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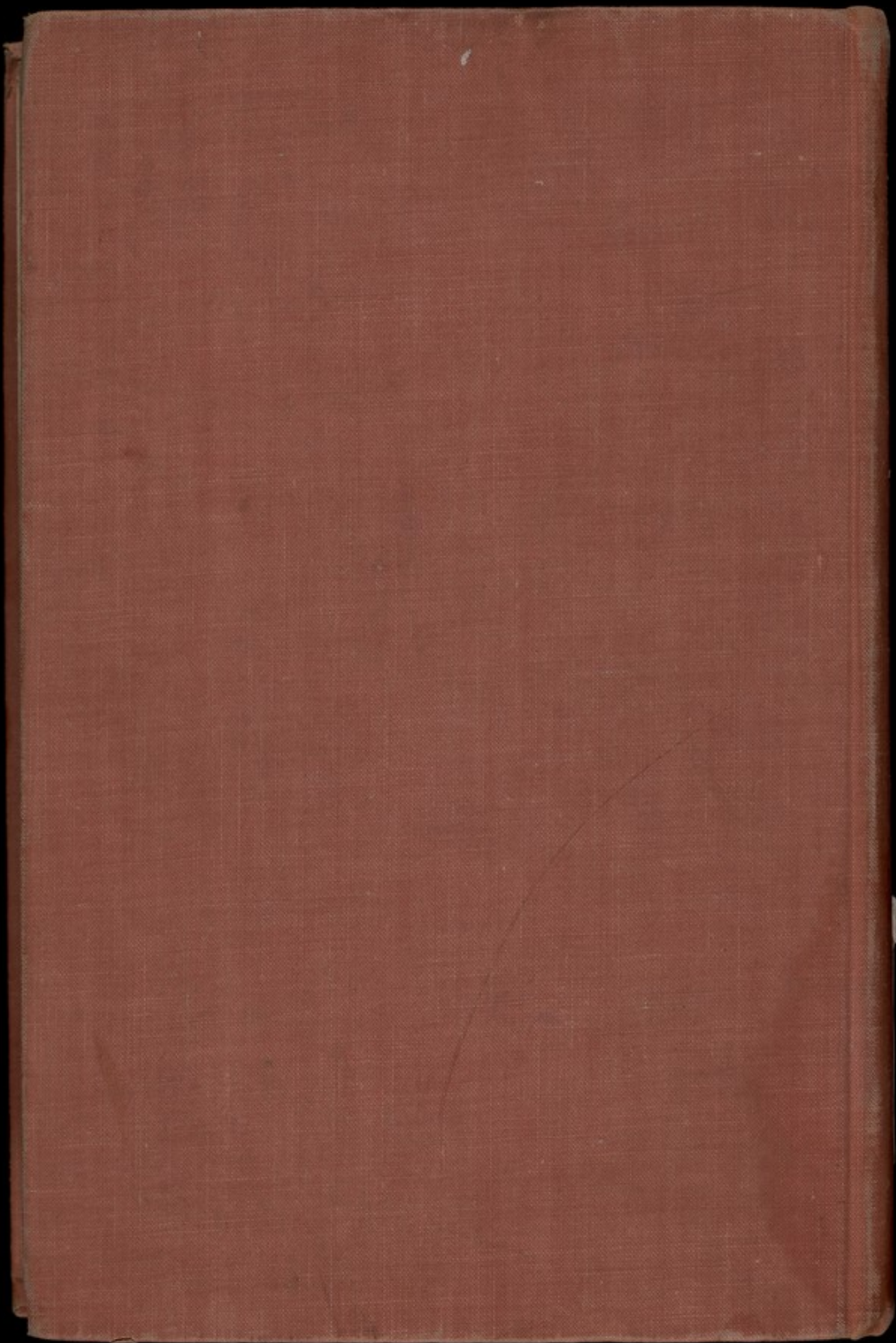


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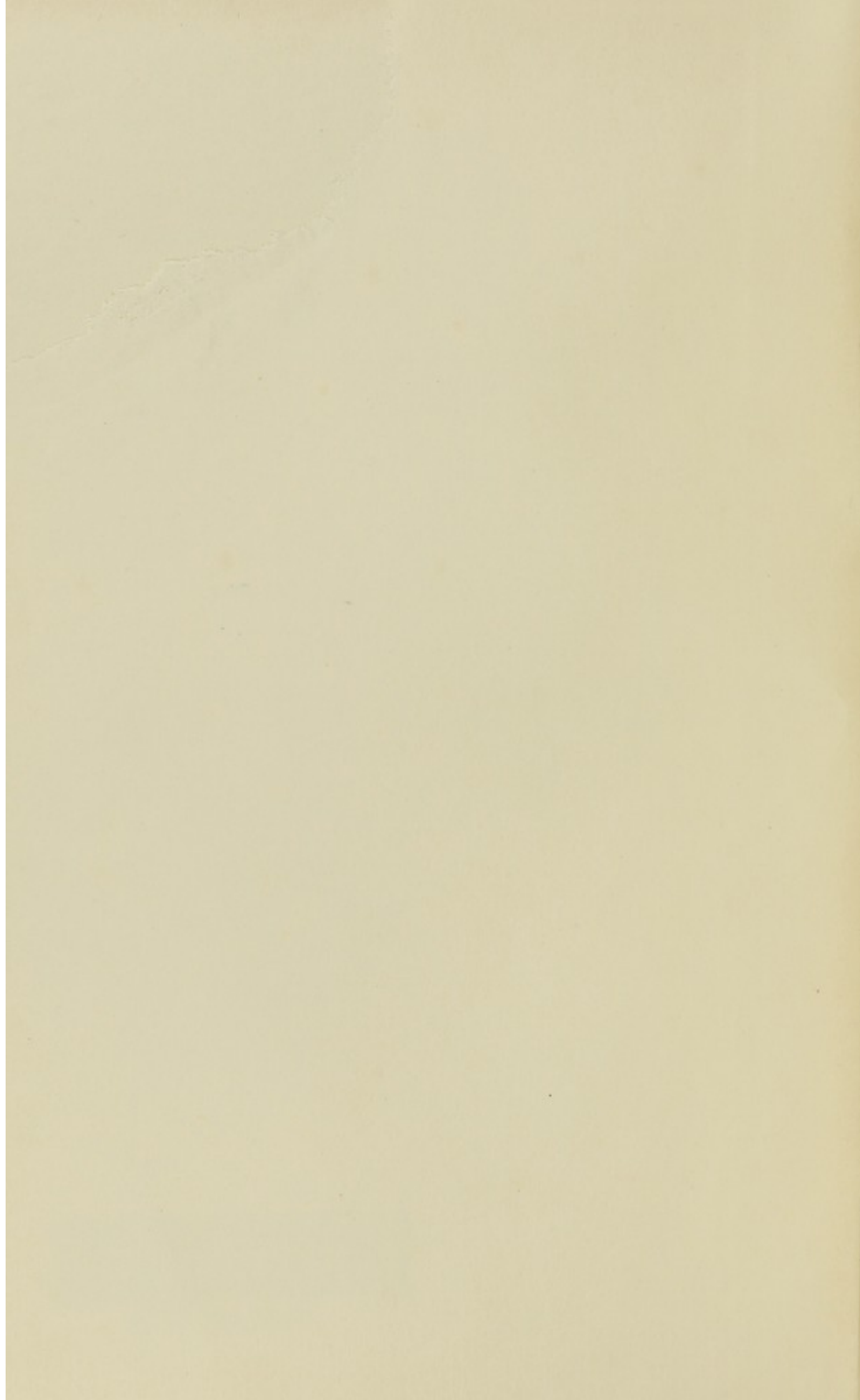
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QUESTIONS
OF OUR DAY

44



QUESTIONS
OF OUR DAY

BY THE SAME AUTHOR
MY CONFSSIONAL
THE BODLEY HEAD

QUESTIONS

OF OUR DAY

Havelock Ellis

○

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Contents

I	THE QUESTION OF HAPPINESS - - - -	1
II	CAN WE TEACH HOW TO LIVE? - - - -	4
III	ARE THE WORKING CLASS MANUAL WORKERS?	7
IV	THE PLACE OF THE CINEMA IN LIFE - -	10
V	THE QUESTION OF THE FASCIST TERROR -	13
VI	LOVE AND THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES -	16
VII	IS THERE A SOCIAL NEUROSIS? - - - -	19
VIII	THE ART OF TRAVELLING - - - - -	22
IX	NATIONALISM VERSUS INTERNATIONALISM -	25
X	THE PROBLEM OF THE JAPANESE KISS - -	28
XI	THE COMPLEMENTARY RELATIONS OF SEX -	31
XII	HOW ABOUT SPIRITUAL AWAKENINGS? - -	34
XIII	THE JEWISH QUESTION - - - - -	37
XIV	A NATION OF NEUROTICS? - - - - -	41
XV	WHAT IS A CRIMINAL? - - - - -	44
XVI	HOW USE OUR NEW LEISURE? - - - - -	47
XVII	WHEREIN LIES THE POWER OF MUSIC? - -	50
XVIII	THE LIMITATIONS OF THE HOME - - - -	53
XIX	COUNT KEYSERLING - - - - -	56
XX	FLIGHT FROM THE WORLD - - - - -	59
XXI	THE QUESTION OF REVOLUTIONS - - - -	62
XXII	WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY? - - - - -	65
XXIII	TOLERATION AS A DUTY - - - - -	67
XXIV	THE CLEANSING OF NATIONAL STABLES -	69
XXV	IS LOVE AN ILLUSION? - - - - -	72
XXVI	THE NEW AGE OF FAITH - - - - -	75
XXVII	NUDISM AS A CULT - - - - -	78
XXVIII	THE PROBLEM OF THE IDEAL COMMUNITY -	81
XXIX	THE PROPHET'S OWN COUNTRY - - - - -	84
XXX	IS HYPOCRISY NATURAL? - - - - -	87
XXXI	THE PLACE OF BIOLOGY IN EDUCATION -	90
XXXII	AMERICA AS UTOPIA - - - - -	93
XXXIII	REPRESSION OR EXPRESSION? - - - - -	96
XXXIV	WHAT IS ART? - - - - -	99
XXXV	THE USES OF UNEMPLOYMENT - - - - -	101
XXXVI	THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO SCIENCE -	104
XXXVII	IS THE DISCREDIT OF POLITICIANS JUSTIFIED?	107
XXXVIII	WHAT IS MUSIC? - - - - -	111
XXXIX	THE SUBSTITUTES FOR WAR - - - - -	114
XL	THE PAINFUL JOY OF LOVE - - - - -	118
XLI	THE RELIGIOUS FAITHS OF YOUTH - - - -	121
XLII	THE REMEDY FOR MOB HYSTERIA - - - -	125
XLIII	THE LATER FREUD - - - - -	128
XLIV	HUMAN ORCHESTRATION - - - - -	132
XLV	THE PROBLEM OF LEADERSHIP - - - - -	135
XLVI	DO ADULTS OF TO-DAY RESEMBLE CHILDREN?	139

XLVII	THE PROBLEM OF OUR QUEERNESES	-	-	142
XLVIII	THE PLACE OF THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX	-	-	145
XLIX	THE DANGERS OF LEISURE	-	-	148
L	THE ATTITUDE OF PESSIMISM	-	-	151
LI	THE PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE	-	-	154
LII	THE PRESENT POSITION OF HYPNOTISM	-	-	157
LIII	WHAT IS FASCISM?	-	-	160
LIV	NATIONAL CHARACTER IN BRITISH ART	-	-	163
LV	THE CENTENARY OF WILLIAM MORRIS	-	-	166
LVI	AMERICA'S UNBORN SOUL	-	-	169
LVII	THE PROBLEM OF HAPPY MARRIAGE	-	-	172
LVIII	THE TWILIGHT OF PARENTHOOD?	-	-	175
LIX	THE PHASE OF DESPAIR	-	-	178
LX	LAW OR SCIENCE FOR DELINQUENCY?	-	-	181
LXI	IS THE CINEMA A MORAL INFLUENCE?	-	-	184
LXII	THE GOSPEL OF LEISURE	-	-	187
LXIII	EDUCATION FOR A CHANGING WORLD	-	-	191
LXIV	BIOLOGY FOR GIRLS?	-	-	194
LXV	NATURE OR NURTURE?	-	-	197
LXVI	THE QUESTION OF CHOOSING A CAREER	-	-	200
LXVII	THE PROBLEM OF CHILDLESS MARRIAGE	-	-	203
LXVIII	THE DISTRIBUTION OF LEISURE	-	-	206
LXIX	THE SIGNIFICANCE OF JEALOUSY	-	-	209
LXX	THE IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST	-	-	212
LXXI	THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE AGAIN	-	-	215
LXXII	SOME RESULTS OF A GREAT WAR	-	-	218
LXXIII	LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOUR AS ONESELF	-	-	221
LXXIV	THE PLACE OF LOVE IN LIFE	-	-	224
LXXV	THE CULT OF SPEED	-	-	227
LXXVI	THE ATTITUDE OF OLD AGE	-	-	230
LXXVII	THE RIGHT VERSUS THE LEFT	-	-	234
LXXVIII	THE ADVANTAGES OF PESSIMISM	-	-	237
LXXIX	THE QUESTION OF EUGENIC STERILISATION	-	-	240
LXXX	THE PROBLEM OF DR. JOHNSON'S FAME	-	-	245
LXXXI	THE TRAGEDY OF MALNUTRITION	-	-	248
LXXXII	THE ART OF COOKERY	-	-	252
LXXXIII	THE SCIENCE OF FOODS	-	-	255
LXXXIV	THE BEST SORT OF WIFE	-	-	259
LXXXV	THE NEED FOR SEX INSTRUCTION	-	-	262
LXXXVI	THE FACTORY VERSUS THE HOME	-	-	265
LXXXVII	THE ART OF DRESSING	-	-	268
LXXXVIII	THE PLACE OF ART TO-DAY	-	-	272
LXXXIX	THE ART OF NURSING	-	-	275
XC	THE VALUE OF THE PLEASURE POISONS	-	-	279
XCI	THE FUTURE OF BUSINESS	-	-	282
XCII	THE QUESTION OF THE FIVE DAY WEEK	-	-	286
XCIII	THE AGE FOR RETIREMENT	-	-	289
XCIV	THE ILLUSION OF INFERIORITY COMPLEX	-	-	292
XCV	THE ECONOMIC MAN	-	-	295
XCVI	THE NEED OF A NEW HEAVEN	-	-	298
XCVII	THE MOVEMENT FOR EUTHANASIA	-	-	302
XCVIII	THE FIGHT FOR HUMAN FREEDOM	-	-	305
XCIX	NOW VERSUS THEN	-	-	308
C	THE ANGEL OF COMMONSENSE	-	-	311

QUESTIONS
OF OUR DAY

1875

THE QUESTION OF HAPPINESS

"I AM a young man of twenty-one, intensely interested in the enigma of human betterment, in so far as it is in the individual's power to guide his own life to the highest pinnacle of success. What is the end to strive for? It seems to me that the answer is Happiness. If you agree with me, what do you mean by Happiness, and how do you go about attaining it? If I try to answer the question for myself I can only say that Happiness is successful self-preservation in the full sense of the term."

This correspondent, otherwise unknown to me, writes from New York, and, without knowing it, he raises a question which at the time he wrote I chanced to be discussing. It is evidently a question which concerns many, and my correspondent approaches it from a side so different from that I adopted that it may be worth while to consider it afresh.

No doubt it may be admitted that "hap," or luck, bestowing a life that is all joy and vouchsafing the satisfaction of all desires, would be a miracle that, even if possible, would scarcely be desirable. "Happiness," as George Eliot said, "is considered a well-fleshed indifference to sorrow outside it."

But still—as at the back of my mind I was well aware—when people talk of Happiness they mean something vaguer and more varied than can be defined in the dictionary.

That is where my correspondent comes in. "There are," he says, "fifty-seven varieties of living, each exerting an attractive or repulsive force. Which way of living to choose?"

And can you enumerate the obstacles in front and how to surmount them?"

I trust my correspondent will forgive me if I make no attempt to answer his questions. He may the more readily since he emphasizes his own solution, and enumerates the elements of "Happiness" as follows: (1) Sustenance, (2) Health, (3) Sex and Marriage, (4) Social Harmony, (5) Cultural and Recreational Desires.

I entirely agree that these five problems concern the desirable and in large part necessary conditions of living for any decent human being, not only in civilized but even in savage society. But they demand struggle and effort; they involve self-discipline and even self-sacrifice; they mean the acceptance of pain and sorrow as well as of pleasure and joy. They mean this all the more since, as Montaigne truly pointed out, living is made up of folly at least as much as of prudence; he might have added that the part of living which is not folly often owes its fine quality to the fact that it is an arduous redemption of life from folly. Why drag in "Happiness?" Napoleon declared that "Man can invent everything except the art of being happy," and someone else has remarked that "Happiness is the name we give to the unhappiness of others."

I do not find indeed that the great masters of living have had much to say about Happiness. The wisest of them were even wont to say of old that you could not tell whether or not a man had been "happy" until after he was dead; so that the question of his "happiness" was hardly one which a man could himself profitably consider.

"A man truly lives so long as he acts his nature," said Sir Thomas Browne, and sixteen centuries earlier another master of wisdom, Marcus Aurelius, enjoined: "Live as the olive lives!" For, as he explained, the olive lives conformably to its own nature, which is that of the greater Nature which produced it, and is content to fall off the tree when it is ripe.

THE QUESTION OF HAPPINESS

So, after all, I return very nearly to my original attitude. By all means let me choose which one of fifty-seven varieties of living best suits my own capacities and opportunities, and live it as well as I can, whatever happens. What is the use of worrying about "Happiness" with a capital H?

II

CAN WE TEACH HOW TO LIVE?

“YOU are a dear comrade and teacher.”

They are the words of a dear young friend, and my immediate reaction is: Comrade? Yes! Teacher? No!

I am interested to consider why it is that I feel so intense and instantaneous a repulsion at the idea of being considered a “teacher.” Certainly in so far as to teach simply means to impart instruction in necessary branches of elementary knowledge I experience no such reaction. Having been an elementary teacher myself in the remote past, I view that function without horror, if without enthusiasm.

But my young friend, who sometimes likes to consider herself as a sort of “god-child,” means something different from that. She is no longer a schoolgirl. She is thinking about life. And I do not admit that life can be taught, as the multiplication table used to be taught, with authority. I object to using the same word in connection with life.

Long years ago, when still little more than a youth, I was privileged for a short time to know a man who went about the world as consciously a “teacher,” Thomas Davidson. He was a remarkable man and I am pleased to know that his biography will now at last be written. Davidson was eloquent and persuasive, intensely eager to implant his own metaphysical doctrines in young men. He would earnestly assure us, “with all the unction of which I am capable” (as he frankly put it), that such and such a doctrine was true. But I proved an uncomfortable pupil. Not only did my whole nature rise up in revolt against such a manifestation of spiritual authority,

but from that period I date my disbelief in all metaphysical doctrines, save as the personal conviction of those who maintain them.

Teaching, therefore, in this higher sphere, may be worse than useless. It may produce an effect the very opposite to that desired by the teacher. I am far from being alone in this realization. Authority is becoming suspect.

An English writer (I will avoid terming him an authority) on mental hygiene, Dr. Gerard Howe, has lately stressed the reactions which authority tends to arouse in the individual, whether in the form of parent, or teacher, or would-be guide of adults. He has the courage to declare that authority whether in the form of parent, teacher, or grown-up, is not quite the virtuous thing it supposes itself to be. In spite of its self-conscious disinterestedness and its ostentatiously righteous motives, it inevitably fails to produce the effect it seeks. The authoritative teacher makes us afraid to be ourselves. We try, and in vain, to be what he thinks we ought to be. The result is too often conflict, perhaps followed by the arrival on the scene of the psycho-analyst.

Now conflict is really a part of life, provided it is the balanced and wholesome conflict of legitimate natural impulses. But this kind of conflict is not natural and cannot well lead to any balanced harmony. It offers no security to the real self.

I am not trying to say that living is not to be learnt, or that discipline is unnecessary. On the contrary, I would say that the notion that everything must be made easy, and that all that is needed is indulgence, is a notion that is rightly passing out of fashion. Life is an art that all must learn and all art is a discipline. But the only discipline which counts is that which lies in direct contact with the medium of the art, not in an artificial compulsion imposed from without. And this art, though it must be learnt, cannot be taught, because, if it is real, the impulse must proceed from

QUESTIONS OF OUR DAY

within. The teacher can only teach us here by letting his own light shine.

If we still insist on educating, let us remember the wise saying of George Eliot: "Those who trust us educate us." It is not, I fear, true for all. But it is true for those—even when still children—who are best worth educating.

III

ARE THE WORKING CLASS MANUAL WORKERS?

“IT is a mistake to think, as many do, of the working class as ‘manual’ workers. An engineer’s turner may have to erect a highly expensive piece of work in his lathe. He has to ‘turn’ off a half of a thousandth of an inch as a final operation (which is half the thickness of a cigarette paper!) If he removes a thousandth instead of the half, the whole job is spoilt. Imagine the nervous tension! Many things can happen (another lathe’s excessive vibration for instance) to contribute to a calamity. And this delicate operation sometimes has to be performed in a poor light and at a low temperature. If he did not use his brains as well as his hands—well, there would be three millions and *one* unemployed. ‘No hands wanted’ should read, ‘No hands or brains wanted.’ ”

The writer is himself a so-called “manual” worker in a South London factory. He would, I know, admit that some of his appliances which have replaced the old genuine manual worker are practically fool-proof and could almost be guided by a child. But he well states, and as one who knows, an essential fact in the changed status of the workers of to-day.

Naturally I am at once reminded of the fact, to which from time to time I call attention, that the old “proletarian” is disappearing. There is little room left for him in our world, and he is less and less able to fit into the room that is left. The workers of to-day are brain-workers fully as much as manual workers. They inevitably differ from the coarse and muscular navvy, of old the accepted type of the worker, by

being a refined class. That means that, in order to be efficient, they must be reasonably well born and well bred and well trained and well paid. For their work demands so much refinement that unless their physical and mental lives generally are lived on much the same plane they risk falling below the standard now demanded of workers.

But the old "proletarian," as even his name indicates, had, besides his muscles, nothing to his credit but his power of procreating his like, for the carrying on of the same muscular activities. He could be found in England a century ago, and was willing to live under the most horrible conditions, as a Committee of the House of Commons on the Factories Bill in 1833 found ample evidence to show. Even from childhood these proletarian victims were confined in an unwholesome and destructive atmosphere, and stimulated by "brutish superintendents" (as they were even then termed) to exertions beyond their strength until in a few years' time they often emerged diseased, deformed, and disabled for life.

So it was till yesterday in Russia where the only possible proletarian revolution in our world has taken place. The result there has been, as we know, that the proletarians cannot be fitted into the system they have helped to bring about; they inflict injury on so vast a scale to its new machinery of production that they imperil the whole Soviet scheme. It is only by destroying the proletariat that the Soviet system seeks to survive. Even for a proletarian country revolutions seem out of date.

Marx prophesied, in the light of his own view of economic history, that the rich would become richer and the poor poorer. Thus the ground would be prepared for revolutions, though he admitted that in England, the country which he knew best, a revolution might not be necessary.

Of late, however, historians have become cautious in prophesying the future, and less eager to teach the "lessons of

history." "The function of the historian," said lately a distinguished French historian, Seignobos, "is to know what has happened, not to make any direct applications of that knowledge." He added that for Frenchmen, whose education is ultra-rationalist, history may serve to tell them that the world has always been irrational. In England, similarly, a distinguished historian (Professor Temperley) has lately remarked that "history may be chiefly of use to prove that we do not understand the present."

Marx's "lesson of history" has proved the reverse of the truth. He had scarcely died before it became clear that the poor are steadily growing richer, and to-day not only has that movement, however irregularly, continued, but the rich are becoming rapidly poorer. Economically as well as culturally, what in old days was called "the lower class" is becoming less and less distinguishable from the middle class. I do not imply that the significance of Marx is thereby destroyed. The future he foresaw is coming about, though it may not be by the path he anticipated.

An English psychologist, Dr. C. S. Myers, in discussing rationalization, which he regards as a natural development of industrial organization, argues that its benefits will be socially useless unless they conduce to a general hygienic and cultural progress. But he might have added that rationalization is itself impossible in the absence of a generally high hygienic and cultural level.

I have in my time given much thought to eugenics. It has seemed to me important to breed out of the race those stocks which have not learnt the difficult art of living.

But I begin to think we need not worry. The art of living is becoming so complex, and the level of innate aptitude demanded so high, that only the best-endowed stocks will be able to succeed in living at all. Can you tell the difference between the one thousandth of an inch and half a thousandth?

IV

THE PLACE OF THE CINEMA IN LIFE

“**Y**ESTERDAY I went to see O’Neill’s *Strange Interlude*, only the film version, yet it gives me much food for thought. My passion for books seems to have entirely disappeared, and one for films has appeared instead! They seem to be the only bit of romance and movement and fun available, the only thing to take me out of the humdrum and struggle of daily existence. I learn lots and lots from them that I’d never learn any other way.”

The writer is a young Englishwoman of thirty, who has lived in various parts of the world but now leads a life of dull routine without congenial companionship in a rural district of England. As may be guessed, she is not of the class of intellectuals, but in intelligence and accomplishment she is well above the average. She here states in a few lines, concisely and comprehensively, the whole case for the films. That is what the cinema is to-day for millions all over the world.

The statement seems to me fairly obvious. But picture-houses have so often been attacked as schools of crime, haunts of immorality, excuses for idleness, sources of extravagance, that one wonders what the moralists would do without them. In addition to all their other bad points, they are the nurseries of evil for children, and such deadly rivals to the churches that the only safety lies in closing them whenever a church is open, and at all times to censor and tax them to the utmost. The other side of the case, as stated by my friend, obvious as it seems, has no existence for our moralists.

For me also it has no acute personal existence. I am able to

find elsewhere most of those resources and consolations my correspondent—and how many others!—find in films on the screen. Yet I realize their potentialities, alike for the helpless crowd and for the expert adventurer in art. I joined as soon as it started the first Film Society formed to pioneer new directions of the art—I do not claim that it has gone far in that direction—and I follow with interest the activities of those who seek to raise the aims and improve the technique of the cinema.

But it is of the crowd of to-day that I think, rather than of the adventurer in an art of to-morrow, where the activities of the screen are concerned. And I would like to insist on the double part it is tending to play in our life as a crowd, both parts indicated in my correspondent's letter. That is to say it is at once a new form of romance, and a new form of education, both of these activities quite indispensable for the crowd.

First as to education. In *Upton Sinclair presents William Fox* I have been interested to see the statement of that prominent film-producer's ideals. He cherishes the notion of making educational pictures for schools, colleges, churches, and homes, and has indeed already prepared apparatus for such a purpose, and with the material for a circulating library of films to rent.

Since, to say nothing of the homes to be thus supplied, there must be some forty thousand motion-picture houses already in the world, as well as perhaps half a million churches, the scope is ample. The need is no less urgent. I read lately a letter in a leading London newspaper by a visitor to a Science Museum who tells of his experiences among the youngsters he met there. They knew far more, he found, than he did about the mechanism of turbines, of aero-engines, and automatic telephones. But an evil spirit prompted him to ask the youngest if he had ever seen a cow. The small boy was doubtful, thought he might have seen a picture of one. He asked them all, with the vaguest replies, and when he inquired

where milk came from, they blushed and grinned sheepishly. Evidently the cow was an indecent mystery.

If even the simplest educational opportunities of the cinema are vast and unsuspected, its romantic claims are obvious and accepted. Here are the poetry and the sentiment, it may almost be said the religion, of millions of young people whose thirst for life and love, starved in a cramped and confined existence of dull monotony, seeks two hours of heavenly expansion.

"The younger generation of to-day is perhaps the most immoral in history." That declaration has been made by one of the accredited spiritual guides of an elder generation. The correspondent in New Zealand who reports it to me himself belongs to an elder generation. But his comment is: "I think this speaks well for the persuasiveness of the new ideas and is a hope for the future. Evidently changes *do* come, and the young are looking after their lives."

But one of the ways they do it is in the picture house at which those elder moralists still either turn up their noses, or try to hamper and crush. They are leaving a fine field free to the new moralist!

THE QUESTION OF THE FASCIST TERROR

“THE *Brown Book* will give full and authentic facts on the Fascist terror in Germany for the enlightenment of world opinion on these savage atrocities. The book will contain irrefutable evidence on the basis of our own investigations of the terror in Germany against workers’ organizations as well as Jews. All cases of murder and suicide will be fully recorded, and the opinions given of the most eminent writers of all countries on Fascism. Will you give us your valuable support by sending us an article showing your position?”

