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 mediaeval 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 pigment 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 discussion 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 of 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 formula, but actually corresponding to existing social needs. Therefore purposes whatever the methods meant, all over Europe, the King and his nobles, 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, and 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 masses, 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, was normally 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 andpriests were represented in their convents—because it was the only way of getting a few to speak for all; and what they were sent to speak about was taxation.

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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 contributory philosophy; but we are to-day at least two other meanings to give to clothes: one is their aesthetic significance as just suggested, and the other is their—what shall we say?—their psychic significance. Aesthetically, 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 aesthetic phenomenon bearing witness to the quantity and quality of the aesthetic emotion experienced. It is necessary to insist upon both these elements; for it by no means follows that a quantity of aesthetic 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 aesthetic 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 aesthetic 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 accomplishment 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 person 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 has himself been 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 aesthetic emotion. It is not 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, and the body wore 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 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 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 forefathers, but sometimes even 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 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 unemployed while the rest are working, our present demands of civilisation. Invention would in all probability considerably reduce even this low figure. This 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 Papinl.
(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, come from thou art born and death.'—Dhammapada, 38.

Max 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 a good name in the eyes of the world. 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, besides 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 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 beam of 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 kneading 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 aesthetic 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 grace enough to those restless souls who, being in need of a spiritual anaesthetic, of a religious bazaar of humanity, wherein everyone has found what he sought. It was thence, at the dawn of the last century, that there came to us the doctrine of Buddha, finding on the European market a name, among the latter, Remarch-Buddhism has found that stands with honour between that of tea and that of sugar. Even Italy, our worthy sceptical Italy, has joined in the little circles of initiates; while under the priestly robes of Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant, pathetically, even the really secular Italy has put on the beautiful Semitic or Aryan cloak to wear instead of the priestly robe. But I cannot give grace enough to those restless souls who, being in need of a spiritual anaesthetic, of a religious bazaar of humanity, wherein everyone has found what he sought. It was thence, at the dawn of the last century, that there came to us the doctrine of Buddha, finding on the European market a name, among the latter, Remarch-Buddhism has found that stands with honour between that of tea and that of sugar. Even Italy, our worthy sceptical Italy, has joined in the little circles of initiates; while under the priestly robes of Madame Blavatsky and Mrs. Besant, pathetically, even the really secular Italy has put on the beautiful Semitic or Aryan cloak to wear instead of the priestly robe.

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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 it as a matter of 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 contains a system, which 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 "Atman" for "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.

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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 flight, "he repeats in all his discourses; "age wears perishes is evil." He had not yet reached that eternal blessedness except as an unspeakable divine life of men is that it is transitory, made of things absolutely different, and perhaps resembling, as commonly believed, complete annihilation. It is the rapidity of their flight. It is the essential his ideas, for his alleged pessimism, besides being renunciation to leave the weary life of everyday in order to rise to semi-divinity? It is like describing renunciation to leave the weary life of everyday in order to rise to semi-divinity? It is like describing 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 his 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, which continues over the page, by-the-bye, Mr. Clutton Brock says: "His aesthetic 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 exclaine vacuously: "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 supreme because men have become philistine; but the fact remains that it has been the so.

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,"
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, who possesses much, is a workman without any artistic prescience 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 exercise 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 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 purveyor, tried desperately to combine his natural tastes with classical subjects. When he painted Flemish like, he really tried to make her Venus; and the result is 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.

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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 what's it matter, Beryl, that you don't recognise my voice at all?

LADY B. (hedges in face of a possible faust 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 once. . . . 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—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 roguery.

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 so interesting! So you've been in love once!

LADY B.: Don't smile, 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?
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 aerobatics. . . . 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 admirably.

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 tattooed 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-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 further back than the Shavian nonsense, 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 "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 the man to criticise his own work, where tu look €or his criticism 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 further back than the Shavian nonsense, 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.

