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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The House of Commons—II. By Hilaire Belloc	197
A Reformer's Note-Book: Dress. The Eight-Hours Day	199
Buddha. By Giovanni Papini. Translated by R. M. Hewitt	200
Mr. Clutton Brock on Art. By Anthony M. Ludovici	201
The Ci-Devant. By Michael Arlen	202
Drama: Joan of Memories. There Remains a Gesture. By John Francis Hope	204
Art Notes. By B. H. Dias	205
Readers and Writers. By R. H. C.	206
The Freudian and the Adlerian. By J. A. M. Alcock	207
Views and Reviews: Two Books on Bolshevism By A. E. R.	208
Reviews: Abraham Lincoln. New Wine. His Family. His Second Wife	209
Letters to the Editor from Oscar Levy, R. B. Kerr, McL. Yorke, W. Masefield Rogers	210
Pastiche. By Michail Dmitriev	212

[*"Notes of the Week" will be resumed, it is hoped, next week. The thanks of the Editor are due to all who have kindly inquired after him; also to both readers and writers, who have more than maintained the level of* The New Age *during his absence.*]

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

II.

To understand what has happened to the House of Commons we must begin with the history of it.

We say to-day, and with justice, that the House of Commons is, and has been for nearly 300 years, the great national institution of the English: the centre of their State, and an organisation gathering up into itself the threads of all their national life. Until to-day—in contrast with all other *modern* States—England is in practice completely centralised, and that centralisation lies wholly in this one point: the House of Commons.

But in this definition the modifying words *"nearly 300 years"* are essential to exactitude. The words "House of Commons" a later translation of the mediæval phrases "Communz," "communitas," and the rest of it, are a good deal older than the seventeenth century. The French and Latin titles are much older still. But it was in the early seventeenth century that the thing which we to-day call the House of Commons, as distinguished from the name, came into being, say 1620-50. Just as the figment called "the *Crown*" then first replaces the old reality of kingship.

There are many patriotic men who would desire that the thing itself should be older; for all patriotic men love to see the institutions of their country derived from as old a lineage as possible. But these should be content with the knowledge that no European nation to-day has a continuous constitutional history of anything like this length, and that the House of Commons with its 300 years of continuity is by far the oldest lay governing organism of any account in Christendom.

The genesis of this singular, powerful and national oligarchy was as follows.

When the West arose from its long sleep at the end of the Dark Ages it broke, as all the world knows, into a new and very vigorous life, which we call the life of the Middle Ages.

Europe stood up upon its feet, and became a new thing with the reformation of the Papacy, the adventures of the Normans, and lastly, the great Crusading march—all matters of the eleventh century. The outward signs of this awakening still remain with all Europe, and are the vernacular literatures, the Gothic architecture, the codification of custom (and with it of titles), the Universities, the national kingships, the Parliaments.

These Parliaments, springing up spontaneously from the body of Christendom, were based, of course, upon the model of the great monastic system, with its representative assemblies. It would be waste of time in so short an essay as this to go into the silly "Teutonic" theories of the nineteenth century, or into the contorted academic efforts, common in the German and English Universities of that time, to discover some aboriginal, barbaric origin for a device which obviously naturally sprung from the conditions of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It would be like trying to prove that the first, second and third class on railway trains in the nineteenth century arose from the division of nobles, free men, and serfs six hundred years before.

Parliaments were the spontaneous product of that great moment of youth and of spring in our blood, the sunrise or boyhood of which was the twelfth century, and the noon or young manhood the thirteenth century. Nor is it germane to such a short essay to discuss where the very first of these assemblies arose. Nor is it of practical value to history. One might as well discuss where had been found in some Parish the first green shoots of the year. Probably the first complete parliament arose in that crucible of all our modern history, the place where the defence of Europe against the Mahomedans was most acute, and where life was therefore at its most intense effort, the

southern issues of the Pyrenees. At any rate the idea was universal to all the West, and its effects were equally universal and spontaneous. Communal effort, the modification, aid, restriction, and support of authority from below, was the essential of that time. That time also gave birth, in its passion for reality, to an institution not deduced from abstract formulæ, but actually corresponding to existing social needs. Therefore these Parliaments (the word means "gatherings for discussion") included the King (or, in a Republic, the Senate and other chief authorities), and councils corresponding to the various real divisions of society. The council of the most important men, the great nobles and bishops, was permanent, and, with the King, did all the debating and fixing of the laws. But there was also a council of the mass of free men from the towns and from the villages, and councils of the clergy, formed each in its own province, and these were summoned for particular occasions, irregularly and not for long; they did no permanent work, as did the nobles, and the real legislator, still more, the real executor, was the *King*.

A full "Parliament" or "Estates" or "Cortes" meant, all over Europe, the King and his nobles and bishops, aided in a crisis or for a particular purpose by councils of burgesses, village landholders (or free men), and clergy.

Now in the case of the clergy and that of the free men you have the obvious difficulty that not all of them, even in a small State, could meet in the presence of whatever was the fixed and permanent authority of the State, not all of them, even in a small State, could crowd into the presence of the King and his great nobles and bishops. Therefore, following the example of the great religious orders, there was introduced a system of *representation*. The mass of the clergy and the mass of free men, landholders in the villages and burgesses in the towns, chose deputies to speak for them in the Lower Clerical House and the Lower Lay House.

The method of choice was not universal; it differed with local custom and need; the town council or a popular traditional county gathering, directed by the local officer of the Crown, might decide what persons should be sent to the central discussion, so far as laymen were concerned. The clerical elections, since the Church was universally and exactly organised throughout Europe, would normally be more regular; but whatever the methods of election, the *object* was simple, and everywhere the same. The masses, whether clergy or laymen, were *represented*—just as monks had long been *represented* in their councils—because it was the only way of getting a few to speak for all; and what they were sent to speak about was *taxation*.

On rare occasions this expanded general council, when summoned and finding itself in the presence of the Government, would talk of other things than taxation. If the State was in peril it would counsel a remedy. But taxation was the main object of the representatives' coming; for the conception of private property and of liberty, its concomitant, was in the Middle Ages so strong that our modern idea (a reversion to the old Roman idea) of a tax imposed arbitrarily and paid without question was abhorrent to those times. A tax was, with them, essentially a *grant*. The Government had to go to its subjects and say: "We need for public purposes so much: can you meet us? What can you voluntarily give us?" And the essential principles of the Houses of the Clergy and of the Laymen all over Europe was a convocation for this purpose; taxation was a voluntary subsidy to the needs of the King, that is, of the public expense.

It was clear that with such a system once established the growth of the modern State, and the decay of feudal tenure and revenue, would tend to make the presence of representatives, summoned to discuss such voluntary grants, more and more a permanent feature of the Court. And a regular recurrent feature it at last became. With the regular return of representatives to the National Council it became necessary that all the "Estates of the Realm" should accede, before any permanent innovation could be introduced as a permanent and binding law, and that they should concur in its promulgation. Up to the last century of the Middle Ages things thus follow fairly parallel roads all over the West: for Christendom was one State.

But with the last century of the Middle Ages there entered into England a feature destined slightly to modify the development of Parliaments *here*. The realm was small, compact and wealthy, and its Kings had therefore always been at issue with the mass of powerful men below them. The descendants of the great Roman landowners—those whom to-day we call squires—were not counter-balanced by the populace in England as they could be in larger countries. There was no room for the King's playing off the masses against the rich as he did elsewhere—notably in France. There was always a tendency on the part of the English rich territorial lords and merchants in towns to encroach upon the power of the King and to act as the spokesmen of the national traditions and the natural masters of the people.

That tendency might have been checked and might have disappeared, but for a very important revolution in our affairs. This revolution was the usurpation of the Crown by the House of Lancaster in 1399.

By all the ideas of that time that usurpation was a breach in custom and right, and a wound inflicted upon the national life. No such thing had happened in any other country. Though the usurper was the King's own cousin and the next heir to the throne, he had to do what all men have to do when they are in the wrong before the public, he had to find allies who would, at a price, support an action which they did not morally approve, and to which their souls were alien. The Lancastrian usurpation during its little tenure (less than the life-time of a man) tried all the tracks which the history of usurpers has made familiar. It tried terrorism by violent punishments. It tried foreign adventure. Above all, it relied upon an artificial alliance with, and deference to, the wealthier class, lay and cleric. The growing power of the squires and the big merchants of the towns was bribed—insecurely—to its side.

There followed the turmoil and dynastic anarchy of the Wars of the Roses, which filled all the time up to the Reformation—for the first Tudor was not more than an experiment, and the uncertainty of the Tudor title was still felt when the Reformation first began to be preached abroad.

The storm of the Reformation, therefore, the effects of which are the great turning point in the whole history of Europe, fell upon an England in which the representative body, the Estates of the Realm, the Parliament, was already beginning to be an oligarchy, and in which the Lower House had already become permanently a House of Squires and Merchants. In such a state was the general European institution of the "Parliament" in England, in such a state were the "Commons," when the wind of the Reformation blew first upon this island.

This was four hundred years ago, and at that time your local representative sent to the Commons, though now sent regularly, was still in the main no more than a person sent to grant taxation for his class. Such men hardly ever debated important affairs of State (save in a great crisis). They had very little to do with the initiation of new laws, and hardly anything to do with policy. They were utterly different from what we call the House of Commons in later times. When, as an effect of the Reformation the squires and merchants had become the governing power of the realm,

when England, after the century of the Reformation, had become an oligarchy, when the King's power had disappeared, the House of Commons was to become a mere expression of that governing class, and to assume that modern formation, to become that modern *thing* which we know, and which has been associated with all the glory and strength of England for three hundred years.

(To be continued.)

A Reformer's Note-Book.

DRESS.—We have learned a great deal since Carlyle wrote his philosophy of clothes. In addition to the common utilitarian value of clothes, Carlyle, as everybody knows, discovered in clothes a moral value. Clothes reveal character and at the same time help to form character. Did you ever hear of a woman catching cold when she knew she was well dressed, asked Nietzsche? And did one ever find any really well-dressed person immoral? But this is to shirk the vital question: What is it to be well dressed? For we must distinguish between clothes and dress, and even between fine clothes and a beautiful dress. This is the distinction which it was only to be expected that Carlyle would miss. The moral meaning of clothes—that was his contribution to the philosophy; but we have to-day at least two other meanings to give to clothes: one is their æsthetic significance as just suggested, and the other is their—what shall we say?—their psychic significance. Æsthetically, it is necessary to put dress into the category of the arts in general; with music, with dancing, with singing; and from this point of view, dress as exhibited in the streets of a civilisation must be examined in the same light as music and manners generally, that is to say, as an æsthetic phenomenon bearing witness to the quantity and quality of the æsthetic emotion experienced. It is necessary to insist upon both these elements; for it by no means follows that a quantity of æsthetic emotion is of the same significance as a certain quality. On the contrary, quality is almost everything; it is the last refuge of quantity. For instance, it is obvious that in quantity of æsthetic effect many primitive peoples, including aboriginals such as Jews and Gipsies, are far and away beyond modern and city peoples. It is no less obvious that in quality they are far behind the latter. This criterion of quality, in fact, can be employed with advantage in the matter of dress as it can be employed in the rest of the arts: and a criticism of dress as a fine art becomes almost a duty of modern culture. The test of quality, however, is style; and here, again, it is to be remarked with what a sound instinct modern dress-designers (without distinction of sex) have seized upon the idea of style in dress. If quality is almost everything, style is really everything; for it would almost be true to say that style is possible even without any dress at all! In general, style in dress is nearly as rare as style in the other arts; and it takes the same kind of genius to create, and the same kind of genius to appreciate it. It follows, also, the prevailing æsthetic level of its civilisation. Where there is a good literary, artistic or musical style in existence, there, too, a good style in dress will prevail. Ladies and gentlemen, you cannot dress well without the accompaniment of good music and good art in general. It is impossible for one art to flourish alone. Show me a good style in literature, and I can deduce from it a good style in dress. A well-dressed people is one that cultivates all the arts. Psychically, the matter is individual. Dress is the revealer of the individual. This is true even when the individual imagines himself or herself to be concealed in the fashion of the day—for what is conformity to the fashion but the mark of the defect of the individual? Due regard for fashion, however, is not to be neglected; for as in the other arts, fashion in dress merely indicates the immediate common form of the æsthetic emotion. But it is necessary to individualise within the fashion. The psychic qualities of the individual (if any exist) manifest themselves in an adaptation of the prevailing fashion to the individual taste. Everybody wrote plays and lyrics in the time of Elizabeth. Shakespeare merely wrote them better than anybody else. Similarly, fashion in dress prescribes the form of the moment; but the artist knows how to express his taste within it.