I quote from a long personal letter from a Relief Committee in Paris set up to aid in the struggle against Hitlerian Fascism. The secretary enumerates among the already enrolled contributors to the *Brown Book* eminent writers from various countries, for some of whom I cherish high esteem and affection.

Yet, as I at once wrote to tell him, I feel myself quite unable to join them in this enterprise. (In this, as I later found, I was at one with so great and wise a man as Professor Einstein who, though President of the World Committee for Help for the Victims of German Fascism which initiated the *Brown Book*, refused to take up a political attitude by contributing to that volume.)

That refusal is by no means due to any fear of expressing, or shame at sharing, the emotions those contributors feel. It might almost be said to be nearly the reverse.

Let me explain. Always, when atrocities and outrages and terrors are about in the world, people whose hearts (according to the old saying) are in the right place rush impetuously to

the front. They are stirred to the depths of their souls by indignation against those who commit such ill deeds. Their eloquent vituperation knows no bonds.

Such generous emotions are precious in the world. We could not do without them. Yet of emotion it may be said, as has been said of patriotism, that it is not enough. Or, on the contrary, it may be too much. We have to consider its repercussions and its actions.

That is very necessary in the present case. The distinguished writers of various lands who have responded to the appeal are precisely of the type I have in mind. They are, for a large part, men overflowing with impetuously generous emotions, recklessly eager to make the world safe for justice and humanity.

But the *Brown Book* will hardly conduce to that end. The outrages, murders, and suicides, carefully verified and detailed, which it will set forth to the world in six different languages, will be read in many lands by thousands who, for the most part, are already prepared to believe the worst of the Nazis, and who are completely powerless to undo any crimes the Nazis have committed.

Moreover, these readers will no doubt also be aware that at the present time Hitler is the accepted and firmly seated ruler of Germany. So that Germany as a country is now really represented before the world by the Nazis. Their doings must be reckoned as Germany's doings. All those people who during the war were pleased to regard Germany as the land of "barbarous Huns" are indeed already becoming vocal again. They will swear by the *Brown Book*.

Nor are they likely to carry away from it any notion of the real responsibility for the success of Hitler. The majority of the Germans who voted Nazi at the last German election were not voting for the violent excesses men of their party have committed. They were moved by the unsuccessful policy of

the rulers whom they displaced. And that lack of success was directly due to the hostile or unaccommodating attitude of the nations surrounding Germany.

So that the *Brown Book* will not be permitted to circulate among those in Germany upon whom it might have a persuasive action; it will be freely read outside by those on whom its action can only be mischievous, or at best unnecessary.

There are so many excellent people in the world whose hearts are in the right place. If only their heads were screwed on the right way!

VI

LOVE AND THE EQUALITY OF THE SEXES

“DO you know I am tired of men going about the world loving with their minds and their bodies and never at all with their hearts? Take . . . for instance, and there are many like him, who goes about with a sexual text-book, trying to make women, whom he does not love in the least, fit into what the text-book says. They are crusading like Knights of the Holy Grail, and can't see a sexually unsatisfied woman (or one whom they think so) without aching to satisfy her—as though mere sexual satisfaction ever satisfied any woman. In this cheerful campaign to give women the maximum of happiness these sexual crusaders often only succeed in giving the maximum of misery.”

The writer is a woman with a varied knowledge of life, a wife and mother, with some success to her credit both in literary and business fields, and not altogether ignorant of what she here writes. It is perhaps worth consideration.

I am reminded again of Jules de Gaultier's application to the sphere of sex of what he calls “that metaphysical contrariety which is at the heart of existence.” Perhaps I shall be suspected of a too partial attitude towards those “sexual crusaders” if I seem to account for their activities on metaphysical grounds. But if my friend is right in arguing that “a woman can do with little sex if she has a lot of love and a man can do with little love if he has a lot of sex” we are concerned with a difference which goes beyond individual defect and is rooted in Nature, or, as Jules de Gaultier would put it, is ultimately “metaphysical.”

Here is one of the reasons why I am always disposed to

protest vigorously against the misguided people who prate of the "equality" of the sexes. They are often women, would-be "advanced" women, who think they are working for a good cause when they preach that there are no psychological differences between men and women.

But it is possible, we see, that, in the typical life of sex in Nature, the functions of the male demand a predominance of body and mind, and those of the female a predominance of what my correspondent calls heart, which would not mean that the male is without "heart" but simply that in him it is less closely associated with the functions of sex. That may only hold good of the general type and there may be endless variations from it. But it is clear that to profess ignorance of such a possible fundamental difference, to go about the world preaching the psychological "equality" of the sexes, is a mischievous practice which ought to be suppressed. It can only lead, as my friend points out, to the infliction of misery on women, and by its counter-reactions also on men.

It so happened that just before my feminine correspondent's letter arrived I had been writing at some length to a masculine correspondent in a remote part of the world. He is a young Englishman of high attainments, now occupying an important post, and contemplating marriage to a normal and attractive girl.

But he suffers, he tells me, from "inferiority-complex." That is the ridiculously pretentious name nowadays given to the simple childish timidity which we all feel until we have learnt—as those of us who are worth anything must learn sooner or later—to face the facts of life.

I have little doubt, from all that he tells me, that my correspondent, though his intellectual development is associated, as often happens, with some physical under-development, will prove a capable husband and father. But he is worried on account of various little traits in himself that seem feminine.

"I cannot help finding evidence," he writes, "that Nature has not made me a 100 per cent male. Besides such bodily peculiarities as absence of hair on the chest, there are womanish traits in my character of sympathy, kind-heartedness, emotionalism, etc., which make me believe that, while more man than woman, I am not wholly man."

I hastened to congratulate him. I assured him that neither the 100 per cent men nor the 100 per cent women are well adapted for married life or indeed for life in the world generally. A man's constitution is all the better for a dash of woman, and a woman's for a dash of man. I have always been impressed by the worldly wisdom of the old Irish priest who, when he visited the village school, used to pray that the boys might be modest and that the girls might be brave.

It is a difficult world. Many of its difficulties are, even at the best, rooted in natural conditions. There are other difficulties which we ourselves add. We need not do so, and we can to some extent neutralize the natural difficulties by learning to understand them and to protect ourselves against their risks.

VII

IS THERE A SOCIAL NEUROSIS?

“THE force of Voltaire’s witticism that it might be possible that this particular planet of ours was the lunatic asylum of the Universe strikes one more than ever to-day. There seems to be a universal insanity which prevents anything being done to bring peace and order to the prevailing chaos. Is there indeed hope for Western civilization when men armed with the deadly weapons science has invented are stupidly filled with mutual hatred and narrow nationalism? The irony is complete. Production to supply superabundance for all, and thirty millions stunted or starving!”

The writer is an old friend, now well over eighty, but still sound in body and spirit, who was in early life at the birth of social movements which have since developed in the world, though he was of too philosophic mind to take an active part in their development.

It is, however, the reference to Voltaire’s saying in my friend’s letter which now strikes me. It is interesting to note, in the first place, that there was ground for putting it forward, even as a witticism, two centuries ago in a state of society which must thus have been so like our own.

It is still more interesting when we realize that what then merely seemed a flash of wit is to-day being put forward as the result of profound psychological analysis. I am thinking more especially of Dr. Trigant Burrow whose researches and writings are certainly not always easy to grasp but well deserve an attention which they are now indeed receiving, for the Lifwynn Foundation of New York has been established to

carry forward his psychiatric approach to the study of the community.

Without at present going so far as Voltaire, Dr. Burrow realizes the possibility of national insanity. Our "so-called normality," he says, may really be "a social neurosis," less obvious than individual neurosis because more widespread, but clearly betrayed by our prevalent social hysteria, our political and industrial dissensions, and our paroxysms of war and crime. It all exactly corresponds. And, like the individual, the community disguises its greeds and lusts under fine symbols, national, social, or religious, with a plausible exterior of universal good-will.

The outlook is not, therefore, as Dr. Burrow views it, hopeless. He has not much faith in the psycho-analysis of the individual; it is the social disease that must be attacked. We have been restricted in feeling and outlook, he holds, by false racial habits (corresponding to bad muscular postures of the body), by reflex social compulsions, by merely mental and symbolic contacts with our surroundings. It is our business to gain relief from these burdensome racial habits. We have to seek a fuller and broader and deeper sense of the life we have been cheated out of by the miscarriage of functions we have been dragged into by our awkward ineptness in living.

It must be a difficult task for phylo-analysis, as Dr. Burrow terms this psycho-analysis of the whole community, for even our would-be healers themselves cannot but suffer from the neurosis they have had the insight to detect. Meanwhile even our insanity, with all its burdens, may not be without consolation. Charles Lamb, who spoke from experience, declared that he who had never been mad had not known happiness. That was a one-sided saying, for madness brings its pains as well as its joys. But at all events it throws open wide that door into the house of dreams which for most of us is merely ajar, though we live on the glimpses we thus catch.

IS THERE A SOCIAL NEUROSIS?

Indeed, even at the worst, the world has changed since Voltaire wrote. The lunatic asylum was often a place of torture in the eighteenth century. It is so changed now that we have dropped the very name. There may be hope for our planet even as a Mental Hospital.

VIII

THE ART OF TRAVELLING

“PLEASE forgive a personal letter from an unknown. But the urge to write is an old urge. I wish to repay a debt long unpaid and express a profound gratitude.”

So I read in a letter received to-day from California. My correspondent continues:

“To be brief: Some years ago I, a young man with a good position in Chicago, picked up a second-hand copy of *The Soul of Spain*, though not for the life of me can I tell you how I came to buy such a book. Well! I read it and with greedy procrastination; for with each page turned there was one less to read. I felt I knew the essence of the land better than any traveller I had met. A colossal curiosity took possession of me. I gave up my position, took my small earnings, and spent six months wandering alone through the length and breadth of Spain. Ah! you will say, what a reckless gamble with the demon of disillusion. But the demon slept.

“Those months (six years ago) are now a memory, but so painfully sweet that nothing can dull it. The terrible chains of industry have closed around me, it seems, for ever. Yet, however drab the future may be, I feel that I have striven in my youth like Jason, and brought back a Golden Fleece that can never be taken from me.”

It has long been in my mind to write an essay on the Art of Travelling regarded as a part of the large art of living. For it has so often happened to me, when wandering about the world, to stumble upon the unhappy people who have no conception of that art. There are those (often English) who

go about suffering obvious discomfort in their unfamiliar surroundings and craving (if they are men) for a mutton chop and a bottle of Bass's ale, or (if they are women) for a boiled egg for breakfast.

There are those (often American) who go in a compact crowd and are hustled weariedly through museums by a guide who speaks bad English and can nowhere give them a moment's rest, as there are so many other places to be "done." They have seen nothing, they have absorbed nothing, they carry away nothing.

It was said of some of the young English aristocrats, who in old days completed their education by making the "grand tour" in Italy, that all they brought back was often only the names of the inns they had stayed at. Of many modern tourists I doubt if even as much could be said.

There are so many things that are fatal in the art of travelling. It is fatal if one cannot for the time throw aside one's habits and tastes—literally as well as figuratively—to enjoy what the life around presents. It is fatal if one does not know how to select, remaining content to leave much unseen and undone, and to soak oneself, silently and at leisure, in the things one desires to absorb. It is fatal to go in a crowd of one's fellow-countrymen; as well travel in Regent Street or Broadway.

I would go so far as to say that (except in some countries for a woman) even a single companion is a mistake. It constitutes a barrier. I hesitate to say this for I have travelled so delightfully with a companion congenial or beloved. But such delight is likely not to be the pure joy of travel, the companion is responsible for a large part of it. If one has a companion it is well often to separate.

In early days I used to find my old friend Arthur Symons a most admirable travelling companion in strange lands, and from time to time we would separate, each to go his own way. And when I think of the times of most radiant exhilaration I

have enjoyed in far countries, I think of times—at Montserrat in Spain or among Australian hills—when I was completely alone.

I always hesitate to advise anyone to go to Spain. It is a land that happens to appeal intimately to me. But it is not a land where everyone either feels comfortable or finds inspiration. Yet those whom it suits it suits well. Of such is my correspondent in California who has so finely described the jewel of great price he found in Spain which can never be lost.

He has learnt the art of travelling.

IX

NATIONALISM VERSUS INTERNATIONALISM

“JAPAN is the land of the great betrayal. Being modern and Western is imposing too much of a strain upon the Japanese. I enjoyed the Japanese as Japanese, but at their attempts to be Western I was exasperated. They take unreasonable pride in their modernization, but though the exterior is modern the spirit is unalterably Japanese. There is, indeed, an insane pursuit of filthy lucre in true Western style, yet they do not possess the material basis for a machine culture and can only prop it by a foolish system of subsidies. But the authentic aspects of Japanese life—there I felt as if I were in heaven! It is good for an American to visit Japan. And there government means something. Laws have to be obeyed. Democrats may rave, but it is comfortable to feel an iron hand in the offing. And, strange to say, many things I experienced in Japan I became conscious of on returning to America. The same selfishness, the same slavishness, counterparts of what I witnessed in Japan, I now can see all about me in America.”

I quote from a long letter by a valued and highly intelligent American correspondent who has been spending some time in Japan. He had often questioned tourists on their return from Japan and been disgusted by their shallow and ignorant replies concerning Japanese conditions. He determined on his own visit to penetrate, as deeply as his ignorance of the language and the difficulties of interpretation would permit, into the real economic, social, political, and religious state of the nation. His letter to me summarizes a few of the results.

I find some of them highly suggestive, although, not having

myself visited Japan, I am unable to criticize my correspondent's impressions. But among other questions he indirectly raises is that of Nationalism *versus* Internationalism. That question is now to the front. The aspect of it which has appealed to me is that, since the world is daily becoming smaller and smaller to our ever-widening vision and since the political, economic, and social links between nations are ever becoming closer and more complicated, there is little hope for the world until international relationships are recognized and regulated in an orderly manner. Sooner or later, it seems clear, the matter will have to be faced.

But at the moment, as circumstances have made evident, the nations are not in the mood to face it. The decision and courage are lacking, to say nothing of the necessary spirit of enlarged self-interest.

Yet the time has certainly come to consider the possibilities of Nationalism and the risks to be avoided if Nationalism is to hold fruitful possibilities.

Here is where my correspondent's meditations on Japan are suggestive. I do not know what his prejudices were on approaching Japan. He finds the international modernization of Japan artificial, unscrupulous, and corrupt. In so far as Japan remains Japanese he finds it heaven. But can we be sure that a Japanese so feels about it? Even when he does he still asserts that Westernization is necessary in self-defence. So that one of the results of a thoroughgoing Nationalism is its possible incompatibility with self-defence.

Here, however, we are reminded of the very thoroughgoing Nationalism of Hitler's Germany. That is largely prompted, wisely or not, by the impulse of self-defence. All international culture is taboo. Even at moments of recreation only what is strictly national can be permitted, even in dancing and singing. Germany has become the pattern country for all the present widespread aspirations after more Nationalism.

NATIONALISM VERSUS INTERNATIONALISM

Yet, however anxious we may be to find arguments for Nationalism, doubts arise at this ruthless attempt to carry it out to the utmost. Even its reactions on other Nationalisms threaten danger to itself. So that if Internationalism brings us to Nationalism as, in my correspondent's words, a sort of heaven, Nationalism in its turn compels us to face international issues.

One point that my correspondent brings out at the end seems clear. He learnt in Japan to recognize what he had not before recognized in America. To penetrate into a nation's spirit is to perceive that that spirit, under other forms, is one's own national spirit.

So by penetrating deeply enough into Nationalism we may reach Internationalism. The national voice we at last hear is, as in the ancient Persian allegory:

"I am thyself."

THE PROBLEM OF THE JAPANESE KISS

“I TAKE the liberty to introduce to you myself, that I am one of the earnest reader of your universal standard work, *Studies of Sex*, and are receiving a great benefit on my study of ethnological folklore, to which I express my sincere thanks. Now, I much regret to state you that I have an objection in the remark concerning the Kiss of Japanese people which you wrote in ‘The Origin of the Kiss’ in your work, because I can point out the classification of Affectionate Kiss and Embrace of Japanese people.”

My correspondent is Mr. Tamio Satow, a distinguished folk-lorist, and he does not need to introduce himself for I already possess his elaborate study of Japanese folk-lore published in German a few years ago by my old friend Dr. F. S. Krauss, and I have derived much profit from it, including a better knowledge of the Japanese kiss.

It is true, however, that formerly, in common with writers who were supposed to speak with authority, I put forward a view which Mr. Satow now states to be incorrect. That is to say, I supposed that our Western kiss was in common life unknown to the Japanese, or only customary from a mother to a child. Crawley, indeed, in his well-known work, *The Mystic Rose*, went so far as to say that there is in the Japanese language no word for “kiss.” Mr. Tamio Satow in this letter now enumerates no fewer than seventeen words for “kiss,” some of them standing for quite different kinds of kiss, five of them for the lip-kiss alone.

As I may have no early opportunity of revising my former

statements, I take the present opportunity of explaining to all whom it may interest that Japanese ignorance of the kiss can no longer be assumed. So far from such ignorance prevailing in Japan, the Japanese appear to know every variety of the kiss known in the Western world, and even to possess a much greater number of names for those varieties than European languages usually possess. My Japanese friends may now feel assured I know the difference between *Yama-san* and *Shakubachi*.

At the same time I am not prepared to admit that our former opinion, though it evidently needed modification, was altogether wrong. "Kiss and embrace are simply unknown in Japan as tokens of affection," wrote Lafcadio Hearn who lived there. The error has been in neglecting to see the precise force of that phrase "token of affection." Mr. Satow's classification includes "affectionate kiss and good-bye kiss," but it is mainly erotic, and to refer to kissing seems to be generally considered "immodest."

In our Western world the kiss may be said to be mainly affectionate. It even seems to be a comparatively modern discovery. In the old Celtic languages there is said to be no original word for kiss. There has been no reason in Europe for considering the kiss immodest; it has even in some lands and in some periods become a customary mode of greeting.

We may reach a still deeper distinction between West and East. In the West the embrace has a far-reaching emotional significance which in the East it does not seem to possess. With us it is not an act to be ashamed of, but it is felt to be an inspiration for love and life which conduces to the finest ends.

"Ever since for a moment you laid your head on my shoulder I have found myself inexpressibly bound to you. Before than I felt wild eager passion, but there was nothing so consecrated and eternal as there is about my love for you now."

That hardly comes from Japan. It is from the only recently

published love-letters of Walter Bagehot. And Bagehot, it must be remembered, was not a mere sentimental youth; he was a banker, economist, historian, whose writings are still admired for their shrewd penetration. We catch a glimpse here of a fundamental difference of outlook in East and West.

Mr. Tamio Satow protests to me that occidental students must not be misled to believe that in this matter the Japanese are an uncivilized nation. I have not charged the Japanese with being uncivilized. But there are different sorts of civilization.

THE COMPLEMENTARY RELATIONS OF SEX

A WOMAN doctor has sent me a big book in which she expounds what she conceives to be the proper place of woman in the world. She seems to feel assured that I shall be in agreement with her, as indeed I altogether am when she asserts that a woman should not try to be a bad imitation of man, but rather to be an equal who is independently co-operative. That seems very much the sort of doctrine which I have always been trying to make clear.

So I am rather shocked to find that at the very outset of her book my correspondent asserts that the physiological differences between the two sexes are slight and the psychological differences have no natural existence at all, being entirely artificial.

This calm statement shocks me because I happen long ago to have published a big book, *Man and Woman* (recently rewritten and republished), based on a collective and careful sifting during many years of the scientific data demonstrating as clearly as possible by measurable relationships not only that "taken on the average a man is a man even to his thumbs and a woman is a woman down to her little toes," but much more than that.

As had long been suspected, and is now growing clearer day by day, our psychological characteristics are closely associated with the physiological activities of the endocrine gland system. By endocrine characteristics one individual differs from another individual, and notably one sex differs

from the other sex. Even so far as each sex possesses the same glands they differ in energy and balance. A woman is a woman, it has been said by a distinguished authority, by virtue of the totality of her internal secretions. The equality, or rather the equivalence, of the sexes is becoming generally recognized.

But, as the late Professor Manouvrier, an early scientific advocate of the rights of women, many years ago pointed out, such equivalence does not mean resemblance.

One would have thought that by to-day this fundamental truth had become a truism, and that a woman, especially a woman physician, would have been the last to deny it. For not only is it a demonstrable fact, but if it were not so the situation would be deplorable. If women are merely for the most part slightly smaller men—men with less power and less range of activity—then the result of giving them an equal place in life with men is simply to weaken the total force of the human race.

The reason why we believe that in placing women side by side with men we enrich and strengthen the race is precisely because they are different. And in maintaining that complementary relationship we are true to the relationship of male and female in Nature generally.

As I write in the garden this spring day, a wren on a low branch close by is singing continuously his loud sweet song. The wren, though a very small bird, has always been accorded a certain importance (in French folk-lore even as "little king") and, after the robin, he is the least shy of our English birds. So he is not dismayed by my near presence.

After a time one observes what is going on. His mate is building the nest on the ground below. She appears, bearing a wisp of straw, and disappears in the nest for some time, for the wren is a peculiarly careful builder and demands a high degree of finish in the family home. Then she emerges and rests for a few moments on a branch not far from her mate,

who continues singing while she soon proceeds with her operations by bringing further material.

Here we have what seems an unusual sexual distribution of activities. To some persons, indeed, it may seem the familiar case of domestic work for the female and indolence for the male. But if the attitude of the couple were put into conscious thought it might well be that each partner would regard its own activity as essential to the task. Each is exerting much the same amount of energy. Each demands the other's energy, and if the male were absent the nest would not be built.

The wren does not present the sole sexual pattern of life in Nature. There are many patterns. But nearly everywhere the male's part is different from the female's. So far from such difference having no natural foundation and being entirely artificial, we may say exactly the opposite.

Let us emphasize the natural equivalence of women with men in any well-constituted society. Let us also recognize their difference.

HOW ABOUT SPIRITUAL AWAKENINGS?

“**D**ISTINGUISHED missionaries, several rabbis, apparently Pope Pius XI, with other observers of various faiths, hold that the world is being prepared for an extensive spiritual awakening. On the other hand are those whose current message is of very different tenor. Personally, though of optimistic bent, my later years of contact with the world reveal symptoms of discouraging indifference to things of the spirit, indeed a drift to altogether lower ideals. Sometimes I feel that the real ‘depression’ which besets the world to-day is this lapse. ‘Watchman, what of the night?’ is not a question for missionaries and preachers alone. That is why I address to you in no attitude of idle curiosity the earnest inquiry: Just what is your reaction?”

Like the witnesses quoted by my correspondent, I also am persuaded of extensive spiritual awakenings now taking place. I could furnish evidence of such. Like my correspondent I am also convinced that there are symptoms of discouraging indifference towards the things of the spirit. I can everywhere see an irrepressible drift towards low ideals.

But why should the existence of these two contradictory currents be surprising? Have they not always existed in the world’s history? Not to go too far back, take the eighteenth century. That is usually regarded as typically a period of moral licence and spiritual indifference. Yet never was there a finer seed-time of spiritual life, and we still to-day rejoice in the fruits from germs then sown, when we are not actually living on them.

Or take the nineteenth century. It has been commonly regarded as a period of low materialism. "Victorian" has been a by-word of contempt for an era of narrow and timid conventions, of a prudish refusal to face the intimate facts of life. Yet that period was one of aspiring and optimistic faith in progress, of intense activity in all the sciences that lie at the roots of life; the whole world is to-day becoming cleaner and healthier because of the energies that were in that age generated.

It is too early to speak of the present century. Besides, everyone is free to form his own notions of his own time. If he comes to the conclusion that it is of a different pattern in this respect from any preceding age, we can only suppose that he is a rather eccentric person.

Certainly we know that in every age the mob is swayed by influences that proceed from some inspiring person. We remember the Crusades which swept crowds to the East to recover the earthly Jerusalem from the hands of the infidels and those Methodist revivals of later ages which induced other crowds to rush towards a more spiritual Jerusalem. But when the gust has passed over the swaying field of corn it is seen to stand as before. The pattern of the world has not been changed.

My correspondent wishes to appraise "our" spiritual outlook. It may be possible to appraise your outlook or to appraise mine. But the two may have nothing in common. It is futile to generalize about "our" spiritual outlook.

So it has been for at least the last two thousand years. Even at almost that distance of time we read in the remarkable concluding apocalyptic book of the New Testament: "He that is unrighteous, let him do unrighteousness still; and he that is righteous, let him do righteousness still."

It seems a harsh and unchristian sentiment. But the author was, no doubt, making a virtue of necessity. He was realist enough, for all the fantastic imagery in which he clothed his vision of the world, to recognize as part of the divine scheme

QUESTIONS OF OUR DAY

that both sets of people should be permanent. We may as well accept his wisdom.

After all, a society where everybody was unrighteous would dissolve at once; and no one seems to want to live in a society where everybody is righteous.

XIII

THE JEWISH QUESTION

“**F**ORGIVE the intrusion of this letter. But Jews, especially intelligent American Jews, are to-day looking for vision, human understanding, and sane judgment. They are confused and overwhelmed by the developments of Germany. What should be their attitude throughout the world to Germany—boycott and open demonstration or quiet passivity?”

This letter comes from Paris, written by a correspondent otherwise unknown to me, who, I know, would print any reply he might obtain. I have received other questioning letters of rather similar character from London. I have not replied to any of them. I do not feel competent to dictate advice to the Jews of the world. I am not a prophet, and if such is wanted, Jewry itself has produced prophets of the first order from whom inspiration might well be sought.

For me indeed there has never been any Jewish question. The background from which I come had no Jewish element, save indeed the Bible, which for me is Jewish throughout and has an importance I would never belittle.

Even in later life when I have gained many friends who are Jews, and experienced in large measure those qualities of generosity and receptivity which often mark the Jew, I have been conscious of no Jewish problem. Myself English in the narrowest sense, the Jew is not more alien to me than the Cornishman or the Irishman, or even many so-called Englishmen, often less so.

Therewith perhaps by implication I answer some of the conundrums propounded to me. When a Jewish correspondent

asked me how Gentile relations with Jews could be improved, I replied that, so far as I was concerned, I saw no need of any "improvement." He responded, in proper Hebraic phraseology, that this was "a breath from Gilead."

Yet even that response serves to show that there is more to the question than what happens to be my own personal reaction. And at this moment, even since I wrote the last paragraph, by a fortunate coincidence a book reaches me entitled *The German Jew: His Share in Modern Culture*, by Professor Abraham Meyerson and Dr. Isaac Goldberg. It furnishes the key to the problem of Anti-Semitism, if problem it is, for the German Jew is at the centre of it. Certainly it is a key which many of us thought to be already a common possession.

Misoneism, the hatred of novelty, was the name old Lombroso (who happened to be a Jew) gave to a characteristic of mankind in all lands and ages. What is new and superior—for if it is not superior it is not worth hating—always arouses suspicion and dislike. Not even the best-endowed nations are free from this tendency. Even the Greeks persecuted, imprisoned, exiled, or slew the creators of their own "modern culture," whom now that they are no longer new we all revere. Even the Jews themselves exhibited the same spirit; the ancient story of Jesus is still remembered, and the more recent story of Spinoza.

We see how the matter stands in Germany. "Modern culture" there—it is a familiar fact in the records of science and medicine and literature and music—is represented by Jews in a proportion altogether in excess to their numbers in the general population. This is shown by all the tests that can be applied. Meyerson and Goldberg may not be counted impartial witnesses, but they present the situation fairly. They might choose as their text the words of Renan: "The enemies of Jewry are for the most part the enemies of the modern spirit."

All sorts of reasons are assigned for hostility to the Jews. They are not always baseless, and Jews themselves are often prepared to find Jews objectionable. But those reasons remain side-issues beside the central fact.

The result, of course, is that those who seek to injure the Jews in the end only injure themselves and benefit the world. We may think of Louis XIV, by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes impoverishing France of much of her best blood, to enrich neighbouring countries with Huguenots who in the end had no cause to regret their exile.

So I expect to see the Jews still carrying on successfully, much as they have any time during the past three thousand years. But I do not feel competent to offer any advice to that effect. Nor do I think it needed.

Looking broadly at the matter, even with but a small knowledge of human nature, it is easy to account for Anti-Semitism. The four thinkers to whom, above all others, we owe the development of the modern spirit have been Jews: Marx, Bergson, Freud, and Einstein.

