect from the fact, em-
phised by Dr. Kenealy, that its ideals were formul-
lated by middle-aged women. Racial extinction is a
prospect that some people contemplate with equani-
mity; "What, after all, has posterity done for us?"
certainly civilisation decayed before, and the long,
weary ascent of man through the dark ages has
begun again. Perhaps civilisation is a disease, as Mr.
Edward Carpenter, who has also written on "The
Inter-Mediate Sex," declared in his "Civilisation : Its
primitive communities, and Ecce Homo calls our atten-

Dr. Kenealy's insistence on the decadence of
Feminism may serve to enlighten those people concern-
ing the necessary biological conditions of survival.

"By showing that, contrary to Feminist doctrine, the
division of Labour into two sexes, so to speak, is
as natural and as indispensable to Human Progress as
is the division of Life into sexes, the purpose of this
book is to dissuade women from exploiting a world's misfortunes for their own immediate profit,
and to reconcile them, in their profounder and more
vital interests and in those of the Race, to surrender
freely all the essentially masculine employment, into
which mischance has cast them." So she declares her
purpose in the preface, falling into the Feminist fal-
cy of supposing that women alone determine the de-
velopment of events. No more than men will women
voluntarily resign a position that they think favourable
to themselves; the women clerks of Whitehall, for
example, had to be kicked out to make way for the men
whose places they had held temporarily, and nothing
but the co-operation of the men can achieve the end
that Dr. Kenealy desires; whether that co-operation is
kindly or coercive, will depend largely on Dr. Kenealy's
success with her own sex; certainly, the Trade Unions
cannot be ignored in this connection, as the result of
women's taking all labour for their province has been
the destruction of their safeguards of the standard of
life.

Dr. Kenealy carries her proposal for sex-differentia-
tion even into politics, and it is here that the symmetry
of her biological theory begins to perplex. We may
grant that it is undesirable that men should sit and
work with women, and therefore that women should
not be permitted to sit in the House of Commons.
But it is difficult to see what functions her suggested
House of Women could perform. "They should have
a House of their own, wherein to foster the interests
of women and children mainly, as well as to further
the Humanities and the Moralties; which are, at the
same time, woman's true political sphere and her
chiefest concern."

Any attempt to appraise a book of this kind inevi-
tably raises the whole question of the value of " social
work." In its way it is excellently done: full of infor-
mation on the nature and habits of the type of boy for
whom the social worker cater, of tips for would-be
workers, and entertainment for the general reader.
But we are compelled to ask: Is it worth while, in
a society whose normal working dehumanises so large
a proportion of its members, to spend an ounce of energy
in partially counteracting the inevitable effects of
that working? And even the Rev. Mr. Hyde's optimism
cannot persuade us to answer in the affirmative.
For at their best such efforts involve (however strenuously
the "worker"") may deny it) an at least temporary ac-
ceptance of the dehumanising system; and at their
worst they encourage the belief that by their means the
system itself may be made tolerable. Mr. Hyde may
claim that "the work of pioneers during the last fifty
years has produced results which, though they cannot
be tabulated, are bearing fruit in the lives of many
hundreds of thousands in all parts of the world to day";
but he cannot claim that the progress of dehumanisa-
tion of our social life, and hence of our whole civilisation,
has ceased during that period. Granting that but for his
pioneers it would have gone on more rapidly; what is
the value of climbing one foot to fall back two? It
is not breaking down of artificial barriers that is
needed. The barriers of economic inequality are only
too real; it is Mr. Hyde's method of breaking through
that is artificial.
Child Welfare from the Social Point of View.
By Nora Milnes, B.Sc. (Dent. 68. net.)
It is often claimed that social work, if it does nothing else, educates the "worker," and Miss Milnes' book might well be instanced by the supporters of this, in general, too optimistic theory. For the writer has learnt that, in order to deal with the problem of the child, it will be necessary to solve the general economic problem of society. "It is but too evident that poverty lies at the root of the whole problem that gives rise to the Child Welfare movement." True, Miss Milnes does not solve this problem, but the spirit in which she faces it puts her book in a different category from the usual literature of social welfare, and if she would rely less upon the opinions of professors of economics she might arrive at an understanding of its nature. In defining "the real problem" to be "that to-day we have in our country an over-supply of inefficient labour," she is at least digging near its roots. Perceiving that "the underlying evils giving rise to a child welfare problem will not be solved . . . until the average of production has been increased," she goes on to assert that "productivity can only be large when many are at work producing." Another is the ignoring of the kind of production an increase of which is likely to remove our evils.

