

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1426, NEW SERIES Vol. XXVI. No. 10. THURSDAY, JAN. 8, 1920. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
DISCIPLINE IN THE GUARDS. By Will Dyson . . .	149
TOWARDS NATIONAL GUILDS. By National Guildsmen	152
THE REVOLT OF INTELLIGENCE—V. By Ezra Pound	153
RELATIVITY AND METAPHYSICS. By R. W. Western . . .	154
CONSCIENCE AND FANATICISM. By Capt. Anthony M. Ludovici, R.F.A.	155
DRAMA: The Fight for Freedom. By John Francis Hope	157

	PAGE
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C.	158
ART NOTES: The Chelsea Book Club Gallery. By B. H. Dias	159
FREUD. By J. A. M. Alcock	160
VIEWS AND REVIEWS: Art and Life. By A. E. R. . . .	161
REVIEWS: Sir Limpidus. Bunker Bean	162
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from Oscar Levy, J. A. M. Alcock	163
PASTICHE by Ak. X, H. R. Barbor, M. Bridget Muller	164

[Owing to the illness of the Editor the following article is substituted for the usual "Notes of the Week."]

Discipline in the Guards.*

By Will Dyson.

STEPHEN GRAHAM was probably surprised at the reception of his book—or its reception in certain quarters. The "Star" took its revelations as a peg on which to hang a long and interesting controversy on the brutalities of British discipline—a controversy that left no doubt as to the attitude of the proletariat towards the machinery of that discipline. But my experience is that the bulk of the middle class approved of it all. And that bulk felt the objections of the class that suffered by it were based on proletarian bias and not to be too seriously regarded. Stephen Graham himself may have provided facts to prove the charge of brutality, but he also provided facts—and numberless speculations—to prove the beauty of its products. He certainly had sentimental objections to an N.C.O.'s practice of spitting in a private's ear, but as he found the fine flower of these disciplinary methods was good his objection to it may be allowed to go by the board. In reality, Mr. Graham stands forth as an apologist for the pure German system of training soldiers. He believes and says this is the best method of making Englishmen fight a modern war. I think he will not object to this interpretation—certainly not if I add fight with efficiency. . . . Stephen Graham is wrong.

He opens his book with: ". . . The sterner the discipline the better the soldier—the better the army." In fact, the drill-serjeants at Caterham won the war for us. The Guards had the sternest discipline in Europe. If not, the regiments or army having a sterner were necessarily superior to the Guards. But as Graham was a Guardsman he will be forgiven for assuming theirs was the sternest discipline in Europe, and they therefore were the finest regiments.

One is willing to admit the first. The deduction from it is open to debate. But had we admitted the

first during the war we should have robbed our propagandists of their most effective weapon in the campaign against Prussianism—German discipline was the last word in Germanism—the German army the last word in German discipline. In its methods spoke the voice of the beast that devours men and all that makes for men's manhood. There stood the enemy! But Graham, with one foot in the camp of the little followers of Jesus and another at Caterham, tells us we had the German beaten to a frazzle in sternness of discipline—which he shows to be in practice brutality of discipline. Also and therefore we beat him to a frazzle in battle: Prussia stands justified in defeat! The culler of the flowers of Christian sweetness among the moujiks gazes on the work of Frederick the Great and calls it good!

Well, we have our doubts! In fact, we always had our doubts of the Christianity of our Mr. Graham. It was so prone to find God's beauties hidden in the sufferings of the simpler poor (who spoke a foreign tongue) that we felt he was one of those who would preserve the sufferings as the prerequisite of the divine beauties. This is a wrong attitude of mind—it is morally an "arty" attitude of mind. Mr. Graham is incurably "arty." Amid the brutal realities of the barrack-room, surrounded by his poorer and illiterate working-class contemporaries, at the supreme moment in the history of our family he is obsessed by the fact that his comrades know so little of the writings of Mr. Graham's class. He regrets it. We may be allowed to deprecate the literary man's assumption that the business of life is to conform to literature, and that soldiers would be more worthy of a literary man's attention if they knew the soldier's songs of Mr. Thompson.

If Mr. Graham's book has an intention—a message—it is to justify the discipline of the Guards. He calls it "A Private in the Guards," but it might have been written by a literary major at Chelsea—anyone having at his command the clichés of Hampstead and a cultivated inability to see life save through the spiritual spectacles of that garden suburb. To be quite honest, the book displeases me. I could have hoped for a book by a British Tommy that should have expressed the human revolt of a normal man at the thing described by Mr. Graham—this incredible "un-English" army

* "A Private in the Guards." By Stephen Graham. (Macmillan. 10s. net.)

system. Graham accepts it—that one can understand; that he attributes the fighting virtues of the Guards to it—to the worst side of the system—is the assumption that fills me with despair of the Englishman. It helps to confirm my sporadic belief that there is in England an element that would take more kindly and more successfully to Germanism than did the German. I do not believe that to make Englishmen fight in a cause in which they believe it is essential that they should be trained like coolies conscripted to fight in a cause they hate. And this is the training Mr. Graham describes. It makes me sad that Englishmen should think this—sad that they should have any ground for thinking it—but sadder that they find no shame in the thought.

This is said in no disapproval of a tough discipline. That is essential—if we are to do intolerable things we must discipline ourselves to do them by a process of voluntarily doing things almost as intolerable. My objection to the discipline of Stephen Graham's Guards is that it tended to lose sight of its final objective in the pursuit of subsidiary ones. Discipline is a means to an end, and is militarily a danger if pursued beyond the degree of brutality necessary to achieve that end—that is, discipline which takes from the private *more* of his personal will-power than is necessary reduces the fighting value of that private. The Guards were good. They would have been better had they been left with more of an individual self-respect to augment their regimental respect. They had a training that was the sort of training one might expect to be given to men liable to be called upon to shoot their own sisters. The ironic thing was that it was imposed upon men who became soldiers to fight "for their own sisters," a not very honourable trick played on very honourable men.

Mr. Graham's was not a system designed to make competent officers. It hazed the ranks to a condition in which the personality of the officer counted less than in any other English-speaking army. It was surely easier to be an officer in this army than in the Canadian or the Australian. It was less necessary for him to prove himself a leader. A machine designed for the purpose took that necessity off his shoulders—a machine for the practical defecation of the officer class. This could not have been but bad for the officer; also, it ran across the real grain of English psychology. In England there are two psychologies: the suppressed real one—the English one—and the one imposed upon her by servile and foreign conditions, by the imposition as a fiat from God of an inhuman 'social and financial condition. The Army system was, of course, inspired by and conditioned with a view to the last. It was infallibly true to that psychology. But it is the baser psychology and the one that is sloughed from the Englishman by a few months' residence in English settlements where English people have, to a large degree in a social environment conditioned by themselves, reverted to type. It did not exist (save as a manifestation of individual personality) with the Australians, Canadians, New Zealanders, and the so often overlooked but magnificent South Africans. The British Army was built on it—and it was a rotten foundation—how rotten will never be known because the Englishness of English troops produced always, sooner or later, results which were credited to the un-English training—the discipline.

The British was not a democratic Army in the limited sense in which the Australian Army was, and by reason of this deficiency suffers in comparison with the Australian Army—it is necessary for me to be guilty of the bad taste of saying this. I say it to support the claim I make that a democratically organised army is a better army for Englishmen and worse for her enemies than any other army. And to prove this one must claim for the democratic army a virtue over the other. I claim this.

Mr. Graham says, "On the other hand, we have

put splendid troops into the field, such as the first contingents of Australians and Canadians—undisciplined and individualistic—destined at first to be wrecked in the conflict and to cause trouble *till taken in hand.*"

There we have the authentic voice, Authority, of complacent and misinformed official rectitude. The troops that were guilty of the offence of acting as though Caterham or Chelsea had never existed were not likely to be officially favoured, however extensively employed. And Mr. Graham's facts are wrong. The Australians never had, or never would have, tolerated the servile discipline he describes. They were never taken in hand in the sense he indicates—that is subjected to the Pomeranian influence that ruled at Little Sparta—and thereby made better soldiers. To pretend that it was so is merely grotesque—an essentially "class-conscious" attempt to bag for the English military hierarchy the credit due to an army that defied almost all the cherished concepts of conduct as defined by that hierarchy. The Australians were good not because of a growing approximation to the deportment of the Guards. Let Mr. Graham disburden his mind of that fond illusion. They would have infallibly lost their virtue by that approximation—if any miracle of entrenched autocracy could have secured it! They were good because they were people of British extraction fighting in an army that was animated by an English tradition functioning through an essentially English type of mechanism. The Australian army organisation was a purely English one—the English one was only in parts English—the rest was German. Its discipline was a democratic discipline—it was a citizen army. Its officers were in an overwhelming majority from the ranks. They were—this is roughly true—just those men who would have been officers had the men themselves chosen them. The educational qualification was not a rigid demarcation—unless it was education in war. No elaborate stage effect gave them the odour and privileges of demi-gods. They did not descend from another planet occasionally to earth; there to be glimpsed by regiments hazed into a proper reverence by the methods described by Mr. Graham. There was a freedom of intercourse between officers of all ranks and all men to a degree inconceivable to the sister army. The men of the British Army saw this with envy, and when attached to the Australians responded to it with gusto and no loss of efficiency. The extra-regimental officer of that army saw it with loathing. This, of course, is understandable—if his dignity was supported on genuflections and abasements. Parted from these, he would of course stand alone, confronting the strange and shameful need of making good on his own personality as a leader. To this type of officer the presence of Australian troops was a trial—it menaced his dignity. From him came the sensational reports about Australian discipline. The fact about Australian discipline was that it was all round as good as any in France. This is said not in denial of the "Diggers" tending to go wild when out of the line. That is admitted—it needs no excuse. It is said from a point of view which regards discipline merely as a means to the end of getting the job done. In no case did the Australians fail to do with all the required efficiency the job allotted to them, whether it was taking a strong post or organising a post office. Their methods differed from those of the "British" Army in being more British. There was an element in them of our racial democracy—of national egalitarianism. Socially, to the nobler scions of Balham and Peckham, these things were disastrous; but militarily they produced the goods. If the "Colonials" had a defect it is that they would be poor troops in civil disorders—they could not be relied upon to shoot down strikers. No, Mr. Graham is surely wrong in assuming that the A.I.F. achieved merit by the same processes as the Guards. Their discipline was at the end what it was at the beginning—Australian discipline—

something that never had its eyes on the Guards for praise or blame. I stress this, as truth demands that no iota of credit for Australian military merit should go to so fundamentally foreign a thing as that form of preparation for battle described by Mr. Graham.

"Destined at first to be wrecked in the conflict and to cause trouble till taken in hand," Mr. Graham says of the Australians. What was this early wrecking? Does Mr. Graham in his innocence mean the Fleurbaix show—that colossal blunder which the public heard of only as a successful raid? Or the early shows of the Somme? Or does he imagine the men from Gallipoli were strangers to war and line discipline when they arrived in France? No, Mr. Graham means none of these things. He is, parrot-like, repeating a formula—the ultimate object of which is to assure Englishmen in the complacent enjoyment of the assumption that God lived alternately at Caterham and the Bull-ring at Etaples. At the back of his mind—if it were examined—will be found a vague memory of people who have said "untrained" troops—troops that are "unofficial"—get in their eagerness into their own barrage. But if they are eager troops, trained or not, they will always be closer upon their barrage than is safe for them—or for the enemy. If this was a defect, it was of military value. If Mr. Graham would enlarge the merit of the Guards' training by an exhibition of the shortcomings of the Australians who had it not, he must produce more concrete evidence. What I have written is not in praise of the Australian, but in praise of a human army system. The British Army was not consistently as unhuman as its "system." Average Britishers introduced into that system made it work by instinctively disregarding the system when it was in conflict with efficiency and common sense. The Army worked on the goodwill of willing men. It is to rob those men to seem to assert, as Mr. Graham does, that the background of British courage was fear of the consequences of cowardice.