THE EIGHT HOURS DAY. The form of the problem here indicated is totally misleading. It is not really a question how many hours a man ought to work; still less a question of how many hours a man can work without damage to his health or social value or individual happiness. Such questions, raised by humanitarians, are beside the mark; and it is a sufficient reply to them to say that every hour a man works over the *need* to work is slavery; and, on the other hand, that every hour a man works under the need to work is selfish idleness. The proper approach to the problem of the right number of hours of labour is thus that of needs in relation to resources. It is necessary to decide, first, what and how much is needed to be done; and, second, how many people are fairly available for the doing of it. A simple sum in division is thereafter sufficient to enable us to fix with justice the number of hours per day a man should work. Divide, in fact, the amount to be done by the number of persons available for doing it, and the answer to the original question is obtained. It will be seen that from the standpoint of natural justice, the course of our so-called civilisation has been in some respects in the wrong direction. Labour-saving machinery of every sort and kind has been invented; the world has been brought to our doors by the ingenuity of man. This is to say that the actual need to work, as spread over the whole community, is considerably less than it ever was before; and, moreover, the need is still diminishing. Unfortunately, however, contemporaneously with this progressive diminution of the need to work, there has been witnessed the successful attempt of the privileged classes to shirk their share of the work; with the consequence that the working-classes of to-day have to work not only as hard as their primitive forefathers, but harder. It is doubtful, said some economist, whether all the machinery invented has lightened any man's labour. The statement is untrue if applied to the privileged classes; for nothing is more obvious than their idleness (relatively to production) on the one hand, and their abundance of the objects of inventive labour on the other hand. What *is* true, however, is that the sum of labour now imposed on a community has increased with the invention of machinery; and that its unequal distribution tends more and more to throw the increased burden on the working-classes. It is for the latter that nowadays we advocate an 8 hours or a 7 hours or a 6 hours day, in the mistaken hope that by distributing the whole burden of labour more equitably over the working-class we shall be acting justly. Agreed that it is better that of the millions of the proletariat all should be working 8 or 7 or 6 hours a day than that some millions of them should be unemployed while the rest are working 9, 10 or 11 hours a day. But justice obviously will not be done until the now idle classes are included in the working-classes; and are made to share in the work proportionately to society's need and society's numbers. It has been calculated that a 3 hours day would suffice us, if the whole population were justly employed, to satisfy all our present demands of civilisation. Invention would in all probability considerably reduce even this low figure. This fair and diminishing division of Labour is the ideal to aim at; and it must be set in opposition to the slave's ideal of a fixed minimum.

Buddha.

By Giovanni Papini.

(*Translated by* R. M. HEWITT.)

Sever thyself from the past, sever thyself from the future, sever thyself from the present, O conqueror of the world! Free from all, thou art beyond birth and decay.—"Dhammapada," 348.

MEN are, by nature, religious animals, and are never so happy as in the shade of a priestly robe or a hallowed temple. Prayers are harmless palliatives to be used in case of need, dogmas are convenient prescriptions to maintain the health of the intellect on the brink of death. Despite the lamentations of old-fashioned bigots we are all tending to remain (or to become) religious, and we have reached such a point that even the liberators are being turned into idols, and there are attempts to transform into a form of religion even those activities that used to seem the most remote. Hence, beside the priests of Christ we have the sacristans of Voltaire and the clergy of Nietzsche, and in the very middle of North America a certain Paul Carus tries to found the "Religion of Science," while the followers of Ruskin talk without hesitation of a "Religion of Beauty."

All that such wandering or well-meaning spirits do is to change from time to time their patron saint and their favourite shrine; faith, whatever its garb and its colour, remains intact and eternal. How long will it be before men can dispense with this beneficent crutch? Beyond doubt the ultimate ground of this need of religion transcends the many external forms in which it is clothed; there is something in the human soul that cannot be reduced to the fact of kneeling and beating the breast. But it seems to me, on going to the very depths, that this necessity for mysteries, this imperious instinct for setting up something above the individual *ego*, is one of the many revelations of the hopeless inferiority of the human species.

The truly free are the perfect atheists, those who have not set a frigid abstraction such as Truth or Humanity in the place of those old æsthetic gods Brahma and Jahveh.

If one must change one's costume, why fling aside the beautiful Semitic or Aryan cloak to wear instead the dingy robe of the encyclopedists and rationalists?

And so I cannot give praise enough to those restless souls who, being in need of a spiritual anæsthetic, of a religion, travel into the distant lands of the East to find a new God and a new gospel. The East is the great religious bazaar of humanity, wherein everyone has found what he sought. It was thence, at the dawn of last century, that there came to us the doctrine of Buddha, finding on the European market a reception that stands with honour between that of tea and that of Japanese fans. Apart from the Buddhistic element in certain recent philosophical conceptions—we need only name, among the latter, Remach—Buddhism has found its way into literary centres, where it is *bon ton* to quote the Tripitaka; it has created, in Paris and elsewhere, little circles of initiates; while under the priestly robes of Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant, pathetically disguised and transformed, it roams the world under the name of Theosophy, and has a good repute as a specific for old ladies inclined to spiritualism, and as a recreation for young men inclined to Confucianism. Even Italy, our worthy sceptical Italy, has joined in the game, and after the studies of Puini and Mariani, and the manual by Pavolini, here is a work by Alessandro Costa which boldly offers Buddhism as one of the surest antidotes of the prevailing irreligion.

In face of this permeation of the whole Western world by the Buddhistic spirit we are bound to ask—What is the teaching of Sakya-Muni and what is its value?

On the essence of Buddhism (as of Christianity) there are innumerable views, and I cannot here relate the history of European exposition from Brian Houghton Hodgson to Newman or Deussen. The general view, to which we must needs refer, represents Buddhism as an ethical-religious movement, anti-speculative in character, proclaiming the renunciation of life, affirming the pain of the world: an asceticism, pessimistic and non-theoretic. I feel sorry for the majority, who, despite their numerous advocates, have such a sorry reputation, but in this case, too, the most common opinion comes near to being the most superficial and the most distorted of them all.

Let us begin by noting that Buddhism cannot possibly be described as anti-speculative, for it pre-supposes and implicitly includes an entire cosmology and an entire theory of knowledge. No one in these days denies that Buddhism is a development of the thought of the "Upanishads," as that is of the thought of the Vedas, and the "Upanishads" are, let me remind you, one of the richest monuments of human speculation.

Buddhism appears non-speculative because it has added little to thought, but has taken from earlier systems such ideas as it needed. The only fundamental difference in doctrine between the "Upanishads" and Buddhism is the substitution of desire (*maya*) for *Atman*; for the rest, many Brahmanic theories are found in all the Buddhist texts, primitive and later alike. And Buddha himself, in spite of his apparent scorn of philosophers, had (we are told in the Suttanipata) to impair the beauty of 63 systems of philosophy in order to establish his own doctrine.

And if by philosophy we do not merely understand, with the pedantry of manuals, what is shut in between the rigid formulæ of a system, is not Gotama Buddha himself a philosopher, as he ascends from the fragmentary facts that fall beneath his eyes to the universal vision of pain and desire?

And just as Buddha is not anti-speculative, he is not a pessimist either. Profound and complete pessimism, such as I myself knew in a remote period of adolescence, never admits of escape or salvation. It not only affirms evil, it affirms therewith the impossibility of flight. The man who hopes to escape from pain, who even teaches others the way, is no more a pessimist than Descartes is a sceptic: in him criticism of the world is a preliminary stage, and no more.

So it is with what those who simplify the history of thought call Buddhistic pessimism. The four great truths of Gotama, which have been regarded as the gospel of pessimism, are nothing but the promise of liberation, the access to a perfect life. Pain is in the world, says Buddha Siddharta, and pain is born of the desire to live which possesses all men. The saint, therefore, is to free himself from desire, abandon this vain and fleeting world of pleasures, withdraw into solitude and aspire to the supreme peace of Nirvana. That is, what is despised is the ordinary life, the life of appearance, *Samsâra*; but thanks to the revelations of the Master every man of good will may ascend to blessedness. Buddha is the physician of humanity, but he does not despair of his patient, and even boasts of providing him with the infallible remedy that will free him of all his troubles.

He is not, then, a pessimist, one who finds evil in everything and asserts the utter futility of every effort to escape from it, but a critic who sets up in opposition to common reality an ideal of liberation, and invites men to follow it. "Thus, O solitary ones," he says, "the truth has been announced by me, displayed, revealed, discovered, exposed, unveiled. And they that believe me and love me, all they are rising towards heaven."

Like all the enchanters of men, he is a maker of promises, a prophet, and, like all who preceded him and all who followed him, he imagines himself, with amazing optimism, in possession of the marvellous path, the unique truth. Sakya-Muni was too ingenuous to be a real pessimist: he who had hope for man and man's happiness. He was a little ingenuous, too, in

his ideas, for his alleged pessimism, besides being purely provisional, rests on very weak foundations. He belonged to those (even in these days the majority) who rate the quantitative criterion above the qualitative, and judge of books by the number of their pages, of wisdom by the number of facts, of the power of a nation by the number of its soldiers. One of his great accusations, almost, indeed, his only one, against the life of men is that it is transitory, made of things fleeting and perishable. "All existence is in incessant flight," he repeats in all his discourses; "age wears out this frail body, the nest of disease, and what perishes is evil." He had not yet reached that profound and purified state of mind in which things are all the more beloved the more they are short-lived, and in which pleasures gain a new fascination from the rapidity of their flight. It is the essential character of pleasure to be brief, and we pursue it precisely on that account: I cannot picture the state of eternal blessedness except as an unspeakable divine tedium.

In this point Buddha showed himself more profound than those Semites who gave us Christianity. He did not promise to his believers any paradise, but a higher state, transcending existence itself, Nirvana. This much-tormented word does not mean, as might appear from certain texts, the last stage of the ascent in which the blessed find absolute peace, nor is it, as is commonly believed, complete annihilation. It is something beyond being and not-being, a state of existence absolutely different, and perhaps resembling, as Bastian supposes, existence in itself and outside all categories. But to this higher state the disciples of Buddha ascend through various grades of holiness, which are in themselves something infinitely sweeter than life devoured by desire. In the last stage, *arahà,* which is almost an anticipation of Nirvana, the saints are already represented as gods, freed from every bond and from every sin, with transcendental faculties and marvellous powers.

How can we continue to call a religion that promises such miracles a doctrine of renunciation? Is it renunciation to leave the weary life of everyday in order to rise to semi-divinity? It is like describing as an ascetic one who leaves a desert to move to the assured conquest of a rich and wonderful kingdom. And I even see in Buddhism not only a radical optimism, but a profound and acute valuation which rather gives the lie to the customary declarations of detachment from the world. For the believer in Buddha the attainment even of the first stage of holiness, the *sotopanno,* is a good thing, and if I managed really to believe in the sermons of Benares I should probably end by running to the desert in search of holiness.

Buddhism, then, is an optimistic and utilitarian religion, as are, indeed, nearly all the religions in the world, if only as being created for the use of the masses who are essentially (though unconsciously) optimists and utilitarians. And, like all religions, Buddhism needs a philosophy and a theoretic content, and its alleged contempt for philosophy rests ultimately on poverty of invention, which has made it borrow from Brahmanism its chief speculative features.