I do not claim to have here presented a complete answer to the Jewish question. What I have stated seems to me the larger part of the answer, but that is not to deny other aspects of the question. Two letters have reached me, both from America, which seek to present those aspects. Both are anonymous and that is not an encouraging sign. But to complete the presentation of the subject it may be desirable to bring forward the main part of these letters. The first writer, in New York, signs himself "Not a Jew-baiter." He writes: "Look at the list of bankrupts, fire bugs, gamblers, bootleggers, keepers of bawdy houses, pickpockets, swindlers, etc., in this city, mostly Jews. And how many change their names, so that they can try to say they are not Jews! As workmen they are the worst disturbers; as soon as they become employers they grind the helpless down. Certainly there are good Jews, and smart ones too, but the majority we have here are the scum of Europe. The intelligent Jew should take them in hand and try to improve them."

The other letter is from "An American," and he writes from San Francisco. "I am an American of old-line stock," he states, "Maryland-Baltimore-English stock. I have not a drop of German blood in my veins as far as I

know. My people have a business that does a great deal of trading in Europe, especially Germany, and so the year I graduated from the University of California I was sent to Germany. And I have been in and out of Germany nearly ever since, except during the war period. I have just returned after a year and a half in Europe, five months of which I spent in Germany. I believe I am reasonably free from prejudice, but I am with the Germans in what they are doing to the Jews in Germany. You will agree that the Jews are represented in all lines in a proportion altogether in excess to their numbers in the general population. For instance there are—or have been—over 5,000 Jewish lawyers in Berlin alone. They control every avenue of trade and commerce. Half the newspapermen of Berlin are Jews. The dry-goods business in all Germany is in the hands of Jews, and indeed nearly every other line too. They are the brokers of Germany to such an extent that they have a stranglehold on all business.

“Now I know Jews go on to talk about their having reached this pinnacle through their smartness. This is quite an assumption. Have they a monopoly of the brains of the world?”

“Now suppose London business was in the hands of say the Irish. We all like the Irish, although like the Jews they have their faults, but suppose they controlled the entire business of London, had say 10,000 lawyers, 50 to 60 per cent of the physicians, 75 per cent of all the dentists, 60 to 75 per cent of all the newspapermen. What would young Englishmen do? And I grant you that the Englishman is pretty tolerant. Well, now that is just the situation in Berlin and not only in Berlin but throughout Germany. In addition to that they control the thinking, the cultural expression in music, the theatre, the cinema industry and so on.

“Just watch the movements of the next few years, even in old England. The Jews have overplayed their hand.”

But perhaps—as someone, whether or not a Jew, has lately written—“So long as gentiles are ill at ease with themselves they want Jesus to be there, to bear the blame for all conceivable ills.”

A NATION OF NEUROTICS?

A LONG letter reaches me marked "Personal," but without either the writer's name or address, and sent to the care of my publishers. The post-mark, however, is Memphis, Tennessee, and the hand-writing seems a woman's. The contents are not perhaps such as some might anticipate from this origin. Indeed, the reverse.

"We are becoming a nation of neurotics," my correspondent declares in the course of this letter. "Our physicians tell us so, yet those in the medical profession who understand this condition make no effort to fight the evil in the only way it can be fought, that is by a refusal on the part of individuals with strong complexes to create life. Doctors could advise a neurological examination beforehand, but they do not.

"Patients are patients and dollars are dollars. Yet truth and the science of neurology, birth control and sterilization, could make a people free of this curse. Why let it go on decade after decade? People have scoffed at the idea of eugenics. Yet when one considers emotional instability, neurosis, insanity, epilepsy, and physical defects, God knows we need it."

My correspondent proceeds to give a long list of cases of neurosis she has come across ending in suicide, insanity, alcoholism, or crime. She regards those people as fatally doomed in themselves and in their offspring, and the more fatally as they are apt to mate with their like. It is not enough for psychiatrists "to prattle of mental hygiene." Everybody must be submitted to neurological examination; then truth and science can fight the curse. "I plead for the unborn."

The crusading fervour of enthusiasts is often a good thing. I hesitate to condemn it, especially when it appears in a cause which to me seems so noble as the future welfare of that human race to which we belong.

Yet there are other considerations. It is highly probable that my correspondent in Memphis, who is so zealous an advocate of this cause, was brought up in an atmosphere where eugenics was not only disregarded (as she says it still is all around her) but where control of the procreation of life was regarded as an impious interference with the will of God.

Her zeal for eugenics has been inflamed into something approaching fanaticism in violent reaction against the anti-eugenic fanaticism she has encountered.

Everywhere she sees the victims of disease, creatures who ought never to have been born, and condemned to perish even at ages she is approximately able to foretell. All those good influences which can be brought to bear even when eugenics has been neglected, all "the psychiatrists who prattle of mental hygiene," as she puts it, she contemptuously thrusts aside.

But we cannot arrange the conditions of our own birth. For most of us what happens after birth constitutes at least the half of Fate. To be well born is indeed a great gift of Fate. But to be ill born is not necessarily Fate's last word. On the contrary, the difficulties in life thus introduced and the possible triumphs over them may constitute a supremely valuable discipline in the art of living. It is to the ill-born that we owe many of the greatest achievements the world can show.

Yet my correspondent's exaggeration of one side of life is no argument for not giving that side its due and rightful place. It is the half-people who constitute the great danger in life, the people who are alive only on one side, which ever side that is, and dead on the other.

My correspondent's furious eugenic zeal, I have little doubt,

is due to being brought up among people who were dead on that side; it represents her violent reaction to the opposite extreme.

If we wish to escape the extravagances of eugenics we must see to it that eugenics has always and everywhere its due and proper place in our activities.

We are so made that it is possible for us to exert our energies in two directions: on the one hand to seek the right conditions for the creation of life and on the other hand to make the right conditions for the life once created.

Such a double activity is needed, and for a being like Man, able to look before and after, it is both natural and reasonable. We are entitled to see it at work on this present earth as we know it, without waiting for any future Utopia in the world or any Paradise in a world to come.

WHAT IS A CRIMINAL?

A CORRESPONDENT who, though an active business man, interests himself in the treatment of young criminals, wishes that I would call attention to this matter. He finds that, in spite of the general increase in humane methods, there is still too often, at all events in England, a harshness exercised which amounts to cruelty. He points out that when the British Government, with the general support of the House of Commons, proposed to abolish the decaying punishment of birching for young offenders, the House of Lords insisted on its retention, since when the practice seems to have been revived, even in the hands of women magistrates.

It has to be admitted that, in a highly conservative and traditionalized land like England, the Biblical method of bringing up children with the aid of the rod, though dying out in general practice, is still regarded as ideal, and thus finds its last home on the judicial bench. The pioneering activities of the United States in this field have not altogether Americanized England. For my own part I would make all magistrates who are liable to exercise the functions of a juvenile court, and especially all women magistrates, first pass an examination in such a book as the *Youth in Conflict* of Dr. Miriam van Waters, not only a wise and beautiful book, but soundly practical. They would learn much there which they could not learn down in that land of the East, where, as another wise American long since remarked, "They did not know everything."

Yet the problem of youthful delinquency remains, in America as elsewhere, even when we have lightly thrown aside the

Biblical rod and the ancient doctrine of punishment—"the eye for an eye"—of the *lex talionis*. A few years ago, if not still, seventy-five per cent of the prisoners in Sing Sing were under twenty-one years of age. In every civilized country crime is a mainly youthful phenomenon.

Indeed, those who have lived much among criminals have often found, as Dostoievsky found among the convicts in Siberia, that to a large extent they continue children throughout life.

It remains desirable to attribute youthful delinquency, as we are now taught, to "maladjustment." But when all allowance is made for the influence of ignorant or foolish parents and an unhappy home environment—undoubtedly it is an important influence—we have not grasped the whole root of the matter.

We are, indeed, here brought back to the point I have touched on before—the place of violence in human nature. While we always have to beware of over-estimating that place, its minor forms remain, and in human nature they tend to break out in the young, often in ways that are destructive and in effect cruel. Not long ago, for instance, a gang of five schoolboys were found amusing themselves by killing and maiming twenty sheep. The boys were sent to an Industrial School; it is quite possible they may turn out estimable; it is also possible that from time to time they may exhibit, in more disguised forms of patriotism or what not, those traits of callousness and violence which in the eyes of many discredit any optimistic estimate of the human race.

It was at one time thought that criminality might be largely accounted for by defective intelligence; criminals are weak-minded and on this ground outside normal humanity. So in some respect a considerable proportion undoubtedly appear to be. But it is a mistake, as Professor Carl Murchison, of Clark University, showed in a masterly study, to suppose that,

when submitted to ordinary mental tests, criminal intelligence is inferior. It is even possible to regard it as superior to the average. We have to look deeper in organic temperament.

As Willemse (working along the lines opened out by the genius of Kretschmer) has shown in South Africa, we may find clues to delinquency in constitutional type. Not everyone is born with the constitution that lends itself to crime, yet that tendency is rooted in human nature.

It still remains true that by our bad conditions we may develop the tendency into monstrous forms or by our sound social hygiene control and subdue it. So we may realize the balance of heredity and environment.

We cannot, indeed, usually expect the same people to see both scales of the balance. When the sanguine educationist Sulzer expatiated to Frederick the Great on the native goodness of mankind and the need for less harshness in schools, "Oh, my dear Sulzer," interrupted the King, "you don't know the damned race as I do!"

HOW USE OUR NEW LEISURE?

“I HOPE you will not mind receiving a few lines from a working man. I have recently read the three books of your *Impressions and Comments* in our local Central Library, so different in their sanity and common sense from the blatant rubbish so many choose for their mental food. Working men have so much forced leisure now that many are turning to reading, and to serious reading, as our library figures show. I have worked for thirty-two years in a South London factory employing six hundred people, and the change in their attitude to serious authors during the last two years is perhaps unrealized by those not in touch with workshop life. Many of my mates have entirely discarded newspapers, regarding them as ‘dope.’ Politicians of every description are derided. They are turning to *writers*. We collect pennies to buy second-hand and cheap editions of books to read during our ‘suspension weeks.’

“The significant thing is that workers to-day are looking to authors who have the power to stimulate thought, express ideas and ideals, and focus public opinion.”

I quote from this letter just received, not to furnish a testimonial (which I trust may not here be required) to my own sanity and common sense, but because it has much more than a merely personal significance. It touches a problem which a few of us seriously ponder. What is to be done about the increased leisure of the world?

At the moment that is even an acute problem. In all the larger countries there are to-day millions of people accustomed

to work, even to prolonged and exhausting work, who are now workless.

For the working class, in England at all events, there has long been the passive excitement of the spectacle of sport, various forms of gambling, and the picture house. Passive enjoyments, all of them, mentally as well as physically, and therefore—however contemptible they seem to many—the inevitable recreations of a working class actively absorbed in labour. But under the new conditions they are seeming less satisfactory.

All sorts of social activities are now being organized to develop physical activity, to provide for the occupation and recreation of the unemployed, and to care for their welfare generally.

At the same time we are beginning to reap the advantages of our national system of education (my correspondent tells me his parents could scarcely read or write) and of the museums and public libraries we have slowly been building up.

The worker, no longer forced to think about his own immediate work, is free to think about larger problems—indeed, even forced by the world's situation to think about them—and so he turns to those neglected fountains of knowledge. That is why my correspondent's letter is significant.

The problem happens just now to be acute. But it will soon be chronic. We know that never again will constant and exhausting manual labour absorb mankind as during the last century it was absorbed.

When, in the earlier days of humanity, megalithic circles were set up and the Pyramids built, the expenditure of human labour was prodigious. Those were the great days of the proletariat. At the beginning of the modern machine age there was a tremendous recrudescence of human labour. But that very demand for labour led to methods of dispensing with it.

HOW USE OUR NEW LEISURE?

As we know, the new technical advances are now so rapid that human labour is being reduced to a minimum.

We already hear of the four-hour working day as the probable maximum for the future. The day of the proletariat is over. Few workers but skilled ones are now needed. Most of the unemployed of to-day will perhaps never be employed again. They already belong to an age that is past.

That is why the problems of human selection, of eugenics, as many term it, are now absorbing so much attention. That, to return to the point before us, is why the problem of leisure is acute. The old roads are barred. And therewith mankind sees opening the ascending paths to fresh heights of achievement.

We are brought at the end to a great truth I have often encountered in life. It is on our failures that we base a new and different and better success.

Adam and Eve, in the old legend, were driven out of their little Eden. They must have counted themselves sad failures. But they had gained the whole world.

XVII

WHEREIN LIES THE POWER OF MUSIC?

“**I** FEAR that speculations as to what the music they play means are quite over the heads of performing musicians. They take no intellectual interest in music. Their business is simply to play it.”

So writes an occasional correspondent who has always been in close touch with musicians and is himself keenly musical. I do not question that he is right. But one who is not a musician, and yet finds music one of the chief joys of life, is not content to leave the question there.

An English musical critic has lately discussed the distinction between what he calls the “hearers” of music and the “listeners.” The terms are rather arbitrarily defined. But he means on the one hand those who lean back passively and allow waves of pleasant sound to flow over them, and if it has a ready-made name and label, then no responsibility rests on them to determine what it means. On the other hand is the class of those who sit up to music, spiritually if not physically; they are intent to get to the core of it, to find in it a meaning and a character, which may indeed be far from the precise and technical ideas received by trained musicians, but are equally far from the vague waves of sound which submerge those who lie back.

It is to this class of listeners that I feel myself to belong, and my attitude evoked the remark quoted from my correspondent’s letter. I was explaining my deep distaste for all music composed to a programme.

The music which is written as an accompaniment to words

or a story—of which operatic music is the type—stands apart. It deliberately subordinates itself to another art (Wagner's musical dramas, it is admitted, standing in a class by themselves). It exists to heighten and intensify the effects of definite situations and particular words. It is fulfilling a legitimate function of music.

But not the highest function. That is clearly shown by the fact that it abandons its own self-sufficiency to submit to external guidance. Music that is exercising its complete function relies upon its own power as music. By trying to claim an additional and foreign interest, as illustrating a story or a situation, it ceases to be true to itself.

A quartet composed after a quarrel with an old friend had been made up; a concerto on the composer's wooing and marriage; a symphony on the death of his favourite daughter; a sonata written after a violent attack of diarrhoea relieved by a large dose of chlorodyne—I can quite believe that these occasions and the like may inspire noble and pathetic music. But I do not need to know the nature of the original impulse which became sublimated in magnificent forms of art.

There is more than that. Such knowledge is not merely a matter of indifference. These programmes are a positive hindrance; they distract my attention from the music; they concentrate it on the trivial task of guessing at the details of the story illustrated. It may be pardonable to give a symphonic piece a vague name which will mean little or nothing to the listener—such as the *Tapiola* or *En Saga* of Sibelius—but anything more than that is a nuisance. It can only bear witness to the composer's ingenuity, not to his mastery of the genuine resources of music.

It is in its transcendency that the peculiar power of music resides. That is to say that music can reach a height on which the accidents of life have ceased to exist. The movement of life subsists, even in a supreme degree, but it is

unbound from the limitations of life. It has been said—perhaps in too unqualified a way—that the same music can express either love or worship, and we know that a dance can be converted into a hymn tune. It is because of music's transcendency that we can absorb ourselves in its exploration and find in it the enlarging and consoling expression of all our own varying emotions.

The process may change, but it grows no less as one grows older oneself. The music of a violin, it has been said—though no longer with exact truth—is the scraping of the tail of a horse on the bowels of a cat. When as a boy I first heard some famous violinist, whose name I now forget, it sounded something like that. It is a different matter now when I hear Kreisler or another playing the *Violin Concerto* of Beethoven or of Brahms.

XVIII

THE LIMITATIONS OF THE HOME

“MY father’s idea of me as a person is still what he remembers of the six- or seven-years-old child; there is a real jealousy or resentment, though he is beginning to conquer it, of his children having any activities or life of their own.”

It is a fully grown woman of high ability, leading a professional life of her own, and with experience of the world, who is writing. I quote the passage by no means as exceptional, but rather as typical. The situation is constantly presented.

It is usually the daughter who feels the situation acutely enough to rebel or at all events to seek expression; the son escapes from the home, and gains independence, early enough to avoid the necessity for active rebellion, even though he may well be aware of the situation he has left behind. It is also usually the mother rather than, as in my friend’s case, the father, whose impulse it is to regard the daughter as an everlasting child. The ancient traditions of domestic subjection survive longer where the daughter is concerned, and it is the mother who is viewed as her natural guardian. Indeed it may happen that the father is not without sympathy for an adventurous daughter, and that a more or less tacit understanding arises to conceal from the mother what she may be unable to understand. Other cases, however, there are, where the mother is dead, and the father forms around him a sort of harem of charming daughters to minister to his comfort and add to the attractiveness of his home.

In the most painful cases the daughter is subjected to the

will of a domineering mother, who not only takes for granted that she is entitled to be the main object of her daughter's care, but exercises an inquisitorial authority over every object of that daughter's interest outside herself. The daughter, out of natural affection, a sense of filial duty, and a tradition of subservience, meekly submits, while all the best years of her life are slipping by.

It is largely the frequency of homes of that kind, sometimes taking on more painful shapes, which has called forth the modern attack on the home. Such dens of parental tyranny have been generalized as though they were the sole type of the home, and so become the objects of violent abuse. The home, we are told, must be abolished, and is indeed already beginning to disappear.

But if we ask what is to take its place, we find that it is simply another kind of home. It is to be a home provided with mother-substitutes who have received expert training in mothercraft. But such artificial motherliness cannot take the place of the real relationship. Nor are we told why, since experts are now needed, the real mother should not be trained to be an expert, nor why the mother-substitutes should be deprived of real children and the children of real mothers. It is surely along this line that the new motherhood will have to be found.

Yet it remains true that the home, even the best, is for children, and not for those, of either sex, who are no longer children. For my own part I am always pleased to hear that, as soon as youth is over, the child, girl as well as boy, is leaving home. That is desirable, and even more so when the home is happy and comfortable, for no development is possible under easy and indulgent conditions which unfit youth for the inevitable struggles of life. On the other hand, when home-life itself involves struggle, it is unfortunate and undesirable that the difficulties of life should be embodied, and perhaps rendered

hateful, in the form of parents, from whom understanding and sympathy might fairly be expected. In either case home-life is no longer in place.

“The happy Christian homes are the dark places of the world,” declared James Hinton, who lived before the days of Communist propaganda. A home may be happy and Christian, as I could myself testify, without being among earth’s “dark places.” And there is little reason to believe that the storms now assailing the home will prove destructive, save when destruction is well deserved. But they will certainly bring in light and air.

XIX

COUNT KEYSERLING

“I WAS amazed to hear you praise Keyserling and call him a prophet. He is a fool. I always dislike a man so full of secret and narrow prejudices. He is really of no account. You are too much in a hurry to praise. I feel that Keyserling should merit your depreciation. I am glad the people in my country are beginning to ignore him. He is a wolf in a sheep’s fur.”

My young and outspoken correspondent, who writes from New York, is perhaps rash in taking for granted that, when I referred to Keyserling as belonging to the tribe of the prophets, praise was necessarily implied. There are all sorts of prophets, and I simply had in mind those old Hebrew messengers of the Divine Will whose claims might easily be disputed. But he is certainly correct in asserting that at the present time Americans ignore Keyserling.

It was not always so. Authentic and prominent representatives of American opinion acclaimed Keyserling as among the great figures of the day, and his *Travel Diary* as a spiritual event of the highest importance for the whole world, a new vision of life by a man of supreme endowments.

But with the publication of the *Psycho-analysis of America* a sudden change occurred. There was silence, in public, at all events, a complete silence, only broken by such more or less private outbursts as my young friend in New York gives vent to, though he fails to write to the point and is far astray when he supposes that Keyserling claims to be a sheep. On the contrary, he has recently by implication characteristically

placed himself among the race of lions. My correspondent may not have read Keyserling's later work, the *South American Meditations*, written throughout in its author's outspoken, personal, and independent manner, though if he had, he would not have found much to conciliate North American susceptibilities. Indeed I remain myself rather puzzled at Keyserling's aggrieved reaction to those susceptibilities. A prophet should be willing to accept a prophet's fate.

Not indeed that Keyserling has cause to complain of his reception by distinguished thinkers and artists of various lands. Bergson and Freud and C. G. Jung and Hauptmann and Thomas Mann and Wassermann and Tagore with many others have put on record their admiration or their sympathy for his work. Indeed they seem still to remain as enthusiastic as were American critics before Keyserling launched the psycho-analytic bomb which has proved so devastating.

In approaching foreign potentates a certain etiquette has always been demanded. Only those rare persons who have the courage and independence to put the expression of their personal convictions before this code of manners can disregard it. And those who do so run serious risks.

A modern democracy corresponds to an old-time monarch, and must be approached in the same manner. The failure to do so, as Keyserling found, is risky, and the risks are greater the younger and more susceptible King Demos happens to be. Indeed so susceptible is King Demos that, as I have observed again and again, he will even assume a slight when nothing but regard was meant.

Fortunately or unfortunately, there have been cautious and accomplished people, with no claim to be any sort of prophet, who have understood this royal sensitiveness and known how to deal with it.

A traveller of this kind in dangerous lands, who possessed a shrewd and courtier-like tact a century ago, was Lieutenant

Burnes. After crossing the Hindu Kush, and navigating the Oxus, he reached the Court of Persia in Teheran. The Shah inquired of him, much in the manner of American interviewers with Keyserling, what was the greatest wonder he had seen. "Centre of the Universe," the Englishman replied, "what sight is there on earth more wonderful than your Majesty's radiant countenance?"

Lieutenant Burnes still has many successful followers, but Keyserling is not among them.

FLIGHT FROM THE WORLD

"I CAME back rather disturbed and puzzled from my trip to France. One still sees everywhere the deep traces of hardship and struggle, the after-effects of war. But what is so upsetting is that, time after time, as one inquires after people one knew of old, comes the answer: 'Oh! he has become a monk,' 'She has just taken the veil in such and such an Order,' 'He is thinking about entering a monastery.' And these three occasions in a small circle, concerning people I once knew well. Of course each of them has had a trying time. But I still can't see that this is the best way to face suffering and hardship. What do you think of it?"

It is a question with many aspects, and the case of France may be special. At the time when I knew Paris best, many years ago now, the question of religion was in the background, or if it ever came to the front it was simply as the question of more completely secularizing education. All the great figures in art and thought were far from religion. Verlaine, indeed, had been a Catholic, but only for a moment, and Huysmans was slowly becoming rather an eccentric one. How different to-day, when Claudel, whom some would consider the chief poet of France, and Mauriac, whom some would call the chief novelist, with other prominent figures in every field, are devout and respectable Catholics.

I regard this as simply one of those great waves of action and reaction which have always gone on in France, not entirely due to the War, nor necessarily a world phenomenon. The desire for seclusion from the world is not even bound up with

religion. Essentially it is the mark of aloofness from the world, or of disgust at the prevailing conditions. This is sometimes apt to be the outlook of idealist youth, and in some disturbed states of society it may affect any age.

In the mediæval period the solution was simple. The world was often a scene of disaster for those who cherished ideas of peaceful activity or study, and there were everywhere monasteries of varied Orders where such a life could be lived with a considerable degree of freedom, for the Church was indulgent and there were few who could not find a place in it. I can well believe that if I had myself lived in those ages I could have found myself at home in one or the other Order, by preference the Benedictines or the Augustinian Canons. But to-day conditions are altogether changed.

"A kind of monastery for free spirits"—that is how Nietzsche described what it was at one time, still in early life, his ambition to establish. He had even found a beautiful old castle in a solitary region of Central Europe which could be had at a reasonable price. With the help of a few friends of like mind, not exclusively men, he resolved to secure this place as a centre for the development of high culture, to work for the progress and liberation of the world. But it was eventually decided that the practical difficulties were too serious.

That was soon after the Franco-Prussian War. The Great War of more recent times has left a deeper and more widespread disturbance of civilization. It has, moreover, in the opinion of many, served even to increase the possibility of a future still greater catastrophe in which our civilization itself may be destroyed. We may recall *Ararat*, the notable romance (never, I believe, translated) of a destroyed world, which Arnold Ulitz wrote immediately after the War.

It is because such a flood of devastation seems now to some a possibility that the question arises of a sacred Ark in which the seeds of civilization could be preserved to germinate afresh

a better world. Where indeed the ark is to be built is less easy to decide in our day than in Nietzsche's. He would not now select Switzerland. The United States and Canada, to which men's thoughts once instinctively turned, have long since become impossible, since the forces of law and order there are now alarmed at once by even the most innocent banner of freedom and close round it with an army of policemen and tax-collectors. There is indeed Nepal from which the outer world is still excluded. And there is the interior of Australia only now beginning to be revealed.

Yet, whatever dangers threaten, we need not fear that civilization will perish. There will always be some ready, as of old, to build the ark: "A kind of monastery for free spirits."

THE QUESTION OF REVOLUTIONS

“NOTHING will avail until we achieve some measure of ideal political government. It is vain to speak of birth control, eugenics, non-violence, Christian conduct, or experimental education, until Communism—or its modified form Socialism—is realized. In the last degree everything is based on the ways and means by which people earn their subsistence. This is what determines their character. Everything must wait until a humane government is attained. After that all other things come into place. In your books you do not pay enough attention to government, not even philosophically. This is most regrettable, and will tend to depreciate you in the future.”

I quote from an aspiring young author who writes to me from time to time. As at the present time, he often finds fault with me. Yet I remain impenitent, and do not accept a single one of the statements I have quoted.

None the less I am by no means unsympathetic to my correspondent's attitude. It is the attitude of youth. It is not unlike my own at his age. We were in those days eager young Socialists (not Communists, who were then unknown as a group), and cheerfully faced the desirability of putting society on a new foundation at one stroke, whether or not of a revolutionary nature.

If I no longer accept that sudden transformation as desirable, or even, in any real and more than superficial sense, possible, this does not mean that I neglect the question of government.

I feel much interest in government, even if only to resist its excesses of energy. And I have sometimes set forth my ideal of government as the harmonious balance of the two opposing yet both wholesome and fundamental impulses of individualism and socialism. The ideal government, as I view it, is that which combines the greatest amount of freedom for the individual with the greatest co-operative activity of the community. In Great Britain, in the United States, in France, I see attempts, for the most part awkward and imperfect, to carry out that ideal, however far ahead it may still remain.

That distance ahead I regard as inevitable. Those countries of Europe which have attempted to transform themselves at a stroke—there are at least three of these—seem to me to exist in order to show how not to do it, and are no doubt valuable on that account. They have all achieved, or are achieving, some good, but they have had to pay a heavy price for it.

The reason is that the new society can in this way only be formed of the same old individuals who made the old society, and who will make the new one in the same spirit. How indeed could it be otherwise? A new building needs new bricks. A Communism which acts as an inverted Tsarism, or a Fascism as an inverted Prussianism, exerts the same kind of pressure, and even more violently, though on different sections of the community. All those things and others which my correspondent regards as vain, and only to come after the ideal government is attained, are really the steps necessary in order to reach the government he desires. Without them it cannot be attained, or its attainment is fruitless.

That is hard for us to see in our idealistic youth. We have no experience of life, we have no knowledge of human nature and its complexities. Even so far as we know anything of either, the new energy streaming out from within us seems strong enough to sweep away all obstacles. I see all this. I think it is all needed. In each stage of life we must act in

QUESTIONS OF OUR DAY

accordance with our development at that stage, and probably the world needs our activity at every one of these stages.

I see all this. I also see no hope of setting up any worthwhile New Jerusalem to-morrow. I must be content to accept whatever depreciation my correspondent foresees awaiting me in the future.

WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

“NO, it’s not my autobiography I am writing, it’s psychology, if not philosophy. I am trying to write in popular form to explain the absolute connection of all things, and therewith their relativity.”

This letter is from Sweden, and I had been hoping that, since my friend has had a variegated life, the book was to be autobiographical. In a sense it probably will be. I have long held that all philosophy is of the nature of autobiography.

I suppose that this is not the generally accepted view. Hence the still-prevailing confusions with regards to philosophies. It goes back at least as far as Plato. In one of the Platonic dialogues we are presented to Dionysodorus whose all-sufficient criterion in philosophy was being up to date and ignoring anything said by anyone as long back as last year.

We still have up-to-date thinkers of that type who are themselves out of date the year after. It is their prevalence which accounts for the frequency of disputes about philosophy. Properly considered, philosophy is a man’s personal reaction to the universe. It is the history of his adventures—provided he has had any—among those unknowable things which most of us come up against, though only a few have the courage to face.