This is mere class-conscious punk. The British working classes have all the courage and fighting ability of its professional officer class, and all its manhood. But when they entered Graham's regiment ("proletarians" to a man—vide Graham) they were subjected to a treatment that seemed to assume one of two things: either that they were natural slaves needing a slave's treatment, or that they were not natural slaves but had to be reduced to that condition artificially as a preliminary to each becoming one of our brave boys. The one certainly was the slave-character of the treatment described by Mr. Graham. Says Mr. Graham: "The new discipline—the only discipline fitting for the new stress of war"; "That 'Prussianism' . . . 'that the Army is founded on the death penalty' which gained practical hold on the mind of the new army builders" was repudiated by the Australians—no effort of G.H.Q. was strong enough to introduce the death penalty into the Australian Army, and the Australian was a successful army. "Disobedience in the field is punishable by death"—not with the Australians, and they were a successful army. "Constant humiliation and the use of indecent phrases took down the recruit's pride and reduced him to a condition when he was amenable to . . . your ear spat into . . . falsely accused before an officer and silenced when you try to speak in your own defence." These things did not mellow the Australians, and they were a successful army.

"More promotions from one class (N.C.O.s) to the other (officer)—that is a fallacy." Practically all Australian officers rose from the ranks, and they were a successful army.

"The enforcement of this discipline is often more terrible than the ordeal by battle . . . after (it) he will suffer comparatively little in the face of the foe . . . the drill-sergeant has not only to train the muscles but

to break or bend the intelligence." "Punishment and fear are his background," etc., etc. These things did not operate as causes first or last in the fighting efficiency of the Australians, and I do not believe they were worth the scandal with the British Army. Discipline should be aimed primarily at producing results in the line; the by-products of discipline are not its chief concern. With the Guards these by-products were exaggerated out of all proportion to their military utility. They were an end in themselves. War discipline should have one aim—to produce a soldier likely to kill his enemy and likely to prevent himself being killed; all such elements as do not further this end are irrelevant if not actually dangerous. They are at best a waste of energy.

Particularly during the war, and with one class at all times, a fetish is made of "discipline." Anything masquerading under this colour is given the odour of sanctity, with the result that it was possible for one-half of what passed for discipline to be sheer folly—sometimes a criminal folly. It was criminal folly to burden a fighting man with observances and rituals that did not increase his fighting efficiency. This is not Bolshevism—this is sheer common sense. Providence has provided no gaps in causation to make it possible for army officers to become superior beings by the simple process of conferring upon them the privileges of superior beings. . . .

Mr. Graham is to be congratulated on telling the truth regarding the killing of prisoners.

THE BROOK.

I would that life were one long summer noon
Spent care-free by this cool far inland brook,
So calm that it reflects the nesting rook,
Her flapping mate and all the summer's boon
Of different-leaving trees, the moth-like moon,
The one bright cloud, the halcyon from his nook,
And that old bull who comes awhile to look
At his horned grimness and depart as soon.
A Thumb of fishes basking in the heat
His millimetres, stems the currents clear
The Warden of a Lilliputian grot—
And thus he styles himself, in thought's conceit,
"Own cousin and the very equal peer
To grim Leviathan," I doubt it not.

KENNETH HARE.

LO, HERE THAT MYSTERY.

Lo, here that Mystery set for thy knowing
Which is the world, and thou the same shalt mark,
Lifted on high above the rabble's going,
Making thy father's arms thy safest ark;
But these forgettest; and thy little breast
By all the mazy Mystery is oppress'd.

And sweet to thee looks Charity the blessed,
And Righteousness seemeth to thee all fair,
And shining Truth most goldenly is tress'd,
And thou art pitiful of trembling Care:
Why weepest thou? what trouble? By the mass,
'Tis but a 'prentice playeth Sathanas.

But the next day sweet Charity shall be railing,
She that was Righteousness shall pick and pry;
Truth without gold in brightness shall be failing,
And to and fro Care whistle jocundly,
Belzebub help his neighbour; and the fiend
Shall share his seldom manchet with his friend.

Small wonder that thine heart is sore amaz'd,
When wiseman may not rede the Play his name,
Nor shall, until mortality be raz'd
Unto the earth, and that to nought in flame;
Thou must content thee with a little faith,
And in thy father's arms draw tranquil breath.

RUTH PITTER.

Towards National Guilds.

[In the present series of Notes we have in mind the scheme several times already referred to for bridging over, without social catastrophe, the interregnum between Capitalism and Economic Democracy.]

FOR the somewhat "Little-Arthur-like" tone of our recent notes we need, we hope, make no apology. We began the series on the assumption and with the warning that we were to be as simple and lucid as we knew how to be, at whatever expense to form and repetition. Well, we are doing our best; and if our readers do not yet know what we are talking about, the fault is not our negligence.

* * *

To resume in order the better to go forward: Credit, we have said, is the *belief* that men in society entertain of one another that each of them will perform what he promises. It is thus the *bond* of society, every man's word, in a civilised community, being his bond. At the same time this credit does not rest *wholly* on men's word: for the ultimate or, at any rate, the material basis of the credit attaching to anybody (individual or corporation) is his *capacity to produce* and deliver the goods or services expected of him or "credited" to him. This capacity, we have seen, varies not only with the individual on the ground of his character; but with individuals and corporations alike on the ground of the resources for production which they control. Other things being equal, the possession or control by one individual or corporation of superior instruments or means of production entitles him or it to a superior amount of credit or spending-power. A man or an association of men in possession or control of, let us say, a factory or a system of factories is entitled to a greater amount of credit and can command a greater amount of credit than a man or an association without such possession or control. Possession or control of the means of production, in short, is the condition of the more or less of credit.

* * *

There are two main means of production: Tools and Men, or, as we say, Capital and Labour. Capital consists, in general, of the "plant" of production, including in that term not only the actual machinery, factories and the like, but the organisation and adaptation of one part to another. Labour, on the other hand, consists of human energy directed with more or less of skill, including skill of brain as well as of hand. Capital and Labour being thus the two chief means of production; and the possession or control of the means of production being the basis of credit—it follows that whoever possesses or controls one or other or both of these means of production is entitled to and can command the credit inherent in them. Capital without Labour, however, is an instrument only: it is not of much productive value in itself. Similarly, Labour without Capital is Labour without tools: in other words, Labour by itself is of comparatively little productive value. Labour and Capital to each other, in fact, are rather like the two blades of a pair of scissors: blade by blade neither of them is of much productive value; but employed together their productive value is enormous.

* * *

Following this image of the scissors, it will be seen that the capacity to produce which is the basis of credit *belongs* to the person or persons who possess or control the pair of blades. Whoever, in fact, possesses or controls *both* Capital *and* Labour is in the position of being able to produce. His "word" is "good" for what he promises in the way of production; he is believed or credited; and the estimate formed of the *amount* he can produce is the measure of the credit or spending-power which his fellows are prepared to give him. Now, hitherto, it is obvious,

it is the capitalists in general who have been in possession or control of both blades of the scissors. As capitalists they possess the Capital, and, for other reasons, they have likewise "controlled" the Labour blade. It follows, therefore, that hitherto (and, indeed, to this moment) the capitalists in general, though, strictly speaking, they are entitled only to the credit arising from their possession of Capital, have managed to *include* in their sum of credit the credit arising from the control of Labour. In a word, they have appropriated the credit of the whole pair of scissors though, all the time, their possession has been confined to one blade of it only.

* * *

If this analysis is correct—and we believe it is—it will be seen that a most important consequence follows. We are not exaggerating when we affirm that it is the most important conclusion ever presented to the mind of Labour. For it is nothing less than the conclusion that Labour is in equity entitled to the credit (or spending-power) inherent in the ability of Labour to produce. If Capital, as a necessary factor in production, is entitled to Credit; and Labour, there is no doubt, is at least as necessary a factor in production—then Labour is at least as much entitled to Credit as Capital. Each blade of the pair of scissors, in fact, is entitled not only to the credit inherent in their respective ability to produce (each upon its own), but to a *share* in the joint credit arising from their immensely increased ability to produce when in co-operation. It is inequitable that the whole of the credit in the pair of scissors should go to one blade only—the blade of Capital, or, we may add for the admonishment of syndicalists, the blade of Labour either. Each blade is entitled to its own credit *plus* a share in the credit arising from their mutual employment. Their credit, in short, is, strictly speaking, dual: it is based partly on their individual and partly on their joint ability to produce.

* * *

Such, at least, is the case in equity; and such would be the case in fact, *if . . .* If what? We are nearing the very shrine of the mystery of the scheme THE NEW AGE has in mind. Let us tread gently. *If* Labour could or, rather, would (for it can) exercise the same control over itself that capitalists now exercise over Capital, Labour could command the *credit* (or spending-power) inherent in that control of a necessary factor in production, and employ its credit for the same purpose as the capitalists employ theirs. In other words, by exercising its power to control Labour, Labour could obtain possession of the credit properly attaching to Labour (but now, by default of Labour, included in the credit of the capitalist class) and employ that credit in acquiring a share in the joint credit of Capital and Labour combined.

* * *

Complicated as this may sound, the practical procedure to be adopted in order to arrive at the solution in fact is not difficult. We propose before very long to publish the details of the scheme in full, when our readers will find that not an idea we have been discussing is "up in the air" or utopian or impracticable. On the contrary, there is not, we repeat, a promise made by National Guildsmen that cannot be fulfilled to the letter by the operation of the scheme, and in an incredibly short time. Given a few months, at the outside, and the adoption of the scheme would revolutionise England. That by the way. For the moment we anticipate one detail of the scheme only as bearing on the discussion we have just concluded. Provided that Labour in any given industry (for instance, the Miners' Federation in the Mining industry) is prepared to set up a Bank to represent the credit (or ability to produce) of the labour employed, the Labour blade of the scissors thereby becomes entitled to, not

only the credit inherent in itself, but a *share* in the joint credit of the industry as a whole. Labour, in that event, becomes a real partner with Capital in the joint enterprise of production, and shares with Capital, not only the burden, but the control and enjoyment of the whole of its industry.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

The Revolt of Intelligence.

By Ezra Pound.

V.

I AM about as much interested in the Irish Republic as I would be in a proposition to set up the Nation of the Cherokees with text-books of the original language, in the bad lands of Oklahoma. I take it that there is no topic, at the moment, more soporific and generally boring than the topic of Ireland as *Ireland*, as a nation.

On the other hand, if Dublin, or for that matter Calcutta, or Mainz, or Clermont-Ferrand, or Bilbao, or Citta del Castello, chose to set itself up as a centre of civilisation, the entire world would lend an ear and very possibly two ears and ten shillings yearly subscription.

If Ireland, Dublin, Bilbao, Canastota chose to produce an economic thinker, or even a literary luminosity; if any of these places chose to show itself alive to Italian agricultural guilds; the proposition to issue bonds against the earning capacity of railway employees; the loan of capital without interest, and the more serious endeavours of contemporary painting and writing, the same locality would almost at once assume an importance out of ratio with its mere geographic size and position.

Moreover, this importance would excite no just hostility.

There are several score of men in Europe who, given two dozen chosen companions and funds equivalent to the often-mentioned "cost of the late war for one day," could, or, at any rate, should, be able to set up a centre of civilisation preferable to any this era provides. I should not suggest a desert for the site, nor too remote a locality, like Tahiti; but let us say Antwerp, or Leyden, or Pavia. (Personal predilection for some English-speaking village, say, Exeter, or Lyme Regis, with fast service to London and Paris.)