Having put things in their right places, then (i.e., in *my* places) we ought, perhaps, to give a formal estimate of Buddhism. But all such estimates are personal, and merely prove the instincts and tendencies of the judge. I have never felt inclined to make my confessions aloud; and since, according to Tasso, giving advice to others is the easiest profession in the world, I will give you some.

Buddha Siddharta is of the company of the enchanters of souls; his words at times are sweet as the call of women, and some of his images are swift and lovely as an arrow in blossom.

Let him that loves his *ego* be on the watch against him! Some sad afternoon he might perchance snare and conquer your spirit. But in his own name is salvation; Buddha means *the awakened,* and so he loved to call his dearest disciples.

Let our spirit be ever wake, against him as with all others!

Mr. Clutton Brock on Art.

By Anthony M. Ludovici.

It is a feeling singularly voluptuous for me to be able to deal, as I believe, fairly and conscientiously with the "Times" Literary Supplement after it has on more than one occasion behaved so cavalierly by me. I mean by this, that I have at least studied Mr. Clutton Brock's book* and done my best to understand it, whereas I venture to doubt whether the peevish paragraphs which my books have from time to time provoked in the columns of the "Supplement" were the result even of ordinary reading, not to mention study. But perhaps this is expecting too much.

Mr. Clutton Brock's essays have in many ways afforded me great pleasure. They are written in the suggestive style that induces meditation, and, if I may say so, also reveals the influence of Mr. Chesterton. But possibly this does not matter, except that, seeing how frequently Mr. Chesterton's glib and unexpected reasoning gives the impression of enlightenment rather than enlightenment itself, he is rather a dangerous writer to follow. There are several examples of this in the present work. For instance, on page 68, Mr. Clutton Brock, speaking of the artist's effort to emphasise, remarks: "It is this emphasis that turns building into architecture." This merely sounds profound. It leads the uninitiated nowhere. Again, in his endeavour to correct an apparent oversight in Croce on p. 67, Mr. Clutton Brock says: "His æsthetic ignores, or seems to ignore, the fact that art is not merely as he calls it, expression, but it is also a means of address; in fact, that we do not express ourselves except when we address ourselves to others, etc." Now, on reading this, I take it that not a few readers will lay down the book and exclaim vacantly: "How true!" But if we examine Mr. Clutton Brock's alleged correction of Croce, which continues over the page, by-the-bye, what does it amount to? Croce says "Art is expression." Mr. Clutton Brock, with his finger to his brow, says: "Wait a minute, it is more than that; it is a means of address." But expression implies a means of address. The means of address are assumed as embodied in expression, otherwise it would not be expression. You cannot express yourself with nothing, to no one. At least, you do not if you are sane. If you express yourself you use a means of address to someone. Even a picture that has been seen by no one except the artist, is potentially a means of address.

I won't say that this sort of thing is typical of these essays, otherwise, I could not have read them through; but it recurs sufficiently often to remind one of Mr. Chesterton, and also to make one wonder why this pseudo-profundity is so common nowadays.

Fortunately, by the side of such examples, there are others which show Mr. Clutton Brock as a helpful thinker on his subject. For instance, on p. 5, when he tells us that: "It is the effort to say something beyond the power of words that brings beauty into them, etc." And, again (p. 35): "The feminine influence upon art has been bad. Let us admit that it has been the result of bad masculine influence upon women, that it has been supreme because men have become philistine; but the fact remains that it has been bad." Of course, when Mr. Clutton Brock continues over the page to exhort women, "Now that they are equalled to men by an act of legal justice, to deliver us from it,"

* "Essays on Art." (Methuen. 5s. net.)

it is certainly impossible to agree with him; but of this anon. Let me give further instances of sound thought in this book:—(p. 54). "When we hear a symphony of Beethoven [and enjoy it], we are for the moment Beethoven; and we ourselves are enriched for ever by the fact that we have for the moment been Beethoven." Mr. Clutton Brock will readily admit the need of my interpolated "and enjoy it"; I think it is not sufficiently implicit to be left out, although I was able to conclude that he meant it to be there. Here's another valuable reminder (p. 112): "Now, it is the gentleman with artistic faculty who becomes a painter; the poor man, however much of that faculty he possesses, remains a workman without any artistic prestige and without any temptation to consider the quality of his work or to take any pleasure in it." Quite true; but I wonder whether Mr. Clutton Brock is prepared to go the whole hog, and to suggest in the columns of the "Times" any *radical* means for remedying this state of affairs.

My favourite essay is, perhaps, the one on Professionalism in Art, which is so full of good things that I should require to quote the whole essay in order to point to everything in it which gave me satisfaction. This is a valuable contribution to our subject. Why cannot Mr. Clutton Brock induce some of his colleagues of the "Times" Literary Supplement to take his teaching in this matter to heart? They all know the professional from the innovating artist, and how consistently they applaud the one and revile the other. Do they imagine that it is safer to do so?

I have hinted, I admit, inadequately, at the good things in this book. Now let me return, almost with wonder, to the bad. There is a modern and most objectionable assumption in the following sentence (p. 114). "The man of culture buys a picture, not because he likes it, but because he thinks it is art; at most what he enjoys is not the picture itself but the thought that he is cultured enough to enjoy it." Mr. Clutton Brock means, of course, not the "man of culture," in this sentence, but the modern Englishman of wealth. But if he means this he had far better say it. Because the confusion of the two has gone far enough. Nobody can claim to be a "gentleman" nowadays who has not got a certain bank balance; but surely we have not sunk so low as to measure the man of culture by the same standard!

Again, Mr. Clutton Brock assumes a great deal too much in his handling of Rubens. He says (p. 42): "Rubens, who was a man of culture and an intellectual parvenu, tried desperately to combine his natural tastes with classical subjects. When he painted a Flemish cook as Venus he really tried to make her look like Venus; and the result is a Flemish cook pretending to be Venus, an incongruity that betrays a like incongruity in the artist's mind."

Now, here we have Mr. Clutton Brock following Mr. Chesterton again—particularly in the glib: "The result is a Flemish cook pretending to be Venus." The whole thought misses the point by leagues. Aphrodite is especially the goddess of love and of the beauty that provokes love. When in Homer she is scorned by her sister Athene for her peaceable pursuits, Zeus himself replies to the charge and exclaims to Aphrodite: "The business of war is no concern of thine, my daughter; rather art thou to pursue the pleasant business of wedlock" (II. V. 428 f.). Thus, that which inspires love and procreative desire in a nation of men is their Venus. Rubens' taste in women is not the late Greek taste, nor is he to be scorned but rather applauded on that account. I even think that concentration upon the late Greek ideal of womanhood in Europe might possibly be shown to have had not a little to do with the present universal need of the gynæcologist in civilised countries. The word Venus has surely become sufficiently dissociated from any late classical type to allow of its being used simply as a term embodying an ideal woman. But because Mr. Clutton Brock is obsessed by the ideal long-legged and slightly Puritanical Aphrodite of the decadent Greeks, he shudders at the sight of Rubens' more healthy type. Is there not possibly something in this? Is it not possible, and even probable, that the Aphrodite of Homer was very much more like Rubens' women than like those of Praxiteles or Pheidias?

But the good things like the bad in this book are difficult to deal with, because, seeing that there is no co-ordinating doctrine of art to which to relate them, it is impossible to say whether they are inherent in Mr. Clutton Brock's attitude to art, or whether they are simply so many random thoughts, expressed at random, which happened to be right or wrong, according to the felicity or reverse of the author's mood. I am well aware of the fact that these chapters are reprints of Mr. Clutton Brock's contributions to the "Literary Supplement," but I should have thought that, in any case, it would have been a good policy in passing such a rechauffé through the press, to prefix to it at least a brief outline of the author's art credo. Mr. Clutton Brock may reply that he has provided this outline in his preface. But, no—we don't really believe that Mr. Clutton Brock may reply to this!

The Ci-devant.

By Michael Arlen.

(DIKRAN KOUYOUMDJIAN.)

SCENE.—The bedroom of a house in London, W.1. A spacious room, sparsely but richly decorated in black and gold lacquer. The bed is in the very middle of the room, and is its presiding genius; a large, square bed, raised on a platform. It does not obtrude on the eyes as a bed, but as a divan, draped in heavy cloth of gold; rather ostentatious and all that, but certainly impressive. Besides the usual furniture of a bedroom, all lacquered in black and gold, there are, in opposite corners, two tall fluted pedestals, on each of which stands an exquisite ivory carving of an indecent but æsthetic Chinese period. On a little table by the bed is a quaint toy house of brilliantly painted wood; in the toy house is the telephone, No. Mayfair 27946.

TIME.—It is the time when one dresses for dinner, if one is that sort of person.

Lady Beryl Trafalgar is sitting before the dressing table, reading a book, while Foster, her maid, is doing her hair. Her hair is blue-black, and more noticeable, as Lady Beryl will tell you, in a *tête-à-tête* than in a crowded room; her face, which is not strictly beautiful, she will continue, is also of that *genre*. . . . Lady Beryl is going to a very particular dinner to-night; she is not dining with her husband, not so much because she does not want to, as because he has ceased to expect her to. But they agree very well, and sometimes meet in the same town, and are generally considered to have an "understanding." She is 33 years old, and confesses to it, which is one of her seven "marvellous" virtues; the other six are: Candour, courage, cleanliness (important in these days of facile powder covering), wit, tact, and good manners. And that is all there is to her, really. She wears her clothes very well, though a friend did once remark that Beryl's clothes always looked like very good ones made at a cheap shop.

Enter a restrained buzzing sound, the summons of a well-bred telephone. Foster finishes with the particular hair-pin of the moment; then goes to the little table, opens the door of the toy-house and extracts the telephone.

VOICE: Hullo!

FOSTER: Yes, who is that?

VOICE: Can I speak to Lady Beryl Trafalgar?

FOSTER (bored): Who is that speaking, please?

VOICE (gently and persuasively): Now, look here, Foster, don't be a damn fool all your life and stand at attention when you speak to me. Eh? . . . . Yes, you know me quite well. Just ask Lady Beryl

to the telephone. She will recognise my voice right enough.

LADY BERYL (interrupting): Who is it, Foster?

FOSTER (placing a hand over the telephone's mouth): He won't say, my lady. A gentleman who seems to know his way about the house very well.

LADY B. (with eyebrows): ?

FOSTER: He has a very nice voice, my lady.

(Lady Beryl goes to the telephone.)

LADY B. (tentatively): Ye-es?

VOICE: Bravo, Foster! Well, Beryl, how are you?

LADY B.: The use of my Christian name comes so naturally to you that I simply can't resist asking who you are. Do tell me, please.

VOICE (surprised): My dear! d'you really mean to say that you don't recognise my voice at all?

LADY B. (hedging in face of a possible faux pas): We-ell —now you come to mention it, I have a vague idea. You have the voice of a man I dined with once.

VOICE (seriously): Yes, you dined with me, once—upon a time!

LADY B.: I said *once*, my friend.

VOICE: My dear, don't let's spoil a wonderful memory for the sake of a numeral. Once, twice, often—what's it matter, Beryl, so long as we did dine, anyway? You were perfect then, and by your voice you must be perfect now.

LADY B.: Your own voice is not too disagreeable, you know. . . . But it must be a long time since I dined with you.

VOICE (gently): Yes, a long time ago. I've been abroad . . . But I'm such a commonplace person, I remembered you.

LADY B.: But perhaps you were in love with me?

VOICE: You are standing by the bed now. I hate to keep you standing so long, Beryl. Please no ceremony with me. Lie down on the bed—on that battlefield of a bed! Lie down on the cloth of gold, Beryl.

LADY B.: Forgive me interrupting—but you seem to know my bed!

VOICE: By sight only. . . . Didn't you yourself say that you had dined with me—once? You received me in your bedroom because you weren't ready, and you had an idea that I loved to watch the ritual of rouge.

LADY B.: You're very cruel not to tell me your name. How do I know that I wasn't ever so little in love with you in that far-off time?

VOICE: Ah, I often wondered about that, but I never found out. At that time you were passing through a phase of posing as a daisy on a bank. You were marvellous!