“Philosophy is a systematic search for Reality,” a recent writer declares. It is nothing of the kind, and in so far as it has often seemed so it is a futile search, for it proposes a problem which is insoluble. The philosopher may venture to make for himself an image of the essence of reality as a convenient symbol for his own use. But it has little meaning to anyone else. Therefore it cannot be “Reality.” Schopenhauer

regarded the world as "will and representation." But if he had left it at that his name would to-day have been unknown. We cherish his writings, not for the sake of any metaphysical theory of the Reality of the universe but because of the deep and beautiful utterances they contain on innumerable aspects of actual human life. It is the same with Nietzsche, who indeed can scarcely be said to have had any systematic view of Reality at all. At the best the philosopher's system of the Universe is a personal string, perhaps invisible or only guessed at, on which to hang the beaded jewels that delight us.

The most sagacious philosophers, even those who have been ostentatiously systematic, have sometimes divined this true nature of philosophy. Hegel's philosophy is a system which not all can grasp. He is himself reported by Heine to have said: "Only one man has ever understood me—and even he did not understand me." But it was Hegel also who said that "if it is true that every philosophy has been refuted, it is also true that no philosophy has ever been refuted, or ever can be." Philosophy, as Lange long ago argued in his fascinating *History of Materialism*, is of the same nature as poetry. It may be good or bad; it cannot be true or false.

So that if a fine work of philosophy may be for the disinterested spectator mere beaded jewels of which he may disregard the string, we need another image to represent the philosopher's creative impulse. He is a poet who craves a spiritual home in an alien universe. He seizes on the metaphysical elements he can grasp to construct a house of refuge for his spirit. His house is not likely to suit most other people. But, provided it is well made, there will always be some for whom it is a palace in which to find shelter and peace and joy.

Most of us have to be content with houses—spiritual as well as material—of which we were not ourselves the architect. But for the spirit as for the body that is scarcely the ideal arrangement. Every man his own philosopher!

TOLERATION AS A DUTY

“I BECOME increasingly aware of the infinite complexity of things. To extract a single idea from the morass seems impossible. This complexity seems rather terrifying. What with biology, psychology, pathology, and all other ologies, the human make-up seems nothing but a maze. As I look at things at present I do not feel that I blame anyone for anything. When Christ said ‘Judge not that ye be not judged’ perhaps He merely said it because He felt that no one could be without some imperfection or other.”

The writer is a novelist who is now feeling his creative instinct hampered by this increasing sense that the human make-up is nothing but a maze with no way out.

The complexity of things, as my correspondent feels, enjoins on us the duty of tolerance. “This is an age of toleration,” as Dr. Killick Millard, the distinguished President of the Society of Medical Officers of Health, lately declared, though as he was at the same time advocating the desirability in suitable cases of euthanasia, I am not sure that he may not here come across people who do not belong to our age.

There are, indeed, limits to the toleration of many who would hesitate to endorse the dictum of Oliver Wendell Holmes that “the idea of toleration is an insult to mankind.” Dr. Inge has become widely known by his tolerance, and even advocacy, of many unpopular and unconventional causes, but there are points at which he vigorously draws the line. Thus not long since he declared that the “modernist atrocities” of art to-day are simply “nonsense that within the next ten years

would be banished to the bathroom or even further." Yet those "abominations" seem to many serious critics a justifiable and necessary development of art.

There is indeed considerable confusion as to the scope of toleration. The first thing we have to do about it is to define it. Many people confound it with indifference. "An age of religious tolerance," says a recent writer, "is necessarily an age of scepticism." But Dr. Jordan in his learned and searching work on *The Development of Religious Toleration in England* takes a totally opposite view. There is no virtue, he asserts, in tolerating what one regards with indifference.

The virtue of toleration can only be claimed for people who tolerate persons or things which they actively dislike or even think wrong. If we had first to acquire indifference before becoming tolerant, toleration would be more in the nature of a vice than a virtue. It would cease to be bound up with the progress of civilization.

In the absence of a strenuous diversity—in politics and faith and morals and taste—no high civilization is possible. A sufficiently widespread liberty of conscience is needed to carry on the struggle against the notion of "heresy" and the notion of "treason." Since we all of us possess the germs of diversity, when we cultivate toleration of others we are really making a claim for ourselves.

It is a curious but not uncommon experience in dreaming, to encounter an opponent who contradicts our facts and overthrows our arguments, and on waking to find it is with the opponent that we really agree and not with the dream-self. The psycho-analyst may have no difficulty in interpreting the opponent as the voice of the dreamer's Unconscious, and in any case the dreamer is certainly responsible for the opponent.

Life itself, wise men have said, is a dream. Perhaps it may be as well to remember this trick of dreaming before we awake from the dream of life.

THE CLEANSING OF NATIONAL STABLES

“DEAR friend, you *are* so wrong in not signing. Realize that only by the protests of great and small does the fact stand out that these boys were not electrocuted. Many well-known intellectuals have made their protests, some of them long ago. The pence of British workmen and the shillings of the rest have gone to enable the defence lawyers to carry on against the most blatant of frame-ups in the arsenal of race-hatred. You’ve signed against Fascism, surely you won’t withhold signing this?”

The writer, whose name is not unknown, is actively interested in seeking to right what many consider to be the wrongs of the world, and I cannot fail to feel sympathetic to such appeals. But when the wrongs, real or supposed, take place in other countries, I sometimes obstinately refuse to respond. Let us, I insist, first right our own wrongs at home.

That negative attitude, as on the present occasion, does not always meet with approval. Many large maxims are flung at my head with a hint that I lack perception of the wider claims of humanity.

To such critics I point out that we can all easily accept general maxims. But, when we begin to apply maxims to particular cases, all sorts of considerations come up.

The special consideration which comes up in such a case as the present concerns the frontier between a national attitude and an international attitude. “Let justice be done though the heavens fall!” Certainly. But how far are we entitled thus to struggle with the falling heavens under a foreign sky? And

if outsiders attempt it, are they not liable to arouse a resentment which may nullify all their efforts?

It is true that the Scottsboro' trial has proved of international interest. The eyes of the world have been focused on Alabama. But it does not follow that the world should take part in the trial or attempt to influence the result. A nation must itself assume and accept full responsibility for its own national activities.

In 1915 there were many outsiders urging the United States to take a hand in the Great War. My wife, who was at that time lecturing in America, refused to touch publicly on the War or to discuss her own anti-war tendencies in relation to American policy. I entirely sympathized with her attitude. But it is an attitude even more demanded where the application of definite laws is in question.

No doubt there is here a delicately poised problem. To remain spectators is by no means necessarily to feel indifferent. We are fully entitled to express as emphatically as we like our general opinions regarding all sorts of policies and activities—such as Fascism or prohibition or lynching—regardless of foreign nations which favour those policies and activities. But in so doing we are not attempting to exert any specific influence on those nations.

Where the poise really becomes momentous, however, is in relation to the growing internationalism of the peoples of the world. Are we still repeating the rhetorical question: "Am I my brother's keeper?" What are to-day the legitimate limits of international humanitarianism?

Certainly it is true to-day, as perhaps never before, that no nation lives to itself or dies to itself. In the economic field that truth is now being driven home to the most obtuse observer. But it is equally true in other fields. To let down the level at one point is to let down the general level.

But the point I wish to make clear is that at every end it

is for the people who hold that end to keep it up. A vague and random inrush of outsiders will not make up for the negligencies or incapacities of any people. Even from the viewpoint of internationalism it is still the business of every nation to keep order in its own house. If that order is disorder the nation must still assume responsibility and accept whatever unpleasant results may follow in the comity of nations.

It seems a hard rule. But there is no heroic Hercules nowadays going about to cleanse the Augean stables of foreign countries. King Augeas must cleanse his own stables. And he cannot fail to benefit by so wholesome an exercise.

I ought to add that, in putting forward the above view, which has always been my own, I am quite prepared to admit that the opposite view is also legitimate, and even that in some circumstances it is to be preferred. It has been well set forth by André Gide in his "Pages de Journal" (*Nouvelle Revue Française*, August, 1935).

Gide here states that the right to overlook frontiers and view affairs internationally, reprobating every denial of justice, seems to him of high importance. "It may, in some cases, irritate the country in question, even push it to an extreme, and lead it to consummate the injustice. But it also happens that it is intimidated, and I have no doubt that, for instance, the indignation manifested in England at the inexplicably prolonged detention of Dimitrov, after his acquittal, was very awkward for Germany; I even think that, without that intervention, Dimitrov might no longer be alive. In every way it much pleases me that the national idea yields to a higher notion of justice, soaring above that of country.—But here you are not at home; what right have you to interfere in what does not concern you?—We are everywhere at home where there are men who suffer; whatever is human is worthy to concern us. In general I applaud every international feeling and manifestation, everything that puts Europe before the nations, and mankind before Europe."

IS LOVE AN ILLUSION?

“I WOULD like to marry a young lady with whom I have been keeping company for some time. She is considerate and adorable. But I’m afraid, when I do marry her, she may be just an illusion, and that after our marriage everything will fade. For, as I see by the papers, the divorce courts are crowded with couples dissatisfied with each other. I wonder whether it is worth while to take the chance of getting married. And if I do, how could I live happily with my wife?”

I know no more of my correspondent, save that he writes from New York. That is hardly enough to enable me to offer any helpful advice. I have not the privilege of knowing the “considerate and adorable” young lady, and I have no idea how far my correspondent himself may be regarded as considerate and adorable. (I admit that they are both valuable qualities whether in man or woman.) But though it is hardly possible to throw light on the possibilities in this individual case, there may be room for comment on the general situation.

A difficulty is, however, that while this is a subject on which everyone has thought, and most people gained some sort of experience, it is possible to form opinions which are opposed and yet either of them be justifiable. For instance, there is the question of illusion in love.

I ask a married woman friend who lives happily with her husband what she feels on this point. She replies that she considers a certain amount of illusion is desirable and necessary at the outset, being required to create the love, though later it becomes unnecessary and is dispelled without diminishing the

love. Well, that is one viewpoint which it seems quite possible to maintain.

I should myself have said that while in first love—what used to be called calf-love—illusion is of the essence, since it arises in complete ignorance of the real nature of its object which is merely a sort of screen on which the lover projects his own dream, that is a passing phase of youthful development. It is only repeated in persons of incorrigibly youthful temperament who cannot learn by disillusion. I know indeed that there are couples who marry on a first love and live for half a century in complete devotion to each other; but I regard them as happy exceptions. Those I have known of happened to be fortunately well adapted to each other; there was no occasion for disillusion.

I would not myself admit either the necessity or the desirability of illusion. People who have not outgrown that stage hardly seem fit candidates for matrimony. No doubt there will always be some obscure mysteries, not open to observation, which lend themselves to illusion. But in a civilized social community human beings themselves, at all events, should be the least obscure of mysteries. We are entitled to expect that, by the time the fumes of youth are dispersed, they should have acquired sufficient powers of observation and insight to select a fitting mate. I would add that those same powers, however moderate in amount, might also be expected to preserve the qualities the lover values from fading, by enabling him to take care that his partner does not find them fading in himself.

It may, I admit, be too much to expect. And those who are afraid of disillusionment had perhaps better bear in mind the advice nowadays so prominently displayed in our streets:
Safety First

That maxim was not, however, devised with reference to marriage. Even if sexual selection in marriage were more of an illusion than I think it need be, I should still refuse to

apply it. It is a dubious kind of safety which consists in flying from life. It should be reserved for very special brands of soul.

The maxim I would prefer to put forward is *Adventure First!* Provided, that is, it is clearly understood that, as all history of adventure shows, the adventurer who sets forth before he is properly equipped is a fool.

So if my correspondent happens to be amenable to philosophic ideas, and these lines should come under his eyes, I should like to remind him that one of the most prominent of living philosophers, Professor Whitehead, has lately written a book to emphasize "the importance of Adventure for the promotion and preservation of civilization."

THE NEW AGE OF FAITH

“SELF-STYLED moralists have been condemning the new generation as sceptics and moral barbarians. I wonder if they ever attempt to put themselves in the place of those they condemn. Montaigne accepted gaps in his knowledge as inevitable. To-day we want certitude and desire to fill the gaps. Orthodox religion fails to do this; Humanism evades the question; science, losing its prestige as a tool to plumb the depths of reality, is returning to the view of Plato that we deal only with the shadows of reality. At twenty-four I am being swept inexorably into a maelstrom of scepticism, when what I want is certainty.”

I know no more of my correspondent than what he here tells me. But his letter illustrates a common attitude alike of the moralist of yesterday and the youth of to-day. To me, I confess, this conflict of outlook seems no novelty in the world. I suspect that it might have been witnessed before history began. We seem to have as little ability to remember what we were yesterday as to foretell what we shall be to-morrow. The moralist of to-day has forgotten that he was the sceptic of yesterday; the youthful sceptic of to-day cannot foretell that to-morrow he may belong to the despised class of moralists.

It is true that the majority of people are neither moralists nor sceptics. But powerful as that majority may be politically, they are outside the field of my correspondent's troubles, which I do not wish to dismiss by saying that they are no novelty in the world. On the contrary I admit that during the

last fifty years and more they have been manifested by force of circumstance with unusual energy.

However ancient the conflict, our business is with the forms it took yesterday in the post-war generation and to-day is taking in the post-post-war generation. It is easy to see that their sources are to be found in the so-called Victorian epoch and in the Great War.

It is sometimes thought that what chiefly marked the men of Victorian days was faith in their own world. That is a mistake. What marked them was a faith in "Progress" and the coming of a better world. They pulled down and built up their world with unexampled vigour and confidence, reforming it both materially and spiritually. Their most venerated prophet was the drastic Carlyle who declared they were "mostly fools." They produced Darwin and Bradlaugh and Marx to proclaim a great future for science and free thought and social order; they listened reverently to Tyndall who foresaw a philosophy of infinite possibilities based on mechanical science and to Herbert Spencer who set no limits to Progress along the paths of evolution. Never was there such an age of faith in the future. "There's a good time coming, boys," they cheerfully sang, "a good time coming."

The faith was burning lower but not extinguished when the Great War came, "the war to make the world safe for democracy." With it there came, at all events for the immediate post-war generation, a complete collapse of the old faiths.

That was an age of critical and sometimes subtle analysis, of impartial scepticism, belittling all venerated institutions and people and beliefs. Its self-conscious egoism, as the older generation pointed out, accompanied a pernicious anæmia of the soul, a lack of vital energy pronounced in the poems and novels of the young modernists. "The vision of these young people of to-day who are so full of hatred seems to me narrow," wrote André Gide not so long ago; "nothing will age so quickly

as their modernity." My correspondent reflects that spirit, and it already seems to be ageing.

The post-post-war generation whose coming it is now our privilege—for let us hope it may prove a privilege—to witness has a different outlook. No uncertainty but instead the manifestation of faith, indeed of many faiths. It is a new Victorianism we seem to see, a new revival of certitudes such as my correspondent craves. There is a faith in authority and a reverence for symbols, especially manifested in the political movements of those nations which, having found the world unsafe for democracy, now place their necks beneath the heels of dictators. We see, what in the post-war generation was singularly absent, an acceptance of the eternal element of conflict and discipline in life.

To-day the Catholic Church claims to speak with authority for the guidance of the world; the Y.M.C.A. is flourishing; the Bible is more a "best-seller" than ever; our universities are largely peopled by ardent young Communists; and even André Gide, once the apostle of a whole generation in restless uncertainty of outlook, has now declared his faith in the class war.

We live again in a world of certitudes. I stand aside and gaze.

NUDISM AS A CULT

“BY the way, about sun-bathing societies and nudists of whom I may have seemed to speak with levity. What I feel is that lots of things are delightful and sound when they just happen naturally, but are spoilt directly someone comes along and makes a ‘cult’ of them. You could find examples of this in all spheres, even in religion. Heaps of people practise a sort of innocent and sensible auto-suggestion to the benefit of their general health and happiness—but think of the abysses of idiocy into which this can fall when it takes the form of some rigid ‘cult’ or other! In the same way if a few young men and women by the sea want to discard those tiresomely clinging and cold bathing-suits which destroy the benefits of sea and sun, and bathe naked, what could be more natural and wholesome? But it is a far cry from the charming semi-nude Russian children I have seen in camps to a group of English nudists, sitting in winter in a Chelsea cellar to expose their elderly limbs and talk avidly about sex.”

Bertrand Russell somewhere says that it is the fate of the idealist to see his ideals destroyed in the real shapes they assume. The same thought has often come to me, and I am much in sympathy with the woman friend whose letter I here quote. Many years ago (in my book on *Sex in Relation to Society*) I wrote of nakedness and the necessary part it seemed to me to be called upon to play in developing a sane attitude towards the essential things of life, but I never feel tempted to subscribe to the Rules and Regulations of the Nudist Societies now springing up.

Yet there is more to it than this. The Nudist Societies happen to be in fashion, but they are merely a new manifestation of the ancient cult impulse of mankind. When that impulse arose no one can know. It was surely some way far back in the Early Stone Age. It is indeed one with the tendency to ritual which lies in the essence of life itself and is symbolized in the dance, which has its foundations in Nature.

To realize that is to realize that it is no longer possible to be contemptuous of cults. In spite of all my own antipathy to some of their shapes and aspects, I recognize that cults bear witness to a real and legitimate impulse. We should not laugh at the nudists in the cellar nor at the worshippers in any little Bethel. After all, they are the realists whose task it is to bring into the world the dreams of the idealists, even if in so doing they soon destroy them.

We have to recognize two impulses in ourselves, if not indeed in Nature, and their conflict in life: the impulse to be fluid and the impulse to be rigid. In some people the one impulse is dominant, in some the other. So that we have the children of the water and the wind,—or, as they said of old, the "spirit,"—and the children of the letter and the form, who have had many names in many lands.

They were both supremely well embodied in the most ancient civilization of China. On the one hand was Lao-tze, casting contempt on everything that is rigid and formal, for, as he said, nothing is more tender and delicate than water, and nothing better able to overcome hardness and strength. On the other hand was Confucius, unable even to recognize the principle of Lao-tze and moulding the whole of life into a graciously ceremonial routine.

The conflict is as acute to-day as ever it was, and even more so. Only this morning I was reading in a current magazine a controversy between two writers, both sympathetic to the subject, on Communism. One of them vigorously affirms the

rigid principles of the Bolshevist Church, as a practical scientific instrument to change the world; he attempts to pulverize his opponent for compromising Marxism with Liberalism, and seeing transition where the Marxist sees revolution. His opponent, on the other hand, smilingly retorts that here is merely the petrified type of Communist intellectual, unable to grasp Marx's dialectical thought, simply a fundamentalist who has taken the Marxian scriptures as his Bible. They both accept Marx, yet at the same time represent the eternal conflict of these two opposing impulses.

When we thus contemplate the earthly scene we see a constant process of transition. What is soft is for ever passing into what is hard, as water passes into ice, and for ever tending to enter into conflict with its own earlier shape. Marx on the one side and the Marxian sects on the other; as of old Jesus on one side, proclaiming the wind that bloweth where it listeth, and on the other side the rigidly formalized Churches, firm to resist all winds.

We need both. It is by harmonious conflict that life is carried on, the balance of opposing forces. The destruction of either would be death. My friend is too one-sided in her contempt for cults. There may even be something to say for the elderly group in the Chelsea cellar.

XXVIII

THE PROBLEM OF THE IDEAL COMMUNITY

“AFTER a strenuous academic year I am taking a few weeks off from cares and civilization in this very rural section. There is no hotel in the district; I have a detached cottage all to myself. In wandering about the almost deserted roads I have the feeling that this country is similar to the locale of *Wuthering Heights*. It is not as dreary but open and rolling, with endless stone-walls, and a high view of the sea. The air is always cool though the sun is warm. I have found it ideal for quiet and the pleasures of the solitary life, now becoming harder and harder to repair to. I have made it a sort of Park of Culture and Rest—the first in America!”

I sympathize with my correspondent's feelings, I have experienced them myself, though never anywhere near the spot he describes. To escape for a while from the world, to find Nature, and above all to find oneself, is in our over-civilized life an exquisite joy, and it should be a real necessity. But my friend is too hasty in formulating his conclusion. In his brief vacation he may have escaped from the world and found himself. But let him continue it a while longer and he will want to escape from himself. There is no real Park for Culture, or even for Rest, of which the inmate is a single solitary person.

But then the difficulties of the old world appear again! That is the trouble with all attempts to form an ideal Community shut off from the evils of civilization. You must needs form a group. And then at once, on however small a scale, you have society with all its old problems, the “cares and

civilization" my friend congratulates himself on escaping. The attempt to embody that idea has for centuries been made again and again in the Old World, and, indeed especially, the New. The history of the efforts to escape from the cares of civilization may even be said to be familiar.

But there are communities of this kind still or lately in existence—for it is a changing world even for those who think they live outside it—in which I have taken a desultory occasional interest. I have found it interesting to observe how their inmates, whether in the Old World or the New, reach the same sober conclusion in the end. Even when not so disheartened as to flee back to the despised world, they realize the limited possibilities of their Park.

There are, or were, for instance, the Eden Colony in Prussia and the Far-Away Farm in Costa Rica. The first, by not being too adventurous, survived for fifty years,—at all events until the coming of Hitler—on rather Tolstoyan lines, largely practising vegetarianism, not as a strict fetish, but as one of the ramparts against the economic chaos of the world, and aiming at a high physical and æsthetic culture, with gymnastics and acrobatics and games and dances and an amateur theatre.

The Far-Away Farm has been more daring in its aims and therefore more precarious. The magnificent freedom and luxuriance of tropical Nature is fascinating for the Northerners shut up in an industrial machine age. That was the Far-Away lure. But those who went there found all sorts of difficulties they had not reckoned on; they found that Nature in the South, if more generous than elsewhere, is also more difficult. They soon melted away, and Mr. Prat, left behind and still determined to carry on, lately wrote (at the moment he was convalescent from an almost fatal snake-bite) that less than five per cent of those who dream of the return to Nature possess the ability to live their dream. "The rest," he says, "will soon

find that even the most exploited slave of machinery possesses a number of good things he cannot find in tropical Nature."

Another writer, also full of sympathy for the ideal life, utters the warning that human relationships are an even greater danger than natural relationships in attempting such a life. Many libertarians turn out to be really authoritarians, and disgust their comrades; then women in general are a ferment of discord in a small community (he might have recalled that long ago when St. Augustine and his young friends wanted to found a community it was their women who squashed the scheme); thirdly, many people are so used to working for a master that they cannot adopt orderly fashions in freedom but are like rabbits escaped from their hutch.

The conclusion seems to be that the same qualities, only in a higher degree, are needed in the little community as in the great world. The individual who is not of the finest social quality cannot be a pioneer anywhere. Indomitable will, unremitting work, austere self-discipline, endless patience, even these are not enough. The art of living is concerned with human relationships even more than with wild Nature.

There is the Eden Colony and there is the Far-Away Farm. There is the new world of Fascism and the new world of Bolshevism. But if one has not been able to make good even in our effete world it seems hopeless to attempt it in a would-be ideal world. And if one has been able to make good here, may it not be just as well to stay here?

THE PROPHET'S OWN COUNTRY

“I ALWAYS read the *American Mercury*, although Mr. Mencken seems to have a limited outlook and his *Prejudices* are aptly titled, but as he praises good music he cannot be a bad man. The books of Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson are very much appreciated in our workshops. If Sinclair Lewis was deemed worthy of a Nobel Prize, what about Dreiser?”

I quote this passage from a letter just received, not as either approving or condemning the opinions expressed but because of the source of the letter. The writer is a British workman in a London factory, whose instructive letters have already served me as a text for comments on fundamental questions.

The British workman's opinions concerning the qualities or the defects of the distinguished American writers in question, I need not discuss. The interesting point is that he should have any opinion at all on the matter.

Here we see that when London factory hands turn their thoughts to novels, they give what may be a first place to typically American writers. In London workshops, we find, two such unmistakably American authors as Dreiser and Anderson are not only read but “very much appreciated.”

It so happens that an American friend of mine in New York, a keen thinker and admirable writer, but not familiar with English conditions, has lately published a book on American literature in which he incidentally remarks that the literature of America has been treated in England with contempt or indifference. That astonishing statement is so

opposed to the facts that I at once wrote to him in protest, and I should like to take this opportunity of making the protest more widely vocal.

My literary friend proved willing to admit that there might be "exceptional cases" for which his statement would not hold. But that will not do, and, as we now see, I can bring in evidence the London workman, not speaking merely for himself but for his fellow-workmen.

Nor does this hold good for to-day only. I can go back more than half a century in memory and declare that there was even then nothing "exceptional" in an English taste for American literature. At that time I was a child in an English family living in the neighbourhood of London and having no American connections whatever, either among friends or near relatives, and with only a moderate access to books in the small family library and outside. Yet the library contained a considerable proportion of American books, and of the books I spontaneously sought and was impressed by I can fairly say the majority, not necessarily of great importance, were American. At the age of twelve, also, I bought for myself the cheap English volume of Longfellow's collected poems, and it was Longfellow's gentle hand alone that first led me enraptured into the Paradise of poetry. When I look back I see nothing exceptional in this experience.

It is possible to go further and to assert that not only has American literature always been esteemed in England but that it has there been better appreciated than in its land of origin. Thus Walt Whitman's great place is only now beginning to be generally acknowledged in the United States, though *Leaves of Grass* was received with enthusiasm by English critics almost from the first.

Lately I mentioned this dispute to an old friend who was able to speak with authority on the point, for he is a teacher of literature of English origin who has now for many years

lived in the United States and become American. He told me how astonished he was to find, when he first went over to the States, that the big figures in American literature were not nearly so familiarly known there as they were in London.

"A prophet is not without honour save in his own country and among his kin." We are brought back to that ancient and authoritative saying. For it would be quite a mistake to suppose that what I am describing illustrates any peculiarity either on the English side or the American. Without going far from home I could furnish evidence that the English author also finds more recognition abroad than in his own land. We are concerned with a fact of universal bearing.

I am not sure that we need to deplore it. There is something, after all, to be said for the despised sentimental belief in human brotherhood. Beneath all national squabbles and disputes the general international bedrock is fellow-feeling. As a distinguished friend of mine used to repeat: "There's a deal of human nature in Man."

IS HYPOCRISY NATURAL?

“OWING to my recent experiences I have come to look upon hypocrisy as perhaps the root of most of our troubles in civilization. People seldom dare to be frank; everyone, for some plausible reason or other, fears his neighbour. Hypocrisy is rampant everywhere; I meet it in connection with health, opinions, money, sex, etc. To judge from the misery it once brought to me, and the queer complexes, I have come to think it must be the root of most evils in the world, not only personal and national, but in international affairs, with reactions of paralysis, folly, or violence. Why must the world live as its neighbours wish it to live, rather than be itself?”

My correspondent is a woman of mature years, whose personal circumstances had for some time made it necessary for her to pay what she felt was an undue attention to the opinions of the people among whom she worked. It is the blissful liberation from those circumstances which gives rise to the general formulation I have quoted.

While I am entirely disposed to agree with her conclusions, I should like to point out that this subject leads us to a large field in which conflicting facts must be admitted. Even at the outset it has to be recognized that, as my correspondent would admit, she has found it advantageous, and even necessary, to practise the hypocrisy she denounces.

What is hypocrisy? From our present viewpoint it is concealment out of fear, that is to say a presentation of oneself, implicitly or explicitly, as other than one is, on account of

the dangers or disadvantages of presenting one's real self. It is thus reducible to a form of fear.

Fear, however, is a fundamental biological motive, common to men with animals generally, and essential to life in so dangerous a world as ours. I scatter a few bread crumbs around as I lie on the grass and the small birds in the neighbourhood with much precaution seize on them and carry them away. But at the crumbs nearest to my hand they gaze longingly but with hesitation, and for the most part leave them untouched. I can imagine a moralistic sparrow, fortified by a full stomach, looking on in reproof of the cowardly hypocrisy of his fellows who thus make-believe not to want the crumbs they desire. For there, in the simplest shape, is the root of all hypocrisy.

It is not only shown in the actions of living creatures generally; it is sometimes even embodied in their organic physical constitution. Hence we have what biologists call protective colouration: the hypocritical pretence of an animal—in such cases inborn—to be other than it is, less liable to be hurt, or less liable to hurt, than it is in fact.

It is not only among animals that we find hypocrisy. It had already begun to develop among plants. The aridity produced by drought and heat in South Africa has been highly conducive to this—as we commonly consider it—vice. Every succulent and water-holding plant (for the leaf has often to be a reservoir) is eagerly sought by animals. The only hope is to pretend to be a rock amid the surrounding rocks, adopting in each fleshy leaf the colour and angular shape of rocks. They do this so successfully that even skilled plant-collectors are momentarily deceived.

We most often, however, find protective colouration as a safeguard among animals and as a protection against an animal's own fears, by an affectation of invisibility. But it may also be an effort to lull the fears of other animals. The West Indian Fer-de-Lance or rat-tailed serpent is one of the most

deadly of death-adders. But in size and shape and colouration and habitat it apes the *Ophis rabdocephala* which, in spite of its large fangs, is altogether harmless. Each snake may sometimes benefit by its hypocritical apeing of the other.