Mad fancy if you like, but Salisbury was once larger than London, and in no prehistoric era. Human memory is so short that only "pedantic" persons can conceive an era when Portugal was a world-power.

The opportunity to make such a centre is by no means denied the Irish merely because they are Celtic and mercurial; any more than it is denied the Americans because they incline toward enthusiasm and the cinema; or the British because they tolerate the "London Mercury," or the French because they eat snails. True, the French and English run the chief circuses at the moment; and a group of nature-fakers pretend that a third, or perhaps several dozen, such circuses exist in the hesperidean continent. Japan is also inviting distinguished guests, offering them a great deal of hard work and wholly insufficient honorarium; but still, making tatonnements.

I am, of course, in a peculiar position. Were Rihaku alive I should go to China to visit him, and I should find his being a Chink no impediment to our conversation or to my pleasure therein. I am one of those people whom Wm. Hohenzollern used to call Landlose, or some kind of -lose geselle.

I am racially fifteen parts English and the remaining sixteenth part Celtic; and I was born in a country where the Anglo-Saxon stock is now said to be in a minority. I am American in so far as all my progenitors of whom I know anything whatsoever arrived in that country between 1630 and 1650; this means that I am racially

alien to the mass of the population in the Central Eastern States of America, wherein I passed most of my youth, for I take it that the mass of this population is either of continental or of mixed origins. I was also brought up in a district and city with which my forebears had had no connection, and I am therefore accustomed to being an alien, and it is just as homelike for me to be an alien in one place as in another. It is possibly easier for me to shake off certain prejudices than for most men; to whom a league of peoples is offered.

What we want is not the League as proposed, but an International Chamber, as distinct from a small committee of men sent from governmental pocket boroughs of each country; we want a larger body elected by direct vote of the people, let us say, one representative to every five, seven, or ten millions; no nation having less than one representative; these men elected for, say, five years, with moderate salaries, and to be ineligible for office in their own countries during their tenure of office as international delegates, and disqualified for such national office for at least five years thereafter, if not permanently.

This body should sit not less than six months per year; should have no power of force but only of persuasion; not a matter of mandates and commands, but purely a moral power.

Any man who received the vote of a half million people anywhere on any particular issue should have the right to be heard by this Chamber for half an hour, and further at the pleasure of the Chamber.

Nothing could be further than this from the League of Nations as proposed by the "Big Four." An international Chamber is too important an affair to be based merely on a detestation of the Hun which cannot be maintained for more than fifty or one hundred years save by artificial means. I am as ready as the next man to see the Kaiser hung, drawn and quartered, but one should not be blind to the probable duration of national loves and hates. You can be ready to torture the man who has tortured you or your brother or your friend in a German prison, but you cannot be made to extend that hate to some other man of a different district, of different features, and maintain that hate indefinitely. You cannot even shift the emotion you may feel about Tirpitz and apply it to Ebert. Hatred of Germany will, according to men's natures, endure for ten years or a lifetime, and may even descend to men's children in a certain number of cases, where the hatred is real and has an immediate cause; but the hatred bred by the newspapers is flimsier stuff than this.

This stimulated emotion was probably necessary to win the war, but a lot of it was only "for the duration." I am not preaching a sermon on forgiveness; this is simply a recognition of human limitation. The Hun has counted on it already, perhaps estimated forgetfulness rather too highly. The realist will try to find the true ratio, the balance between humanitarian optimism and cynicism.

All I contend is that a permanent Council will have to deal, *sometime*, with the dying down of present animosity. At the present moment Lloyd George is probably more trusted in this country than is Clemenceau in France or Wilson in America.

A League of Nations backed up by force is a danger; its chief danger is that every local dispute may produce a world conflict. A League of Nations with the power in the hands of a small committee appointed by Governmental inner cliques in each nation is a peril; on the basis of THE NEW AGE's demonstration of the recession of power from the people. A League of Nations, whose sole visible being should be a large Chamber of Deputies, bearing the same relation to individual nations that the United States Senate bears to individual State Governments in States where the senators are chosen directly by the people, should be a force of

international understanding, a moral force constituted in recognition of the futility of violent means.

Few nations would care to withstand the decisions of such a body, were these decisions given by any solid majority and with a demonstration of justice. But as for personal delegates of Mr. Wilson, and personal delegates of Cabinets, no. One prefers a League anti-septically without Mr. Wilson.

We are not at the present moment sighing for some Power capable of enforcing its decrees; we are in very deep need of concentrations of thought; of "solutions" of an infinite number of detailed problems of economics; problems which should be discussed by people not personally interested; which should be discussed regardless of geography and race prejudice; not on the basis of "I can build more ships, more aeroplanes, etc.," à la Xerxes and other historic detriments.

A meeting of international boilermakers or of international mine owners does not meet the requirements (vide Adam Smith, on conspiracy).

Relativity and Metaphysics.

LET us consider what becomes of light during the eight minutes that elapse after it has left the sun and before it reaches the earth. The hypothesis of a luminiferous ether supplies an answer—the light exists as a vibration. Newton favoured another hypothesis, the corpuscular one, in which the light existed as flying particles, but this left unexplained the phenomena of interference, of polarisation, and did not properly explain refraction. So the corpuscular theory of light was abandoned in favour of the undulatory theory, from which the constant velocity of light was a corollary. Suppose a boy wading through a smooth pond, the speed of the ripples that radiate from his legs is quite independent of the rate at which he is walking. In like manner the velocity of light in free space is independent of the velocity of its source. This behaviour of light has always been accepted by astronomers, it is confirmed by the phenomenon of aberration, and the Maxwell-Lorentz theory of electro-dynamics corroborates it. But as readers of the article on the Principle of Relativity in November will have seen, in order that observers variously situated may obtain the same velocity for light by their experiments, it is necessary that they should employ various units of time and space. This it is easy for a student of metaphysics to concede, for, according to the Kantian doctrine, time and space exist for the mind alone, being no more than conditions of consciousness, so that these consequences of the theory of relativity only specify how relations of time and space do in fact condition consciousness. Provided the mind is so conditioned, the experimental results referred to in the former article are accounted for, ether or no ether.

Can we not then dispense altogether with this hypothesis of an ether?

It is an hypothesis that demands as much faith as any dogma of the churches. The ether, for example, must be so fluid that the earth, which traverses it at a speed of 17 miles per second in its path about the sun, disturbs it not the least, and so solid that it supports the strains imputed to it by electrical theory. Moreover, its properties as assumed do not accord with the phenomena of *quanta*. No one really believes in the ether. Before it is dispensed with, however, common sense must be conciliated. Common sense insists on some mechanism by which light may be transmitted from the sun. In the absence of that it becomes bewildered by questions of action at a distance. How can the sun shine where it is not? How can a body in any way act where it is not? Now common sense does not demand a mechanism for the

transmission of gravitation. The distinction is noteworthy because it is one which rests on an inconsistency—an inconsistency which can be brought home by study of the theory of relativity, and upon the ruins of this consistency can be founded a truth of metaphysics in the light of which the need for a luminiferous ether is felt no more. But before all things it is necessary to conciliate common sense because no man is ever convinced in opposition to his common sense.

It is well to be satisfied as to the precise meaning of these words. They originated in a long obsolete theory of the senses in which they signified a sense which was a common bond to all of them. Afterwards they came to mean the cognitive powers common to humanity at large. As used now they stand for those assumptions and processes of mind by which men gain a living or otherwise command the respect of their fellows, and therefore for those most used and exercised amongst us—assumptions and processes which have no collective sanction but use and wont, and are consequently subject to change.

The common sense of our ancestors was very different to ours, yet from the time when gravitation was first discovered there has been little demand for a mechanism for its transmission, and the same might have been said of light before it was known to have velocity. Now gravitation is not known to have velocity—we might even say it is known not to have velocity; (for gravitation has always been thought to act instantaneously), but that recently the conjecture has been made that it may be transmitted at an immense speed vastly exceeding that of light. Hence the distinction we have noted, points to a habit of mind, brought about by persistent exercise of common sense, to take for granted that whatever, like matter, is a possible cause of sensations, must exist without intermission. Indeed, common sense has no belief in things disappearing and re-appearing. It likes things fixed and permanent. The indestructibility of matter appeals to it as does the immortality of the soul. It is not, then, so much the difficulty of action at a distance that offends the delicacy of common sense nowadays (since it is so easily reconciled to gravitation), as it is action after an interval of time—that revolts it. How is common sense to be convicted of inconsistency in this? Study of the Relativity Theory will do it, no doubt, for here we deal with a four dimensional continuum in which an instant-of-time-at-a-point-in-space is separated from another instant-of-time-at-a-point-in-space, by an *interval*, and this *interval* is something, not duration or distance, but something inherent to the external world, in which both are fused. Expressed in the usual notation the interval is

$$\sqrt{Ix^2 + Iy^2 + Iz^2 + It^2}.$$

The theory of Relativity has been formed, on the results of experiences in the physical laboratory, to describe the order of events in the physical universe, and must stand or fall by its success in so doing. In any case, by reason of the mathematical difficulties involved, it is a hard path to tread for the purpose of reaching convictions of any kind, an easier and perhaps a surer path is presented by direct contemplation of the metaphysical truth which is in fact implied in it. The justification for treating time and space alike is that both alike are contributed by the observer. Now our common sense accepts the theory of gravitation which requires that every particle of matter should act on every other particle of matter throughout the universe. To the question: "How can a thing act where it is not?" common sense should therefore be already sufficiently advanced to make the classic reply: "But where is it if not where it acts?" and, indeed, space being merely a condition of consciousness each thing may be anywhere. But time also is merely a condition of consciousness, and each thing may be at any time. The truth is; a thing is when and where it acts.

It is *not* elsewhere or at any other time. Hence a luminiferous ether designed to account for light during a time in which it does not act, is superfluous.

Light is not, like matter, a "permanent possibility of sensation," or, like space and time, a condition of consciousness. We have the best scientific evidence for regarding it as a sensation due to a play of physical forces, i.e., to appearances in the world of times and spaces of entities of the same type as the Ego. And what reason have we for thinking that entities of this kind *are* save when they act? None is found by introspection of the mind, and none is afforded by psychological research.

To be is to Act. To Act is to be. By this principle much of the obscurity that envelops some recent advances in physical research may be made clear, as I hope to indicate in another article.

R. W. WESTERN.

Conscience and Fanaticism.

*A Reply to Mr. G. Pitt Rivers.**

By Captain Anthony M. Ludovici, R.F.A.

WHEN I first read Mr. Pitt Rivers' book "Conscience and Fanaticism" I would have given a good deal to have had by me some such summary of his views as appeared in his reply to me, under the title of "The Sick Values of a Sick Age," in THE NEW AGE of November 13. And for this extremely able and valuable exposition of his attitude I am very grateful to him. It is clarity itself. It shows me, moreover, the extent to which we are, on certain fundamentals, entirely in agreement. As a statement of his doctrine of knowledge, I congratulate him on its frankness and lucidity. Perhaps, in admitting that I should have been glad of some such statement of his position when I first read his book, I am implying more than I mean to imply. I should like, therefore, at once to be precise on this point. One of the implications of such an admission is that the book itself is inadequate—that is to say, that it requires the further elucidation of his reply to me, in order to complete it. This I should like to deny forthwith. After a careful further reading of "Conscience and Fanaticism" since the publication of Mr. Pitt Rivers' reply, I have come to the conclusion that, had I chosen, I could have read his standpoint quite as clearly from the work itself as I have done from his NEW AGE article. My admission, therefore, is meant as a condemnation of myself alone, with but this reservation: that the title, by calling attention to two subjects—Conscience and Fanaticism—which, though germane to his main thesis, do not really constitute the burden of his discourse, put me from the start on a false scent, from which apparently I never deviated. I say that Mr. Pitt Rivers' reply has shown me the extent to which we are on certain fundamentals entirely in agreement. By this I mean that I accept his doctrine of knowledge, more particularly in its extremely valuable form as expressed in the concise NEW AGE article of November 13. I have, as it were, woven it into my banner. I may even go so far as to acknowledge that it has forced me to a revision of a certain paragraph on p. 292 of my "Defence of Aristocracy" where, in an unguarded moment, I applied the word "absolute" to a certain standard of good and evil. But once again I must make a reservation, and in so doing reveal a difference, slight perhaps, but important, to which I have already called attention in my

original review of the book. I refer, of course, to the question of the parts played by emotion and reason respectively in the mind of the poet, the artist, the artist legislator, and the philosopher.