LADY B. (thinking): No . . . it's no use. I can't remember.

VOICE (lightly): Oh, well, we won't worry about that. But I want to hear about your life, Beryl. Have you often been in love lately?

LADY B. (seriously): Will you please believe me when I say that I've only been in love once in my life—only once! Of course, I've often been inquisitive.

VOICE (mocking): But how interesting! So you've been in love once!

LADY B.: Don't sneer, my friend, else I shall regret my decision to like your voice.

VOICE (contrite): Forgiveness, please!

LADY B. (firmly): I should so like to punish you.

VOICE: Then tell me of this serious love affair.

LADY B. (softly): Oh, it ended—it just ended, my dear. It had gone on so long that I did not realise how good it was, and—and I played the fool, and lost him.

VOICE: But men in love aren't so easily lost. . . .

LADY B.: This one was a different sort of man. He fell in love differently. . . . Tell me, what sort of a fight do you put up?

VOICE (sincerely): I don't. I grovel.

LADY B.: But how nice of you! Do let's meet again some time. Shall we?

VOICE: You were telling me of your love-affair?

LADY B.: Oh, that's all there is of it. I loved him, I lost him. I tried to make him jealous of other men, you see——

VOICE (softly): Yes, I understand.

LADY B: What did you say?—and one day he disappeared. I was lunching at the Ritz with a young man and he came up to the table, and he said, "Good-bye, Beryl. I'm going away." And he went away, and never came back. . . .

VOICE: And if he did come back—what then, Lady Beryl?

LADY B. (gently): Ah, I wonder. . . . But the hands of the clock go forwards, you know. (Briskly) Enough about me. Tell me about your own life, you unknown man.

VOICE: There's nothing to tell about myself except that I have come back to England.

LADY B. (mocking): Oh, how serious you are!

VOICE: Forgive me, but I meant it rather seriously.

LADY B.: You have come back to England, then—disguised as a voice on the telephone. Tell me, why have you come back?

VOICE: And now it's my turn to punish, for you choose to mock. I came back because, somehow, I had to. D'you understand? One night, two months ago, I was wandering up and down the verandah of a friend's bungalow in Ceylon. I was thinking of anything but England, anywhere but home. I had become used to all the sounds and smells around me, the whole environment of the ancient tropics. Walking up and down that night, I accepted quite gladly the incessant cricketing and shrieking of the myriad Eastern insects, and from far down the plantation the rising chant of the Tamil coolies. I knew that in a few moments my host would come out and yell a Tamil curse at the poor devils to stop their chanting, and then there would be silence—the silence of Ceylon, my Beryl, full of infinite noise! I wish I could add to this graphic description the fact that the night was heavy with the scent of a million flowers; but it wasn't, because the gorgeous flowers of Ceylon have no smell. . . . And then, for the first time, I realised a different note, above and below these nearer noises—the sea! Faintly, insistently lapping the coast seven miles away. I remember I stood still in my walk and listened. It seemed to be saying something, lisping it threateningly, but I didn't catch what. Or perhaps it was only begging my attention, for, quite suddenly, I heard the whirr of the turbines of the P. and O. from Colombo to England. And the whirr was capped by a tinkling something, a long-drawn silly twitter, which could only be the music of the liner's orchestra. A silly twitter I say, but seven miles certainly did lend a strange grace to that musical scum of America. It stood, somehow, poignantly, for home—for all that I was missing, Beryl! And so I came back to London, to find that all my friends are dead, or married, or in prison—except just you, the sweetest of all. And I'm ringing you up to ask you to dine with me to-night.

LADY B. (regretfully): But I can't, poor dear, because I'm dining with someone else, whose name I know, what's more.

VOICE (gently): I wouldn't have troubled you, only I thought that you would recognise my voice.

LADY B. (eagerly): But I do—you are a man I dined with once!

VOICE: One of a long procession, Beryl?

LADY B.: Don't be a beast to me, my friend. . . . But

was it worth anything, our friendship? Was it worth while?

VOICE (sentimentally): Yes, always. . . . And it was you who taught me how to speak on the telephone. I might make an epigram at any moment.

LADY B.: It would be wonderful to have an affair with you on the telephone——

VOICE (interrupting): Did you say "to continue"?

LADY B. (firmly): I said, "to begin."

VOICE: Oh, I'm too old for acrobatics. . . . To go back to a matter near your heart: suppose your wonderful man came back, would you recognise him if you saw him?

LADY B. (laughing): Of course I would! He had white hair.

VOICE: An albino?

LADY B.: Don't be silly—it was white 'cos of some awful illness he had once. But it suited him adorably.

VOICE: I wonder if you'd say that of mine, for my hair has grown white, too. But perhaps you have lost your taste for white hair?

LADY B.: Well, it's very noticeable in restaurants and places, you know. One has to be awfully careful in these days of new vices.

VOICE: Are there any other signs by which you would know this poor wretch?

LADY B.: A small snake tatooed on the back of his left hand. A very good line in snakes it was, too. . . . Don't please tell me you have got one! I couldn't bear it.

VOICE: I wish I had, but I haven't got a left arm. The war, you know, and fighting for King and cocktails. . . . And if he telephoned you after all these years, would you know his voice?

LADY B.: That sweet, gay voice! How little you must know of women to ask me that!

VOICE: I wonder what sort of a voice that could be, which you could recognise so definitely?

LADY B.: Rather like yours.

VOICE (quickly): Perhaps it is mine.

LADY B. (laughing): No, no—my man had a sweet voice, but yours is much harder, that of a man who has been in love with many women, but not with one. *He* was an idealist. But you left your ideals behind in—Ceylon, did you say?

VOICE: In Flanders, everywhere—it was in Ceylon I finally buried them, that's all. But to leave them there, I first had to take them there—crushed and broken things that they were.

LADY B. (sincerely): Poor, poor you!

VOICE: But perhaps your man's suffered the same fate; perhaps he, too, finally buried his in Ceylon, and then, because of the tinkle of a ship's band, came dashing home—to ask you to dine with him!

LADY B.: Just because, after all these years, he suddenly had a whim!

VOICE: Yes, that would damn him sufficiently. It would be your answer?

LADY B. (seriously): It is a difficult question, because I have to explain myself. You see, below all this London, W.1 verdigris I am a sentimental woman, I love all the soft and wonderful things in life. I love all the childish things, my friend, the funny sincere things which are so real that, where there is love, they must come to the surface as moss between the crevices of rocks. And I am loyal to every memory. . . .

VOICE: Then if he came back, like me——

LADY B. (interrupting): Like you?

VOICE: Well?

LADY B. (softly): He would be a man I had dined with once. . . .

(A very short silence.)

VOICE: Good-night, Beryl.

LADY B.: Come back again sometime, but——

VOICE: Good-bye, Beryl.

LADY B.:—but sweetly, Gerald!

[There is a soft, final click at the other end. She listens vaguely for a long second, then puts up the receiver—and with a quick glance at the clock, turns to Foster at the open wardrobe]:

Hurry, Foster, dress me. I shall be terribly late.

[CURTAIN.]

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE Stage Society has discovered a new playwright, and I learn from the Press that he is also a dramatic critic. I should like to read his own criticism of his work; it ought to leave nothing to be said by others. But even if I knew where to look for his criticism (and I do not), I expect that I should not find it; the convention forbids a man to criticise his own work, and his friends do not, as a rule, diminish the glory they reflect. But in default of Mr. Willson Disher's criticism of Mr. Willson Disher's plays (for there were two of them), I must ask myself what he means by them, and try to find an answer. It is obvious enough that, like Byron's Southey, "he meant no harm by scribbling"; the difficulty is to discover whether he meant anything at all.

I take it as axiomatic that when an artist, free to choose whatever period he likes, chooses some other period than the present, he has assumed an obligation either to present or to interpret that period. I admit that artists do not always succeed in presentation; the anachronisms of Shakespeare are a by-word; but still, his Cleopatra was the sort of woman who would have played billiards if there had been billiards to be played, and Shakespeare did not fail in interpretation. Art is much more accommodating than life in this respect; the artist can do as he likes providing that what he does produces its desired effect, and Claudius may use gunpowder before it was invented so long as his use of it reveals him as the "swaggering up-spring" whose blatant revelry has for its chief purpose the obliteration of the memory of his usurpation. But Mr. Willson Disher dates his "Joan of Memories" as taking place "a hundred years ago" for no purpose conceivable to me, except that of costume. There is no attempt at presentation or interpretation of that period; Mr. Willson Disher is obviously transported no further back than the Shavian nonage, from which he has rigorously expelled the wit and the budding wisdom, and replaced it by attempts to provoke the guffaw, attempts that fail abjectly.

The barmaid, Biddy, for example (she is called a "barmaid"), who refuses an offer of marriage because she declares that the gentleman's intentions are not honourable, welcomes him when he plays the bold seducer, arranges the flight to London, pretends to shrink from it when begun, but refuses to go back—she was obviously intended to be amusing. Her lover, who seemed to prefer marriage to seduction, and was more bent on escape from her than running away with her, was intended to complete the absurdity. Mr. Disher was apparently aiming at the humour of the unexpected, but he lacked the courage of his own conception. Ann Whitefield set herself to capture a man, and pursued him ruthlessly until he could flee no longer; this village minx had not even that justification, she cared nothing for the man except as a means of escape to "Life in London," and, like a fool, said so. There ought to have been some humour in the exchanges between this couple, either apropos or malapropos; but if there was, it was too recondite for the stage. I had a vision of Mr. Willson Disher sitting in his box, and chuckling internally at the fact that the silly audience could not see the point of his

jokes. Perhaps we may regard Mr. Disher as a specialist in invisible humour.

Certainly, it must be admitted that the great joke of the second act requires more than human vision for its perception; perhaps micro-photography would bring it to light. Biddy has, in pursuance of her plan, come to the Manor House at midnight. The lovers are surprised by the younger brother of the Squire, who demands the keys from the gentleman so that he may search for the woman who he declares is hiding somewhere about the place. Why he should intervene, and in this manner, we do not understand; but Mr. Disher tries the tragic vein for a moment. The men struggle, trying to strangle each other; and when they break away, the Squire's brother picks up a sword and runs the lover through. Terrified by his murder, he rushes off with the woman who was the object of all the bother—and then the lover gets up, and thanks God for his escape from the barmaid. There must be a joke somewhere, even if it is only an intended joke; but for the life of me, I cannot see it. All that I can see is Mr. Disher trying to "dish" us, as Byron would put it.

But all the characters, all the situations, have this same indeterminateness. Mr. Disher does not know what he would be at, and his characters partake of the same indecision. Joan first accepts and then rejects Timothy; then she has a shot at his brother Richard, and withdraws again; then she tries Geoffrey—and I am not sure even now what happens to Geoffrey. Then there is Mr. Parker; who and what is Parker? He was a steward, and seems to be a guardian of Joan; he vetoes her engagements, but we are never enlightened concerning his right or power to do so. Is he a melodramatist in the "I-forbid-the-bans" tradition, or is he simply a "thruster"? No one knows; Timothy threatens him with a stick and a sword, and he runs away from the threat of violence; but what he has to do with the play remains as much a mystery as is the play itself.

The actors found it impossible to make anything of it. Mr. Nicholas Hannen, dressed like "Johnnie Walker, 1820," seemed to have an idea that he would be funny when he came to his next speech, and was always discovering that there was nothing funny in it. Mr. William Armstrong would have played Timothy, the moral philosopher and phrase-maker, with real skill if he had only had the phrases to make; but what can we do with a part in which the supreme effort of thought is: "To do one's duty is to deserve the consequences"? How could Miss Helena Millais exploit her gifts, physical and dramatic, of coquetry when Biddy the barmaid had not a line to speak that had any point to it? We do not expect from Biddy what Shaw called "the bar-maidenly repartees" of Beatrice in "Much Ado"; but so brazen a beauty ought to have something to say comparable with the language of Cherry in "The Beaux' Stratagem," or even of Kate Hardcastle. But she listens at the door, like Louka in "Arms and the Man"; unlike Louka, she does not admit that she was listening, she only stopped to tie up her shoe. For the rest, she babbles about Freedom, and Life, and the dullness of country life, in a manner that is neither amusing nor instructive.