Dean Inge believes that such a fault as hypocrisy was more emphatically condemned by Our Lord as fatal to the spiritual life than the merely disreputable sins. But, looking at life more comprehensively, we see that hypocrisy itself must be ascribed to what the Dean would regard as the same Divine source. It is as an aid to life, and not as fatal to it, that fear, even in the form of hypocrisy, has flourished for millions of years. It is for the same reason that it flourishes in our social groups.

Yet we do well to remember—and here we are brought round to my correspondent's outlook—that it is not an exalted or progressive aid to life. The weak and humble are those most prone to avail themselves of it. Fer-de-Lance and *Ophis rabdocephala* are still content to crawl.

THE PLACE OF BIOLOGY IN EDUCATION

“THE lady who asked the question whether women may be instructed in the modern system of botany, consistently with female delicacy, if she had proposed the question to me, I should certainly have answered: They cannot.”

That was written some hundred and fifty years ago, long before Queen Victoria was born, and was quoted for contempt in 1792 by Mary Wollstonecraft in her ever-memorable *Vindication of the Rights of Woman*.

In a later age and with a changed outlook in education, it was precisely botany which came to be regarded as an especially suitable path for bringing either girls or boys to the mystery of life. It was still felt that physiology, if it included any enlightenment on sex, would be regarded by parents as disgusting, while a knowledge of plant-life would be considered harmless and yet open the way to the general facts of reproduction in Nature. It was advocated and often practised by prominent educationists in various countries.

In still more recent times, when greater daring in approaching the mystery of life prevailed, this view of the place of botany in education began to be pushed aside as contemptuously as it had been in the eighteenth century but for an opposite reason, not because it brought the student too near human life, but because it failed to come near enough. It is life in men and women that children should be taught to know, the later generation indignantly exclaimed, not in mere flowers.

Yet neither science nor mankind stands still, and we witness the justification of those who desired to approach life in the

first place by way of the plant. The more penetrating investigation of to-day shows that life is one. Botany emerges into the larger study of biology, and we begin to realize how astonishingly near, even in minute cellular organization, is the plant to Man.

I am confirmed in this view when I turn to a book lately published on *Sex in the Plant World*. The authors are Professor Wilfrid Robbins and Dr. Helen Pearson, both of the University of California, and their aim is to set forth the latest results of research. Its appeal is not, however, to the specialist, but to the general reader possessed of an intelligent desire to know how science is to-day revealing the world he lives in.

To read this book is to understand how well inspired those were who set up an approach to plants as the beginning of a training in knowledge of life. It is ever becoming clearer that life is one whole, and that the animal is merely doing more completely what the plant with its more limited scope had previously begun to do. When we reach intimately to the secret origins of both, that is to say to sex, the resemblance and relationship become even astonishingly close.

It is only in our own time that this has been demonstrated. The scientific men of classic times had a vague notion of sex in plants but even as recently as the eighteenth century it was often vigorously denied as a "fable." Not indeed until the middle of the last century was the sexual union of sperm and egg in a plant actually seen. It became clear that the mystery of life is the same throughout. Many chapters in this volume—on "Courtship," "Sex Traits," "Inbreeding," "Sterility," etc.—might well be headings in a manual on Zoology or even on Man.

That is the fundamental reason why we now talk less of the science of plants or the science of animals, and more of the science of life. Botany and Zoology, even in the view of general education, are becoming Biology. That is the reason

why an increasing part (long well recognized in some countries, as in France) is being given to Biology in education.

During recent weeks there chance to have been various Educational Conferences assembled in London, and it is interesting to note the emphasis now placed on Biology in schools. It is said by one headmaster that, even in these days of unemployment, the demand for teachers of Biology is greater than the supply. At another meeting Professor Julian Huxley set forth, in a well-balanced form, the place of Biology as the bridge between inorganic science and humanist studies if we are to have a coherent outlook on the world and a just integration of scientific method in human affairs, while another speaker dwelt on the value of scientific education in the schools as an inspiration of strength and inward peace to the individual, and a foundation of stability to civilization in general.

Education is, I constantly feel, a puzzling problem. But, at all events, whatever we do about it or leave undone, we cannot go wrong in backing up every attempt to increase in it the place of Biology.

AMERICA AS UTOPIA

“THE twentieth century belongs to America. What country can be even remotely compared for natural advantages to the U.S.A.? If America does not succeed in reaching an Utopian realm, then will not America be God’s greatest failure? Perhaps the next century will be Russia’s. After that—who knows? Perhaps the Orient. Europe is decaying and needs a long sleep if she would gather strength to rise again.”

It is a correspondent in New York who is writing, too young yet to have made any mark on the world, though he hopes some day to do so. Meanwhile I accept his challenging and decisive statements as representing a characteristic American attitude. I neither reject them nor admit them. It seems necessary to postpone doing either one or the other for some centuries yet.

Meanwhile, however, a number of interesting questions are inevitably aroused by any such statements. The matter is not so simple as it is sometimes made to appear by the slapdash assertions often made. I should like to put one or two of these questions, even though I cannot here undertake to answer them.

In the first place, why must this glorious expansion of America be accompanied by the decay of Europe? America is itself a continent of European races. In a recent book by a new and vigorous writer, I see it affirmed, as a self-evident truth, that North America is “the greatest experiment in colonization that human history has seen since the dawn of

civilization." True, there are some who dispute any ultimate European predominance and argue that America will ultimately become African and Negro; but we need hardly look into so remote a future.

To-day at all events, we can scarcely deny the claim of America to be a European colony, exactly in the same sense—though on so much larger a scale—as Great Britain is a European colony. They have both, that is, been formed by hardy and adventurous immigrants from the north and from the south, gradually banding themselves together to constitute, more or less completely, a political unity. The decay of Europe might thus be a fatal omen for America.

But if we provisionally admit this fundamentally European basis for American civilization, it by no means follows that my correspondent's Utopian dream for the future is vain. Not only are there the natural advantages which he emphasizes, and which, however important economically, can only have a slow influence on hereditary racial traits. There are the new racial selections and combinations of which we can never foretell the outcome. We only know that whenever great results have been produced they have come—sometimes suddenly but more often slowly—through happy racial blends.

But again, when we come to talk of "results," they may be of all kinds and in very different fields. No people can be great in all fields.

Let us take one special field, a field of art. I chance to come on an interview with a great master in his own department of reproductive art, Schnabel, the pianist, there by some good critics put in the first rank. He was asked where the next musical renaissance might be expected, and thereupon made some wise remarks. The great German wave of music, he admitted, has been falling ever since 1830. But these movements are very slow; they take centuries; and German music is still good. It is all a matter of the most favourable

AMERICA AS UTOPIA

ground for musical renaissance. Now that immigration is over and the mere task of making Americans practically ended, Schnabel turned to America. "The whole genius of Europe is gathered there and combined. They are our children. Now that they have settled down this genius must surely find an outlet." This statement is the more significant since Schnabel was not seeking to say something pleasant to Americans, but speaking in the very English city of Manchester.

America is still a continent of problems. Its very name is a problem. Derived traditionally from a man who had no claim to christen it, there are now some who would trace it to a man whom no one had ever heard of. We cannot deny my correspondent's right to look here for the realm of Utopia.

REPRESSION OR EXPRESSION?

I AM asked from Vienna to express an opinion regarding the influence on prisoners of the emotional repression usually involved by incarceration. Is such repression detrimental to the mental or physical functions?

I have not attempted to answer my Austrian correspondent. The question seems to me too complicated to admit of a single answer. But I would like to comment here on the problems raised. They really go rather deep and are of wide application.

In considering the general art of life I am accustomed to emphasize the importance of the balance between repression and expression. For there are two schools here: one putting repression first and expression almost nowhere, the other putting expression first and repression almost nowhere.

In former days repression was the aim, and expression was scarcely even recognized. In later days, on the contrary, it has been all expression, and abuse has been poured on repression; children, we were told, should never be repressed, though these amiable theorists do not seem to have realized that an unrepressed child is disgusting and an unrepressed adult an impossible member of any society, civilized or savage.

But, however necessary repression may be, the unexpressed person possesses no value at all, is merely a nonentity. So that from a sufficiently broad outlook both expression and repression seem absolutely essential.

On the surface this should include the inmates of prisons. But the criminal, by the very fact that he has broken the law, is lacking on the side of repression. He is still largely at the

stage of the child, the stage when repression must especially begin to become established as one of the rules of living.

So that an over-weighting of the balance on the side of repression seems justified when we are dealing with criminals. It may be regarded as an attempt to fortify them on the side where they are weak. Unfortunately it is usually a rather crude attempt. The revolts among male prisoners, and the "breakings-out" among female prisoners are alarming manifestations of the impulse to expression.

It was an interesting and, as it turned out, a successful attempt which a distinguished pioneer in criminal reform made a few years ago in Austria. The youths in a reformatory were allowed to follow without restraint their repressed impulses, wreaking destruction and creating disorder, until the place became a Pandemonium so intolerable even to the youths themselves that they spontaneously established order, and the courageous director received the approval and support of his official superiors.

Another attempt to counter emotional repression in criminals has, I understand, been made in Mexico, by allowing prisoners at fixed intervals to associate with their wives. The results of the experiment have, it is said, justified its extension. This method also seems open to criticism, since it is hardly in the interest of the State to promote propagation among the criminal class.

Yet though the Mexican experiment remains unique, the undue emotional repression of institutional life is becoming recognized. It is common, for instance, in correctional institutions, for girls to be placed in small groups under an elderly "Mother." But this is artificial and the essential need is not satisfied.

It has been found, as by the Chicago Institute for Juvenile Research, that girls confined in such institutions tend to replace the official cottage "mother" by forming "family" groups

among themselves: "husband," "wife," "daughter," etc. These "families" are constituted innocently and playfully, as described by Lowell Selling, but they involve genuine affection and are carried on continuously until discharge.

The champions of expression and the champions of repression, we see, alike struggle in vain unless united. In prison or out of it, we need the balanced play of both opposed impulses. The love of children for the see-saw and the swing is a justified anticipation of the normal activities of later life.

"The only way to stop us is to find out who and what we are, and what we're good for." That saying of an expert American criminal was, at my suggestion, adopted as the motto for the first prospectus of the Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency. It may be usefully applied to many of us whose activities need repression though we have not yet reached prison.

WHAT IS ART?

“ART is a form of life which exists as the outward expression of an inward surge having as its objectives knowing, doing, and producing.” This definition is devised by a correspondent in Texas, he tells me, after reading my *Dance of Life*. He asks what I think of it. Perhaps he will allow me to reply here.

My own definition of art—so far as art can be defined at all—has long been very simple: I regard all making and doing as of the nature of art. My underlying motive has been a protest against the tendency to confine the term “art” to the super-refined and more or less superfluous group of activities commonly called the “fine arts.” I admit no such line of demarcation, and hold that whatever is “fine” in the fine arts can and should be extended, so far as possible, to all our activities in life. At the same time I hold that art is really too large for any final definition.

But my correspondent is a lawyer. He demands a legal precision in definition, and I am willing to admit that he quite fairly presents the nature of art, and probably renders it clearer. The natural character of art as a form of life is emphasized, and the three forms of human activity indicated: knowing, which includes science, and producing, which includes machinery, as well as doing which includes action generally.

We are thus brought back to the great saying of Kant which appealed so strongly to Schiller: “A work of Art should be treated as a work of Nature.” That saying implies my formulation and my correspondent’s, since, as Kant significantly added: “And a work of Nature should be treated as a work of Art.”

Thus viewed, art is seen not—as some would make it out to be—the mere pretty and useless embroidery of life, but as the very substance of life. Our work is art because all life is art. In making our life art we are doing—it may be better or it may be worse—what Nature also is doing.

Very diverse conceptions of art have been put forward even by real artists. It is reported that Burne-Jones, who now stands out for many as the typical painter of the Victorian period, said that by a picture he meant: “a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, a land that no one can remember—only desire.” Art would thus seem to be the sphere of complete freedom from Nature. A distinguished artist of our own time in another field, that of literature, André Gide, goes to the opposite extreme. He altogether denies that in art there is freedom. “Art,” he has declared, “is born of constraint, it lives by struggle—it dies of liberty.”

They stand, we see, at opposite poles, these two artists. Each states, in an excessive way, one aspect of the truth. For the dream does not exclude discipline, and constraint does not exclude the freedom of the dream. Every struggling achievement of man was once a dream in the artist’s brain.

A friend interested in various arts lately remarked to me, in a pessimistic mood, that the days of art seemed to be over, that all arts seemed to be drying up or barren or merely devoted to repetition.

I was reminded of a saying of James Hinton’s. Someone in his presence made that same remark in reference to music some seventy years ago. And Hinton said that the time would come when a man would arise whose feeling would be, not “*All* music has been written,” but “*No* music has been written.”

I would say that if ever art seems dead the artist will arise to say, not that there is no more art, but that there has never yet been any art.

THE USES OF UNEMPLOYMENT

“YOU told me that my attitude was that of Thoreau at Walden. Thank you for introducing me to Henry David Thoreau. I thought him a French writer. Oh, these preconceived ideas that act as mental blinkers! The following week I saw in a friend’s bookcase *Walden* which I promptly borrowed. A magnificent book! All last week I was anxious for the whistle to blow, so that I could get home for a quiet couple of hours with Thoreau. I helped him build his house, fished in the pond, hoed the bean-field, and even took a present of pickerel to Mr. Emerson! *I lived* that book. At the end of our lives, I believe that when we review them, our greatest enjoyment will have been the opportunity to share other men’s minds and experiences through their writings.”

It is a man in a London workshop who is writing. As will be seen, the factory is in motion just now. But, what with long spells of unemployment and shortened hours, my correspondent has during the present economic depression been thrown much on his own devices. He has turned to books.

For the cultured person that is a very natural way to turn. But my correspondent is a worker, with the worker’s elementary education, and his father had still less. Yet he is able to find this deep pleasure in a classic which appeals to the most exquisite literary taste. It is true that there happens to be a bond of sympathy here in the reader’s similar disdain for the unessential things of life. But there is more than this. It would seem that the old-fashioned conception of the highbrow

has ceased to hold good in our time. The modern highbrow lives in an engineering workshop and sometimes has to subsist on the dole.

The significant fact is that my correspondent is far from standing alone. Unemployment has led to a great thirst for books. The reading-rooms of public libraries are crowded. An organization has now been completed in England for supplying books to the unemployed. Only yesterday, as I write, a broadcast message was sent out requesting those who possess superfluous books to send them to one or other of the centres set up by this organization, and special facilities are given for their transmission. Certainly books are of all sorts. But they hold the finest traditions of the race. They constitute the supreme instrument of human culture.

They were closed to the general population, that is to say the workers, in the nineteenth century. The average number of hours of work, often heavy and exhausting work, for the nineteenth-century worker was nine. No energy was left for books, even if the books had been there.

"The most important part of life is leisure," says the prophet of to-day. Work! Work! Work! was the gospel of the chief prophets of that day, at all events in England, and the ideal was endless and unlimited production. It could not be said then, as it is to-day, that one hundred men working five modern brick-plants can manufacture all the bricks the United States can use.

The Swiss traveller Muralt who came to England at the end of the seventeenth century was surprised to find that the popular belief seemed to be that "to know how to live was to know how to rest." If that was so, the Industrial Revolution was soon to arrive, and then the English working man was said (though some still denied it) to display "a savage untiring energy scarcely known in any other country." To-day the more ancient ideal is again given a chance. Too much of a

chance, no doubt. As usual the rebound is extreme, undue employment followed by undue unemployment, although such a reaction may have been needed in order to reach a more wholesome economic readjustment. Not necessarily, indeed, as a recent French thinker, Louis Rougier puts it, a pseudo-conflict of work and capital, but the creation of an enlightened public class not unduly hampered in the task of aiming at the highest ends of civilization. That involves such readjustment of the economic system by our social engineers that, as a distinguished worker in the American national recovery movement has said, "most of the time and most of the money in the system are spent on cultural services."

We have heard much of the curse of our age of unemployment and we could not well hear too much. We have heard less of its blessings. Perhaps the day will come when it will be looked back upon as a famous signpost on the road to Utopia.

THE RELATION OF RELIGION TO SCIENCE

“IN any age such as the one in which we now live, where the growth of knowledge takes issue with faith, and where science challenges religion, there is a great need for enlightenment and understanding. Will you, who have been so untiring in your search for truth, furnish us with an article on the question?”

So writes the editor of an American quarterly review. I may not be able to respond to the request (except by pointing out that my response is already contained in my books) but I should like to comment on the matter.

It is a hard-boiled problem, this of the relation of science and religion. It was being fiercely bandied about before any of us were born. Indeed it is not easy to say when it came into definite existence. But it was not there at the outset. When we go far enough back we seem to see religion clearly associated with magic, out of which science developed, just as chemistry developed from alchemy. But as soon as science definitely came to mean *knowledge* and religion to mean *faith* there was room for misunderstanding and endless conflict.

That is why the problem is as much alive to-day as ever, and why my editorial friend feels justified in devoting much of his space to its discussion. The conflict, real or apparent, is always going on, and yet always changing its shape. Every new generation approaches it from a fresh angle.

Even as I view it to-day, it has taken a different aspect from what it wore in my youth. In those days the Churches themselves claimed authority in science. So that at the birth

of biological evolutionism which then took place, science felt impelled to an attack on religion so uncompromising that it often left little room for any faith at all, and brought war into religion's own house.

To-day the conflict has lost its ferocity. Religion, where it has not gone to fossil, is ready to render unto science the things that are science's, while, on its side, science no longer asserts a narrowly "materialistic" universe, and, with however various a voice, recognizes a place for "faith," provided that no creeds or dogmas are therein concealed.

This was clearly brought out by an inquiry held not long since among the Fellows of the Royal Society. This Society undoubtedly includes the most eminent English scientists, and a high standard of achievement must be attained to secure election. A *questionnaire* was sent out to the Fellows regarding their attitude towards religion. Some, cautiously, found themselves unable to reply to a question which might involve a life-time of deliberation, or which they considered unsuitably drafted. Still, the general outcome was highly instructive. The existence of a "spiritual domain" was accepted by 121, and only denied by thirteen. Again, the recent remarkable developments in scientific thought were regarded as favourable to religious faith by a majority of Fellows answering the question, seventy-four, while only twenty-seven thought them unfavourable.

In this connection it is interesting to compare the attitude of an eminent individual man of science to-day, Professor Julian Huxley, as compared with the attitude of his famous grandfather. T. H. Huxley, the elder Huxley, was so often engaged in furious contests with theologians over their claim, now abandoned, to lay down the law in the field of science that he had little to say about any legitimate field for religion.

Quite different is the attitude of Julian Huxley. He counts himself a Rationalist; he has no tenderness for any of the

current dogmas and creeds. Yet, as in his book, *What Dare I Think?* he expounds at length what he holds to be the legitimate claims of a religious aspect to the world, and is even prepared to recognize the possibility of an organized religion of life, furthering all the highest human ends.

The two sides, we see, have drawn nearer. The theologians, having had to abandon a creation in six days, no longer claim to speak with authority on any alternative theory. The scientists, not only wiser through the revolutionary changes taking place in their own conceptions, are also more ready to recognize that, outside science, there is a legitimate field for emotion; that to regard some aspects of the world as "sacred" is even reasonable; that there is such a thing as "a thirst for ecstasy"; and that if this attitude and these emotions are allowed a wholesome scope, they become stimulating and inspiring. If not, they degenerate and become the slaves of the lowest human impulses.

And both sides are now more willing to admit that they do not possess the key to the cosmos. "Why," as a distinguished French scientist lately asked, "why should you expect an ex-simian, who only lately climbed down from the trees of his native forest, to understand the Universe?"

IS THE DISCREDIT OF POLITICIANS JUSTIFIED?

“IN workshops politicians are discredited. If they were wise they would not clamour to broadcast. In pre-war days, owing to the Press, we regarded them as super-men. It was the day of the ‘Grand Old Man’ twaddle. The wireless has killed that. Nowadays Ramsay Macdonald posing at the Guildhall and addressing ‘my frriends’ only makes sport for the mimics.”

It is an English working-man who is writing. I do not gather that there is always a greater respect for politicians in America. But in Great Britain, a century ago, when a famous Reform Bill for the reconstitution of Parliament had just passed into law, hopes ran high. The reformers looked back at the old election system and the so-called rotten boroughs as largely, so they put it, “the means of shooting into that assembly a considerable mass of rubbish.” With the lapse of time it is to be feared that, notwithstanding secret ballots and more or less universal suffrage, there are many who do not consider the final result essentially different. And this impression is far from being confined to one or two countries.

It seems a serious matter when we reflect that it is not so much the reputation of politicians which is at stake as that of the voting public. It is the voters who lay in election urns the eggs which so seldom prove to have been golden when hatched out in houses of national assembly. It is a melancholy subject for reflection.

I am, however, somewhat cheered by an investigation not long since carried out by Mr. Edward S. Robinson and set

forth in that admirable quarterly, the *American Journal of Social Psychology*. Mr. Robinson comes forward as a champion of the much abused voter. As a psychologist, he has long been doubtful of those "cocksure judgments of public stupidity which have been so fashionable since the World War." So he sets about to investigate the mind and temper of the voter.

It was just before the Presidential Election. Some eight thousand voters of both sexes and all classes, in most of the states, received a *questionnaire* in which they were asked which of the three candidates they intended to vote for, and also to reply *yes* or *no* to a number of leading questions of policy. All care was taken that the identity of these straw voters should not be revealed. The results were carefully analysed, the voters being divided into five groups according to their social class, from "professional" to "factory workers."

These results, it is held, do not support the notion that the voting public is mainly swayed by merely superficial conditions or passing waves of feeling. They showed intelligence, as Mr. Robinson views them. He is not concerned with the respective merits of the three different parties—Republican, Democrat, and Socialist—but he detects a real though slow movement of the public, independent of party, towards an adequate distinction between the rules of private self-sufficiency and those of public policy.

Each party showed on the average a somewhat different political complexion. That of Roosevelt's followers was found to be intermediate between Hoover's and Thomas's. Socialist measures were emphasized among the more educated social groups, not among the less educated for whose benefit they are advocated, which indicates, it is pointed out, that the realization of Socialist ideals is still remote and that the so-called proletariat do not favour them. Women's opinions tended to be more doubtful than men's, which, however, as Mr.

IS THE DISCREDIT OF POLITICIANS JUSTIFIED?

Robinson remarks, does not necessarily mean that they show a less sound judgment.

If such is the voter, what about the men whom he sends to high office or national assemblies? I will turn to the recent investigation by my old friend Dr. Arthur Macdonald. He has spent much of his life in seeking new fields for the application of scientific measurement, sometimes displaying an amiable mania for setting down in precise millimetres the sizes of living things that refuse to stay fixed.

Macdonald has at last succeeded in bringing his calipers to the heads of members of Congress. So far he has examined seventy-one Representatives and eighteen Senators; the preliminary results have been recorded in a paper on "Brain Weight and Legislative Ability in Congress," published in the *Congressional Record*.

Just as Robinson comes forth as the champion of the voter, so Macdonald appears as the champion of the voted, that is to say of Congress. He thrusts aside the complaints of "disgruntled anti-congressional citizens," as only too easy to account for. Every Congress has more than 30,000 bills to deal with, each with a little public behind it, but only a small proportion can be passed. So that millions of unjust critics of Congress are constantly being created. Moreover, the mistakes of Congress members are open to all. If the mistakes of doctors and lawyers and preachers were equally public, would they stand high in popular esteem?

It would here be out of place to examine Macdonald's experiment in detail, and he himself insists that it is only preliminary and still inconclusive. Nor is there comparison made with individuals outside Congress. But the outcome suggested is that in Congress it is the best brains (estimated by external measurements) which do the most effective legislative work.

By such investigations as these, which the United States has

pioneered, into the traits of voting and voted persons, we may eventually obtain, when they are extended to other countries, a helpful guide to political action.

Anyhow, even at the present stage, we may feel encouraged to cherish a better conceit of our political functions than we have always felt entitled to.

XXXVIII

WHAT IS MUSIC?

“I ALWAYS think that your interest in music is intellectual rather than musical. I mean that you feel music more with the mind than with the emotions. You are an intellectual lover of music. There are many of this kind, particularly among literary people. Yet music cannot be grasped by the mind. This art belongs primarily to the sphere of feeling. And, unlike you, I am never transported ecstatically by Bach; he is too formal and classical, he lacks romanticism. He never exalts me with that ecstasy which, as Goethe says, is so deep that it is pain. For such flights I resort to Wagner (in his symphonic work) or the later Beethoven.”

My correspondent, who is still young, has given much attention to music, so that I am prepared to treat his opinions with respect. But he seems all astray so far as my attitude to music, whatever it may be worth, is concerned. He compels me to go back to first principles.

Not long since, the editor of a symposium of a kind now in fashion requested me to answer the question: What is music? He assured me in long and repeated letters (which I have failed to reply to) that the question was important, and that he was receiving the most varied and interesting answers from eminent persons in various countries.

I suppose that one of the chief reasons why I failed to respond to this editor's urgent appeals was that the question seemed to me so elementary and the answer so obvious. Music is not more, and not less, than the systematization of measurable sounds. To be attractive and interesting to us such systema-

tized measurable sounds must be organized with the aid of invention and of artistry, invention being needed to attain novelty, and artistry to give pleasurable satisfaction.

This is fundamentally the standpoint from which I view the remarks of my correspondent quoted at the outset. It may serve to explain where for me he is right and where wrong. Certainly I also would say that music is an art that belongs primarily to the sphere of feeling. Indeed I would consider that that statement is even more true for me than for one with technical knowledge I lack. It is surely the trained musician who can approach music with a disregard for those emotional aspects which for me are primary.

But while feeling is here primary and fundamental, we must not forget that, since music is sound systematized by the aid of invention and of artistry, intellectual judgment is inevitably challenged in the second place. Neither inventor nor artist can appeal only to feeling. So far I have been more at one with my correspondent than he suspected. Here I diverge.

He experiences no emotional response to Bach's music. I accept that statement and have nothing to say, for there can be no dispute about tastes. But when he rashly goes on to give his reasons, he enters the intellectual field and I can meet him.

I deny that there is any reason why romantic rather than classic music should arouse deep and exalted emotion. The most that can be said is that it may arouse a different kind of emotion. Mozart was classic, except possibly towards the end of his life. Yet no composer even to-day arouses among many of the best judges a higher degree of adoration. Bach was classical and formal, even conventional; yet he is so great a master, he has so absorbed form and so transcended it, that it is possible to forget, or not to know, the strict foundations from which he soars. The sometimes disorderly extravagance of the romantic composer can also arouse rapture, yet when we

WHAT IS MUSIC?

recall that artistry as well as invention is needed to make music our rapture may be clogged.

But in the kingdom of music, as in that of Heaven, there are many mansions. And while my correspondent and I dispute about Bach and Wagner we have both forgotten the ecstasies of jazz.

THE SUBSTITUTES FOR WAR

“ALL this week I have been suffering from a terrific fit of the blues. That expression is stupid; what is the matter with me is more like despair. The last straw just now is the Disarmament Conference. Backward and ever more backward move our diplomats. I—a pacifist during the war, and God knows what nerve was required for that—am now almost come to wish I could blow all our diplomats sky high. Suicide seems in fashion, and little wonder after the last twenty years of political unrest. But why be driven out of life? It seems more tempting to destroy the politicians who achieve nothing but one ghastly failure after another.”

My impetuous friend, who has lived in more than one country and follows the world's affairs with keen interest, has these moods at times, and there are many to-day who feel with her. Never before, indeed, has there been so acute an interest in the question of war and peace.

The reason is fairly clear. In old days war was not usually a matter which much concerned the ordinary citizen or his family. Wars were fought by rival kings and princes who employed small voluntary armies often constituted by professional mercenaries whose interest lay in making it easy and comfortable, as well as in avoiding bloodshed whenever possible.

In our democratic days, on the contrary, it is nations that make war, and, moreover, it is nations that fight them, nor is there any limit to the battlefield. The last Great War helped to bring home that fact. It also served to arouse to the

highest pitch the inventive faculty of all those whose patriotic business it is to produce the munitions of war. They have been tremendously busy, and their activities have been largely concentrated on improving the military capacity of aircraft and intensifying the effects of poison gases. We know that the next war—if there should be one—will be, perhaps literally, one hundred times more terrible than the last. It has been estimated on good authority that in twelve hours as much damage can now be accomplished as before it took nearly five years of war to inflict.