At the end of his article Mr. Pitt Rivers appears to turn the tables upon me very thoroughly by pointing to a passage in the works of my own revered master, Nietzsche, which to the careless reader may seem to support his (Mr. Pitt Rivers') contention precisely on this point. But I will return to this later.

For the moment, in order to make the matter clear, I must first repeat the passage in Mr. Pitt Rivers' book to which I originally took exception. It runs as follows:

The author is discussing the formation of all classes of opinion (p. 46), and he proceeds: "It is, unfortunately, equally evident that reason, except in the case of scientific opinion, usually plays the smaller and emotion and desire the greater part in their formation. We say that this is unfortunate because emotion never brings us nearer the truth. Poets and ecstatic visionaries have sung the praises of emotion because to them emotion was real and the normal medium of truth. On the other hand, the investigator is bound to arrive at a different conclusion. 'Emotion' has nothing whatever to do with the attainment of truth. That which we prize under the name of 'emotion' is an elaborate activity of the brain, which consists of feelings of like and dislike, motions of assent and dissent, impulses of desire and aversion. It may be influenced by the most diverse activities of the organism, by the cravings of the senses and the muscles, the stomach, the sexual organs, etc. The instincts of truth are far from promoted by these conditions and vacillations of emotion; on the contrary, such circumstances often disturb that reason which is alone adapted to the pursuit of truth, and frequently mar its perceptive power. No cosmic problem is solved, or even advanced, by the cerebral function we call emotion."

To take only the last sentence in this passage, which I believe was the one that particularly struck me at the time I was preparing my review of Mr. Pitt Rivers' book—surely it is difficult to concede this point.

If we imagine emotions as the complex feelings which are stimulated by certain ideas or percepts, we cannot regard them as motive power alone which is, as it were, waiting to be discharged; because in order to distinguish between ideas or percepts and to discharge just the amount which a particular idea or percept is capable of loosening in the individual, a certain dim understanding must already reside either in them or in the instincts with which they are connected. Before emotion can be provoked at all, a certain interest, must already exist, in the individual, for the stimulus that is about to provoke the emotion in him. But this very vital interest involves, first, an act of recognition, and, secondly, deep-seated or superficial prepossession or prejudice. Prejudice and prepossession, however, presuppose a historical period in the individual or his family, or his race, during which they have been cultivated. It is not possible, for instance, to awaken the emotion of every man and still less every woman, with a battle-cry such as "Truth." Honour likewise may frequently be used in vain as a stimulus-percept to an individual in whom it awakens no emotion whatever. Suppose the case of an individual, therefore, whose emotion cannot be called into activity in regard to honour and truth, and you have material with which, despite all the reasoning in the world, it is utterly impossible to pursue honour and truth straightforwardly.

Very well, then, to anyone like myself who is a believer in race and ancestry, and who believes in little else where humanity and human problems are concerned, it is impossible to postulate such an axiom as "emotion never brings us nearer the truth." And that is why in an age like the present, when we are encompassed not only by a rot-pourri of races, but a rot-pourri of classes as well; in fact, when each individual

* On "The Sick Values of a Sick Age" (a reply to my review of Mr. Pitt Rivers' "Conscience and Fanaticism"), of November 13, 1919.

male and female is even a pot-pourri of both sexes, we may rightly cry "Beware of emotions!"; but, then, we must also cry "Beware of the reason of such people too!" These people will have their reasons for being anarchists, Bolsheviks, ne'erdo-weels, and female Members of Parliament—reasons which will be argued the more subtly seeing that their emotions urge them to be up to every trick.

Before embarking upon the discussion of the relation of reason to emotion, however, I should like to make this point quite plain—that it was not, as Mr. Pitt Rivers alleges, his insisting on the subordination of emotion to reason to which I objected, but to his frank denial of any possible participation on the part of emotion in the pursuit of truth. Hence my question: Whose emotion? Mr. Pitt Rivers declares that Herbert Spencer's dictum does not alarm him. I cannot see how he can circumvent it, unless he is prepared to argue that emotion is explosive power and nothing else, directed properly only by the rational faculty of the mind.

I claim that it is very much more than this; that it is permissible to speak of "proper emotions" and "improper emotions" without presupposing any interference of reason, and that it is to these inbred proper and improper emotions, that family pride, race pride, class pride, sex pride, and poetic pride have always referred in claiming whatever particular distinction they valued.

James Sully obviously had some such idea in mind when he wrote: "To be *differently* affected by two musical composers or two authors, and to be differently responsive to all the possible nuances of moral colouring in a lie, is the mark of a refined emotional nature."*

Now to maintain, as Mr. Pitt Rivers does, that "Emotion has nothing whatever to do with the attainment of truth," is surely overreaching the mark; for if it be possible to prove, as I believe it is, only that the emotional bias in favour of honesty and truth must first be present for truth itself to be pursued, even so this would be sufficient to demonstrate the futility of his contention. But I believe it would be possible to demonstrate more than this. I think it could be shown that even in the kind of truth attained, emotion does not play an entirely passive part. Again, race, family, class, and traditional bias, or prepossession, will tell; and it is in this sense I believe that Herbert Spencer uses the word in the sentence quoted from him in my first review.

Now to turn to the second question, the desirability of subordinating emotion to reason (to which Mr. Pitt Rivers gratuitously, it seems to me, is determined to confine his radical difference from me on this matter)—this, I am not quite ready to concede or to advocate. For I regard the two as complementary and mutually limiting, though even this very balance between them is desirable only, be it remembered, in those quarters where I am prepared to concede anything and advocate anything—that is among those examples of flourishing life defined by me in the VIth and VIIth Chapters of my "Defence of Aristocracy." For I cannot depart from the position which assumes that where the body of a man is wrong, his reason and his emotions will be wrong also—his, emotions certainly, and, therefore, *de plus forte raison*, his reason.

And this explains, I think, Nietzsche's attitude towards Socrates. In the "Twilight of the Idols" he says, speaking of Socrates:

Everywhere [in Greece] the instincts were in a state of anarchy; everywhere people were within an ace of excess. His [Socrates'] case was at bottom only the extreme and most apparent example of a state of distress that was beginning to be general: that state in which no one was able to master himself and in which the instincts turned

one against the other. As the extreme example of this state, he fascinated—his terrifying ugliness made him conspicuous to every eye: it is quite obvious that he fascinated still more as a reply, as a solution, as an apparent cure of his case.

When a man finds it necessary, as Socrates did, to create a tyrant out of reason, there is no small danger that something else wishes to play the tyrant. Reason was then discovered as a saviour; neither Socrates nor his "patients" were at liberty to be rational or not, as they pleased, at that time it was *de rigueur*, it had become a last shift (pp. 14, 15).

And then later:

Socratic virtues were preached to the Greeks, *because* the Greeks had lost virtue: irritable, cowardly, unsteady, and all turned to play-actors, they had more than sufficient reason to submit to having morality preached to them. Not that it helped them in any way; but great words and attitudes are so becoming to decadents (p. 116).

There is a good deal more on the same subject, which, as every reader of Nietzsche knows, makes plain Nietzsche's belief that Socrates, the dialectician, was only possible, because the Greek of sound instincts, of virtue, and therefore of proper emotions, was at the end of the fifth century B.C. becoming a rare phenomenon.

Why, then, does Nietzsche say, "Not that it helped them in any way; but great words and attitudes are so becoming to decadents"?

It is my belief that Nietzsche meant here exactly what I wished to make clear in my first review of Mr. Pitt Rivers' book—namely, that where emotions are wrong or unreliable—that is to say, where man himself is wrong—it is futile to depend on such an alleged panacea as reason. In such a plight, re-birth is the only remedy. To pin one's faith then to reason when emotions have become untrustworthy is surely tantamount to questioning the necessity, the advantage, and the importance of blood and lineage—precisely the attitude of the modern advocate of popular government.

When, therefore, I say that reason and emotion are complementary and equally important and powerful in Higher Man, I reveal a reluctance to acknowledge two things: (a) that reason can be uninfluenced by emotion; (b) that emotion is merely explosive material, *impetus*, blind dynamic power.

I have already said all I wish to say as regards (b). As regards (a), let me call Mr. Pitt Rivers' attention to the view of the school of Psycho-Analysts.

Writing in his "Papers on Psycho-Analysis," Dr. E. Jones says (p. 629):

The control of the primary system of thought by the secondary remains imperfect throughout life, and in a number of circumstances, the second one, our logical conscious thinking, falls partly or entirely under the influence of the first. . . . It has to be remembered, in the first place, that the secondary (the logical) system develops, especially in its fuller elaboration, more slowly, and consequently later, than the primary one, so that the kernel of the mind remains throughout life the unconscious group of wish impulses.

The emotions of a man must be largely determined by what Dr. E. Jones calls his unconscious group of wish-impulses; nor does Dr. Jones appear to regard the necessary consequence of his statement as a reflection upon the normality of any particular man or group of men.

One last word. Whatever the inferences may be that Mr. Pitt Rivers wishes to draw from his quotation of a passage in Nietzsche's "Human, All Too Human," I may say that I can see little in it at variance with my own view as given above. It seems to me that in this passage, Nietzsche, too, emphasises the complementarity of emotion and reason, and not the complete negligibility of emotion where the pursuit of truth is concerned which, rightly or wrongly, appears to me to be implicit in Mr. Pitt Rivers' position.

* See "Outlines of Psychology." Chap.: Complex Feelings, Emotions, p. 351.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I HOPE that I am not unduly blasé, but when I read of the various efforts made on behalf of "The People," when I hear the resounding words "Democracy," "Freedom," "Revolution," uttered in a preamble, I begin to understand why Ebenezer Elliott implored God to "save the people." Mr. Douglas Goldring's preface to this,* the first of a series of "Plays For A People's Theatre," has all the customary clichés, the expected violence, of an I.L.P. speech. He is not the first, nor will he be the last, to discover, after he had written his play, that "there does not exist in England any 'Drama League' or theatrical organisation of any kind whatever which will be in the least likely to put it on." The theatre, although it has sometimes served the cause of revolution (as when "Figaro" was played in Paris), does not exist for the propaganda of revolutionary ideas; there are allotted stations in our parks and open spaces for the enunciation of the "Down-with-everything-that-is-up" creed. Mr. Goldring truly says that "revolutionary thought, in the plays that are produced, is the very last thing which is either desired or welcomed"; but the fact is not derogatory to the theatre. Art has its own methods of making revolutions, which require rather more skill than the simple denunciations or exhortations of the propagandist. The proper place in the theatre for revolutionary thought is "off"; we want drama on the stage.