The play was preceded by a curtain-raiser "in the period of Watteau," called "There Remains a Gesture." But even here, in what is intended to be a bizarre fantasy, Mr. Disher tries to work in his guffaw. The gentleman who, every time he asks the advice of his "magnificent flunkey," presents him with a coin about five inches across, plays for the guffaw; "the great, glowing ruby" immovably fixed on a cushion and carried with careful carelessness behind "the short Marquis" aims at the same explosive effect; the assassin who runs Sganerelle through three times with his sword, and stabs him with a dagger in the abdomen several times with all the exaggeration of burlesque, aims also at the guffaw. It says much for the Stage Society as an audience that it did not guffaw; Mr. Disher failed every time to provoke the eruption. But the little thing afforded opportunities for Mr. Leon M. Lion to keep the aristocratic affectations just on the border of absurdity, and for Mr. Brember Wills (whose versatility is becoming marvellous) to caricature them over the border. Town and country manners have seldom been more cleverly contrasted than in these two performances. Mlle. Rambert squealed, as she always does when she has to speak; some people, perhaps, accept the squealing as comic elocution. There was some music that I thought was Mozart's until I saw that it was composed by Alfred C. Reynolds; if he thinks that is a compliment, he must. The resemblance between his music and Mozart's is so close in some parts as to suggest "unconscious memory," shall we say? I found those parts pleasing.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

THE exhibition of drawings by Wyndham Lewis, now at the Adelphi Gallery (9, Duke Street, Adelphi) should finally and ultimately wipe out the last trace of "husky man-in-the-street" jabber about "these new men doing stunts because they can't do anything else." I write this recalling the genial statement made to me a few weeks ago at Burlington House, sic: "Aw! nobody would know anything about 'em, nobody would see anything in it, if it weren't for a few critics tellin' 'em"—the "popular psychology" in this case being apparently, "Don't go to anyone who knows anything about it." This new show of Lewis' drawings strikes a very serious blow at the prestige of John and of Matisse. The nude (7) will probably convince any impartial observer where the highest skill is to be found. The eyes in the portrait drawing of Major Windeler show a vast deal more artistic concentration than do Matisse's derivations from Egypt and from Gauguin.

If mastery in drawing means absolute obedience of the pencil to the will of the artist, then mastery is indubitably here; and in comparison both with Matisse and with John we have a deal more focusing of mentality upon the matter in hand. A few devotees will regret that Mr. Lewis shows none of his more abstract compositions, yet his control over the elements of abstraction was hardly ever greater than in some of these present drawings, and his independence of the actual never more complete than in his present subjugation of it to his own inner sense.

We note particularly the palpable flesh quality and texture in the black nude in 6, the sense of certitude and simplification of the facial elements in 7, the grace and ease in 4, mood in 13, severity in 5, economy not stint in 9, and, throughout the series, consummate ability to define his masses by line and to express the texture of soft substance without sacrifice of an almost metallic rigidity of boundary.

Edward Wadsworth (Leicester Gallery) has found a curious ally in Mr. Arnold Bennett, who, according to the introduction, has "never yet seen anything more 'advanced' than the Elgin Marbles." We know all about the Elgin Marbles and David and the last decision of the Paris (strictly informal) arts fashion committee; and Mr. Bennett is right up to time (last despatch left six weeks ago). Matisse also looked at the Elgin Marbles in the British Museum; they "couldn't get him away" (ssh! "distortion," we must have our bit of aaartistik slang). Well, Mr. Bennett has written quite a nice introduction, warning us that the Black Country isn't the Five Towns (nor the Cinque

Ports, neither), and it is the best thing Mr. Bennett has done for some time.

Mr. Wadsworth, to come back to our business, has found in the Black Country slag-heaps a content just suited to his particular talent; all the care he spent a few years ago in abstract stripes now bears fruit in more animated compositions. He is the fortunate man who first made a map of the country he intended to find and then gone out and found it; it is vorticistic high-handedness, but it works. Here are slag-heaps and factories, very like—in fact, unmistakably like—slag-heaps and factories, and unmistakably like Mr. Wadsworth's own abstract painting. He has, in full sense, incorporated or given a body to an idea. We note especially the curvilinear 37, the space in 38, calm of 29, vivacity of 33.

As for the other shows at the Leicester, the less said about Lanteri the better; the Gaudier fawn and even the Reid Dick mask plant the last funereal stone on Lanteri's Westminster Abbey traditions. There are some porcelain flowers—quite competent—by Beatrice Bland, and some water-colours by William T. Wood, sometimes tasteful and sometimes false. The superb Gauguin double portrait of child full face and profile, with its reserve, dignity, and sense of volume, is a masterpiece not to be missed by any art-lover.

The New English Art Club show (at 5a, Pall Mall East, S.W.) is dominated by Augustus E. John's portrait "Iris" (patronymic to be divined). This picture is brisk and well painted; it is hung in atrocious light, and one has to dodge all over the gallery to make out its points; but it is manifestly John at his best, the figure well poised and well accommodated in the canvas. The main disposition of the show is cheering, in antithesis, somewhat, to the yield given by examination of individual pictures in it. Thus, Mooney shows us the usual paradise (1) that we have been led to expect, perhaps over often; and M. Milne gives us sham-modernised Watts with a coating of Russian-toy-ism; and Stanley Spencer and Gilbert Spencer bourgeon into pseudo-sanctimoniousness (repeatedly) ("la litterature religieuse est morte"). However, we have Christ looking like a Café Royal drunk, ætatis suæ LVI, being hoisted upon his cross by four huskies in pants, who hang upon the bar of the implement instead of lifting (if pants, we query, why not an electric chair or a gibbet or a guillotine? this charming naiveté!). Of course, it may not be Christ at all, but only our old friend S—— from the café; but "The Sacrifice of Zacharias" and stray bits of sham pre-Raphaelitism in the vicinity lead one to suspect that the Spencer family has a penchant for "sacred subjects." R. Ihlee shows pleasing still life (10); C. J. Holmes honest landscape (11). G. Spencer is hopelessly affected in 16; M. Jeffries in 21 paints like De Smet; it is not a very nice thing to say about him; David Bomberg in 31 has carefully made use of the abstract forms used some time ago by W. Lewis in his picture "The Crowd"; Lessore shows pale post-Sickert; Wheatley is sentimental in "Edith"; H. Squire shows a Wadsworthian 40. F. H. S. Shepherd falls into hopeless pseudo-Italian sentimentalism in "La Poveretta"; C. M. Gere carefully enamels 48; E. Darwin shows spiritual affinity with R. Flint; Wm. Shackleton shows a Victorian portrait (53). Then there is more buncombe pre-Raphing. G. Raverat makes some exaggerated remarks about "Pieta"; Morley's Apollo is "In Exile," and a long, long way into it at that. B. Meninsky shows Teddy Bear in the burning bush, quite in keeping with his religious co-hangers; O. Gardiner gives us more jokes about the "bloomin' Boible"; faced with her C. in Temple, it is impossible to refer to the "Scriptures" as anything save "the bloomin'," etc. Maresco Pearce's 74 is, very considerably, more than a good poster; J. E. Southall rather good, if he can keep from playfulness; M. S. Florence shows more pre-Raph. hurly-burly (89).

The general decorativeness of the walls is probably due to that fact that the "New English Art Club" painters have mastered the problems of spacing; that their pictures are "good arrangements," however obsessed they may be with a desire for "amusing" subject-matter. (Word "amusing" used in sense now current in Bloomsbury's tittering argot.)

Of the drawings we can say simply that they are not up to Lewis, and anyone with lingering superstitions or a desire to clear his own mind can learn a great deal about the gap between the two qualities by walking from Pall Mall to Adelphi. A. Davies is spirited in "Peace Night," and Albert Rutherston displays Botticellian grace in 113 and 130.

Some of Wyndham Lewis' drawings, from the Guy Baker collection, and a few charcoal studies by Gaudier Brzeska, are now on view in the East Hall at the South Kensington Museum.

Readers and Writers.

THE MS. of Traherne was picked up for a few pence in 1897 and proved to be the work of one of the junior masters of post-Elizabethan English. Miss Gladys E. Willett's "Essay" (Heffer. Cambridge. 2s. 6d. net), does not contain anything new about Traherne; but it conveniently summarises what is known of him. Further than this, I think Miss Willett definitely establishes her critical contention that "Traherne's true medium was prose, not verse." His verse, to my mind, is not more than verse: it is reflective rather than contemplative; but his prose is often written in the pure spirit of delight. I should say, in fact, that Traherne wrote prose for pleasure and verse from a sense of literary convention or propriety. It is sometimes wondered at that a man of his dimensions could have remained unknown for a couple of hundred years; but why not. "He was [a friend wrote of him] a man of a cheerful and sprightly temper, very affable and pleasant in his conversation." Is that not explanation enough? He was plainly without the least ambition and indisposed to take himself seriously as a man of letters.

* * *

The January issue of the "Quest" (2s. 6d. quarterly) has appeared, but I have only just finished the October issue. It is a magazine of which few issues can be safely missed, and the October number is certainly not one of them. Mr. A. E. Waite's definition of the basis of the "mystic life" is extremely interesting. "In the most familiar of all language," he says, "it is proposed from the beginning that we should fall in love with God." The "fall" is from "the sufficiency of self" into a "re-centralisation" in God. The Editor has an article on the work of an Austrian Jewish novelist, Meyrick, who appears to be strangely popular and mystical at one and the same time. His leading character declares that "to be awake is the whole secret," by which apparently he means that we are to be simultaneously conscious of the two worlds of spirit and nature. Psycho-analysis, I have no doubt, has had something to do with both the doctrine and the popularity of Meyrick; for it is obvious that the aim of psycho-analysis, in so far as it is more than a method of therapy, is the extension of "life" to include what has hitherto been the "unconscious." The most illuminating article in the issue, however, is a note on "Nirvana and Samsara." "Nirvana" has been supposed to be in perfect contrast with "Samsara"—the latter representing "worldly war," and the former the complete peace of contemplation. The Buddhist Saint Nagarjuni, however, observes that there is not "the slightest difference" between the two states. "Nirvana" is not, as popularly supposed, withdrawal from the world. Buddha continued to teach for forty-nine

years after his attainment of "Nirvana." "Nirvana," on the contrary, is only a special way of living "Samsara." It is, in fact, living in the world in imperturbable serenity.

* * *

The late Sir E. T. Cook's "More Literary Recreations" (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net) contains a great deal of pleasant gossip about books and bookmen, but none of it is strikingly original. Any educated man whose hobby has been reading could produce such essays; and it is probable that the work of one would not differ appreciably from the work of another. "Books as Travelling Companions," "The Classics in Daily Life," "Short Studies in Words," the "Art of Editing Books"—these may be said to be almost the stock subjects of the literary fancier. The matter, for the most part, is equally conventional. "John Bright was not unliterary, but he was better read in English than in Latin or Greek [why the "but"?]. Yet he even once, at least, quoted Homer, though not in the original"; Lord Curzon, "in whom the scholar and the aristocrat meet in natural harmony"; "Nothing is really fine poetry unless it will make sense when translated into prose." Such opinions are not only debatable, but they are not worth debating. They lead nowhere. Like most men of his generation, Sir E. T. Cook "studied" Tennyson as if he were a Browning, or even a Dante. He naturally admired Professor Bradley, who could devote ten or twelve pages of comment to these bald lines from "In Memoriam":—

> How fares it with the happy dead?
> For here the man is more and more;
> But he forgets the days before
> God shut the doorways of his head.

Who is the "he" referred to in the third line? Sir E. T. Cook was immensely interested in discovering the answer to the parlour-riddle. His native taste in poetry, I gather—again, like that of most men of his generation—was elementary. He seldom ventured it upon anything that had not become well established; and when he did it was to declare that two lines like the following had "the poignancy of true poetry":—

> When dreamless rest is mine, I shall not need
> The tenderness for which I long to-night.