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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-strange, trying to strangle each other; and when they break away, the Square'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, then, some other idea to the delayed 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 the guardian of Joan; he vetoes her engagements, but we are never enlightened concerning his right or power to do so. He is 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, the flesher," 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 we can do is 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 the "Grand Rury" immodestly called "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, glistening 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 Sganarelle through three times with his sword, and stabs him with a dagger in the abdo-

men 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. Bremner Will's (with 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 [Woodham 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 the Town Hall, Bury St. Edmund's, by Dr. George: "What is really needed here is something to see the true spirit of the age. What we want is some music that I thought was Mozart's." I know 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.

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 mental power upon the matter in hand. A few devotees will regret that Mr. Lewis shows none of his more abstract compositions, yet his control of 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 9, and the way in 13, severity in 5, economy not stinting 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" (shh! "distortion," we must have our bit of naartalistic slang). Well, Mr. Bennett has written quite a nice introduction, warning us that the Black Country isn't the Five Towns (nor the Cinque
rather good, if he can keep from playfulness; M. S.
Florence shows more pre-Raph. hurly-burly (86).

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 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 walk-
ing from Pall Mall to Adelphi. A. Davies is spirited
in "Peace Night," and Albert Rutherston displays
Roccicellian 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
members of post-Elizabethan English. Miss Gladys E.
Willett's "Essay" (Heffer. Cambridge, 2s. 6d.) does
not contain anything new about Traherne; but it
conveniently summarises what is known of him.
Further than this, I think Miss Willett definitely estab-
ishes 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 some-
times 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 languages," he says, "it is
proposed from the beginning that the mystic should
be 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
had hitherto been the "unconscious." The most illu-
minating article in the issue, however, is a note on
"Nirvana and Samsara." "Nirvana" has been sus-
ppected of being 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. "Nir-
vana" 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 of them would not differ appreciably from the work of another.

Books and 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 nowhere. Like most men of his generation, Sir Bradley, who could devote ten or twelve pages of comment to these bale 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 one. Another attempt to make an English edition current and accessible has now been undertaken by Neumayer of 70, Charing Cross Road (6s. net); and the excellence of the translation by "Dorset Chambers" deserves suc-

cess. "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 emotional, the expansive, casual 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 negative 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. 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 greenness for power. And, again, the introvert, 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 the term 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 praecox; 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 felt, finds himself bouleversed 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 a man's psychological composition is dependent upon his "astral" formation.

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

Mr. Reed, on the other hand, was with the Bolshevists during the period of the Revolution, and took full advantage of his permission to go everywhere and produce melodramatic effects with history. During the period of the Revolution, and took full 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. 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 Levinshovo, where they have a camp," according to Mr. Reed's information. Frequently it happens, as in this case, that Mr. Pollock reports as fact what rumours that Mr. Reed proved by investigation to be baseless; and of two witnesses, the one who investigates is usually the more credible.

The real objection to the Bolshevists 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 Bolshevists 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 Bolshevists 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 Bolshevists, 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 Bolshevists should be excluded from it; the Bolshevists were not only asked to forgo the fruits of victory, but to abdicate themselves. The naivete 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 intervention 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 Bolshevists are formidable not only because they made the issue clear to the simplest mind, not only because they have done so, but because they have achieved the miracle of victory, they show all the signs of developing a new programme 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 Bolshevists; but apparently it will take all Europe and half Asia to do it, and Mr. Reed's "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, with reality, the mystic should know the end from the beginning. "Mysticism is immediate knowledge or revelation of truth, or immediate contact with reality. But it is difficult to see why the matter-of-fact process 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, then it is true that he had what the Quakers would call an inner light to illumine his counsels, or that he directly received his "conscience" 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, then it is true that he had what the Quakers would call an inner light to illumine his counsels, or that he directly received his "conscience" in his "magical" property has transformed them from the driven cattle of tyranny into willing 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 Bolshevists. 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 international sources of supply, while at the same time it gave them no rest for recuperation and organization. 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 paralysis at all. We may admit everything (although we need not) that Mr. Pollock says of the Bolshevists; 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 a new programme 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 Bolshevists; but apparently it will take all Europe and half Asia to do it, and Mr. Reed's "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.
different 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 prediction 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 under-secretaryship. "Great men float into power on mystical waves moved by the force of destiny," says Mr. Grieron; so they do, but the weak ones float out on the same waves. What of it? Is Mr. Grieron 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. Grieron, 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 art to let exterior forces work for him."