But Mr. Goldring, having decided that his play ought to be produced, and having discovered that there was no "people's theatre" to produce it, decided to found "The People's Theatre Society," which has an hon. secretary, and an address "care of the publishers." What is the constitution of this society, who is its hon. secretary, I do not know; but I see that Mr. D. H. Lawrence has contributed a play to this series of publications, entitled, aptly enough, "Touch and Go." That is a well-recognised revolutionary practice, and there are people who like to be "touched" for such purposes. But Mr. Goldring apparently expects to "touch" the Labour movement on behalf of his play and society; "I should like to see the I.L.P. and the U.D.C. and the N.U.R.—the miners, the transport workers, the postmen, and the police—all interesting themselves in the establishment of a Labour theatre." Some of us would rather see the Labour movement interesting itself in politics and economics—but if it must interest itself in the theatre, why ignore the Actors' Association? Why not suggest that the actors' trade union should be subsidised by the Labour movement for its first series of productions, instead of starting a new organisation which is apparently without "body, parts, or passions"? There is an objection, I know; all the Labour leaders would write plays (did not Mr. James Sexton, M.P., write "The Riot Act"?) and insist on the production of them; and Mr. Goldring's "The Fight for Freedom" would still have to await the advent of a really revolutionary "People's Theatre."

Mr. Goldring is quite clear, in his own mind, concerning the character of his "people's theatre." "It will inevitably be a revolutionary (and hence an internationalist) theatre if it is to be worthy of its name. And it will put on all the good revolutionary plays which will be written in England and which have been written abroad." And the audiences will walk out, if they ever walk in, before the first act of "The Government's Dissolution" is over; and not even a "paper" audience will be collected for the revolutionary ballet, "The Blue-Book." "The Revelations of Hansard" may go down to posterity, but will not go down with the contemporary public; and even Mr. Goldring's "The Fight for

Freedom" may not survive its production "in some badly-ventilated cellar, or hideous East End parish hall," which Mr. Goldring thinks will probably be the first home of the "People's Theatre."

The revolutionary ideas of "The Fight for Freedom" do not carry us very far. The period is the first week of August, 1918; and during that week, Margaret Lambert becomes engaged to Oliver Beeching, an electrical engineer, who apparently addresses Labour audiences on "The Fight for Freedom." In the second act, she breaks her engagement with Captain Michael Henderson, home on leave, who retorts by drugging and raping her. In the third act, she rejects the conventional solution of her problem, will neither bring an action against Michael nor marry him—whereat her people are very shocked. In the fourth act, she rejects her Socialist lover because, although he agrees with her refusal to marry Henderson, he protests against her hating him, tries to make her believe that "the poor devils of soldiers suffer so horribly that they are really not responsible." When she hears that Michael has become certifiably insane, she engages herself to his brother, who, for his Civil Services, has just been rewarded with a K.B.E. The Socialist lover, having received the K.O., is left to sing "The Red Flag" with the aged but revolutionary aunt as the curtain falls. Oliver's determination to "keep the Red Flag flying" in another person's drawing-room is intelligible, but not very dramatic.

I have read the play through twice, and wondered which were the revolutionary ideas that require a "people's theatre" for their enunciation. The argument that rape or seduction is not sanctified by subsequent marriage is not a new one; "Man and Superman" states it, and even a "commercial" playwright like Somerset Maugham has stated it on the "commercial" stage in "Grace," and Galsworthy, no very revolutionary playwright, did the same in, I think, "The Eldest Son." Mr. Goldring only differs from many other writers (Houghton, in "Hindle Wakes," is another example of the same argument) by giving us tedious people and expository dialogue. The revolutionary Miss Lambert, for example, hurls speeches like this at the company:

"Ha! I shall go on though, Janey. There's no escape for you. It is thanks to our 'Christian' judges and the police court magistrates whom Samuel admires so much, that women in England have time and again been degraded and insulted. Wives have become mere chattels of husbands whom they loathe. Their lovers are now liable to be murdered with impunity, and the murderer is acquitted and made a popular hero. And if you think the sacred cause of the Allies is going to be benefited by regulation 40 D, which turns all young and desirable women into slaves who can be either outraged or persecuted by any maniac in uniform who takes a fancy to them, I'm sorry for you. How on earth you expect us to work ourselves into a frenzy over tales of German atrocities when you condone similar acts committed by our own men, and our own Government, I can't imagine! If you really believed in the Christianity you profess" . . . (shrugs her shoulders).

The passage is characteristic of the style of dialogue; everybody exhorts, argues, states a point of view, in the same fashion. And the only criticism I need make is that it is not dramatic dialogue. Even as oratory, it is poor stuff; but it states a case, and does not reveal character, issues from and appeals to the head, and not the heart, and none too good a head at that. It is not thus that drama is written—and perhaps Mr. Goldring is right when he demands a new theatre for his play. "If the English people's theatre, when it is started, is only filled with the new spirit—the spirit of revolutionary idealism and ardent aspiration towards that new day which must dawn before long, even in England—nothing else really matters. Then, at last, we may look

* "The Fight for Freedom: A Play in Four Acts." By Douglas Goldring. (Daniel. 3s. 6d. net.)

forward to the long-heralded 'renaissance of the English drama' which is now so dismally overdue." But Mr. Lloyd George, no very revolutionary man, has done better than this; he told us to expect a new heaven and a new earth, and if we must read fustian about "the Dawn . . . rising in its red splendour over this shattered and desolate world," I prefer Mr. Lloyd George's fustian to this of Mr. Goldring. There is no future for mere futurism in drama.

Readers and Writers.

SHAKESPEARE'S head is always occurring in this column; but it is not my fault, unless I be to blame for insisting upon having the last word in this perennial controversy. "W. S.'s" dismissal of my constant theory, *not* as unproven, but as unworthy of discussion, is, however, more than I can bear in silence; and it is therefore necessary for me to humour myself to the extent of, at least, one paragraph. The matter is *not* unimportant, I may be allowed to say. English literary criticism lies under the disgrace of accepting Shakespeare the tenth-rate player as Shakespeare the divine author; and so long as a mistake of this magnitude is admitted into the canon, nobody of any perception can treat the canon with respect. My theory, moreover, is simple, rational, and within the support of common experience. All it requires is that we should assume that Shakespeare the theatre-manager had on his literary staff or within call a wonderful dramatic genius whose name we do not yet know: that this genius was as modest as he was wonderful; and as adaptable as he was original; and that, of the plays passed to him for licking into shape (plays drawn from Shakespeare the actor-manager's store), some he scarcely touched, others he changed only here and there, while a few, the few that appealed to his "fancy," he completely transformed and re-created in his own likeness. I confess I see nothing incredible, nothing even requiring much subtlety to accept in this hypothesis. The Elizabethan age was a strange age. It had very little of the passion for self-advertisement that distinguishes our own. It contained many anonymous geniuses of whom, as I have observed before, the obscure translators of the Bible were only one handful. The author of the plays may very well have been one of the number—a quiet, modest, retiring sort of man, thankful to be able to find congenial work in reshaping plays to his own liking. That, at any rate, is my surmise; and, so far from thinking the theory unimportant, I believe it throws a beam of light on the psychology of genius during the Elizabethan age.

Mr. Squire has not sent THE NEW AGE a copy of the first issue of his "London Mercury"; but it appears to me, from its contents, to be, in the strict sense, a superfluous magazine. A magazine can surely be said to be superfluous when it publishes only what would in any case have been published, and in this respect there is no doubt that every item in the first issue of the "London Mercury" was already on the high road to publication. All, in fact, that Mr. Squire has done has been to divert from their probable destination several articles and poems, and, perhaps, to hasten their publication by a week or a month or two: a feat that anybody could accomplish, given the money and time to spend on it. I have protested before, and I have no doubt I shall have occasion to many times in future, against this unjustifiable multiplication of overlapping and competing journals. The condition of multiplication in the Old Testament was that the race should first be fruitful; but it is obvious that, in these days, magazines multiply without fulfilling the condition of anterior fruitfulness. Has Mr. Squire any new authors, unable hitherto to find the means of publication, to introduce to us? As far as I can see,

none. Has he himself some fresh ideas which, as literary editor of the "New Statesman" and editor of "Land and Water," he could not realise? Again the answer appears to be, none. I can only conclude from this as I began: that there is no real economic justification for the "London Mercury." It is a work of fancy, but not of imagination.

It goes without saying that the "London Mercury" had what is called a "good Press." Without imputing it to Mr. Squire for unrighteousness, it is a fact that Mr. Squire has a "good Press" for whatever he chooses to do. He appears to have been born with a silver pen in his mouth, and for quite a number of years now it has been impossible to take up a literary journal without finding praise of Mr. Squire in it. As a poet, Mr. Squire deserves *nearly* all that is said of him: not for the mass of his work, but for an occasional poem of almost supreme excellence. As a literary causeur of whom the "Times" said in compliment that "he never makes you think," he has the first and great qualification of readableness. Finally, as a parodist he is without a superior in contemporary literature. But when one has said this, one has said all; for Mr. Squire is not a great or even a sound critic, he is not an impressive writer, and he is not a distinguished or original thinker. Time and Mr. Squire may prove my present judgment wrong; but I do not think, either, that he will make a great or an inspiring editor. Great editorship is a form of creation, and the great editor is measured by the number and quality of the writers he brings to birth—or to ripeness. We shall see in the course of the year whether Mr. Squire is a creator in this sense. So far, he has not even a dark horse in his stable.

Among the objects set out to be accomplished by the "London Mercury" is the advancement of English style. It is a worthy and even a momentous object, but I fancy that the "London Mercury" is not the first modern journal to set out upon this quest. After all, I, in my way, during the last seven years or so, have made occasional references to current English style; and the reviewers of THE NEW AGE have not been distinguished by any particular tenderness to bad English, by whomsoever it has been written. It amused me, therefore, to read in the comments on Mr. Squire's undertaking sundry and divers exhortations to him to be severe and, if need be, "savage" in criticism, and especially when I observed that some of the names appended to the advice were of writers who have anything but appreciated the severity, let alone the "savagery," of our own reviewers. Let it pass, however. The thing in question is English style, and nobody can, in my opinion, be too enthusiastic in its maintenance and improvement. The peril of English style, I take it, lies in its very virtue, that of directness, and its fighting edges are to be found where the colloquial and the vernacular (or, let us say, the idiomatic) meet and mix. The English vernacular, I believe, is the most powerful and simple language that was ever written; but the danger always lies in wait for it of slipping into the English colloquial, which, by the same token, is one of the worst of languages. The difference between them is precisely the difference between Ariel and Caliban; indeed, I am not sure that "Shakespeare" had not this in mind when he dreamed his myth. Caliban is a direct enough creature to be English, and there are writers who imagine his style to be the mirror of perfection. But Ariel is no less direct; he is only Caliban transformed and purified and become a thing of light. There is, of course, no rule for distinguishing between them; between, that is to say, the permissible and the forbidden use of the colloquial; for it is obvious that the vernacular may be and, at any rate, is finally derived from the colloquial. The decision rests with taste

which alone can decide what of the colloquial shall be allowed to enter into the vernacular. In general, I should say, the criterion is grace; the hardest, the rarest, but the most exquisite of all the qualities of style. I hope one day to see English written in the vernacular, with all its strength and directness, but with grace added unto it. Newman, perhaps, was furthest of all writers on the way to it. But Newman did not always charm. Now I have written the word, I would substitute charm for grace, and say that the perfect English style, which nobody has yet written, will charm by its power. R. H. C.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

THE Chelsea Book Club Gallery (65, Cheyne Walk, S.W.3) opens auspiciously with an excellent show of French drawings; the press of fashion-plate females, the lack of a complete catalogue and the absence of numbers from such drawings as were listed in the catalogue such as it was, made the critic's job, and still make critical reference to specific works, rather difficult.