That, of course, is sentiment, and mawkish sentiment at that. It is not poignant, it is not true, and it is not poetry.

* * *

Without being too harsh, it is still possible to wish that men of the stamp of the late Sir E. T. Cook, and including the majority of our literary professors, could be brought to the test more frequently. While they drone away on the "classics" they can seldom be convicted of positive lack of taste; but, presented with new work without a previous "safe" judgment to steer by, they would, I am quite certain, usually come to grief. Sir E. T. Cook, as I have just remarked, pronounced the poem from which two lines have been quoted to be "true poetry." That finishes him. But how many of our present-day professors would survive the same test? Put before them the new work of some anonymous writer and ask them to "place" it—how many would succeed in appreciating it? They usually know their limitations, however, and avoid the trap. Almost the definition of a professor of literature is that he passes judgment only on the dead or the successful!

* * *

There have been English translations of Voltaire's "Candide" before, but they have a strange habit of falling out of print. Most of us, I am pretty sure, have been driven to reading "Candide" in the original by the difficulty of procuring a good English translation. Another attempt to make an English edition current and accessible has now been undertaken by Neumayer of 70, Charing Cross Road (5s. net); and the excellence of the translation by "Dorset Chambers" deserves success. "Candide," of course, is a classic, and almost an essential in a liberal education. The effortless genius of Voltaire was here at its best; and it is needless to add that, at its best, the genius of Voltaire was a pinnacle of the human spirit. As a corrective of hypocrisy of every kind, the sparkling satire of "Candide" is more effective than the savage brutality of Swift. England and America, in particular, have need of Voltaire, and I hope that this new translation of "Candide" will long remain in print. R. H. C.

The Freudian and the Adlerian.

THIS is not so much a comparison between Freud and Adler as a discussion of two psychological types. Strictly speaking, they should be considered in a review on Jung, as he was the first psycho-analyst to demonstrate them; but I should like for purposes of symmetry to take them now, before moving forward any farther.

The two types in question are what Jung has called the extrovert and the introvert. The introvert, according to Jung, is the Adlerian, the man of forethought, with a guiding principle; the extrovert, the emotionalist, the expansive, at ease in every social situation, is the Freudian. They are Apollo and Dionysus, reason and desire; or, if the reader will, they may be symbolised as Brahmana and Kshatriya, student and warrior. The extrovert lives outside, the introvert inside, his skin. For purposes of illustration Jung cites Nietzsche and Wagner. We may, for domestic consumption, consider the English and the Irish. The Englishman is primarily an introvert in the sense that his emotions are crude and explosive, and his actions quite as deliberate as they have any need to be. The Irish do not, as a mass, think. They are fluent and adaptable, and *float* easily; but they do this by a feeling for life, not according to plan. They live by reaction, and need no preliminary planning to help themselves through circumstance. So far, so good; Blake describes the types in some detail, and goes on to say that without contraries there is no progression. This gives a subjective turn to the picture. Energy can only be positive or negative, or zero. We do not comprehend zero, and by refusing to be positive, we only become negative; in medical terms, hypochondriac. And yet we do not invariably finish life as extroverted as we began it. That is as much as to say that both states are necessary to existence.

All this, however, savours a little of academics. When we consider the two types in practice, book rules vanish in the most confusing fashion. Jung, for instance, states that the extrovert is a Freudian, and, again, that the extrovert is the one to develop hysterical symptoms. It is with not a little hesitation that I controvert him, but I should like to point out that a hysterical symptom is a protection par excellence. It is certainly produced by feeling, but behind the feeling there is just as certainly the will to self-preservation, and, in this sense, the extrovert is an Adlerian. There is a type of woman, a pronounced extrovert, who, upon dissection, is simply shown to be a greediness for power. And, again, to examine the introvert, no man with a real capability for thought, ever desired power over anything except his own desire. So it looks as though we must call the extrovert the Adlerian, while the Freudian is introverted. The situation becomes still more complex when we find Jung in "Psychology of the Unconscious" using introversion in the sense of a deliberate introspection. In this sense introversion may be willed, wilful, automatic or natural: the wilful is hysteria, the automatic is dementia præcox; the Adlerian is the natural, and the willed is Yoga.

Let us examine the problem again. The extrovert lives by feeling, by love; in surface psychology is, indeed, Freudian. The rudimentary element in him is thought, and it is just rudimentary, primitive thought that builds a "fictitious guiding principle," that needs a will to power. The introvert lives by thought, by forethought. In this aspect he is Adlerian, if more be read into Adler than was ever intended by Adler. We should remember that both Freud and Adler deal essentially with instincts so far as they are consciously aware. The Freudian in the introvert is embryonic; he is by instinct Adlerian, egocentric, knows not love, unless his flood-gates are forced by a tidal wave that swamps him and leaves him subverted. Similarly, the extrovert, the feeler, finds himself bouleversé by a situation that needs thought, and can only put up the protective mechanism of an hysterical symptom, a protective narcissism, an essentially Adlerian reaction. What I am driving at is that, while extrovert and introvert are consciously Freudian and Adlerian, yet in their under aspects, in the personal sides of their unconscious, they are actually Adlerian and Freudian. This is not a quibble, but is, I am convinced, a point of extreme importance in the right treatment of patients. A Freudian analysis does remove hysterical symptoms, but unless the intellectual side of the patient be dealt with after Adler, there is no guarantee that the patient is *cured*. So likewise the introvert needs an admixture of both methods.

Let us now examine these types as met with in daily life. There is first the obvious extrovert. As already said, many women correspond to this type, and also not a few of the Irish, Welsh and Highland Scotch. Then there appears to be the no less obvious introvert, who is as common in England as green grass. But there are no really pure examples to be found at all. We all in actuality consist of a syndrome of the two archetypes in varying proportions. All that is definite is that there are certain *apparently* obvious extroverts and introverts, and the remainder of men must be taken individually. Milton, for example, might be glanced at, and labelled introvert: yet, "he was a true Poet, and of the Devil's party without knowing it."

This suggests that we might find some deeper and more comprehensive scheme of classification. What source shall we tap for this? Why should we not go to what should be the psychologist's bible, the Bhagavad-Gita? Here we learn of the three qualities in nature, Sattva, Rajas, Tamas; harmony, motion, inertia; light, firelight, gloom. Sattva is the quality of goodness, Rajas of action, Tamas of dullness. This last has escaped analysis because there is no one yet skilful enough to analyse the man in whom Tamas is dominant. "Stick in the mud" is the popular definition. But the conception is one of a state of fluidity. "The qualities move among the qualities." There is a perpetually fluctuating balance. The mid-point is Rajas, with rhythm and inertia as the two alternating possibilities. It can be laid down as axiomatic that most of us are in the middle; and what we have to deal with psycho-analytically is "wrath, begotten by the quality of motion." This is as lucid an account as we shall reach in words, I think, and reinforces rather than controverts Jung's conception of primordial thought-feelings. These we may picture as struggling up from Tamas, while introversion and extroversion are accidents by the wayside, *necessary* accidents. If we wish to go further and inquire why each man contains a different blend of psychological qualities, we shall find ourselves literally driven into the speculation which Paracelsus laid down as the law; that is to say, that a man's psychological composition is dependent upon his "astral" formation.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Views and Reviews.

TWO BOOKS ON BOLSHEVISM.*

THE apparently incurable dualism of Russian character and history seems to affect even the witnesses of its revolution: no two books on one subject could be more completely at variance than these. The standpoint of the two witnesses is fundamentally different; Mr. John Pollock is determined to denounce the Bolsheviks and all their works, he objects to their very existence, while Mr. John Reed is chiefly concerned to explain the Bolshevik revolution, to examine contentious statements, and to produce his evidence. We get from Mr. Pollock all the stories that have been proven to be false: the story that the Bolshevik revolution was engineered and paid for by Germany, the story of the "nationalisation" of women, the story of the Chinese "torturers," we are even told, on p. 128, that "noble women like Bochkarova" were shot, although she has since published the story of her life, in which she tells how she escaped. Mr. Pollock blames the Bolsheviks for everything; for the shortage of food, for the rise in prices, for the bad train service, for the over-loaded trams, for the necessity of standing in queues, for the bad weather that made this necessity unpleasant, and, most of all, he blames them for the difficulty of escaping from Russia. He puts forward contradictory arguments, asserts, on p. 51, that "we should have remembered that the mob does not respect cowardice; it respects the fist. Fist-rule is the basis of the Bolshevik power." If it were so (and the statement seems to need qualification), the fact would designate the Bolsheviks as the divinely appointed persons to restore order in Russia, according to the theory that Mr. Pollock supports by quotations from unnamed authorities. "[The Russians] will fight for anyone who takes a stick to them," says an anonymous artillery colonel on p. 58; the Bolsheviks have taken a stick to the Russians, according to Mr. Pollock; yet throughout his book, he declares that the people will not fight for the Bolsheviks, that "the Red Army is rotten, badly fed and equipped" (p. 145), and that "a very moderate force from outside, if resolutely handled, would be enough to cope with it." The fact that neither European men, money, nor munitions have enabled all Mr. Pollock's artillery colonels to prevail against the Bolsheviks suggests very strongly that he has overlooked some of the factors of the situation.

Mr. Pollock writes as an outsider, and a sufferer from the Revolution; and although he quotes glibly enough what Lenin or Trotsky or anyone else said on certain occasions, we are obliged to remember that he was not there, and at best is quoting hearsay evidence. We are told, on p. 148, that when Lenin heard that a certain unnamed regiment had hanged its commissar and gone home, he remarked that "the Red Army were like radishes—red outside, but white at the core." It may be true, although it does not sound so; but how did Mr. Pollock know? He was not in the company of the Bolsheviks; he makes it perfectly clear that his acquaintance was confined to the opponents of Bolshevism, as were also his sympathies. He had a definite policy to expound and support, the intervention of the Allies for the overthrow of the Bolshevik Government; and his method was to show, first, that the Bolsheviks were horrible monsters, next, that no one need be afraid of them. He did not need to verify any atrocity before he reported it, because the Bolsheviks were capable of anything; but, on the other hand, they could be easily overthrown, because nobody supported them, and they were without ability of any kind. Mr. Pollock's professional experiences as

* "The Bolshevik Adventure." By John Pollock. (Constable. 7s. 6d. net.)
"Ten Days that Shook the World." By John Reed. (Boni and Liveright. $2 net.)

actor and producer probably made it easy for him to produce melodramatic effects with history.

Mr. Reed, on the other hand, was with the Bolsheviks during the period of the Revolution, and took full advantage of his permission to go everywhere and examine everything. His book is crammed with documents and explanatory notes (some of the documents are reproduced in facsimile), and shows a praiseworthy regard for facts. When, for example, it was reported in the Petrograd Duma that the Junkers had been stripped and tortured by the Bolshevik guards, he went to Peter-Paul and spoke to the Duma Commission of Inquiry. Not one of the Junkers had been injured, and the women soldiers, of whom Mr. Pollock says, "some of the women captured, it is believed, were violated; there were cases of subsequent madness and suicide," "were put on a train for Levashovo, where they have a camp," according to Mr. Reed's information. Frequently it happens, as in this case, that Mr. Pollock reports as facts rumours that Mr. Reed proves by investigation to be baseless; and of two witnesses, the one who investigates is usually the more credible.