If the diplomats and politicians do not seem to share the general absorption in the problem of war, that is because they are professionally bound by traditions and routines, and also no doubt because they are aware of a considerable body of voters who dismiss "all that rot about disarmament."

So it is quite possible, and it happened not long ago, for the leader of the Conservative party in the English Parliament to stand up there and declare that "the fighting instinct is the oldest we have in our nature," without a murmur of dissent, and by the "fighting instinct" he meant war. "War is a decree of the Fates and we shall surely have it," wrote a more distinguished Englishman, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe before the squalid Crimean War which he helped to bring about, to his own bitter disappointment. Of a still more eminent personage, Napoleon, we are told that in his last years of exile he had a meeting with Captain Basil Hall who had just been exploring the Loochoo Islands. Hall remarked that the islanders had no weapons of war. "But," interrupted Napoleon in a loud impatient voice, "without arms how can they fight?" And when told that they had no wars he shook his head at so monstrous and unnatural a notion. There are still many among us who do the like.

That is why I am delighted to receive the little book recently published by Lord Raglan on *The Science of Peace*. It is small

but it goes to the root of the matter which diplomats and politicians talk of with ignorant confidence. This writer is an experienced administrator and at the same time an accomplished anthropologist. Here is what every militarist should know, and, I would add, every pacifist as well, not to mention the psycho-analysts.

The facts are not new, though here they are put with brevity and brilliance and wit. There is not the slightest ground for calling war "natural," and even if Man can be called naturally "pugnacious," which may be denied, that does not involve war. Animals have no wars; many savage peoples to-day have none, or only of a simple and harmless kind. There is no reason to suppose that early Man was war-like. Wars arose at a certain stage of development, and at that stage, as Lord Raglan and others hold, they were often beneficial in their effects. But that period is past; wars between civilized nations are an unmixed evil and cannot even lead to any real decision, as we may see by the repeated wars between France and Germany during the past two centuries.

What we witness to-day is the degradation and degeneration of warfare under the influence of an artificial and exaggerated nationalism, of over-population, and, perhaps above all, of a war-mindedness which has come down to us in almost a sanctified shape (so that it has even penetrated religious phraseology) from days when war still took on an aspect totally different from that of to-day; it is this war-mindedness which now leads so many to look with complacency on Fascism and class-war and other forms of violence which are of the essence of war.

"Disarmament," as it has lately been pointed out, is really a misleading term. It is a disarmament in the soul even more than in the arsenal that we need, and the one is impossible without the other.

The idea of a peaceful world with no wars seems shocking

to many. So tame! I doubt it. There will always be struggle and conflict, war or no war.

And if as Merejkovsky has lately argued in discussing *The Secret of the West*, Man needs ecstasy, it is not alone in the satanic madness of war—and indeed not often now even there—that ecstasy is to be found. Its forms evolve as Man himself evolves. Some of us have known it in very different fields.

THE PAINFUL JOY OF LOVE

"I LEARNT long ago something of the painful joy of loving and being loved. All my small wisdom seems to have been garnered just for this—to love, to understand, and to care for the loved one."

The writer whose letter I quote is an American woman, still young, scarcely over thirty, who has thought and felt much, though in matters of love her experiences have come slowly. I am induced to quote her creed because of what I consider her just description of love as a "painful joy."

Like, I suppose, most people who have concerned themselves with this subject—which indeed all of us have in one way or another—I am the recipient of two opposite streams of confidence. On the one hand are those who feel that if they have missed love they have missed life and only found its pain. "My grief is," writes a woman, of German origin this time and past the period of youth with a daughter of nine—"My grief is that I have not yet met the human being who as a man equals me in strength of love and power of will for the sake of *perfect* love. I fear I may have to leave this world without having been able to give the best I have to a beloved man."

On the other hand are those who would smile at any statement of this kind, as mere "sentiment." It belongs, they feel, even if they do not always say, to an epoch that is past. They wish to arrange their relationships in this matter on a comfortably prosaic level without any high-strung pretence of sentimental idealism. The "perfect Love" of a past age has become the "sex attraction" of a later age.

It is not possible for me to accept either of these opposing views without qualification, even though I am quite able to see how they are reached and how they come to be maintained. The idealists are not indeed such genuine idealists as they imagine themselves to be, nor the realists such genuine realists.

In his instructive autobiography André Gide has acutely remarked in relation to another kind of love, that a mother's love for her child (he has in his mind his own mother) is often not really for the child but for the qualities she would like the child to possess. The child is merely the vase to hold, as she vainly hopes, the precious quintessence of her own ideals. No one has illustrated that better than the mother of the wonderful Spanish girl Hildegart who "created" her daughter in the image of her own ideals, and when she found that daughter outgrowing her influence, killed her. It was not her daughter whom she loved, it was her own ideals. She killed her, as she explained, to save her ideals.

But the "perfect man" is even further from any true idealism. He is a disembodied fiction who will never materialize. There is not even a vase for the quintessence to be poured into. The ideal has no meaning, for it lacks even a foundation.

On the other hand, the would-be realists are not much nearer to the real facts of life. They have indeed seized on one aspect of reality, but they have left out the best and largest part. As Aldous Huxley has well pointed out in an admirable essay on "Fashions in Love" in his *Do What you will*, to put love on the same level as dancing or tennis, a pastime or a sport, is to make it dull and commonplace. Under natural conditions love is the product of conflicting forces, and that is its compelling fascination. To reduce it to a cold unimpassioned routine is really a form of asceticism; it is to do on one side what the Puritan does on the other; both alike miss the possibilities of love as a deep passion or an exquisite art.

It was Goethe, I think, who said that in matters of love we are idealists in youth and sceptics in age. I am ready to grant that statement as true for many, and even to welcome it as better than when the process is reversed and youth takes on the scepticism of age.

But if we wish to accept all that life offers and at the same time so far as possible avoid the dangers of living, we need both idealism and scepticism, in youth foreseeing age, and in age retaining youth.

So I think my correspondent a wise idealist to experience love as joy, and a wise realist to recognize it as a painful joy.

THE RELIGIOUS FAITHS OF YOUTH

“WE enjoyed our holiday immensely, and as we already knew Rome it was interesting to compare new things and old. Much reminded us of what we had lately seen in Soviet Russia, and in both we noticed a marked difference between the new and the older generations. The young are keen and full of enthusiasm, capable and self-reliant. But the Fascist equivalent of the Boy Scout seems far more military than the English and still more than the Russian. They are drilling and marching all day long in the vast Campo Dux, with huge tanks outside, guarded with fixed bayonets, poor over-tired little boys in thick trousers; one missed the fresh lightly clad Russian boys and girls looking so athletic and healthy. The Bolshevist at least has an ideal, however much one dislikes it, the Fascist clings to the old Roman ideas of law and order and discipline. All very well, but, if without an ideal, negative.”

My correspondent is a highly intelligent and capable Englishwoman. In her recent opportunity to compare Bolshevist and Fascist at home she testifies to the reality of those two modern methods of life which together are coming to be termed, rather misleadingly, “commufascism.”

As we know, the adherents of both groups are opposed to any view of their identity. In theory they are herein correct. There are two different “ideologies,” as they would say, at issue, one international and economic, the other national and political in character. It is at the same time interesting to note that the Fascist leaders have sometimes been incom-

pletely transformed Socialists and the Bolshevists in the first place Nationalists.

When, indeed, we go beyond theoretic distinctions, we see what my friend instinctively discovers. They are both emphatically youth movements, with all youth's ardour and eager assurance of swift triumph, as it has ever been. Half a century ago I recall how in the enthusiastic little band of social pioneers with which I was associated, one of us declared with all due gravity, one evening, that he could lead a band of like spirits through the streets of London and seize all the reins of Government. It is true his suggestion was not followed up, and he is himself to-day a most peaceable citizen of the United States. But to remember one's own youth is to comprehend the attitude of a later generation of youth however unlike. We have all been engaged in the same task. "We make truth out of what we believe," a sage has said, "and beauty out of what we love."

It remains possible to boggle at the elements of dictatorship and intolerant violence which we see so pronounced in conspicuous movements of to-day.

We seem often in the presence of an instinct of self-abasement, a helpless suggestibility, before a leader whose hypnotic power is independent of any high human aims. That is, for instance, the view maintained by Professor William McDougall. But it is not universally accepted. Another psychologist, Dr. William Brown, holds that there is no self-abasement in the crowd that follows a leader fitted to unify and direct their own aims. Moreover, the leader soon finds that he has to follow his followers; they project on to him their conception of what he ought to be and he must live up to that conception at his peril.

I would add that this view is supported by the career of Mussolini, whose consummate skill has been shown not only in shepherding the mob at decisive moments but in taking care

to embody in himself its traditional idol of the majesty of Rome. Hitler, similarly, if perhaps more awkwardly, correspondingly aims to embody an exalted traditional idea of Germanism. Without this mass exaltation there could be no effective mass momentum.

The other prominent characteristic of these movements, their tendency to violence, is associated with this mass momentum. The mob, when inspired by passion, is never tolerant. Some have seen in the violence manifested by all the commufascist groups the prolongation of a habit engendered by the war; if you have been accustomed to kill and destroy the members of a hostile national group it is difficult to avoid doing the same with the members of a hostile ideological group. But the root is really deeper and wider than this.

It must also be remembered, once more, that in commufascism we are dealing with movements which owe their vital force to youth, and youth is a stage of violence. That is inevitable since the motor energies are not yet balanced by the development of wide perceptions or deep experiences. Criminality, as we know, is mainly a phenomenon of adolescence, though often of unduly prolonged adolescence. At the present day the majority of offenders are under twenty-one, and the significant fact is to be noted that (at all events in England) it is among the young that there is the greatest relative increase in criminality. A century ago nearly three-fourths of prisoners on trial were under thirty, and very few over fifty. It has no doubt always been so. In the early seventeenth century a connection of my family was executed for burglary, at the age of eighteen, in spite of the efforts of his respectable relatives. The details of the charge remain unknown, but I persist in thinking that it was no hanging matter, and that had he been kept alive he would have died respectably in his bed.

Sooner or later we outgrow youth. It was a memorable day when Tolstoy on witnessing an execution in Paris gained

the conviction that the ideals of political progress are vain and all government an evil. To-day Einstein declares, that, while feeling it a duty to serve the cause of human progress and real freedom, he is opposed to commufascism and to every enslavement maintained by terror and force, since all that is precious in human society depends upon the development of the individual.

The upshot of the matter is that, however diverse the materialistic roads they offer for reaching the Kingdom of Heaven, Lenin and Mussolini and Hitler present the symbols of religious faiths. And it is youth that supplies the enthusiasm for those faiths.

THE REMEDY FOR MOB HYSTERIA

"THIS is a dreadful world in which to be bringing up a child of seven. I have been reading Beverley Nichols' *Cry Havoc*, and it made me feel far from cheerful." It is the mother of an only son who is writing.

My correspondent is actively engaged in living and working; I do not know that she has ever taken any keen interest in the problem of war. But, like others, she has been caught up by the present extraordinary wave of interest in the question of war and peace, if indeed we can call "extraordinary" any interest in a matter which is now of fatal significance, directly and indirectly, for most of the earth's human inhabitants.

In his book, *The Science of Peace*—at some points debatable but in others excellent,—Lord Raglan has a vigorous chapter on Women and War. He holds that women, however peaceful in theory, have always been powerful agents on the side of warfare, both among lower races and in civilization. As regards lower races he is able to bring forward personal evidence from his experiences as an administrator. He confirms the conclusions of Briffault (in his great book *The Mothers*) that women have always been conspicuous not only for bravery but for ferocity and cruelty. He points out that the same traits, under rather different forms, are exhibited among civilized women, whether educated or uneducated. It is a civilized convention that women should not actually fight, but during the Great War I recall that the most violent language I heard about the enemy came not from men but from women, and they exerted all their powers, by encouragement or by sarcasm, to drive their men to the front.

Lord Raglan rightly regards this tendency, not as inherent, but as artificial, and indeed largely due to the influence of men.

I would add, that there is also to be considered a real psychological characteristic which I have elsewhere discussed at length as *affectibility*: that is to say an organic tendency to swift emotional response which may be equally favourable for good as for bad ends. It must be borne in mind that under the difficult war conditions there was a strong body of women as violent for pacifism as the war-mongers for war.

Such a tendency lends itself to the hysteria of the crowd, and while the crowd is now ready to respond to the emotional appeal of Beverley Nichols' widely circulated book, the tide might turn, and, as in the last war, the crowd be seized once more by the hysteria of war.

That, indeed, is why hope for the world, and for the future of civilization, lies so largely in better organized national and international life. Only yesterday Mr. Henderson, who presided over the Disarmament Conference, truly remarked that "it is not sufficient that war is a crime against humanity, if we are to end war, the people must be united, resolute, and positive in their support of policies for constructive world peace, disarmament, and international co-operation." And in the same spirit, Gilbert Murray, while agreeing that "never has the longing for secure peace been so passionate and so universal as it is to-day," wisely adds, "but large masses of people have still to learn that you cannot either prevent or avoid war by merely running away from it."

That is why I emphasize the dangers of mob hysteria. It is easy to spout about war as a "crime against humanity," but the very same spouter at another moment may invoke war to avenge some imagined "crime against humanity." On this foundation, running away from war easily emerges into running away from peace. The emotional appeal of Beverley Nichols to which my friend responds is not enough.

There is, however, a real and solid ground in our times even for the emotional appeal. A century and more ago, children were cheap. They were dumped down in heaps amid their helpless parents in every so-called civilized country (savages are usually more careful), and of course most of them met an early death. Under such conditions death was a matter of comparative indifference, and there might even have been an advantage in meeting it in war, though in those days, unlike ours, no one was actually or virtually compelled to fight.

The day of helpless parentage is over, and the phase of swiftly swelling population fortunately promises to be brief in human history. We approach the time when every child will be a desired child and all children will be counted precious. The growth in advanced countries of maternal clinics and infant welfare and child guidance is not only the manifestation of this new orientation of mankind, but brings its reality home to the whole community called upon to support these institutions.

In old days the militarist felt justified in preaching to women, sometimes even nakedly: "Bear children! We need them on the battlefield." Such appeals are more and more tending to fall on deaf ears.

The ears are growing deaf because women are now enabled to exert a different side of their nature from that which Lord Raglan deplures. It is entirely natural for a woman to-day, as in the old world we read of, at the coming of her first-born to hear angels proclaiming that she is blessed above women and to see Kings coming to worship with gold and frankincense and myrrh.

Do not suppose that this is a romantic and sentimental attitude. It is founded on biological necessity. It is needed to fortify the birth impulse which in the evolution of mankind has become ever more difficult and painful. And what mother can be sure that her aspiration may not one day be verified? It has happened before.

THE LATER FREUD

“I GO to Freud every day but Sunday. On my first visit I was chiefly surprised and touched to find his inner sanctum a sort of little museum of objects of art, mostly Greek and Egyptian. He is almost a specialist on tiny Mediterranean green and blue glass jars, and on his desk in a further room is a row of priceless Egyptian statuettes. He let me wander about, and then remarked, rather whimsically and ironically, that I was not really interested in him, nor in humanity, and that the instinct of an analyst on entrance was significant. He is terribly penetrating of course, but very non-frightening and tender. I was upset for the first few hours and we talked of you. . . . He is a rare, exquisite being, small, very fragile, but one does not notice, as I feared, his ‘infirmity,’ as he calls it. I still love the work with him. He is always fine, remote, spiritual, yet warm and near and sweet, with, all the time, a saint-like imp-like quivering sense of humour which alone should put him among the immortals.”

It is rather a long passage which I here quote from the still longer letter of a friend whose name is not unknown. Freud sees few patients now. It seems worth while to present this intimate recent picture of a man who has been so disturbing an influence in the world, a revolutionary force, as so many hold, in the science of psychology.

I am the more pleased to bring it forward since I could not replace it by any picture of my own. My keen interest in his work began with the publication of Freud's very first book in 1896, before psycho-analysis had even been heard of, and ever

since then I have been in friendly touch with Freud by occasional correspondence, scarcely indeed as a disciple yet with admiration and sympathy. We have, however, never met. I send him my books and he sends me his. Lately I have received from him the second series of his Introductory Lectures, and since then this book has appeared in English. The first series of Introductory Lectures is the work of Freud's which I am accustomed to recommend, above all others of his, to those who desire to possess a comprehensive and authoritative statement of the main doctrines of psycho-analysis. I recommend it, and even specially, to those who have no intention of occupying themselves with the subject or cherish any expectation of ever becoming Freudians. For the day has come when these doctrines are so widely dispersed, and in so many quarters so deeply rooted, that it concerns everyone to be acquainted with their drift. It is, moreover, for everyone worth while since, however remote from psycho-analysis we may be and wish to remain, there is something here to be learned from the expert's wisdom and long experience.

This second series will by no means replace that first series as an introduction to psycho-analysis, and is not so intended. But it forms an instructive supplement, fragmentary and sometimes personal in tone, illuminating such subjects as Freud's doctrine of dreams, his conception of the super-ego, and his experience of feminine psychology.

I have myself been perhaps chiefly aroused by the concluding lecture, "A Philosophy of Life," and all the more so because I here experience an acute mixture of agreement and disagreement. In a penetrating essay, only of late published in English, "Freud's Position in the History of Modern Thought," Thomas Mann, the most distinguished of German novelists, deals with a common misapprehension. Freud has, that is, sometimes been regarded as asserting, through his insistence on the unconscious, the supremacy of the irrational, of mind-

lessness and hatred and war, and so been claimed as a force of the side of reaction. Thomas Mann firmly denies that this is the outcome of Freud's doctrines, which, on the contrary, through increase of analysis and self-consciousness, make for the ever-growing dominance of the rational.

The aim of this concluding lecture is precisely to show that no philosophy of life (more exactly what the Germans call *Weltanschauung*) is possible but that based on rational science, though even that is inadequate to constitute a complete philosophy. The argument is admirable. But he puts this creed in the form of an attack—even unnecessary since so often made before—on the conventional creeds of supernatural religion with their unprovable cosmogenies. For Freud these are the whole of religion, though he admits a rightful place to the emotions, without realizing what that admission involves. Never having himself felt the need of it, he overlooks the possibility of a religious attitude towards the universe in harmony with science. He must fail to understand a scientist (Julian Huxley for instance) who is a professed Rationalist yet claims a place for religion.

But then, again, I follow with keen sympathetic interest the final pages and regard them as even alone making the whole volume worth while. Here for the first time Freud reveals his attitude towards Marxism. He recognizes the strength of the Marxian position, not in its historic theories, but in its realization of the widespread influence of economic conditions. It has not, however, he believes, gone deep enough, since below economic conditions there lie the psychological factors which determine these conditions, and even these are by no means the only conditions that mould life. Bolshevism, moreover, in its undue revolutionary haste, has not only taken on the shape of the old dogmatic religions but "acquired an almost uncanny resemblance to what it opposes." These concluding pages cannot be too carefully meditated.

THE LATER FREUD

"God-like," my friend wrote in one passage of her letter. At all events a Titan. Even the sacrilegious and tortured Prometheus has his place among the immortals.

HUMAN ORCHESTRATION

“HERE, too, the depression is great and ever increasing.” It is a Frenchman who is writing from Paris. “The stupid crime of the Versailles Treaty weights heavily on the whole world, on us perhaps more heavily than anywhere. For fifteen years we have let pass every opportunity for repairing our mistakes, and now we are driven into a corner. No one here earns a living unless he is an official. Difficulties I have never before known begin for me as for others, and many of my friends are in a wretched position. The only way out seems a complete social revolution. But none dare to risk this, not even the revolutionaries themselves. They would have to face the machine-guns brought out to defend empty money safes and softening brains. Since the fall of the Roman Empire there has never been so grave a situation. Still, it is interesting.”

It is also interesting that my friend should write in this tone. Here is a Frenchman who describes the persistent policy of his own country precisely in terms used by so many outside France. It is still more interesting if I mention that the Frenchman in question is Elie Faure, the distinguished writer and critic whose *History of Art* is well and deservedly known, and who played his part in the Great War as a military surgeon, afterwards recording his experience in a fascinating volume.

Elie Faure is a patriotic Frenchman. I have never associated him with revolutionary ideals. He has even in the past put forward a view of war between nations as a beneficial and fertilizing spiritual influence. He happens, however, to belong by ancestry to Gascony, and the spirit of the land of Montaigne

still clings to him. He is the nephew of Elisée and Elie Reclus, those saintly representatives of idealistic Anarchism. I connect that fact with the new and wider social outlook of the former art historian.

Some years ago Elie Faure set out on a leisurely and extended tour round the world, from the United States to Russia, and since his return he has put forth his present vision of national prospects and human destiny in two volumes, first of all *Mon Périple*, in which he concisely describes the more immediate outcome of his travels. It is worth while to know what so sensitive and highly intelligent an observer, well equipped with the finest culture of Europe, has to tell us of this bird's-eye view of Man to-day. The result is all the more significant since it betrays little of the typical Frenchman's traditions and prejudices.

What has in the end especially impressed Faure is, beneath all the contrasting external differences, a subterranean identity. It is the identity he finds that concerns us most. Everywhere, alike in Europe, America, Asia, and Africa, there is a swift change from the individualistic civilization towards collectivistic—or if we dislike that word—a symphonic civilization.

In Soviet Russia and the United States alike, the same kind of "orchestration," as Faure calls it, is taking place. It is like an immense biological change of the human organism from a crustacean to a high mammal form; in place of separated organs, new organs bound together by sensitive nervous fibres, so that the co-existence of an over-production with a famine of goods will become impossible.

The key to the new order is in the word *technics*. That is the refrain throughout. "The technical orchestration of the world poem"—that is what is being sketched out on our time. "Technics is the new incarnation of the spirit." No doubt the first results are terrible, but no doubt they have ever been so from the days when the technical discovery of flint imple-

ments was made by Early Man. Yet it is science and technics that are re-creating the poetry of the world. We must, it is said, be on our guard against automatism. "But," retorts Faure, "every new freedom is conditioned by a new automatism." He repeats that saying at the end, and concludes: "Let the multitude consent to regulate their passions on the rhythm of technics and the world will be saved."

It is not long since Dr. Horace Kallen published an eloquent and hortatory book on *Individualism: an American Way of Life*. And the mission of America would now largely seem to be the achievement of an "orchestration" which abolishes individualism. But the individualism of Kallen is found on examination to differ from that of Locke which of old influenced the American constitution, while in Elie Faure's letter of yesterday we do not feel that the new orchestration is yet at hand.

Just over a century ago Harriet Martineau, who was the pioneer of various modern movements, wrote a story, "*Weal and Woe in Garveloch*," to set forth her ideals of a new social orchestration which would especially involve birth limitation and the end of war. At the conclusion a wise old man has his say: "There is hope that the poor will in time be more eager to maintain than to multiply their families and then, lads, there will be no more drumming and fifing in Graveloch and no need to wander abroad in search of danger and death, in order to show patriotism." "When will that be, uncle?" "I am no prophet but I will venture to prophesy that it will happen somewhere between the third and the thirty thousandth generation from the present—that is, that it will take place, but not yet."

At all events we are already in the third generation.

THE PROBLEM OF LEADERSHIP

“THERE is a subject on which I would like to ask your opinion: that is leadership. All admit that not everyone is born to be a leader. Yet parents are ashamed, openly or secretly, if their children don't come up to high expectations. It seems to me now that there is nothing to be ashamed of in being an intelligent follower. Yet I went through years of humiliation before I came to that conclusion. My mother and father were both natural leaders. I seemed at first above the average child. So all sorts of duties beyond my capacity were placed upon me, with failure after failure. I was a disappointment to parents and teachers. All our training emphasizes leadership, to such an extreme that the rest are neglected. Yet followers don't need to be sheep, or to follow blindly, or to accept the leader who happens to be in power, or to follow the same leader stubbornly all their lives. The schools must turn their attention to the followers. Until their intelligence is raised a nation cannot be really great.”

The writer is a married woman in Chicago, and I know nothing further of her life or her present attitude towards the world. At all events there seems no fault to find with her intelligence.

It is of interest to consider this letter in association with a book which reaches me at almost the same time: *The Voice of Experience* by an author so known by radio, it appears, to millions, but otherwise nameless, though we are assured by Dr. Beran Wolfe that he is fully entitled to be described as “humanitarian

and scholar." More than two million persons, he himself tells us, have sought his guidance.

The "Voice" is remarkably frank about this public. On his very first page he qualifies "most of us"—that is most of the two millions—as "just living corpses walking through life," because, as he adds later, "afraid to live."

These "living corpses" are precisely the class which my correspondent more sympathetically terms the "followers." We must remember that the Voice is throughout the preacher's. From a radio pulpit it is safe to describe the congregation as "living corpses," or even, however inconsistently, as "a mad horde of hungry wolves." The Voice is stimulating, and the exhortation, without doubt, usually admirable.

It is to the point of my correspondent's letter, which is why I introduce it here. In his sermon "On Being too Ambitious" the Voice assures followers that ambition is "the cause of much needless suffering and unhappiness"; that it is really a manifestation of the inferiority complex; not only earning the hatred of others but for its owner the surest road to nervous breakdown and mental disease. It is, in short, because we have so many millions of would-be leaders that the world is a mad scramble and civilization spoilt. The world is made for co-operation; there is no higher ambition than to be "a good servant, a good team-mate." And the followers have the task of caring for the wreckages of the would-be leaders. So that here, as in the Kingdom of Heaven, the last shall be the first.

I might add that psychologists are enabling us to see, not only that natural leaders are few, but that, as skill in vocational guidance grows, we may learn to distinguish them at an early age. Pinard prepared a list of over eighty rateable characteristics associated with what is termed "perserveration," and it has been found that "moderate perserverators" as well as "moderate non-perserverators" possess the quality of stable reliability which makes for leadership while those towards the

two extremes of perserveration and non-perserveration are unfit to lead, proving unstable and difficult.

Certainly there may be many who are tempted in listening to the Voice to believe that behind it stands a terrifying model of the Perfect Man. The picture set forth of his "experience" is at every point that of complete fulfilment of the human ideal most of the listeners have been brought up to accept. No wonder the Voice has modestly chosen to exist as a mysterious personality behind a microphone.

That is where the critic is tempted to come in. After all, experience can only be one's own. The Voice's experience may or may not have achieved the Perfect Man, but it can never be conveyed to the idle listener-in at the radio. We can only learn by our own experience. The Voice declares that "falling in love" is a delusion, and "just as dangerous as other forms of mental disease." The Voice really means that it is "dangerous" for a youth or girl to take on for life—or less, for the matter of that—some apparently attractive stranger of whom he or she really knows nothing. It is true. But it is also true that the early experience of "falling in love," far from being "a mental disease," is for many the awakening to life, and the key to a new and wider vision of the world which will prove of life-long value.

The Voice undertakes to help people to happiness. But though it carefully avoids saying anything that is not strictly proper and conventional, the advice must sometimes seem, even when most excellent, rather baffling to the listener: "Get the habit of making mistakes!" "What we ought to pray for is adversity." "The only College that is qualified to teach character is the University of Hard Knocks." Might we not add: "The only Voice of Experience that is strong enough to guide is one's own voice?"

But, whatever the Voice, we make mistakes all our lives long, we never cease to meet with Hard Knocks. No Voice

can tell of any final degree to be conferred by that University.

An ancient Persian sage, who also has come down to us nameless, said that he who strives for wisdom should possess at least a couple of lives: in one to learn experience and in the next to profit by it. I expect that the Voice of Experience would privately agree with his anonymous Eastern brother.

At all events, the experience in life of others can never replace our own. The moral astrologer broadcasts his guidance. Yet it remains true, even for those of us who are "followers," the human majority: "Man is his own star."

DO ADULTS OF TO-DAY RESEMBLE CHILDREN?

“THE children, who are in Savoy, are having very fine weather: ‘Children’!—If they knew! One daughter with thirty years and the other with twenty-five. A new and curious generation. They say that *we*, their father and mother, are children. I wonder why.”

The writer is an old friend, a French man of science, living in Paris. What he says is quite true, and not only of the younger generation of France. When we were ourselves young it never occurred to us that our parents were “children.” The parents of a later generation often seem so to their children.

If, like my correspondent, I begin to wonder why, I am led along a train of thought which—I freely admit—may be wildly astray. But I record it for what it may be worth.

How far is the instinct of the younger generation sound? How far do the so-called adult generation of to-day actually resemble children?

In approaching this question we have to remember that, in spite of early champions of the child, only within the last half-century has the idea of childhood been generally cherished and exploited and sentimentalized.

In old days children were small adults. As such we view them in pictures of those times. They were brought up from the first to be adults. All the knowledge of life, normal and abnormal, was open to them. It seemed they could not be too early prepared to assume its responsibilities. The adult art of living may have been bad, but at all events the children were bred to carry it out.