One noted especially the wet washy water-colours of Vlaminck. The Cezanne portrait might possibly have attracted less attention had it not been for the awe-hushed whisper that a Cezanne was in the room. Within seven minutes I heard all the great phrases applied to this small canvas, all, that is, of the great phrases now current concerning Cezanne; and I have heard them recurrently since; "so massive," "so simple," "such quality in the paint," "such interesting, etc. . ."

This Cezanne is no better than any one of half a dozen pictures by Matisse now at the Leicester Gallery, yet the clichés applied to Matisse will be from a different series. M. Lhote's drawings (at the Chelsea Book Club) are as vacuous as his writing might lead one to expect. Picart LeDoux is agreeable, and one wonders what has become of the placid blue and white Dianas and Pans which used to hang in the "Independents," and whether his two styles are successive or simultaneous.

The Chelsea Book Club, in excellent situation, offering an open market for all contemporary literature and for all schools of art, influenced, so far as we can observe, by no clique tendency, and certainly more artistic than commercial in its aim, should be extremely useful to the arts; there is but one caution arising from the exotic nature of the opening exhibit. It is a good thing to import the best foreign work (as, for example, in the augmentation of the Matisse exhibit); it may even be advisable to import other foreign work; but the managers of this gallery should remember that there is no closer ring than the ring of Paris art-dealers; they are doubtless quite ready to "unload" on the London market; M. Lhote is even in movement for unloading the excess stock of David; we should prefer to see an exchange both of works and of knowledge. We have local products quite as good, and, in some cases, better, than the work now at the Book Club; and its managers would double their effectiveness if they would stipulate a foot per foot and week per week exhibit of English works in Paris in return for London exhibit of French works here. We believe, from present indications, that the Book Club could do this, and that it would be impartial in its selection of English work.

Mr. Campbell Dodgson, C.B.E., is about to issue a catalogue of the etchings of Augustus E. John, a royal quarto, in which every known etching (134 in number), frequently in more than one state, will be illustrated. In view of this impending inclusiveness, any comment one might now make on the 127 John etchings now at the Chenil Gallery might seem to be supererogatory. John has had a remarkable career. Known even as a

Slade student, his maximum impact upon the public sensibility was achieved when he was about 28 or 30 years of age, at which time he was indubitably the finest painter in England and his success wholly deserved; as a confrère remarks, "he had made so close a study of Rembrandt's method," etc. John had made a close study of various artists. He led the anti-Academy party for some years, for no man of so great a talent who had studied any great masters whatsoever could possibly have *complied with* the Academy party. A sight of Velasquez in Whistler's case, or of Rembrandt in John's, was enough to make an "irreconcilable."

When our eminent contemporary calls Rembrandt John's only master in etching, we must, however, suppose that he refers solely to questions of craft, for etching would seem to have been John's medium for imitation and experiment. By "imitation" I do not mean anything derogative, nor does the term necessarily imply want of inventiveness; every good artist, or, at any rate, every very comprehensive artist must be filled with curiosity about the works of his predecessors; he will want to "see if he can do it," he will wish to make analyses more minute than can be made by any means save that of doing the thing with his own hand. Thus, in John's case we find Rembrandt, Goya, Chardin, Millais, the pre-Raphaelites, allegories, possibly Blake, and even a Belcher charwoman in the etchings, just as we find Botticelli and the Italian primitives in his painting; much of this must be counted as study, as beneficent and praiseworthy study. There remains the distinctively "John" draughtsmanship (more apparent possibly in some of the unnumbered and vigorous drawings in the upper rooms, than in the etchings now at the Chenil).

The possible limitation of John, seeing that his success was the initial launch-out of indisputable talent for draughtsmanship, may lie in an insufficient regard for the maturer faculties, for the labour of great construction, for intellectual reinforcement; after ten years of zenith it is difficult to say whether, if one had seen three hundred Matisse heads all with Egyptian or Gauguin eyes, one might be too familiar with them to "have an opinion"; one is now very familiar with the John style in painting and etching.

One goes from the Chenil to the Leicester Gallery and receives great impact from the new picture by Matisse, a black-haired woman in white. One finds "La Villa Bleu" (No. 5) to be all that a landscape should be. It has a vitality not in Constable. The "Paysage" (30) and "Viaduc" (31) are like unto it. "Interieur" (10) is mere colour. "Interieur" (15) is colour plus the indefinable; it is the apogee of decorativeness, "La Liseuse" (21) is like unto it. It would be highly instructive to see an array of John paintings and an array of Matisse painting hung on the opposite walls, a challenge which neither artist should shrink from. Would Matisse's colour prove the "phantom antagonist"?

The Matisse work at the Leicester has been shifted from one room to another, and the new lighting enforces a different set of values. The Rousseauesque "Etude Jeune Fille" (25), and the "Femme Orientale" (27), show to particular advantage, as also the lithographs 1 and 7 in the new hanging.

Maillol's faintly obese Tanagras do not excite much comment; they are obese Tanagras; it is faintly interesting that one should be able to combine the grace of Tanagra with this somewhat Gallic or slightly bourgeoisie or peasant obesity; it is, possibly, a demonstration that the grace of the objet d'art is not quite the grace of the subject; it is possibly only an implicit art-treatise on relativity in the nubile. Tanagra held for *fausse maigre*, the gentleman from the Midi inclines to the opposite structure. His drawings have an eighteenth century grace, though no very personal or distinctive characteristics; they might be by Chardin.

Mr. Sheringham sinks far below Maillol; he is decorative; he has not sought a subtle commentary on familiar things, or not on things so familiar as Boucher; he has brilliance and oriental exoticism; his silks and satins are part of the artistic furbelows of the era; there is nothing in his work to put off the most opulent lover of luxurious boudoir furnishing, and there is probably no house in Mayfair where his work would be out of place. Mr. Rackham declines to the status of a children's entertainer, though his drawing, No. 1, is carefully executed.

Mr. Walter Bayes exhibits at the Hampstead Art Gallery, 345, Finchley Road, N.W.3.

Freud.

THE FREUDIAN WISH. E. B. Holt. (Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d.)

THE INTERPRETATION OF DREAMS. Freud. (Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 15s.)

PSYCHOPATHOLOGY OF EVERYDAY LIFE. Freud. (Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

WIT AND ITS RELATION TO THE UNCONSCIOUS. Freud. (Unwin. 8s. 6d.)

THREE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SEXUAL THEORY. Freud. (Nervous and Mental Disease Monograph Series. New York. 10s.)

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. M. K. Bradby. (Ox. Med. Pub. 8s. 6d.)

ANALYTICAL PSYCHOLOGY. Jung. (Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 15s.)

DREAM PSYCHOLOGY. M. Nicoll. (Ox. Med. Pub. 6s.)

PAPERS ON PSYCHO-ANALYSIS. Ernest Jones. (Baillière, Tindall and Cox. 25s.)

I THINK that it will soon become, if it is not so already, the fashion to decry Freud. He has, of course, as many wilful detractors as ever; but the more advanced psycho-analysts are claiming to have transcended him, and so the mob that always re-echoes the dernier cri will, as usual, elegantly proclaim him a back-number. This would be in the nature of an outrage on the spirit that seeks knowledge, and I wish to forestall it by some comments on Freud's works as a whole, and an attempt to elucidate what is most valuable in them. If any object that this has already been done by Jung, I can only reply that it has not yet been done for England, and submit that a few more words on the matter still await utterance. A complete and clear-cut account of the Freudian position by a Freudian can be found in Dr. Ernest Jones' "Papers on Psycho-analysis." This is just meant to be an impartial commentary.

"Dream Interpretation," "Psychopathology of Everyday Life," "Wit," these are his three most important books, and contain the results and conclusions arising from his previous works, the most striking of which is "Three Contributions to the Sexual Theory." What are these conclusions? That there are three states of consciousness—fore-consciousness (attention), pre-conscious (the margin of consciousness round attention), and sub-conscious; that the sub-conscious functions when the other two are off their guard, in "absent-minded" actions, in opportune witticisms, in dreams; that the sub-conscious consists of material repressed from consciousness by fear, pain, or shame; that this material is sexual, *not* in a broad sense, but in the ordinary, everyday sense; that it is always striving for expression, and that this expression is regulated by a function he calls the "endopsychic censor" which allows the repressed desires to appear in consciousness camouflaged; that this camouflage appears in a dream as distortion of the primary wish, displacement of the point of interest from the important on to the unimportant, or condensation of several ideas in one image; that the dream is an "asocial psychic product"; that

it may be interpreted by obtaining the dreamer's free associations to the symbols; that a neurotic condition is caused by conflict between desire and repression of desire, the desire being for some infantile sexual activity, to which the patient has a fixation due to irregular development of sexual impulse into ordinary adult activity, by reason of unfavourable circumstances; that these circumstances are the parents, the tales of Oedipus and Electra being used as illustrations for either sex respectively.

I must apologise for having re-stated all this. It has been put as concisely as possible. Now let us examine it. The first thing that strikes a reader of Freud is that, though he is perpetually dividing and sub-dividing and labelling his subject-matter, yet how chaotic are all his writings. It is as though he were trying to contain the sea in a bucket. The clothes he has cut do not fit the man. Of course, there are some, notably Miss M. K. Bradby ("Psycho-analysis": Oxford Medical Publications), who suggest that he has deliberately not made a complete suit. I do not think so. His *attempt* to roof in his building has been too painstaking to leave much room for thinking otherwise than that he wished to produce a complete structure. What, then, is missing? As has been indicated, the *roof*, and a spire on top of that, if you like. For if the unconscious consists of sexual impulse striving for expression, whence comes the unconscious action with which a motorist dodges an imminent collision? Miss Alice Morning described a remarkable encounter with a tram-car in THE NEW AGE some years ago. And whence comes the unconscious summing-up of a person at the first meeting? Again, if dreams be an "asocial psychic product," where is the point in psycho-analysing a man's dreams so that he may know himself and adapt himself the more harmoniously to life? And, to return to the unconscious, what on earth would Vyasa be meaning at the close of the Drona Parva of the Mahabharata, when he describes Maheçwara, "that embodiment of the Unmanifest," as, "half his soul is fire, and half the moon"? (Drona Parva, Sect. cciii.)

No, there is no question of Freud having fitted on a roof. In point of fact he has only made half a building. The other half has been supplied by Adler, who dissects dodging a collision into a self-preservation instinct. It was Matthew Arnold who said some time ago that life could be analysed into an instinct for self-preservation and an instinct for propagation of the species. Freud has demonstrated and deals with the instinct for propagation, the sexual impulse. Broadly speaking, there are three classes of neurotic. There is the sensitive from his appearance in the world. There is the individual who breaks down under the menace of peculiarly terrifying circumstances; and there is the man who, after having worked a previously satisfying life-line out to a finish, fails to find a new direction for his energy. A certain number of war neuroses, for instance, did not show themselves until after the armistice. Life is the art of dealing with circumstance. One of the biggest orientations a child has to make is during the changes of puberty. What wonder, then, that our neurotics entangle themselves in sexual problems, whether before or during puberty being, by the way, really immaterial? So Freud has drawn our attention to, and emphasised, a problem of instinct. The Oedipus and Electra tragedies in one aspect fit in here.