The real objection to the Bolsheviks seems to be, according to Mr. Reed's account, that they have done what all the other parties have, at one time or another, promised to do. The Socialist Revolutionaries, for example, charged the Bolsheviks with stealing their land programme: "if that is so," said Lenin, "I bow to them. It is good enough for us." But the Socialist Revolutionaries would not support the Bolsheviks in their attempts to put the programme into operation. So far as one can gather from the welter, the argument seemed to be that the Bolsheviks, having successfully made a revolution without the support of any other party, should at once resign their power to the other parties. All the suggested reconstructions of the Government agreed that the Bolsheviks should be excluded from it; the Bolsheviks were not only asked to forgo the fruits of victory, but to abolish themselves. The naïveté of the demand astounds the reader; but the simplicity that expressed itself in this demand from the unsuccessful politicians also helped to make the revolution successful. The soldier in Mr. Reed's book who, after two pages of incessant interruption from a student, managed to say: "It seems like there are only two classes, the proletariat and the bourgeoisie, and whoever isn't on one side is on the other," revealed the same simplicity of mind. When things become as simple as that, action is easy; and the Bolsheviks are formidable not only because they made the issue clear to the simplest mind, not only because that issue had and has a peculiar appeal to the Russian mind, but because they acted decisively and clearly on it. When a deputation of Cossacks came to Smolny Institute to ask "if it were true that the Soviet Government intended to divide the Cossack lands among the peasants of Great Russia," Trotsky simply said "No." When they asked if the Soviet Government would divide the estates among the working Cossacks, Trotsky said: "That is for you to do. We shall support the working Cossacks in all their actions. . . . The best way to begin is to form Cossack Soviets; you will be given representation in the Tsay-ee-kah, and then it will be your Government, too." When they asked their General Kaledin whether he would give the Cossack lands to the working Cossacks, he replied: "Only over my dead body." A Revolution so simply expounded may be said to propagate itself; and the growing success and efficiency of the Red Armies must finally be attributed to the moral factor. The "magic of property" has transformed them from the driven cattle of tyranny to the willing defenders of their hearths and homes. Kolchak's men, we have recently read, simply "went over" on January 4 of this year; Bolshevism, even by its enemies, is described as contagious, and the "cordon sanitaire" does not seem to have preserved Europe, or even America, from the infection.

That Russia has suffered, no one need doubt; social revolutions are not effected without disturbance of the pre-existing order. But we know enough here, in a settled country, to appreciate the difficulties of newly created Ministries, and to discount heavily Mr. Pollock's charges of simple incompetence against the Bolsheviks. They succeeded to the command of an economically exhausted country, they had to fight a civil war, to protect themselves against invasion; the blockade denied them imports, the counter-revolution, for a time, cut them off from internal sources of supply, while at the same time it gave them no rest for recuperation and organisation. That there was a shortage of paraffin in Petrograd, as Mr. Pollock declares, I see no reason to doubt (there is a shortage of butter and sugar in England at the present moment); the marvel is, in the circumstances, that there was any paraffin at all. We may admit everything (although we need not) that Mr. Pollock says of the Bolsheviks; they may be coarse, dirty, ignorant men (the telephone girls of Petrograd agreed with Mr. Pollock), but in spite of everything, they have achieved the miracle of victory, they show all the signs of developing order and progress, and they remain the only effective power in Russia. Mr. Pollock tells us that "Honour, Religion, and Interest" bid us to put down the Bolsheviks; but apparently it will take all Europe and half Asia to do it, and "Honour, Religion, and Interest," as represented by Mr. Pollock, have shown so scrupulous a disregard for simple fact that some of us may prefer less exalted testimonies to the iniquity which Mr. Pollock thinks is worthy only of outlawry.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Abraham Lincoln: The Practical Mystic. By Francis Grierson. (The Bodley Head. 5s. net.)

Mr. Grierson's lifelong interest in Lincoln received previous, and, we think, final expression in "The Valley of Shadows"; and this essay, so full of quotations, from that work and others, can only appeal, we think, to those who are ignorant of Mr. Grierson's earlier work. To call Lincoln "the practical mystic" is merely to transfer to him the label affixed to Cromwell by Lord Rosebery; it adds nothing to our knowledge of the man and communicates nothing of his power, to be told that he had what the Quakers would call an inner light to illumine his counsels, or that he directed his actions by what Mr. Grierson calls his "conscience." It is perfectly true that he did, just as it is true that he had the habit of mental solitude, and of prophetic dreaming; but to tell us these facts is not to interpret the man, nor to relate him intelligibly to the mystical order of reality. Mr. Grierson, as a writer, has so identified himself with mysticism that we begin to expect him to say something about it, or express something of it. It is true, for example, that some works state facts, others state the facts and show their relations with each other, others interpret the meaning of the facts in terms of another order of reality. But it is difficult to see why the matter-of-fact work should be regarded as "scientific" or "material," and the interpretative work as "spiritual" or "mystical." If mysticism is immediate knowledge or revelation of truth, or immediate contact with reality, as Mr. Grierson sometimes implies, the fact of immediacy should dispense with the processes of ratiocination; the mystic should know the end from the beginning. But Lincoln, as Mr. Grierson himself shows, was characteristically slow in making up his mind, seemed to exhaust the processes of ratiocination before he arrived at his conclusion—and we really do need something more than Mr. Grierson's assertion that the process by which he arrived at his conclusion was dif-

ferent from that of ratiocination, was, in fact, divination. We really do need from the "mystics" something more than the hearty assertion that such and such a thing or person is mystical (as though it were a title of honour); we need something like a demonstration from them of the reality of the reality with which they claim to be in immediate contact, something like a definition of its presumed difference from the ordinary exercise of the ordinary faculties which results in what we call "good judgment." That Lincoln saw what he foresaw, the abolition of slavery and himself playing an important part in the process, is true; but the power of prescience does not differentiate him from ordinary people. Every "waster" knows that he will never do anything great; it is no more remarkable that a great man should know that he has great powers than that a nincompoop should know that he is a fool, or that Taper and Tadpole should aspire to nothing higher than an undersecretaryship. "Great men float into power on mystical waves moved by the force of destiny," says Mr. Grierson; so they do, but the weak ones float out on the same waves. What of it? Is Mr. Grierson trying to interpret human nature in the terms of physics, or is his mysticism only another name for fatalism? What is "destiny," as revealed by Mr. Grierson, but an ignorant obedience to natural forces, instead of the intelligent manipulation of them that most mystics teach? The test of greatness surely is that a man defines his own destiny, and achieves it as Lincoln did by exercising "the tact to let exterior forces work for him."

New Wine. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Collins. 7s. net.)

Take a young man of good birth but peasant breeding from the West of Ireland, give him a peerage and wealth and the entry into London society, and the result is an ornamental romance according to the "Castle" prescription. The figures are stage types, and the story is theatrical rather than dramatic in quality. The pull-devil-pull-baker between the simple virtues of rustic Ireland and the seductive vice of English society is maintained to the end; the hero is rescued from the clutches of the English siren by the lovely peasant girl on the quay at Kingstown, rescued also from a watery grave, for the "siren" went down with the "Leinster." It is effective paste-board romance; everybody plays up to his or her part, and if, as used to be said, the Irish peers took their names from play-books, it is perhaps only poetic justice that they should be credited with the appropriate characteristics. Call an Irishman Shane O'Conor from birth, and all that his title of Lord Kilmore can do is to add a coronet to the noble necessities of his nature.

His Family. His Second Wife. By Ernest Poole. (Macmillan. 3s. net each.)

These two novels both deal with life among the American professional classes, but with differing degrees of success. "His Second Wife" is an attempt at a psychological study, portraying the efforts of a young woman to free her husband from the corrupting influence of her sister, his first wife, and to revive again his ideals of creative architectural work. It is not very subtle; both the psychology and the ideals are very crude. The assumption that Art never pays makes the whole conflict unreal; and the young wife's high-school enthusiasm for the ideal life, expressed in "Causes," and having the Latin quarter of Paris as its goal, lacks the authentic quality of inspiration. However, as Lincoln said, "for those who like that sort of thing, that is the thing they would like." But American writers fail so regularly to portray an artist, apparently having personal knowledge only of the collector, the student, the art-journalist, and the person of "artistic temperament," that Mr. Poole's failure in this story is quite in the American tradition. But "His Family" has a wider sweep than this, touches New York life at many points, and handles a larger number of people and subjects with a surer touch. Mr. Poole is at his best in what we may call "biographical fiction," and in the terms of a family, he contrives to convey a varied and vivid impression of modern America, ignoring, evading, grappling with its problems all at once. The ceaseless movement and counter-movement of the story, swinging from the domestic family to the larger family of the school, including some aspects of fashionable and professional life, brings an unending succession of people and events before us in a continual flux of life. "His Family" is one of the most considerable works of modern American fiction, handling people and causes and mere vanities and enthusiasms with the simple veracity of art. These people do really live, and work, and love, and die, before your eyes; Mr. Poole handles the death-bed scene like one who has "died daily," and the long-drawn contest between Deborah's passion for motherhood and its vicarious expression in her school and welfare work is admirably staged. Mr. Poole not only knows these people, he reveals them in their habit as they live—and his simple acceptance of the facts of life is not the least of his merits.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

GERMANY AND ROME.

Sir,—We are getting to the bottom of things; we are beginning to see that there are other reasons behind this war than the German fleet, etc., etc. Some intelligent persons like Mr. G. K. Chesterton and M. Hovelaque in "Les Causes Profondes de la Guerre," have found out that the war was only an episode in the eternal revolt of Germany against Rome. Another and still more intelligent man like "R. H. C." has asked them a knotty question: "Why, then, was it that Rome (meaning the Roman Church as the spiritual successor of the Roman Empire) was before and during the war pro-German?" "R. H. C.," who is somewhat of a politician as well, thinks that Rome has always been a coolly calculating power, and that the Holy See simply supported Germany because she thought that Germany would win, and would then prove a faithful ally to the Ecclesiastical Power. "R. H. C." quotes the "Times" Literary Supplement, which recently said: "Modernists understand no better than Newman the springs of Roman ecclesiastical policy, which is never fanatical or idealistic, but always based on cool political calculation."

That, of course, is so. It is likewise quite possible that the Holy See thought that Germany would win. But there is still another and more weighty reason why Rome should have sided with Germany. Rome represents authority—and so did Germany. Rome had a system of order—and so had Germany. Rome is an autocracy—and so to a certain and more limited extent was Germany. The Church of Rome has its Fathers and Jesuits—and the State of Germany has its historians and its philosophers. Rome has its scholasticism and its Thomas of Aquinas—and Germany has her scholasticism and her Thomasian Trinity of Kant, Fichte und Hegel. Everything in Germany was organised to keep down dissent and heresy, just as Rome has always done everything in its power to kill, by means of "reason," instinct and emotion, enthusiasm and intuition (Bergson is on the Roman Index!).

And now put yourself in the place of a Roman cardinal and have a look at Germany's foes. They fought for democracy—rank heresy! Right and justice—be thanked for it! Liberty and fraternity—that scoundrel Rousseau! Truth and humanity—Rome knows that too! The last of the wars—the American Crusade—the League of Nations . . . look at the smile on the cardinal's face! Remember that Rome was not born yesterday, like Chicago, St. Louis, and San Francisco. They know a crank when they see him.

It was, indeed, a piece of cool political calculation when Rome took side with Germany, with that same Germany which once started her great attack upon

Rome. But no political calculation is really cool—that is to say, effective—when it is not based upon a spiritual force as well. And it was likewise a spiritual calculation which influenced Rome: it was the feeling that Germany, though once the birthplace of heresy, was now the only home of authority in Europe, and therefore a very worthy and even necessary ally to the threatened spiritual power which likewise stood for authority in this world.

Of course, they backed the wrong horse. But could they really have backed any other? And when we see where the "winning" horse is going to, when we notice that the democratic horse is galloping right into Bolshevism, shall we blame them for a lack of foresight?

Poor Rome! With all its political genius, which is that of an *ancient* and suspicious race, it is now once more confronted with a springtide of heresy which it has never yet had to face within the two thousand years of its existence. . . . The rock upon which stands the Church of St. Peter is well-nigh submerged. But what a rock it was! And as to the waters—what will they bring us? Will it really be a *spring* tide? Let us hope so.

OSCAR LEVY.

* * *

READERS AND WRITERS.