Then a new feeling arose. After all, children are not adults. Let them be children while they are children. Let us hide from them all the facts of life. Let them be as reckless and wilful and irresponsible as they like. Time enough later to learn duties. While they are children make life for them a Paradise.

But while these good sentimental people were trying to rule the nursery on these lines, the scientists were also at work. Lombroso in 1876 began his stormy course as a pioneer in the realm of psychology, and the report he brought back of childhood was not encouraging. The fact that among criminals the young specially abound was already well known. Criminality is largely a youthful phenomenon, and in some lands, as in India, children can become most attractive little objects of villainy. There is, moreover, apart from any training, a special form of criminality peculiarly youthful and formerly termed "moral insanity" or "moral imbecility," with a disinclination for regular habits, an inability to learn combined with astute intelligence, extraordinary cynicism, and cruelty. All who have lived among criminals (as Dostoievsky) have remarked that they are children, children of a larger growth and a greater capacity for evil.

All this was known. But Lombroso pointed out what he regarded as the very significant fact that these characters are but an exaggeration of those which mark nearly all children. The child is naturally nearer not only to the animal and the savage but also to the criminal. It is only of recent years (as indeed I wrote myself even forty years ago) that the grave importance of the study of childhood has been realized, and it has even yet made little impression. We forget what we were like as children. It is not so long since Richard Hughes in his notable novel of the children at Jamaica still shocked many, and only a few days ago a distinguished physician, Lord Horder, found it necessary to impress on the Child Guidance

Clinic movement the doubly abnormal tendency in childhood, on the one hand to theft, temper, lying, truancy, and actual delinquency; and on the other hand to fear-obsessions, night-terrors, and spasms.

Children are naturally egoists because dominated by still immature impulses, and for the same reason still what adults call liars and thieves and cruel; though these adult words have no meaning for children, who have not yet learnt what truth and property and sympathy mean. Those who can recall clearly their own childhood remember with horror some deeds of that period, and only too many can recall what they suffered at the hands of companions who appeared devils incarnate.

But the sentimentalists of a generation ago evidently had it their own way in the nursery and the school. They so idealized and magnified and impressed the virtues of childhood that a whole generation could never outgrow those imaginary virtues and has remained children. When we examine impartially the ruling classes of to-day we are apt to be struck, even terrified, by the precision with which they exemplify, under varying political disguises, the characteristics long ago described by Lombroso as those of children. To many, indeed, it appears that never before has the world been so much under the domination of children.

Whether or not our vision is sound, it would be futile to-day to discuss. That must be left to posterity. Sufficient to the day is the theory thereof.

At the beginning of our century Ellen Key proclaimed it joyfully the Century of the Child. Her foresight has proved only too true. But I also remember how an old friend who looked forward to the future sometimes lectured on Man's Coming of Age. There is still more world ahead.

THE PROBLEM OF OUR QUEERNESSES

“TO find that one’s ‘queernesses’ are normal in the sense that they are not unique, and to realize one’s ignorance of the normal, is a discovery of immense benefit. Certainly many of your readers must feel, as I do, that you have placed them profoundly in your debt.”

That question of “queernesses,” which has so often occupied me, is an even larger one than my correspondent may suspect, and it is always showing some fresh aspect. It is not confined simply to mental twists. It covers the whole field of life, both body and spirit. Biologically, it is natural to all life. There is a tendency everywhere to slight variation, obvious or concealed. As my correspondent remarks, to fancy that one’s own “queerness,” psychic or physical, is not normal is to be ignorant of what is normal.

The Adlerian analysts, as we know, emphasize the significance of constitutional queernesses and defects and of what is termed the “masculine protest” against them. The subject of such a weakness or abnormality is so determined to conquer it that in his efforts he goes to the opposite extreme and may even succeed in converting his defect into his great quality. Demosthenes, overcoming his stammer by declaiming with pebbles in his mouth and other devices, to develop at length into a supreme orator, supplies the typical instance of the masculine protest. It is the conscious application of the method of Nature in repairing wounds and reacting against poisons.

But there is another way of approaching the problem of queernesses, just as sound biologically and equally valuable in

its results. Instead of combating them, they may be cherished for the sake of all their stimulating reactions on the rest of the personality.

Arnold Bennett, like Demosthenes, stammered. But, unlike the Athenian orator, he never overcame his defect. Yet he never allowed it to interfere with his mental balance and his normal outlook. He accepted it. That stammer was the portal to the art in which he excelled: "Except for the stammer, which forced him to introspection," remarks Somerset Maugham, "Arnold Bennett would never have become a writer." More than a century earlier, I may remark, the pioneering and versatile Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles Darwin, had expressed his indebtedness to his stammer.

So that a queerness, instead of arousing reactions for its own destruction, may act in the reverse way. It may be maintained, and in its maintenance stimulate activities of the whole organism which, without it, would have languished or never developed. So it was with Dalton's colour-blindness, which served to make its possessor a scientific pioneer. And the same is true of mental as well as physical queernesses. Many an artist and scientist has found distinction by transforming his queerness into shapes of beauty or truth, instead of merely suppressing them.

It is the queerness itself which thus becomes a treasurable distinction, when it might have proved merely painful or disgusting. This was so even with Arnold Bennett's stammer. His friend Aldous Huxley has described how it imposed upon him a peculiar laconism, entirely his own, an almost electrifying quality at once epigrammatic and oracular, so that he seemed always to be saying the last word on a subject; in his peculiar phrasing it became "a kind of artistic super-truth." Probably Charles Lamb's friends would have said much the same. Thus a defect which the physicians struggle to remove is seen as its possessor's most admirable trait; the stone which

the builders rejected, in the Psalmist's phrase, becomes the head-stone of the corner.

There is a physiological basis for this process. It is specially apt to occur in men of rather unusual organization, those apart in nervous and psychic structure from their fellows, whether for good or for ill. This process is recognized and advantage taken of it in medicine. It underlies the use of malarial infection to produce a beneficial mental change in general paralysis. The physician constantly sees in insane conditions how a disorder which would normally produce painful and disturbing symptoms—such as pneumonia or an intracranial tumour—acts almost as beneficially as Arnold Bennett's stammer, or as for a time a narcotic drug acts, not only harmless in itself but beneficial in its general effects. It would not do for Nature to adopt this system always, but she finds that in some cases it pays.

The study of queernesses extends far and deep. We have to realize their significance and importance. If under modern social conditions we are everywhere being deprived of our rugged economic individualism, there are still fields left where individualism is precious. It is precious not merely for the individual himself but for the social group to which he belongs.

THE PLACE OF THE INFERIORITY-COMPLEX

"I AM perfectly honest and sincere when I say that I have more or less shunned the society of women solely because I have come to feel an 'inferiority complex' with regard to them. These feelings were intensified some years ago by unflattering though ignorant remarks by various people, including one or two girls. As a result I have considered myself to be rather a 'poor fish.' There is probably no real reason for this."

With that conclusion I entirely agreed. My correspondent, who is an artist approaching the age of thirty, is healthy in body and mind, of clear intelligence, and vigorous bodily habits. Like many sensitive people, he has had doubts as to whether he could be considered "normal." But I have been able to assure him that the grounds for those doubts are trivial. If anything, I tell him, he is above rather than below the "normal" level, and there is no reason why he should not play a normal part in life.

I went further, and told him that it was not usually the really inferior people who suffer from an "inferiority complex." In my experience, it is more frequently the superior people who are so troubled, though I was not able to give any definite or statistical data on this point.

But my letter had scarcely been despatched when I happened to take up the latest number of the often instructive *Journal of Social Psychology* edited by the indefatigable Professor Carl Murchison, and I came on the precise data I needed.

Here I found that Ray Mars Simpson of the Chicago Institute

for Juvenile Research has been investigating the "self-rating of Prisoners compared with that of College Students." No previous scientific comparison had been made of normal and abnormal persons in that aspect. So over 400 college students (the sexes equally divided) were compared with nearly 300 prisoners (all males, which somewhat impairs the comparison). The main age of the students was nearly twenty-three, that of the prisoners some four years more. A list of fifty traits with their opposites (such as honest—dishonest, kind—unkind, etc.) was drawn up with ten degrees marked between the opposites. Each subject had to draw a line through the degree of each trait at which he placed himself. It is interesting to compare the tables of the results in detail. But it is enough here to state that the prisoners rated themselves higher than the students for the traits in general. Burglars and sex-offenders, it may be noted, placed themselves higher than those convicted for larceny or murder. It is suggested that, if criminality is a criterion of maladjustment to life, over-rating is related to maladjustment. At any rate we may conclude that superiority tends to be associated with an inferiority-complex.

This has often been illustrated in the history of genius. It may even be said that, like over-rating, under-rating also is related to maladjustment. All genius may be viewed as a pioneering attempt towards a better adjustment to life.

Let us, for instance, take Karl Marx. I select Marx because, on the surface and in the most characteristic portraits, his imperial head has a domineering air which scarcely suggests an inferiority-complex. Yet when we turn to his biography by Rühle, a hero-worshipper who yet shows acute insight, we find the admission that Marx suffered from a maladjustment to life which in the next generation became more actively pronounced, so that several children died in early life and two committed suicide.

Marx himself was constantly seeking a neurotic refuge from

life in illnesses, often imaginary. He always regarded himself as the victim of circumstances, a belief largely indeed based on the actual facts, but fortified by his difficult and aggressive ways. He relied for his sense of strength on his community-feeling, the feeling that he was the representative of the people. He compensated his inferiority by the titanic effort to call the proletariat to self-consciousness, by entering the battlefield and asserting their dominance.

We all, in some measure however slight, possess an inferiority-complex and a superiority-complex. But it is a mistake to suppose that either of these is in itself an unmixed blessing or an unmixed curse. To exercise the art of life wisely each seems essential, under due control; for any high achievement we cannot rely on either alone. To cultivate successfully the art of walking through life we must use both legs.

XLIX

THE DANGERS OF LEISURE

“MAY I tell you an incident which has occurred in the workshop? The firm decided to ask all workers over sixty-five years of age to retire. One old chap had spent his whole working life of fifty-four years in the service, and on retiring had pensions which, with his wife’s, made approximately no difference to his income. There was no financial bogey to worry him. But it was like uprooting a tree. He had no interests outside work except giving a little help on the material side to his Baptist Chapel. He did his duty and had no vices in his terribly limited life. On the last day he worked as usual, and before leaving shook hands with some of the older men: ‘Well, John, what are you going to do with your leisure?’ ‘Going home to die, I suppose.’ In three weeks he died. He had left the works without a hand-shake or a pat on the back from the manager (a Cambridge man) or anyone in authority. We felt that a word of appreciation from the people in whose service he had spent his life might have saved him.”

I sympathize with the feelings of my correspondent, a London factory-worker from whose letters I sometimes have occasion to quote. Yet the story he tells suggests reflections which may not have occurred to him. They might easily be overlooked.

We are accustomed to think that in former times class distinctions were much more marked than in our democratic days, that with education extended to the whole community (observe how well my correspondent tells his story) those

distinctions tend to disappear. The change is real; yet there is another aspect of it.

In the old days, when the worker was completely dependent on the master, there was room for tyranny but there was also room for affection; a sort of patriarchal relationship admits of friendly association and friendly common interests. We may still sometimes see that to-day in the domestic sphere where the dependent by life-long service becomes as one of the family.

But under the new socialized conditions—certainly as we find them in England—the former dependent may become independent, scarcely less so than the master, and often even better protected by the State. There is no occasion for friendly patriarchal care or old-fashioned patronage. As my correspondent himself tells, the old worker of his story was none the worse by his retirement and remained economically independent. If he had been a man of spirit he might have resented the ungracious attitude of his superiors or even felt sorry for them; he had no need to break his heart over their callousness.

There is yet another aspect of the matter. This also is unintentionally indicated by my correspondent when he refers to the old man's interests in life as "terribly limited." There we are brought to another side of the whole modern problem.

That is the question of leisure. I return to it again because it is always coming before us. To-day there is for millions too much leisure. Under the best conditions there will still be more leisure than has ever before been imposed on the workaday world. A thirty-hours week, or something approaching it, cannot well be avoided, at all events until the day, still ahead, when the surplus workers are eliminated, and producers and production more justly balanced on the new basis of mechanization.

Rightly viewed, here is matter for rejoicing, and of hope for the world. My correspondent's mate, who seemed to die of

wounded pride, might have survived if he had known how to use his leisure. But it is not manual workers only who do not know how to use their leisure. I know of intellectual workers also who, when retired, so lack interest outside their work that they are helpless, pine, and die.

One of the chief tasks before us is to learn to employ leisure. In so far as we have not sunk to the lowest levels of intelligence that means an increased devotion to impersonal ends, and a greater activity along the varied paths of higher human development.

One's first impulse before my correspondent's pitiful story is commiseration. But, as so often happens, one has to look into it more closely. And then we find that it really leads us towards a new horizon of the world's advance.

L

THE ATTITUDE TO PESSIMISM

“WHAT you say about a youthful phase of despair is all very well and may be true. But how about those who when they enter such a phase never come out of it? In youth I was full of beautiful illusions. I have lost them, and the more I see what is going on in the world the more I am seized by a despair from which death seems the only escape. The world, at the best, is made up of fools who may all want to better it, but the only way they know how is by cutting each other's throats.” So writes a friend.

It is true, as I before said, that many an exceptional youth,—perhaps born to achieve fame—has felt himself an alien in a hostile world before gaining his own new vision and the power to exercise harmoniously the complete functions of his own nature.

It is, however, also true that many a sensitive and fine-spirited person is overwhelmed by the spectacle of what seems the knavery or folly of mankind, together with the acute suffering which—in one form or another, at one period or another—is inevitable for all of us. The evil in the world seems to prevail over the good, and the pain over the joy. Such a realization may even be specially acute and widespread in our post-war age. The cheap ideals of “Progress” which flourished during the marvellously expansive nineteenth century are suddenly shattered for an age which has forgotten that the whole idea of Progress is merely a modern invention. For many there seems no escape from disillusion and discouragement.

Yet there is no need to bow to any unqualified condemnation of mankind. It may well be that at some periods in a state of civilization to which he has not yet become adjusted, Man is specially obsessed by evil impulses, and that to-day is precisely such a period of maladjustment.

But even since I began writing this page I find that only the day before yesterday, Professor Elliot-Smith who, though on some questions his opinions are disputed, is without dispute among our chief authorities in anthropology, has just given his opinion on primitive Man: a peaceful, honest, truthful being, he concludes, well-disposed to his fellow-men. "Man is essentially a decent creature." That corresponds with the impressions received from my own humble efforts to study in the same field. Our civilization is scarcely three thousand years old. The "primitive" age of Man lasted for untold thousands of years during which he was most genuinely "progressive." There is no ground for despair in the fact that he has at first been distracted by the manifold strains of a new civilization, quite apart from the question whether that civilization is itself a mere phase. There is no reason why Man should not eventually pull himself together.

But, I may be told, we must take him as he is. Well, I turn to Schopenhauer. More than a century ago, in a post-war age troubled much as is ours, four years after the battle of Waterloo, he published his great work. He was outside the conventional academic portals, and, as will happen, his book was neglected by all but a growing few who found in it a place of refuge from an evil world. That did not mean that Schopenhauer was trying to escape from life; on the contrary, he was deeply interested in all the movements of his day.

However hateful and contemptible the world of men is, said Schopenhauer, it is useless to add to our hatred and contempt by dwelling on those aspects of men. Far better to think of their sufferings and their anxieties and their needs, for then

we shall realize how near akin we are to them, and be able to give them sympathy in place of hate and contempt.

Or, for another reaction to an evil world, we may go back to the later Roman Empire and to a man who was not only interested in that world but spent his days in hard work as its supreme ruler. That world was breaking up on the revolutionary impact of Christianity, just as some think that ours is on the impact of Communism, and beginning to totter. Marcus Aurelius forged for himself a spiritual armour against the shocks of his time.

It is the spirit within ourselves—the deity as he sometimes calls it—to which we must listen, and that spirit cannot but be one with the soul of all things, for the universe is of a piece. Men may go astray and tear themselves from that oneness. But “if any man has done wrong that harm is his own, and perhaps he has not done wrong.” Man’s true God, as it has been put, is the helping of man. In the assurance of the essential harmony of the universe, beneath all distractions on the surface, Marcus finds confidence and serenity.

The book of his *Meditations* (better entitled *To Himself*) has brought consolation to some of the greatest spirits in the centuries since, and still possesses the same power. In the midst of the Great War Gilbert Murray—again a man active in the affairs of the world though also the man who has brought the Greek spirit to the man in the street—delivered a memorable lecture on *The Stoic Philosophy*. And Gilbert Murray finds that this religion—as it is for us rather than a philosophy—represents a way of looking at the world and at the problems of life of permanent interest, and still a power of inspiration with dynamic adaptability.

Marcus accepted the right to suicide. If the house becomes smoky, he said, I quit it. But he knew that there are other ways of dealing with smoke.

THE PROBLEM OF THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE

THE President of the Medical Society of the County of New York, in his inaugural address, has condemned most of the current social trends in medicine and advocated a return to the palmy days of the old family physician. Dr. Dannreuther denounces nearly all forms of socialized medicine, arguing that they mechanize medicine, destroy the traditional ideals of the profession, and encourage bureaucracy.

As I happen to be a physician, although not in practice, and acutely interested in the wider problems of medicine, I cannot fail to be concerned in Dr. Dannreuther's vigorous presentation of the situation.

Certainly I am with him in desiring to uphold the ancient ideals; I have no love for mechanization or for bureaucracy; I am convinced of the advantages of close personal association between the patient and a physician who understands his and his family idiosyncrasies, and is free to exercise his particular abilities in dealing with them.

All that is true. Yet it also happens that I have advocated the conception of State Medicine which Dr. Dannreuther seems to denounce. As far back as 1892, from my own acquaintance with medical practice and social conditions, I published a book entitled *The Nationalization of Health*. At that time rapid progress was being made in all branches of medical knowledge, and the factors of public health were becoming understood as never before. But this meant, on the one hand, that the individual practitioner of medicine could no longer possess all the knowledge and all the apparatus re-

quired to do justice to his patient's condition. It meant also, on the other hand, that the science of medicine—with its outgrowths in hygiene—was overpassing the ancient private social arrangements which had grown up in ages when the very name of hygiene was unknown.

As I viewed the situation, the private practitioner of medicine along the old lines was becoming impossible, and equally impossible the social situation in which the citizen's claim to the conditions of healthy living was still imperfectly organized. The private physician needed at his back the skill of specialists and the apparatus for dealing with difficult cases. The citizen needed the State to bring to himself, his house, and his workshop the conditions of healthy living, for which ends the influence and authority of the medical officer of health and the medical inspector are indispensable.

As a connecting link, I argued that we needed a systematic development of the hospital, not in the voluntary and philanthropic form I had known, but as an essential function of the whole community. So constituted, the hospital would on the one hand be in touch with the great public health services, and on the other be prepared to supply the individual physician with all that, as a mere private practitioner, he necessarily lacks.

Mine was not a solitary voice. Indeed my little book perhaps received more unqualified approval, medical and lay, than anything else I have ever published. All progress in the organization of medicine and hygiene which has since taken place, at all events in England, has been along the lines I set forth. It has been an almost revolutionary progress. In England, for instance, there are now over 20,000 doctors in receipt of public money; even Russia (which I had described as the typical example of backwardness in medical hygiene) is coming into line with the countries of the West and aspiring to go beyond them. Much still remains to do.

But there are always abuses to avoid and correct in every

path of progress. There is always a danger that in pursuing a new ideal the virtues of the old ideal may be forgotten. We must not be surprised, we may even applaud, when the President of a Medical Society tries to put the brakes on the triumphal car of medicine.

Nevertheless we must keep the new goal in view, if indeed it can still be called new. Before my time it was clearly seen. James Hinton, not only a distinguished surgeon but a far-seeing thinker, eloquently presented the "Place of the Physician" in an address to the students of Guy's Hospital as far back as 1873.

Now, more than ever, said Hinton, the physician must become the friend and confident of his patient. But now, also, he must not forget that it is not merely the individual but the social body which he is called upon to treat. The living frame of the social organism calls for the art of the physician, who holds in his hands the keys of life. Of old, they said, a cup was offered to Thor, and he drank. But the cup was never emptied. It was the Ocean he was drinking. So, said Hinton, it happens to the student of medicine: "To you also, gentlemen, is offered a cup, a fair-sized cup, just the knowledge of the human frame—a fair goblet for a thirsty soul. But drain it, drink your fill, exhaust your powers; you will find it as full as ever: it is the ocean you are drinking."

The science of medicine, it has been said, is the natural history of man. In the United States we witness to-day social movements which to some appear revolutionary. But to a large extent they simply embody inspirations which arise out of medical science and can only so be justified. Dr. Dannreuther concentrates his attention on filling his cup. It is well. But it may be legitimate to remind him that he faces the ocean.

THE PRESENT POSITION OF HYPNOTISM

“THE best seller in the Series has been Dr. Moll’s *Hypnotism.*”

That was the statement I received, over twenty years ago, from the publishers of the Contemporary Science Series, of which from the outset I had been the general editor.

Dr. Albert Moll of Berlin—there a physician of recognized distinction in days long before the Nazi upheaval—published his work on hypnotism in 1889. It seemed to me a most sound and scientific study of the question and I immediately arranged for a translation which appeared in the following year. I had not chosen it as likely to be popular; it seemed to me much too substantial, too stolidly Germanic, to make a wide appeal.

It was thus a surprise to find later, when the Series was approaching its end, that it had been Moll’s book which, in successive revised editions, came first in popular favour. Here, evidently, was a subject of mysterious fascination on which the general public craved enlightenment. That day is past. Moll himself, indeed, long since abandoned the subject, to become instead one of the chief authorities on the psychology of sex.

I am reminded of Moll when there comes into my hands another book on the same subject, and as substantial as his though not Germanic. It is of American origin and entitled *Hypnosis and Suggestibility*. The author is Professor Clark L. Hull of Yale with a large group of younger collaborators to whom he modestly attributes the chief value of the work.

That value is considerable. I am gratified to find that Dr. Hull calls Moll “perhaps the most learned and judicious

writer on the subject." But it may fairly be said that his own work is the most memorable in this field since Moll wrote.

Its value lies less in the conclusions than in the approach. As Dr. Hull says at the outset, the present condition of the subject is "dilapidated." We need to see the problem "with a fresh eye" and to make a new approach to it in accordance with the developments of psychology as an experimental science. If, in this approach, some may feel that he unduly simplifies the probable factors at work, that is in accordance with the good old rule that we must not multiply entities unnecessarily.

The main conclusion, however tentative, yet not remote from that already reached by some workers, is that, without attempting a final definition, we may regard hypnosis as a generalized suggestibility differing only quantitatively, not qualitatively, from normal suggestion. In support a large number of precise and controlled experiments are set out. These indicate that we have here an instrument which may ultimately (though not yet) prove of value in the determination of constitutional types, in education, and in the diagnosis and treatment of insanity and delinquency.

To all those concerned with these and the like problems, the methods and results here set forth will prove indispensable. But to-day we shall not find the general public rushing up in their thousands.

Hypnotism, though all the better for the loss, has been robbed of its aura of mysterious fascination. That aura now encircles the head of the psycho-analyst. This is even historically true. Freud's earliest results were reached by the aid of a modified hypnotic procedure, and though he soon abandoned that method, it is notable that Ferenczi, his brilliant colleague who died prematurely, always attached chief significance to that early work. The doctrines of Freud move in a mysterious subterranean sphere of which Mesmer first seemed

THE PRESENT POSITION OF HYPNOTISM

to catch a glimpse, though Dr. Hull thrusts it away as "hypothetical." But it exerts all the fascination once wielded by Mesmer's magic wand.

That is by no means to diminish its importance. Perhaps in another half century another Dr. Hull will arrive with his collaborators to set psycho-analysis on the firm scientific foundation it is to-day seeking.

WHAT IS FASCISM?

“**B**Y the time I was due to quit Italy I felt an immense relief at the thought of doing so. The spiritual atmosphere is indescribably depressing, fear and suspicion everywhere, nobody daring to express his real thoughts and feelings. Suppose that the Inquisition at its worst had had the Press and the telephone and other means of communication at its disposal, and you get some idea of the power and tyranny of Fascism.”

It is so that an artist friend, familiar with southern Europe, wrote some time ago. Other friends who have long lived in Italy, and in close touch with leading representatives of Italy still clinging to Italian soil, have reflected in their letters the same conditions, though with extreme precaution. The most illuminating letter I received came from an American friend who wrote for the occasion under a false name and gave no address.

To-day, when Fascism on the Italian model is tending to spread, it becomes the concern of all of us to learn something more about it than mere abuse is competent to impart.

What is Fascism? The question is not so easy to answer as those who attempt to answer usually suppose.

For those who view from afar the social and political activities of the more extravagantly energetic sections of the younger generation to-day there is, indiscriminately, what is now termed Commufascism, that is a rigid social state of dictated uniformity maintained by applying terrorism and, if necessary, violence to the dissenting minority.

If we look a little closer it is seen that, though the external aspect reveals a seeming identity (and the Socialist element in Fascism is often denied or overlooked), there is yet a distinction. Fascism, it is claimed, involves a dictator both practically and theoretically; for Communism a dictator is only practically, not theoretically, necessary. Indeed in the eyes of the unadulterated Communist the present Soviet system is not communistic, or only so if the eye is fixed on the vision of a beautiful mirage (as some would call it) in the desert ahead from which the dictators have vanished.

There would thus be a kind of opposition between Fascism and Communism. But that is not a final view. Thus Professor Macmurray, who is a critical Marxist of metaphysical tendency, would here apply Marx's dialectical method of which, as he admits, the ordinary would-be Marxist usually has no comprehension. From this standpoint Sovietism and Fascism, far from being opposed, are bound together as thesis and anti-thesis. The Fascists, Macmurray holds, are quite correct in regarding theirs as a Socialist movement; it derives its existence and its meaning, as an economic organization imposed by force, from the limitations of the Communist thesis which it negates. In the final synthesis there are aspects of freedom and equality larger than merely economic aspects, which thesis and anti-thesis alike emphasize, and only to be realized in a classless society.

It may be so. But I would find an interpretation of Fascism less subtle than this, while also less crude than that which sees nothing but the accidental and incomprehensible domination of a Mussolini and a Hitler: I mean a psychological interpretation.

Three conditions seem essential in the establishment of a Fascist state: (1) a prolonged temper of national discontent or impotence; (2) a potent symbol in the national past to which the nation can be rallied; (3) a leader who possesses the will and

the energy to re-vitalize that symbol and organize the nation around it. All these conditions are necessary, and in modern times only Italy, and to a less degree Germany, have presented them.

To reflect on all that the *Fasces* meant in ancient Rome is to go far in understanding Italy to-day. And Germany has her robust "Aryan" virago, Germania. We do not find such symbols elsewhere. No Englishman cares more than a penny for Britannia, the stagey young lady who poses on that coin, and an American is seldom aroused to rapture by the genial image of Uncle Sam. The national inferiority-complex is needed, and the potent symbols, as well as the ruthless dictator, to vitalize the symbol, before we can reach Fascism.

Individual psychology may not open so many doors as its adherents believe. But it furnishes a key here. We can best and most humanely understand Fascism as the manifestation in the nationalistic sphere of the Adlerian masculine protest.

The above was written before the publication of Mr. Herman Finer's acute study of Italian Fascism, *Mussolini's Italy*. This may, however, be said in general to confirm my impressions. While, however, attaching importance to the pre-existing conditions as favouring the Fascist mentality, he also attaches even greater importance to the special aptitudes and skill of Mussolini in using those conditions to his own ends, and by methods so versatile that, as Dr. Finer puts it, the life principle of Fascism is inconsistency.

NATIONAL CHARACTER IN BRITISH ART

VARIOUS friends have been communicating to me their impressions of the recent exhibitions of British Art. There is a natural interest in the first comprehensive show of British art and craftsmanship ever held. It extends from about the year 1000 to 1860, and if it had been brought to the end of the nineteenth century the special English traits, good and bad, would have been still more manifest.

My friends, I find, are chiefly concerned to note changes in their reactions to individual artists, to find out how their estimate of this or that painter has been raised or lowered. Thus for one sound judge Richard Wilson now stands out as the great English landscapist of the eighteenth century. For another Etty—it is characteristic that he is the only painter in this show concerned with the nude—for the first time appears as a master in his own special field. I am in sympathy with both these opinions, of which indeed I have long held the first, and regard the widely shifting estimates with periods and fashions as altogether intelligible. They are found not only in English taste but also among foreigners.