But he has done a great deal more than that. It was he who was the first to develop the psycho-analytic technique. I am not, at the moment, prepared to maintain that Paracelsus psycho-analysed in the modern sense, though I will say most decidedly that he was the predecessor of psycho-analysis in Europe. However, putting that aside for the present, Freud, as I say, was the first to formulate the method of "free association of ideas," of starting a patient from a point and asking

him to think aloud quite honestly. The association method is a necessity in psycho-analysis; but as regards, on the other hand, his dream mechanisms of distortion, displacement, condensation, secondary elaboration during the telling of the dream, and his dictum that *all* dreams can be reduced to wishfulfilment and sexuality, these have already been dealt with by more able writers; and I have only to corroborate from a not very large experience what has already been published by Jung and Dr. Nicoll. Distortion and displacement I frankly cannot understand. In the telling of a dream a patient is apt to omit important parts, but this phenomenon does not seem to require any especial name. It is just an aspect of resistance. When the unconscious presents a symbol in a dream, it appears to choose that thing from the dreamer's experience, whether immediate or remote matters not, that is the most suitable symbol in every sense of the word. The fact that the symbol has to be chosen from the dreamer's experience, so as to be understood at all, is the argument for the symbol being a representation of something unknown by the analogy with something known. A patient dreamt this sentence, "Copulation with Helen." Associations to copulation—"joining to, union with"; to Helen—"constancy, fortitude, you can always rely on her." The dream was not sexual, after all! Jung gives a much better example. ("Analytical Psychology," p. 219.)

To sum up, then, the valuable contributions to psycho-analysis by Freud are, the emphasis he has laid on the sexual problems of neurotics, which must be solved during treatment, and consequently upon sexual problems in general; the application by him of the association method in treatment; and last, but not by a long way the least, the great good humour and endurance with which he faced the thundrous scowls of Mrs. Grundy, and what can only be called the cat-calls of members of his own profession.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Views and Reviews.

ART AND LIFE.

THE attempt made in this volume* to apply psycho-analysis to literature will not immediately appeal to English readers. Like most works of induction, the volume becomes a bore; once a principle is grasped, we can dispense with the applications, more particularly when they become as perfunctory as some of Mr. Mardell's applications are. But if the function of criticism is, as Matthew Arnold declared it was, "to see the object as in itself it really is," the biography of literature, which is the real subject-matter of psycho-analysis, becomes necessary to a proper understanding of it. In one sense, the Puritans were right: Art cannot be divorced from Life; it arises from Life, reflects on it, sometimes reforms or re-directs it. The heroines of one generation become the women of the next; and the power of the printed word is so great that a blind man miraculously restored to vision would, in these days, see men as newspapers, walking. But the Puritan was wrong when he denied the right of expression to what he called "immorality"; he exaggerated the force of example and the power of imitation, and completely ignored the necessity, and the public value, of what, in the jargon of psycho-analysis, is now called the sublimation of internal conflicts. Too often he regarded as incitements to vice what were really conquests of temptation; he had his own prescription for internal conflicts, open confession, repentance, and prayer for pardon, and he lacked the Christian charity that would permit his brother to purge himself of what he called "sin" in his own way.

But Puritanism as a discipline is only effective when,

* "The Erotic Motive in Literature." By Albert Mardell. (Boni and Liveright. 1.75 dol. net.)

in the legal definition of responsibility, a man knows what he is doing, and knows that he is doing wrong; the most severe conflicts are those that lie below the level of consciousness, and are inhibited from rising above the threshold except in a disguised form. The Puritan in art, of whom Tolstoy is a good but belated example, is really attempting to confine natural forces to what he would call their proper functions; and Tolstoy said of sex what the Anglican service says of marriage, that it was ordained for the pro-creation of children. But whatever sex may have been ordained for, we know that it is capable of many other expressions than this; and to confine its expression to what is called the performance of its legitimate function is to behave as stupidly as, let us say, an electrician would behave if, because he held the view that the proper purpose of electricity was the vitalisation of the earth, he short-circuited the current in his house, and deprived himself of light and heat. To keep to the analogy, love is the long-circuit of sex, here blazing into beauty by the art of man, there making life easier for others by the diffusion of vital heat.

Psycho-analysis did not begin with Freud; years ago, I remarked the similarity of its technique to that of auricular confession, and it has always been a source of amusement to me that Freud's demonstration of sex as the basis of neurosis should be denounced by people who were perfectly well aware that all the ascetic religions have regarded sex as the origin of all evil. The history of legislation, too, shows us that sex, in all its varieties of manifestation, has been a continual cause of anxiety to both governors and governed; no natural power of man, not even rational thought, has been more denounced, more regulated, more repressed. Yet when Freud in his turn showed that this ubiquitous and protean passion was at work in the causation of neurosis, and gave currency to the idea that both art and religion sprang from the common origin of all mankind, he was abhorred as the creator of a monster. Just as Disraeli would rather have descended from angels than have ascended from apes, so England of the twentieth century would rather believe that its religions were direct revelations of God than man's sublimation of his sexual knowledge into cosmogonies. By some curious inversion of thought, it was argued that the dignity of man was destroyed by the demonstration that himself was, and must be, the creator of it. Beauty, truth, goodness, were absolutes, we were told, self-existent, eternal, infinite, and I know not what; and the statement of the simple fact that they were man's attempts at expression and discipline of his own emotions and thoughts is still regarded by some as the supreme insult to the human race.

But if religion (at least, during the Christian era) is an attempt to interpret the universe in the terms of personality (the Christian insistence on love as the governing principle being a simple proof of Freud's main contention), art also widens the scope of its appeal by its completeness of personal expression. It is the most intensely personal art that has the most universal appeal; it is the art that does the author good, and not the art that deliberately tries to do us good (who reads Martin Tupper now?), that lives for ever. If in these days we can still understand, and be thrilled with horror by, the *Oedipus Rex*, it is because the passions there sublimated still animate the human race. Across the ages, the unconscious speaks to the unconscious because "man's ontogeny is the epitome of his phylogeny," say the embryologists, his history as an individual recapitulates his history as a race. We are all members one of another; and if we no longer believe that a malign Fate tricks us into incest, we, none the less, have to punish it as a criminal offence, and by our practice of trying the cases in camera do our best to preserve the attraction of mystery for the offence.

So when psycho-analysis turns to literature, and

shows us, in Shelley's phrase, that poets learn in suffering what they teach in song, it is definitely doing the work of criticism by enabling us "to see the object as, in itself, it really is." It shows us that the creations of literature are no mere works of fancy, but are veritable cries of the heart of man for a perfection denied him in reality. That psycho-analysis has identified literature with life is the greatest of its services to this generation; it has added reality to beauty, and has shown us that literary creation is an overcoming of practical failure. Shakespeare never knew a woman like Desdemona; if he had, he would have lived with her, and we should have known nothing of his good fortune; but he knew by bitter experience that such women ought to be, and he made their existence possible by creating the model. The reference from the work to the author that is always made by psycho-analysis demonstrates the truth of beauty ("Beauty is truth, truth beauty," said Keats, one of the most personal of poets), defines art, as religion does the universe, in terms of personality, adds to its sensuous appeal a human interest, and makes us aware of our common humanity with those who, too often, are our scapegoats. Art loses none of its dignity by being restored to humanity; after all, every philosophy is an attempt to show the underlying unity of the most diverse phenomena; and the same psycho-analysis that reveals neurosis as a failure to resolve the conflict between desire and reality reveals art as a successful resolution of the same conflict. The way out is over; "all I could never be, all that men ignored in me, that I expressed in art," was what Browning ought to have said. There is grandeur in this view of art, of men rising above their failures into creation of an ideal world which, because it is humanly inspired, is capable of human realisation. And if, in the process of studying literature in this light, we discover that we are not the self-conscious beings, aware of the desires that impel or inhibit our actions, that we thought we were, that, as Emerson said, "we each have within us the possibility of every crime," or, in the Biblical phrase, "if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," the study of literature will be as beneficial to us as the practice of the disciplines of religion, if, indeed, it is not the necessary preparation for that training in virtue.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Sir Limpidus. By Marmaduke Pickthall. (Collins. 7s. net.)

Mr. Pickthall has achieved a triumph. There is no more difficult feat than the presentation of "God's Own Englishman," the carefully cultivated absence of distinguishing characteristics making it well-nigh impossible to draw him without caricature or satire. He is a work of art, the finished product of English history; yet he does not even regard himself as anything, he just is, and all's well with the world. "The upper classes have only birth, say the people here, and not thoughts," quotes Emerson. "Yes, but they have manners, and 'tis wonderful, how much talent runs into manners—nowhere and never so much as in England. They have the sense of superiority, the absence of all the ambitious effort which disgusts in the aspiring classes, a pure tone of thought and feeling, and the power to command, among their other luxuries, the presence of the most accomplished men in their festive meetings." There is the difficulty of drawing Sir Limpidus, and the more one thinks of it, the more one admires the skill with which Mr. Pickthall has surmounted it. Sir Limpidus has just the right tone, says and does the right thing, is just so, and no otherwise. Even as a child, he has doubts about the social status of the Holy Family; in later years, they would be among the people whom one did not know. His objection to his school-friend's objection to

Confirmation is just right: "Oh, but I say, you know, I think you go too far. Of course it looks like humbug and all that. But everybody decent has been through it. I'm not pi either, but I do believe in things." It is that unerring sense of the inevitable rightness of things, and of the right way to regard them, that makes Shaw's impassioned satire of the Englishman fly so wide of the mark. He does not wait until there grows within him a burning conviction of anything; he avoids anything like a burning conviction by doing what "everybody decent" does, and those who do not do that are just "outsiders." It is just not the thing to be clever, although of course one must not be thought a fool, one must have the reputation of cleverness. Perhaps it was for this reason that noblemen used to be exempted from the public exercises for university degrees, and obtained an honorary degree. Anyhow, Sir Limpidus, by the aid of a good secretary and one or two geniuses as "ghosts," obtained the reputation of an authority on Russian affairs; after that, his entry into the diplomatic service and appointment to Petersburg were in the nature of things, as was also his subsequent entry into Parliament and the Cabinet. These things were just due to him, because he was "one of us"; and his political work was done by under-secretaries and permanent officials, who were paid to do that sort of thing. He had that "happy inaccessibility to ideas," that subtle perviousness to "tone," and that power of absorption of service, that give God's own Englishman the air of Divinity. How many men laboured to produce this ineffable creature, we do not know; but he is a product, not a producer, and Mr. Pickthall makes it possible for us to enjoy him so long as we do not remember that world of real men, real passions, real interests, that such men leave so disastrously to their own devices. It is the literal accuracy of touch that delights us in this drawing of a man who, to give one example, did not often go to his country house "from a reluctance to disturb his children whose abode it was." The father's protest against his daughter's ideas of marriage: "She talks of men as you or I would talk of women—it's disgusting": is so unerringly correct that we really appreciate its truth more than its wit. Sir Limpidus is just so, and Mr. Pickthall is to be congratulated on a really remarkable piece of work.

Bunker Bean. By Harry Leon Wilson. (The Bodley Head. 6s. net.)