Sir,—In your issue of December 4, Mr. R. H. Congreve, in discussing the relation of Mr. W. L. George to THE NEW AGE, raises a question of universal interest. When I was a boy, an experienced engineer, who had seen much of Britain and America, told me that in all occupations the man who made money was the man who kept his eye on money. It was not, he said, the skilful doctor, lawyer, dentist, or engineer, who succeeded best financially; it was the man who looked at everything from the standpoint of pounds, shillings, and pence. Observation has convinced me that every word of that is true.

Literature is, of course, an obvious case. It is hardly possible to conceive of a best seller being written by any man of culture or æsthetic feeling. Of all the popular books of the last half-century, how many are there which Mr. Balfour, for example, would not be ashamed to have written? "Treasure Island," no doubt, and perhaps "The Beloved Vagabond"; but I can think of no third. Most of the other books which have had a large sale have been something like "Mr. Barnes of New York" or "The Mystery of a Hansom Cab."

I doubt if there is any remedy for this evil, if it is an evil. It is possible for a man of taste and refinement to make a moderate competence from many occupations—sometimes even from literature. I doubt, however, if any method will ever be discovered by which such a man will be able to make more than a competence. Probably it is not desirable that he should.

R. B. KERR.

* * *

MR. EZRA POUND.

Sir,—May I ask the hospitality of your columns for a plea for impersonal criticism?

On Sunday, January 11, there appeared in the columns of the "Observer" a review (signed by a Mr. Robert Nichols) of the last book published by Mr. Ezra Pound. As an American, until lately resident in Paris, where Mr. Pound's works are very much appreciated in literary circles, I was amazed at the contemptuous and even vindictive tone of this review. Though a total stranger to Mr. Pound, I wrote to the "Observer" the following expression of my opinion:—

(*Copy.*)

To the Editor of the "Observer."

Sir,—Without disputing at length Mr. Nichols's review of Mr. Ezra Pound's "Quia Pauper Amavi," I wish to disagree—and violently—with his closing statement: "In himself Mr. Pound is not, never has been, and, almost I might hazard, never will be a poet."

Turning through the pages of Mr. Nichols's own works, I have not been impressed by this author's conception of what constitutes a poet, but as an unprejudiced reader of Mr. Pound's many books I do not agree with the reviewer's contemptuous remarks on Mr. Pound. It is interesting to recall that on the first publication, ten years ago, of Mr. Pound's "Personæ" the "Observer" said: "It is something, after all, intangible and indescribable that makes the real poetry. Criticism and praise alike give no idea of it. Everyone who pretends to know it when he sees it should read and keep this little book." I am driven to wonder if Mr. Nichols is familiar with the earlier writings of Mr. Pound. Is it possible to deny the long-since acknowledged poetic talent of the man who wrote "Personæ," "Exultations," "Canzoni," "Lustra," "Ripostes," "Cathay," and now gives us "Quia Pauper Amavi?"

To be explicit, "Arnaut of Marvoil" is a finely psychological poem; "La Fraisne" has a wonderful woodland dignity; "The Goodly Fere" has been universally admired; "Au Jardin" is a pleasant fantasy; in "Piccadilly" there is a delicate, wistful pity; "Excuses" is a poignant love-poem:

"We who have wept, we who have lain together
Upon the green and sere and white of every season,
We who have loved the sun but for the weather
Of our own hearts have found no constant reason. . . ."

And "Ballatetta" is a flawless piece of romanticism:

". . . no gossamer is spun
So delicate as she is, when the sun
Drives the clear emeralds from the bended grasses
Lest they should parch too swiftly, where she passes."

Where is the "levity, spite, cocksureness, innuendo, pedantry, archaism, sensuality" in these? And can Mr. Pound be said, in his poem "N.Y." to have mistaken the "glitter" for the "shine"?

"My City, my beloved,
Thou art a maid with no breasts,
Thou art slender as a silver reed.
Listen to me, attend me!
And I will breathe into thee a soul,
And thou shalt live forever."

When an American does something worth doing he might at least be given credit for it!—Yours faithfully,

McL. Y. (An American).

My communication was returned with the following note:—

(*Copy.*)

"The Observer," January 13, 1920.

Dear Sir,—Thanks for your letter, but I am sorry that we cannot publish correspondence on the merits of Mr. Pound's work. It is a point upon which opinions must differ—as they differ on every opinion expressed from the beginning to the end of the "Observer"—and Mr. Nichols's are only published for what his authority is worth.—Yours faithfully,

THE EDITOR (signed), R. B.

The editor's remarks appear to me enigmatic. He has published, week after week, controversies on opinions expressed in the "Observer." Many of these were of far less general and intelligent interest than the reputation of a well-known poet. I am left wondering what crime Mr. Pound can have committed which compels a great periodical to suppress the protest of a disinterested subscriber after having lent its columns to an attack.

Cannot the literary man of to-day hope soon for an unprejudiced review by one who could be trusted to lay before the prospective reader an open book to take or to leave? And has not the public a right to expect an impersonal criticism of a book instead of attacks on, or adulations of, the personality of an author?—Faithfully,

McL. YORKE.

* * *

THE NIETZSCHE CONTROVERSY.

Sir,—The point is not whether Nietzsche *and* Trietschke differ from each other in certain minor details of their common philosophy, but whether, under any circumstances, they could be bracketed with Benjamin Kidd as "incorrigible egalitarians." I think not.

W. MASEFIELD ROGERS.

Pastiche.

HOW WE WERE EXPLOITED.

(REMINISCENCES OF AN ERRAND-BOY.)

MANY of my readers must be quite convinced that there is no electric tramway anywhere but at Petrograd and Moscow, and that in the provinces people continue to this day to ride about in horse-trams or in the jolting "tarataika" of the good old days. Whereas there are tramways in the provinces, and especially in the large Volga town of K—n. One would not maintain that the Kaz—n tram is distinguished for its speed, for its internal or external elegance, etc. You haven't to wait long for it at the halts—not more than an hour or an hour-and-a-half. The carriages are painted a dull green, and remind one—God knows what they remind one of—most of all, perhaps, of a dirty, empty, Swedish matchbox thrown out into the dust-bin. The Kaz—n trams are distinguished from the other provincial trams, however, not by their colour, but by a unique, original, architectural peculiarity. Above the attached carriages there is loaded a second deck, where the public, majestically sailing along some High Street, enjoys the view of the shops, the drug stores, the commercial travellers, and the Tartars.

If the reader has ever had the pleasure of riding on top of such an attached carriage along the High Street, he must have seen a long notice: "Wines and Colonial Goods. A. Afanassiev." In the windows of this shop, he might have seen Monts Blancs of bottles of wine, together with sweets of various kinds, as, for example, pastilles, Viazma, cakes, marmalade, etc. If this were to happen to-day, the reader would doubtless jump off the tram and rush into the shop; but the point is that the shop does not exist now, and the mountains of liqueurs and sweets have disappeared.

The shop was managed by the owners themselves: a little fat old man with a very white beard and nicely trimmed grey hair, dressed in the European style, and his two sons. The rest of the army for the campaign against the pockets of the shipowners, manufacturers, landed gentry of the whole province—in a word, the upper and lower middle class generally, and the workers on Sundays—was composed of shop assistants, youths, and boys. The regime in the house was a despotic one. The display of individual wishes or desires immediately infringed the rigid laws fixed by commercial and shop-keeping tradition.

The senior assistants bowed the knee before the owners, the juniors before the senior assistants, the boys before all and sundry. Such was the law.

The shop opened precisely at 8 o'clock in the morning. From then until 9 o'clock at night work went on ceaselessly in the stores, cellars, office, and the shop itself. For 13 or 14 hours there was continuous banging, wrapping up, haggling, selling, and thumping of boys. The latter, who received the lofty wage of 3-4-5 roubles a month, served the house as a very convenient mode of transport. A purchaser would collect a whole sackful of wines, preserved fruit, sausages, sweets. As soon as the sacks were tied up, there would be a shout for a boy, who would proceed to stagger along behind Mr. Customer, walking lightly and easily along the street, puffing at his costly cigar. One can confidently say that, thanks to the competition of these boys, the cabmen lost a great deal, and the trams still more. Who gained?

I have a vivid recollection at the present moment of this intelligent form of exploitation and original system of domestic training in this commercial house of A. Afanassiev, well known along the whole Volga. By tradition, every shop assistant had to pass through a lengthy purgatory, lasting three or four years, if he entered the house as a boy. Entering it with the alluring career of a salesman before his eyes, the boy renounced the vanities of this world, and gave himself up in entirety to his duties. He dragged incredibly heavy loads, scurried for goods into stores and cellars, dragged baskets of bottled beer up the stairs, swept floors, and, only after a lengthy period of such silent work, was entrusted with "sales." After the customary three or four years, the master would call the boy to his office, and announce: "Work hard now. I am satisfied with you. You'll have 10 roubles a month now, and more later. Buy a suit; you're getting on. Be off!" After such an announcement, the happy one passed into the ranks as a junior salesman, and acquired the right of selling goods and of, now and then, in a quiet corner, pulling the boys' ears.

Both the shop assistants and the boys, however, were considered privileged persons in comparison with the workmen in Afanassiev's confectionery works. They had the worst treatment of all. They were not entitled, twice a year, to free tickets for the town theatre. They were always called "thou." I remember that, although at Christmas, in my capacity of errand-boy, I received a ticket for the gallery, I was not satisfied, and wanted to go to the theatre more often. Outside the cinemas, for example, we boys would stand for long hours, without the necessary sixpence for a ticket. Finally, losing all power of struggling with temptation, we would mix with the crowd and go in without a ticket. At night, lying in bed in the dormitory, each one of us felt the severest pangs of remorse, and silently vowed before the stout cinematograph proprietor to repay our debt, as soon as the master gave us a rise of five roubles. Naturally, I was too young to understand how and at whose expense Afanassiev grew richer every year and got control of more and more houses. New shops were being opened; elegant carriages were being ordered; Grigorich, the coachman, was in high spirits, while we could not think how to get sixpence to see a fantastic drama at the theatre.

The owners and the employees met the New Year together at the master's house. We boys were huddled in the rear, but were frightfully proud of being also present, and even having the right to drink a glass of champagne and shout "Hurrah!" The shop assistants, perfectly dressed, as it seemed to me, gathered in the dining-room, correctly drawn up as far as possible from the table. One of them, by the master's orders, would bring round a tray with glasses. Here, too, the boss would distribute presents. They were given according to our services. We boys usually received five or six roubles.

One little event destroyed the effect of all my three years' servitude. By chance I became acquainted with prisoners and with all the horrors of prison life. People confined in the Kaz—n gaols ordered many things of our house through the authorities. The boy Voltov took the goods on his thin, long-suffering shoulders; sometimes—rarely—I was ordered to help him. The poverty, the horrible stone dens, the chains, and the prison clothes revealed to me a world of still greater injustice and wretchedness than our life of unresisting slavery at the shop. I saw the exhausted, pinched faces, the feverishly burning eyes, the darkness and the hopelessness. Many prisoners did not buy anything; they were too poor. The political offenders asked for news, and I remember how one editor of a newspaper, in a solitary cell, begged me to bring papers to him secretly, and looked long and sadly into my eyes. My heart was torn with a feeling of terrible social injustice. "What is to be done?" I asked myself.

Then the idea came to me of helping them in some way. I secretly took a seven-kopeck tea-glass from the shop for the poorest of the political prisoners. The chief salesman got to know of it. I was thrown out. I was told later that the prisoner, hearing of my fate, was very upset. Then I began to have an irresistible desire for freedom, and I went away to Petersburg with fifteen roubles. Imperceptibly ten years slipped away. The Revolution broke out. All ten of Afanassiev's big storehouses, as they wrote to me, passed into the hands of the risen people. The shops closed down, and the owners disappeared, hiding from the anger of the masses. The enterprise, so cunningly devised for the exploitation of the labour of others and the accumulation of millions in the pocket of one, died once and for all. Peace to its ashes!—MICHAIL DMITRIEV (from "Zhizn Zheleznodorozhnika," the organ of the Railwaymen's Union, N.W. District, July, 1919).

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