New Wine. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. (Collins. 75c. net.)

Take a young man of good birth but peasant breeding from the West of Ireland, give him a passage and wealth and the entry into London society, and the resultant 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 attractive 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'Connor from birth, and all that his title of Lord Kilmore can do is to add a crotchet 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 they would like it." 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 picture of modern American living, 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 he saw 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. Hove- luague 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: "What then, if the Holy See (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 cool calculating power, and that the Holy See simply supported Germany because she thought that Germany would win, and would then prove a faithful ally of the Roman Catholic Church and its philosophies. Rome has its scholasticism and its Jesuits—and the State of Germany has its historians and its philosophers. Rome is the spiritual successor of the Roman Empire; 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 Church of Aquinas—and Germany has her scholasticism and her Thomisan Trinity of Kant, Fichte and 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—right and justice—be thankful for it! Liberty and fraternity—that scoundrel Rousseau! Truth and humanity—Rome knows that only. The last of the anti-German 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 one. 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 hersy, 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 hersy 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 Tom Newenham of universal interest, asks a question of the "Observer" that is, no doubt, of universal interest. When I was a boy, an experienced engineer, who had seen much of America and London, 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 skillful 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 is worth.---Yours faithfully,

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 vitriolic tone of this review. The book on the subject of Mr. Pound, I wrote to the "Observer" the following expression of my opinion:—

(Copy.)


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 do upon 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 ADULTERATIONS OF, THE PERSONALITY OF AN AUTHOR?---Faithfully,

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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 it is a piece of heaven to be able to go from day to day about in horse-trams or in the jolting "tartarika" of the good old days. Wherever there are tramways in the provinces, and especially in the large Volga town of Kazan, one does not mind the tinkling of the KAZAN tram 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—perhaps of a dirty, empty, Swedish matchbox thrown into the dust-bin. The Kazan trams are distinguished from the other provincial trams by their colour, but by a unique, original, architectural peculiarity. Above the attached carriages there is loaded a second deck, where the public, majestically sitting 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, well known along the whole Volga. By train 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 ships of the landed gentry of the whole province—in a word, the upper and lower middle class generally, and the workers and sweets have disappeared.

The shop opened precisely at 8 o'clock in the morning. From then until closing time, it was ceaseless in the stores, cellars, office, and the shop itself. For 13 or 14 hours there was continuous bargaining, wringing up, haggling, selling, and thumping of boys. The latter, who received the heavy wage of 7-25 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 of 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 period. Five or perhaps 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, baths, and, only after a lengthy period of silent work, was entrusted with "sales." After the customary work three or four years, the master would call the boy to his office, and announce: "Work hard now. I am satisfied with you. You shall have to rotate a month now, and more later. Buy a suit. Get waiting. Be off!" After such an announcement, the happy one passed into the ranks as a junior salesman, and acquired the right of being good-natured 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 confectionary works. They had the worst treatment of all. The boys were allowed twice a year, to free tickets for the town theatre. They were always called "thons." I remember that, although at Christmas, in my capacity of errand-boy, I received a ticket for the gallery, I was not satisfied, and I 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 pang. We anxiously bowed before the stout cinema proprietor to repay our debt, as soon as the master gave us a rise of five roubles. Naturally, I was too young to understand this, and when the 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 chief salesman, got to know of it. I was thrown out. I remembered that, although 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 seventeen-ruble ticket bought 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 AFA's big stores were closed, as they wrote to me, pressed 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 Zheleznozriskoizvmika," the organ of the Railwaymen's Union, N.W. District, July, 1919).