It is not only the dedication to H. G. Wells that reminds us of "Kipps" and "Mr. Polly"; Bunker Bean has a family likeness to those ineffectual but appealing creations of Mr. Wells' imagination. There are differences, of course; Mr. Wilson's more conscious, comic art makes Bunker Bean less significant but more intelligible than Mr. Wells' heroes. To the end, the latter remain instinct with a sense of wonder that they cannot articulate, affined to a mystery of which they are barely conscious. They have the gift of reverie, but not the gift of speech: "a penny for your thoughts," says Ann at the end. "Oo—I dunno," is the reply. But in Bunker Bean, the fusion between the sub-conscious and conscious personalities is complete at the end of the book; and throughout Bunker Bean's imagination is more definite, more concrete. His is the imagination of a novelist, creating the figure that he would be if he could, and using that imagined self as his standard of criticism of others. But the imagined self functions in the threshold of consciousness emerges at odd moments in his shorthand script in scathing comment on his employer, emerges in impulsive action, and, at last, in his conscious intelligence. He is fooled by some spiritualist mediums into believing that he is a re-incarnation of Napoleon, and, farther back still, of an Egyptian king; and the suggestions, although finally overcome, are potent enough to diminish his self-consciousness and awaken his self-

assurance. Mr. Wilson's gift of hovering between psychological analysis, satire, and sheer humour has never been better displayed than in the first half of this story; the reader recognises the accuracy of the delineation, sees the suggested point, and laughs at the absurdity. Mr. Wilson's humour is peculiarly the humour of likely things, while his sense of character can make clear distinction of persons even in a board of directors. There are "screams" in this book; Bunker Bean, like Kipps, has his drunken scene: but there are times when one knows not whether to laugh or cry at the absurdity of high finance which Bunker Bean so absurdly exposes. The insight into the intricacies of market-rigging is as clear and definite as the sense of contrast that provides the basis of absurdity to this story; the story is a good joke, but it is one of those jokes that make us wonder how a world, in which such deeds as that of the Federal Express can be worked, could either have been created or continue to exist.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—Your charming literary causeur "R. H. C." is far too sympathetic a man to pick up a quarrel with, but his latest news about Nietzsche's spiritual death and probable supersession (December 18th of *THE NEW AGE*) seems to me, to use a Mark Twainian phrase, "greatly exaggerated." Had "R. H. C." seen, as I have seen, the Germany of the Revolution, he would have immediately understood why some Germans at least are turning their eyes and wishes towards Friedrich Nietzsche. These Germans are well aware that a restoration of monarchy or a revival of Pan-Germanism is out of the question, but at the same time they are not innocent enough to believe in a world which is "made safe for democracy" and consequently unsafe for any man with a will and a wish to develop his own life. I agree with "R. H. C." that these Germans are not very numerous, but numbers do not matter in aristocratic movements. The time of numbers is very fast vanishing behind us. The age of elections is passing, to make room for that of selections.

"R. H. C." must not forget that Bolshevism is knocking at Germany's door, and that there must be an answer to this movement which is not as harmless as some moon-shiny people in Western Europe imagine. Neither is there any guarantee that it will be brought to fall by its own inherent madness. There is method in the madness, or, as Mr. Lloyd George expressed it the other day, "there is an idea behind it." Now I ask you, how are you going to fight this idea?

In order to be quite candid, in order likewise to prove the necessity of Nietzsche at the present moment, I will not shirk the unpleasant duty of telling your readers what kind of idea is behind Bolshevism. It is the idea of Christianity itself. The Kingdom of Heaven is at hand: it is realised in present-day Russia. Christ has risen, and, if "R. H. C." will kindly have a good look at Him, he would immediately become aware why he should not dismiss with a wave of his gentlemanly hand such an important specialist for the Christian disease as was Friedrich Nietzsche.

But Bolshevism, an innocent soul might reply here, is the caricature of Christianity: Christ brought a message of Love and Goodwill, he objected to all violent measures, he even recommended not to resist evil. Quite so, but even Christ wanted his message of Love and Goodwill to be realised, and it is this that the Bolsheviks have undertaken to do. They are only less Utopian and more practical than Christ, who, though a revolutionary, did not wish to act on his own principles and preferred to die for them at Golgotha. "The only Christian who ever existed died on the Cross," said Nietzsche. This remark, however, is no longer true to-day. There were plenty of Christ-like Christians in modern Russia, and these apparently went the same way as Christ. Let your readers turn to Mr. P. Ouspensky's letter in the same number of *THE NEW AGE*, where this very shrewd observer of

modern Russian conditions judges the attitude of the Russian intelligentsia and its effect upon the development of the Bolshevik movement. "Bolshevism," he says, "was fostered during the first six or nine months of the revolution by the absurd idealism of the intelligentsia, who quoted the text, 'Do not overcome evil by evil.'" This is the genuine teaching of Christ, as revived by that other enthusiast, Leo Tolstoi, whose splendid success throughout Russia and the world I myself have always watched with growing concern. Now, the Russian differs from the Westerner in this, that he will *act upon his principles*, which, whatever you may think of it, is certainly a proof of his sincerity. The Westerner has a habit of laughing about the Russian "lack of balance and common sense," but any Westerner who pretends to venerate Christian principles should be ashamed to say one word against this uprightness of a true believer. What happened in Russia was bound to happen, and is just what always happens in Christian revolutions. The active (Bolshevist) Christian put the passive (Christlike) Christian to the wall. But, active or passive, please mind this: they are both Christians, for they both have had faith in that Utopian Gospel of Peace and Goodwill. Intelligentsia as well as Bolshevism are Socialist movements. The adherents of either faith are and profess to be disciples of that Hebrew prophet, Karl Marx. Yes, as Nietzsche once remarked, "The Jews are a fatal people."

Now I repeat my question, "What are you going to do against Bolshevism?" How do you propose to deal with these terrorists of Love, these fanatics of Goodwill, these maniacs of equality? An idea can only be fought by an idea, a philosophy only by a philosophy, a religion only by a religion, a valuation only by another valuation. Long before Christianity became flesh, Nietzsche pointed out the great danger that would come from its realisation. Long before the great war had started, he predicted what the values of Christianity, Democracy, Mediocracy, and Herd-worship would lead to, and he proposed—nay, he thundered out his request for a transvaluation of all values. This is the need of the hour, and therefore Nietzsche—pace "R. H. C."—is a very timely man. No bayonets and no cannons will vanquish democracy, which has a religious tradition of 2,000 years' standing behind it. You can only drive out the spirit by the spirit, old democracy by a new aristocracy, and the reign of nobodies by the appearance of somebodies.

Perhaps England is not yet near enough to notice the great danger which threatens the world from Russia. Perhaps Russia and Germany and Hungary are considered far-away countries which may well be left to take care of themselves. Between them and you lies the Channel, thank Heaven! Well, neither Heaven nor the Channel will save you if you do not save yourselves, if you do not see the necessity of a change of mind and values. And if you do wish to change your values, I would strongly advise you to think of those that Nietzsche gave to the world just when they were most needed. He provided in time the antidote to the poisoned mind of present-day humanity. He called himself the "Antichrist," and he is the Antichrist, and with that the Anti-Bolshevist. Please do not dismiss him as antiquated. Please do not look to India for salvation. Please do not think I recommend him because I like to recommend my own goods. True, I recommend my own goods, but I do so for your own good. I recommend him because I am a well-wisher to you and to your country. I am and have remained such, though I am still treated by English officialdom as an alien enemy, and that just on account of my editorship of Friedrich Nietzsche. For I know that Love finally will overcome Hatred and Injustice—always supposed that one is *not a Christian*, that one loves out of one's strength and knowledge and not out of one's weakness and romanticism.

OSCAR LEVY.

* * *

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—In my article in last week's *NEW AGE*, "The British Journal of Psychology," parts 3 and 4," should read, "Vol. IX, parts 3 and 4." The omission was mine.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Pastiche.

THE ENGLISH JUNKER: HIS LIFE AND WORKS.

By AK X.

The English Junker is a curious beast,
He does not seem to matter in the least.
And yet such care is given him from birth,
You'd think him the most precious thing on earth.
Like his grand prototype the beast of prey
He doesn't do a thing the livelong day.
His progeny and ancestors as well
All had, and will have, the same tale to tell.
In short, three-quarters of his dignity
Consists in his entire futility.
And yet he has the best of all the land:
A fact a little hard to understand,
—At least not hard to modern men and slaves,
For they know how the Junker breed behaves,
And would be most astonished did they see
A Junker earn his living honestly.
He holds a host of views which you or I
Can never hold however much we try.
For instance, that it's not a crime to thrive
While other men can barely keep alive.
And also that a gentleman's behaviour
Consists in part in love of King and Saviour
(All grateful Junkers idolise the Lord
For giving them such heaps of loot to hoard).
And for the other part in whence you come:
That is—what was your school curriculum?
For though the Junker has no useful knowledge,
He must have gone to Public School and College,
He must, in short, have learnt "to play the game"
(A Union term for keeping things the same,
Or keeping all the world for aye secure
For Junkerdom and its fat sinecure).
He is a man of parts our Junker bold:
Before he is quite seventeen years old
He has acquired the arts of rod and gun;
And there again he even seeks his fun
As does his prototype the beast of prey,
And in the same polite and gentle way.
For he's not happy save when on his pins
Tormenting and exterminating things.
He can't abide a bird or quadruped
Except when it is stretched before him dead;
While even salmon and the harmless trout
Get little peace when Junkers are about.
What time he is not busy shedding blood
He may be spending with his racing stud,
Or going to a party or a dance,
Or basking somewhere in the South of France,
Or playing golf or anything to hand,
Or doing winter sports in Switzerland,
Or racing round in his Rolls-Roycian car
And showing us how daring Junkers are.
Or yachting down at Plymouth or St. Ives,
Or running after other Junkers' wives,
In fact, all things save hard productive toil
Which means fatigue and precious little spoil.
"But has he any use?" I hear you ask.
Most certainly, he has a weighty task:
He spends his money and it circulates
And helps to pay the taxes and the rates.
He keeps such places as the Carlton going.
In fact, we must confess there is no knowing
What we could do without him since it's he
Who oils the wheels of all our industry.
And should he have some spinster daughters, they
Live also in a most expensive way.
Quite frequently these charming folk reside
At some palatial haunt by the seaside.
And sport huge ostrich feathers in their hats
And send subscriptions to our homes for cats.
They make a splendid living with their pens,
Endorsing cheques, and thrive like fighting hens.
All this is good for trade, and what is more,
It's something to look up to for the poor.

But should you ask whence all the money comes
Which gives our Junker classes such fat sums,
The answer is—from rent and dividends;
For here their life begins, and here it ends.

DOPPELGANGER.

Whoe'er-You-Are, I call you brother.
And you've two eyes set in your head.
Your head? Well, well, there's hair upon it.
Hey, brother, mark you me!

And as you've plumbed an empty pocket,
And fallen in passion's penury;
And as your wench as mine is slender,
And lies as straight and chill abed
As doth the doxy I espoused;
And as your meals are words and sighs
The same as mine,
And you've a whim for solitude;
Draw up your chair, and in the twilight
Con we the sempiternal volume,
This dog's-eared dry gulls' glossary.

And though you smile and though you chatter
In company, in company;
And though your stomach heaves infuriate
Along the boulevards;
And though bad wine is best of waters,
And oaths are roundelays;
And though twelve inches make a foot
As sure as two rooms make a hell;
And though men's ways are twisted going,
And courtesans are prudes,
Don't leave me, brother Whoe'er-You-Are.

For I was nervous once.
Ah! once I was really afraid,
And caught at the solid things,
And made a great noise
When the lights of good company dimmed
And the mice of despair
Scuttled and scattered
Contemptuously around me.
Brother, I could spare you then.

That's done with, brother.
I've no care, brother.
I am so brave, Brother Whoe'er-You-Are;
So stay by me, brother,
Don't leave me now.

H. R. BARBOR.

RONDEL.

His hair is bright as sun on gold,
Gold on the brown, shadow and light.
As brightness that can not be told
His hair is bright.

Gay boldness as a child is bold,
He stands unconscious in my sight,
With bravest halo aureoled.

Some day all brightness will be mould,
In blackest earth, in darkest night;
But now—the wonder I unfold—
His hair is bright.

M. BRIDGET MULLER.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	28s. 0d. ...	30s. 0d.
Six Months.....	14s. 0d. ...	15s. 0d.
Three Months.....	7s. 0d. ...	7s. 6d.

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.