British Aspects of War and Peace. By Spenser Wilkinson. (Duckworth and Co. 2s. net.)
Of the three lectures here reprinted, the most controversial is the first, on "The Freedom of the Seas," a phrase which Mr. Wilkinson interprets in the British sense. No newer argument is adduced than the necessity for maintaining the strength of the British Navy in the interest of the world. Mr. Wilkinson believes "that the process of the effort to recapture the independence of States with the welfare of the universal human community of which they are members," an assumption such as the above makes this belief compatible with an aggressive nationalism. "A League of Nations" with sufficiently circumscribed powers, and "A National Army" efficiently organised, as outlined in the succeeding lectures, would probably ensure the identification of "the welfare of the universal human community" with Mr. Wilkinson's imperial policy.

The Painter's Voice. By Wm. Kiddier. (Rippland. 2s. 6d. net.)
The most powerful danger of the oracular is to utter oracles instead of thoughts, and Mr. Kiddier has fallen a victim to it not a few times. It is a pity, for he has such a good voice of his own that he has no need to ventrilogue. Take the following aphorisms, selected at random:

"The mind cannot think thoughts apart from gain in the little space of the Lord's Prayer."
"Had it been possible to make disease sublime, the devil would have done it himself; it would have been his masterstroke."
"To have a clean canvas and a new idea: to paint brilliant colour without noise: and to leave the last flaw untouched is to be an artist."
"All that the genius may learn is what he should not do: the rest is within him."

These pensées are all sensible and profound, and there are a score more like them. But on the other hand the author is capable of excluding "The world needs soul warmth" from the book altogether due to the desire to appear peculiar, out-of-the-common: this is a form of deliberate provinciality which we had hoped was by this time extinct. The very punctuation is infected with it. We counted upon one page five colons, five full stops, one comma, and not a single semi-colon. Punctuation of this kind must give the thoughts a hectic colour and attitude.

March 9, 1922

The New Age

Pastiche.

The Lords of Our Credit.

Gone are the best foreign markets and even in those that are left us America strongly competes and so at full steam will Japan. Credits we now are exporting to Austria, Germany, Poland, Credits all over the map. But shall our own people have none? Empty our factories stand and silent and rusting the engines. Idle and grim are our men, their children sickly or dead, for want of the means, which is Credit, to set us all working together. Getting things made for ourselves, food and houses and clothes. Thus says the Lords of our Credit, "you shall not make goods for your using. Not for yourselves but rich, or to send out to countries abroad; Ever increasing our power to control the whole of your living: Yours but to work till you are making this power for us. And if you refuse to be slaves, and strike and talk red revolution, We have a double-edged plan. This is the thing we will do. Platform and pulpit and Press shall all be one huge propaganda, To fill you with fear of the 'Yanks,' growing to hatred and war. Then shall we have you again, hot patriots hastily working; young men safe at the front. Objectors in prison or shot. We shall be glad if you win, for then we can corner the markets, But vot do ve care if you losses? Ve takes the next boat to New York." Thus speak the Lords of our Credit, while turning the old vices into new: War, starvation and war, the horrible wheel of our fate. Yet there is hope. There's a way. A simple way out has been shown us. Are we still English and men? Have we the sense to be free?

A Poor Country.

"England our England is poor, she is bankrupt and poverty stricken. Long must we labour and hard to pay off the cost of the war." Thus lie the Banks and the Press and the rich oratorical big-wigs. But the innocent ask for the reason, the how and the wherefore and why. What did we lose in the war to come to this pauper condition? Men we have lost, it is true, but we can't employ half that are left. And in war-time with millions away we trebled all previous outputs. It is nonsense to say we lack men. What can it possibly be? Gone are the guns and the shells, the uniforms, bombs and equipment, but then these were never in stock. Everything had to be made. With these all destroyed it is plain we are little worse off than afortime. Why say the country is poor? What have we lost that we had? Ah, but the cash must be paid, the cash that America lent us. Yes, but ourselves have lent more. Europe's more deep in our debt. Coal we have used, it is true, some coal and a trifle of iron. But then who can reckon our gain, in our power to make things that we need? What says the threepenny "Times" on our power of increased manufacture? "Half as much more than we had are our factories' machin'ry and plant." Since the power of the making of goods is Credit—in other words, riches. Poorer England is not, but richer by half than before.

March.

Where is now the sweet white Spring, And yellow things That do their fancies bring To me, to me? Tell me, is the daffodil Escaped yet from her green womb? Hath she called the silver larks To sing to her, to sing In cope of green and golden comb? Is there a windflower in the wood? She is so light a thing, That Spring Hath on her trod. And she, upspring As light as silver lark, hath sung Anew her sweet, sweet song. A violet doth hang in a wood As a blue shadow from a virgin's veil. Tell me, doth she hang there yet Under the oaks in Pipers' Dale? O where is now the sweet white Spring, And flowery things That do their fancies bring To me, to me? E. V. Limebeer.
The Prisoners of Hartling 7/6 net

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lationships, and interests which thread its fabric so
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