I can verify this in my own experience. Many years ago a French art critic who came to see me noted on my wall the etching of Burne-Jones's "Merlin and Vivien"—it was a picture that had come to me in youth as a revelation—and he remarked: "In future ages when men think of English art they will say 'Burne-Jones.'"

In more recent times a distinguished French art critic Elie Faure, has dismissed Burne-Jones as "a sentimental Mantegna

crossed with a Puritanic Botticelli." He would place Gainsborough as a more genuine representative of English art at its best.

I suppose I am myself influenced by these shifting currents, for the Burne-Jones etching has long ago disappeared from my wall and in its place I acquired a drawing by Gainsborough, though certainly my attraction to that artist goes far back; I like indeed to fancy it rooted in the fact that his family was of like race with mine and closely associated with my own forefathers in the same small Suffolk town.

Yet Burne-Jones, too, really represented the British spirit in art, its detailed realism, its romanticism, its affinity to the genius of poetry.

That brings us to the point I had in mind at the outset: the relation of art to the national character. If I hold in mind the impressions left by the superb show of French art in these same rooms of Burlington House two years previously, how does British art affect me?

No doubt the outstanding fact remains that we are here held by half a dozen individual artists. They were often largely self-trained men of original genius, who had their own vision and their own way of expressing it, a way that was apt to run into extravagance, into what was regarded as English eccentricity. Thus they stood apart and neglected in their own age, or at first only recognized abroad.

Constable, one of the greatest, is typical. He saw landscape Nature with his own eyes and he made the prime discovery that the juxtaposition of contrasting colours became harmonized by the eyes in vision and so produced a living freshness of aspect never attained in painting before. His countrymen saw little in it, but in France it was an instantaneous revelation to Delacroix, and the discovery influenced French painting for eighty years. William Blake, a little earlier in a different field of art, was so profoundly original that he seemed to most people

little better than a madman; a century later he has become the subject of endless study and his productions of almost inestimable value. There are one or two others to place in the same class.

Putting them aside, there is no organized and recognized English effort to attain any great ends of art. As we wander through these rooms we see a domestic atmosphere prevailing, an abundance of family portraits, a love of illustration, descriptive, sentimental, romantic, sportive, caricatural. And all guided by a hand ready to yield to varied influences from home or abroad. Old Crome was born at Norwich but he might be counted a great Dutchman; Burne-Jones was born in Birmingham but he brought the *Mabinogion* of his ancestral Wales on to his canvases. We are really, for the most part, in presence of the practical flexibility of a nation made for craftsmanship rather than for the so-called "fine" arts. Reynolds, who did so much for English artists and so much less for English art with his accomplished superficiality and affectation, dominates the scene.

I have often seemed to belittle the "fine arts," and to insist that all life, all doing, is of the nature of art. But the "fine" arts still have their significance even for those who are concerned, as one way or another all of us must be, with national character. Painters do more than put pigments tastefully on a canvas to hang on a wall; they record the central traits of their people and their land.

THE CENTENARY OF WILLIAM MORRIS

“AN onlooker at the demonstration in Hyde Park on Saturday may have noticed a cart drawn up not far from one of the platforms. The occupants are men and women of poor but respectable appearance, mostly with dull unexpressive countenances; one or two, however, with thin mobile features of more sinister character. But in the midst sits a man of a different and higher type. His head is massive; his face indicates both energy and simplicity; there is a strange primitive freshness about him; he might be an old Norse Viking. He is dressed in a simple blue suit and wears spectacles; at frequent intervals his hands twitch nervously at his grey beard; sometimes he starts up and looks around. That man is William Morris.”

So in a little essay never printed I wrote as long ago as 1885. This year we celebrate the centenary of the man I described as I saw him on that day. It is an event of more than national significance.

William Morris was a great Victorian Englishman, but he has escaped that depreciated valuation in the market of genius which so many Victorian reputations have had in later years to struggle through as best they might.

The reason seems to be that he was an energetically practical pioneer in two seemingly unlike movements—in him, harmoniously united—destined to become of ever-growing magnitude for life and the world generally. He was, that is to say, a chief leader in the modern development of arts and crafts which has long since, in however modified shapes, passed

national borders and is still transforming our ways of living. He was equally active in the first wave of that movement of Socialism and Communism which to-day enrolls so many youthful spirits in all countries under its banner.

He remained a representative Englishman. For Napoleon the English were a nation of shopkeepers; for more sympathetic critics they have been a nation of poets. Morris was both, and both in a thorough-going spirit. He set up a large and successful shop, and he was writing successful if not great poetry—handicraft poetry it has been called—all his life. He was enabled to do this because he was, first and last, a great craftsman.

In the recent exhibition of British Art one felt that these men are really, by nature and talent, not so much artists as craftsmen. To pass from that exhibition to the exhibition now being held of the work of William Morris is to realize not only his enormous range and versatility but how splendidly he embodies the English genius. With whatever limitations, he goes, it has been well said, to the very root of English art and literature; "he designed as Chaucer wrote." At another exhibition there is now also a full collection of all the works which came from his famous Kelmscott Press, the forerunner of all the private presses which have since been set up. In everything—in printing, mural decoration, tapestry, wall-papers, embroidery, furniture, and the rest—he was always a great craftsman. It has even been claimed that he is the greatest craftsman who ever lived.

A typical Englishman, I said. In that also he was comprehensive, seeming to unite varied strains. In appearance short and sturdy and yet alert, he was the Norseman. But he was also Welsh and also central English. "I seem to have a good deal of Welsh blood in me," he once wrote in answer to an inquiry of mine. "My father's father was Welsh, I believe, and my mother's mother also. My father and mother both came from

Worcester; my father's mother I remember; she came from Nottingham; her name was Stanley. My mother's father's name was Shelton; his family must have come from Shropshire." That last name raises a question. William Sheldon of Worcestershire was in Elizabethan days also a great craftsman and the pioneer in that field of tapestry in which Morris excelled; one would like to believe—it seems even probable—that Sheldons and Sheltons were the same family.

From time to time I met Morris. At my invitation he came in 1883 to a Society of which I was at the time secretary to read some of his poems, and I well remember the impassioned eloquence of that remarkable man Thomas Davidson whom we had asked to preside; my wife lectured at the Hall Morris had set up in his house; once I found him at the rooms of Eleanor Marx Aveling when Aveling was seriously ill, and I am sure that he was there to give help.

It was his ideal by his own activities to bring help to the world. He was willing to be counted either a Socialist or a Communist, and he established a paper, the *Commonweal*, to spread abroad his doctrines. He had none of the scientific social theories or panaceas which render so many of the preachers of his time now out-dated. For he was, as it has lately been said, above all a prophet.

He looked for no sudden revolution. He foresaw a long period of education as the road to social reformation. It would come through work, but only by work which is also pleasure.

That aim of the craftsman must indeed always be with us, not to replace but to revitalize the aim of the mechanician.

AMERICA'S UNBORN SOUL

“THE world is in a turmoil and it is difficult to see what will become of it all.”

That is a reflection which might occur to any of us sitting quietly at home. It is only worth quoting here because it comes from a sociologist whose outlook on the world has always been distinguished by its breadth of observation and its judicial balance. He is familiar with Europe and now on his way home to America after a prolonged study of the present phases of the three dominant political systems of Europe, democratic, fascist, and bolshevist. What the outcome may be of the mass of impressions, observations, and other material he has accumulated for a forthcoming book, I can only vaguely guess. It will, at all events, be interesting to compare it with the corresponding exploration of Elie Faure.

I had already been interested in Faure's first impressions as recorded in *Mon Périphe*. It may be worth while to take note of his later more mature statement in *D'Autres Terres en Vue*.

At the outset, with the natural impulse of a French individualist, he turns against the vision he has seemed to see: “Is this uniformity desirable? Will it not bring a generalized mechanism?” And he speculates on the possibility of cities such as those of the termites and the bees, where as individuals we shall disappear in a unanimous automaton, a human machine oiled by our blood and fed by our nervous tissue.

That would be a future life not unlike that anticipated by Duhamel who thinks he already sees it developing in America, and regards it, not as the prolongation of the civilization

developed in the Old World, but as "a deviation and rupture." Faure, who here addresses his old friend Duhamel, is by no means in sympathy with that view. He admits its possibility but he sees a way out.

That the world approaches a universal solidarity may not be denied. But, as Faure sees it, the world's two halves, East and West, both equally important, do not face the problem with the same eyes. They have, it is true, even from early times, been learning from each other. The process of reconciliation merely needs to be pushed further, the East gaining yet more of the West's objective knowledge and technical skill, and the West more of the East's deeper spiritual consciousness.

It is significant, Faure points out, that a people's most essential secretion has never in the first place been claimed for itself. Thus Jesus and Buddha were each cast out by the people from which they arose, and the modern revolutionary conceptions of time and space would surprise Lao-tze less than Descartes whose impulse largely brought them about. The mystic joy associated with the religions of old, Faure adds, can be equally associated with our activities to-day.

The two poles of those activities are in the United States and Russia. And while Russia brings the old religious type of faith into the positive social world, the United States brings the social field onto a racial and even religious foundation.

It is only in America and in Russia, Faure holds, that what he prefers to call "a symphonic form of civilization" is taking the place of that individualist civilization which—involuntarily in the one land, voluntarily in the other—is in Europe threatened with dissolution. There is less egotism, he declares, in what to some seems the brutality of America than in European softness, and we must respect the great new issues which are emerging.

Faure entitles his concluding chapter "The American Soul."

Yet we cannot view the American soul, he points out, as we do that of older peoples, for it does not and cannot yet exist. The American of to-day is on the same level as the sixteenth-century European. He is the fellow of Raleigh and Cortez and Montluc. We cannot see the American soul to-day, any more than we could divine the English soul before Hobbes, or the French before Descartes, or the German before Luther or even Hegel. "I am myself an ancestor," said one of Napoleon's lieutenants proudly. "America is an ancestor. If you wish to know America's soul, come again in three centuries."

While reading Faure I chanced to look into *El Espectador* of the Spanish philosopher, Ortega, dating a few years back. (A rival philosopher, Dr. Briffault, describes Ortega's writings, so far as he knows them in English, as "unconscionable piffle." but that is an opinion I am fortunate enough not to share.) It is interesting to find here an earlier view of America, indeed as early as Hegel, which confirms Faure's. As Hegel viewed the New World, it was essentially primitive, nor, Ortega adds, would the marvellous later technical advances, having their first impulse in Europe, have modified that view. Hegel would still have seen in the American soul a type of primitive spirituality, the beginning of something not European, but original. In this wholesome barbarism, and not in technical developments, lies the new state of spiritual evolution by which America represents the future. America's soul can only be fully born when America itself is full, just as there could have been no French Revolution if Europe had still remained largely forest. Here we see already a forecast of Faure's diagnosis.

Russia and the United States both lie almost or quite outside Europe. "This old Europe bores me." So Napoleon is reported to have said. Is it what the Spirit of Man is saying to-day?

THE PROBLEM OF HAPPY MARRIAGE

“SPEAKING broadly I should say that only one marriage in four may be judged as even tolerably successful, and a very much smaller proportion as really happy.” Such is the opinion of an authority on matters of sex, and he adds, on careful reflection, that in this estimate he has erred on the side of optimism.

It may not be quite so bad as that. Many authorities would not accept so pessimistic an estimate. Dr. Dickinson and Lura Beam, in their highly important work *One Thousand Marriages*, find, even when dealing with women who are patients and not absolutely normal, that three out of five married women are “without complaint,” though of course that must not be taken as an assumption that they are happily married, and a considerable proportion certainly were not.

Dr. G. V. Hamilton, again, investigated a much smaller group of one hundred married men and one hundred married women, but explored these much more carefully, publishing the results in his valuable *Research in Marriage*. He devised grades of “satisfaction in marriage,” and found that twenty-nine husbands and twenty-one wives reached the highest grade of satisfaction, while twenty-seven husbands and thirty-two wives failed to rise above the lowest grade. That showed some three out of four married people as happy, though at both ends a larger proportion of happy husbands than of happy wives, which Hamilton believes to be the actual situation in the superior social and educational class he was investigating.

Dr. Katharine Davis, once more, in her elaborate pioneering

work *Factors in the Sex Life of Twenty-two Hundred Women*, dealing generally with women who were passing, or had passed, through college, touched on the same point for her married subjects, finding 872 who said marriage was "happy" and 116 who found it more or less unhappy, that is about one in nine. So that figures, though we cannot take them strictly at their face value, do not confirm the rough pessimistic estimate.

More important, however, than the figures, even if we could make them exact, is the cause of the certainly too large proportion of unsatisfactory marriages. Dr. Davis found the chief cause to be incompatibility of temperament and interests, with consequent difficulties of adjustment. Some have found a definite association of unhappy marriages with bad training and lack of suitable education. So that we may welcome such a step as the introduction of a course in sex relations at Columbia University, though with surprise that it has been necessary to wait for it so long.

Recently Dr. Paul Popenoe, Secretary of the Human Betterment Foundation of Pasadena, has devised a new approach to the question of happiness in marriage. Is marriage happier when the husband dominates, or when the wife dominates, or when there is a democratic partnership? Dr. Popenoe has for many years been a student of various problems of sex, and is especially known as an authority on the question of eugenic sterilization in California, a State which in this matter may be said to lead the world.

Popenoe takes the marriages of nearly 3,000 normal persons which have lasted for at least five years. He finds that over two-thirds of the whole number may be definitely regarded as "happy," while, if half of those that seem doubtful are added, it may be said that three-fourths of all marriages are "happy."

But the interesting point is that he has tried to ascertain which marriages could be called "man-dominated," which

"woman-dominated," and which "partnership-marriages." Roughly it would appear from his figures that the three groups were fairly equal in number. But much the largest proportion of "happy" marriages was found in the "partnership" group, the "woman-dominated" group coming last, and the "man-dominated" intermediate in happiness.

No doubt this investigation is open to criticism. It is impossible to know so many married couples intimately enough to speak definitely of their happiness or the reverse. The couples themselves do not always know, or may vary from time to time in their estimate. The conception of "partnership" also demands definition. The best and most practicable kind of partnership is often a divided leadership, a blending of "man-domination" with "woman-domination." One may even hold that a complete "man-domination," or a complete "woman-domination," is so rare as to be abnormal and almost pathological.

Still, all such investigations are valuable, even when they reveal the failure of marriage. They contribute to make marriage a real relationship, instead of a merely matter-of-course affair. It is now becoming generally recognized that divorce, however itself undesirable, is the manifestation of a desire to abolish pretence and make marriage vital.

THE TWILIGHT OF PARENTHOOD?

IN a book entitled *The Twilight of Parenthood* Dr. Enid Charles lately discussed the parenthood of the future on what she regards as a new basis. That is to say that all children are from an early age to be introduced to elementary productive labour, not only for its own sake but as a method of bringing about a many-sided development.

In a system of this kind the child from the age of three would begin to be educated by learning to perform all the manual operations carried out by adults around. In this way the training of a child, instead of being a serious form of expenditure, would become an integral part of the social productive machinery. Children would learn to cook their own meals, make their own clothes, fashion simple objects of furniture. As they acquired proficiency in these and the like operations, the mental horizon would slowly be widened to include such fields of natural knowledge as might be within their capacity and interests.

Dr. Enid Charles, with her husband Professor Hogben, belongs to the small but important band of scientific pioneers who are to-day seeking to give greater precision to the study of social phenomena. She is, further, among those who look forward to a change in the foundation of our society as likely to raise it to a higher level. She considers that the rational education she sketches would be "impracticable" in our "Acquisitive Society," and that her opinions "will be read with shock and surprise."

This expectation may arouse a smile. Dr. Charles is familiar

with academic circles but in real life seems only to have in view the wealthy classes who regard children as expensive luxuries to be segregated in nurseries under the care of servants; she overlooks the huge general population amidst which most of us live. For many years past I have been privileged to know, personally or by correspondence, and in various parts of the English-speaking world, what I term the "New Mother," and on more than one occasion I have written of her. She has long been carrying on those maternal activities which Dr. Charles regards as so novel.

But the New Mother, as I have seen her, goes beyond the merely productive activities of Dr. Charles's "rational education." Indeed a training that is solely rational might merely produce an accomplished slave, possibly suitable for a Soviet State but of no high value in ours. The New Mother has in mind, above all, the development of initiative and character and personality. She is not actuated by commufascist theories; she may never at the outset have heard the name of Marx; she is, more often than not, inspired by memories of an unhappy childhood of her own to think out her better methods.

She trains her child to independence and responsibility, not merely to do things but to do things alone. If the child forgets, she offers no reminder; the child must suffer the natural results and will not forget again; so also in games and out-door pursuits where risks are run, the child is early encouraged to meet dangers alone, to avoid them or to conquer them. The children thus trained are now growing up and the fine results are becoming visible. In contact with others brought up on the old lines, they find adjustment necessary, but even in that adjustment they are helping to re-model society.

In the past these New Mothers have been a minority, few and scattered, women with a genius for motherhood. During recent years parents with no such genius have been forced by the widespread depression in the world to adopt similar

THE TWILIGHT OF PARENTHOOD?

methods, and are now rather astonished to find that these conditions, instead of leading, as they feared, to dissatisfaction in children, have often proved highly satisfactory.

This is clearly brought out in a careful and detailed report by Dr. John Levy, a director of the Child Guidance Centre of the Brooklyn Juvenile Association and also a professor in the Psychiatry Department of Columbia University. He has had a unique opportunity of studying the influence of social conditions, and he declares that the boom period before 1929 did more to break up family life than the subsequent depression has done; "many families are to-day much better off emotionally and spiritually as a result of the depression." Mothers have returned to the kitchen and some find it a relief to escape living at high speed; children are no longer consigned to maids; relations between husband and wife become better and more intimate. "They have even become more socialistic in their thinking"; the family reduced to live on a quarter of its former income no longer sees any excuse for large incomes.

So that perhaps, after all, we are witnessing the realization of Dr. Charles's ideals, and it is not the twilight but the dawn of parenthood that we are approaching.

THE PHASE OF DESPAIR

“THERE is absolutely nothing in which I can put any trust. Political movements need no condemnation. I see no hope in the theory of social evolution. Literature is either frankly narcotic or cynical; art and music just as decadent; religion corrupt and dying. The world is faced by Fascism or Bolshevism, both leading to the annihilation of civilization. Since this is what I believe, my only outlets are drink, wood-work, books (narcotic ones), country walks, etc. I wish I were an ostrich to bury my head in the sand till the end kills me. The world is going to hell.”

The situation of my young correspondent—he is not yet twenty—is more promising than he suspects. I do not know what the future holds for him but I do know how many great spirits have passed through a similar phase in youth.

There springs at once to mind the typical case of one of the greatest and most revolutionary of philosophic thinkers whose work still to-day gives rise to new books and fresh discussions. Hume was a man of cheerful temperament, yet at about the same age as my correspondent and for some years later he was overcome by the same mood. He could not escape from his wretched mental condition. He felt oppressed by a sense of the emptiness of all accepted philosophy and of “the vanity of the world.” It seemed to him his state was unique: “Such a miserable disappointment I scarce even remember to have heard of.” He tried to make up his mind to follow a commercial life and “to toss about the world from one pole to the other till I leave this distemper behind me.” But at the age

of twenty-four he had entered on his great career and emerged from this phase of despair, which we should never have known if he had not felt impelled to confide it in an anonymous letter to a distinguished physician.

When we think of it we seem here in presence of a general phenomenon which is specially marked in the world's finer spirits.

The century which, when he first encountered it, drove Hume into a state of melancholia was destined to be the seed-time of all our movements of thought and life to-day, with himself as one of its chief sowers.

So as regards that Victorian era which with its galaxy of great lights, from Darwin to Marx, begins to seem to-day unequalled; to its own prophets it seemed toppling in ruin. Even of the chief artists in fiction of its later years, Meredith and Hardy, of one we are told that he used to rush round Hyde Park three times on end to try to escape from his misery, and of the other that he would sit on a gate and long for death.

Indeed, it is the same story if we turn to what is the generally acknowledged summit of heroic life and literature in England, the Elizabethan age. George Chapman, who certainly had cause to complain of it though he now stands out as its splendidly typical representative, slights "our modern barbarism," Ben Jonson was openly contemptuous of the age. Even Shakespeare, of whom it seems easy to say anything, shows throughout (as an acute critic of the period remarks) a sense of living in an age of decadence, while to one of his most devoted students to-day, he seems to have been reduced by the spectacle of his time to "the verge of madness," and perhaps his most penetrating critic from the East, Dr. Shahani, calls him "a complete pessimist."

We seem to have to admit that it is an imbecility of genius never to be able to recognize the shape of its own age. It

never seems to understand that it is foolish to attempt to estimate the age in which we ourselves live. We can never do that because we can never get outside to look at it. Not till it is past may any age of the world "orb into the perfect star we saw not when we moved therein."

Yet it is a necessary imbecility. Without it the men of genius would have remained among the herd born merely to consume the fruits of the earth. If they had not been burnt and seared by hot irons they would never have been spurred to victory in the race which all may run and few may win.

It is all part of the Divine Comedy to which Dante, on the threshold of our world, gave its supreme symbolic shape. It is along a road from misery and despair that the summits of glory are reached.

LAW OR SCIENCE FOR DELINQUENCY?

LAW or science? To which is the youthful offender to be handed over? Fifty years ago there was no doubt on the point; except when the prisoner was obviously insane it was evidently the law. The offender was assumed to be completely normal and mentally sound. The magistrate took the whole responsibility and there were few to dispute it. If a medical witness came into court and testified that he found in the accused an abnormal mental condition affecting the misdeed, the judge felt free to say, and sometimes did say: "That is what I am here to cure."

He is more cautious to-day. Indeed he sometimes even invites scientific advice before pronouncing a sentence. That is beginning to be done in England, where the need for it has long been recognized, and had previously been established in the United States, though not on a sufficiently wide scale. For it is still seldom realized that a judge can scarcely be competent to decide what is best to be done about an offender of whose nature he knows little or nothing. It is still possible for prison governors, who have a more actual knowledge, to wish, as they frequently do, that they could go to the Court to secure a modification of the sentence; indeed an important English prison official has lately suggested that this power should be conferred on prison governors. But it is before, not after, the Court's decision, that the treatment of the offender should be determined.

The English Institute for the Scientific Treatment of Delinquency (with which I happen to be myself associated)

has issued what is practically its first Annual Report. Here may be studied the methods of the new approach to delinquency, even though on no large scale, since the Institute receives no government support and funds are still inadequate.

A Psychopathic Clinic has been the Institute's first centre of development. Here patients are received in increasingly large number for examination at the hands of skilled medical and other experts. The patients fall into several groups: first the largest and most important group, direct from the Courts before sentence has been pronounced or when the delinquent has been put on probation with treatment as a condition; next in importance is the group of patients sent by doctors or clinics or societies for special advice; finally that of subjects brought by relatives or friends, or social workers. In this way all types of offenders come under observation, which is desirable, as the Institute exists for research as well as for treatment; the original papers thus resulting are to be published in a journal of technical and scientific character. The aim of the Institute is, further, educational. This is being actively pursued along various lines, not only those concerned with criminality, as by discussion groups among magistrates and lawyers, but in lectures to the general public, and the results are gratifying.

It is, indeed, in this direction that action is most necessary. To wait until the delinquent's anti-social activities are fully declared is to wait too long. His life may be impaired, if not blasted, and a fresh burden laid on society. Criminality is a disorder which chiefly affects the young. It was so a century ago when among, for instance, English criminals on trial, some thirty or forty per cent were under twenty, and but a small proportion over thirty, and to-day it is at least equally high since (in 1933) 43 per cent of persons found guilty of indictable offences in England and Wales are below twenty-one years of age, more than half of them below sixteen. To-day

also more careful investigation has revealed the germs of delinquency even in childhood.

Thus, in America, Dr. Eleanor Glueck, retracing the careers of 500 adult male and 500 adult female offenders finds that nearly four-fifths of them manifested delinquent behaviour in childhood, at an average age of under ten years; it is probable that with proper treatment at this age but few of them would have reached the Courts. Many of them were the children of young and ignorant mothers, frequently with large families which they could not control.

In England, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children finds that in six per cent of its cases one or other of the parents was feeble-minded, therefore under sound social conditions unfit for parenthood, and that in such families the number of children tended to be abnormally large. Very many of the mothers were undoubtedly broken in spirit as a result of excessive child-bearing, over-crowding, and bad housing, all these conditions being incompatible with any reasonable state of civilization.

“Prevention is better than cure.” It is an ancient maxim, and might very well at last be applied to the elementary evils of civilization. Until it is so applied there is but too much truth in the declaration of a high authority that the penalties inflicted on youthful criminals might with greater justice be shared by the whole community.

IS THE CINEMA A MORAL INFLUENCE?

ON both sides of the Atlantic many worthy people attribute awful results on the young to the influence of motion pictures.

Eminent authorities, seeking to emphasize the corruption due to films, have lately made careful studies of young delinquents and institutional children. It is found that they were generally cinema fans, and that they committed numerous misdeeds and often ran away from home.

No doubt it is all quite true. Yet these distinguished investigators were on the wrong track. They might have remembered that, when potatoes were first introduced, various dangerous effects were traced by equally serious persons to eating these suspicious tubers. Seeing films is now, however, beginning to be as common as eating potatoes, and sensible people no longer feel undue alarm about either habit, though it is quite true that potatoes may sometimes be an undesirable food, especially for the very young or delicate, and that the same may be said of seeing films.

But, as experts in psychology as well as in education are now ready to admit, the motion picture is in general not only harmless, it is beneficial. It gratifies by a new method a necessary appetite which previously found other modes of satisfaction.

For those of my generation there was the English "penny dreadful" or the American "dime novel." I well recall how, at the age of about eleven, I had a sudden passion for serial literature of this sort. In and out of season I followed with

absorbed fascination in the wake of heroic adventurers in their bloodthirsty exploits among Red Indians and elsewhere. But in a few months this sudden fire as suddenly died out, leaving not a trace behind; it had gratified a natural appetite, and had not had the slightest influence on conduct. Next year I was peacefully reading *Paradise Lost*.

Long ago, in an essay on Casanova, I sought to explain the rightful place of the fairy-tale in life. And the fairy-tale is not only represented by Hans Andersen; for some people the exploits of the gangster equally belong to the sphere of fairy-tale. Casanova's *Memoirs* seemed to me the type of adult fairy-land adventure, acting as emotional athletics; such literature, I said, has a moral value; it helps us to live peacefully within the highly specialized routine of civilization.

That is just what the function of the cinema is being found to be by acute observers of children, now that films are no longer a novelty. In New York Dr. Kirchwey has lately well said that what the films do is not to incite boys to run away from home but to satisfy the craving to run away. Character needs more than a film to mould it; if it is formed by films, it will, in their absence, be formed by anything; it is not our bad movie-made children that we need worry about, but our bad home-made children.

In London similarly an experienced headmaster, Mr. Jenkyn Thomas, who had started with a prejudice against the cinema, finds that the top boys at his school have "gone to the pictures" at least once or twice a week ever since they could toddle. Yet they are as good as ever top boys were. The sound normal boy takes what he needs from the cinema, but he knows, Thomas remarks, how to distinguish cinema-life from real life.

Many of us have followed, with varying admiration, the experiments in education of the Bolsheviks. Very instructive has been their attitude to fairy-tale literature. At the outset it was all black-listed. The impressionable child mind must

from the start be "imbued with the principles of collectivism, Socialist constructivity, and class-warfare." Even three years ago *Robinson Crusoe* was still banned. Indeed there could be scarcely a more poisonous book from the Soviet standpoint, more intensely English, bourgeois, Christian, more radically individualistic.

Yet it has been found that children cannot thrive on propaganda alone, and, by a formal decree of the Central Committee of the Party, the policy of fifteen years has been reversed, and the old favourites are to be republished in hundreds of thousands of copies, beginning with *Robinson Crusoe*. They have quickly learnt in the U.S.S.R. what has not yet been learnt in those would-be Christian lands which hammer the Bible onto the brains of children.

It need not be supposed that to recognize the function of the cinema as a fairy-tale influence needed in the development of youth is to admire its present leading-strings. Either along the road of art or of science it has hardly yet gone far. But that is another question.

THE GOSPEL OF LEISURE

"THERE'S nothing but the 'pictures' and death." That is not the despairing comment of an out-of-work, but of a young man in a fairly good job. He lifts the curtain on a spectacle which is characteristic of our time but hardly of any time that went before.

A century ago Carlyle, the representative prophet of his age, preached the Gospel of Work! Work! Work! Everyone seems to have thought that it was a satisfactory gospel and that no one need ask more. Indeed there was little scope for any other gospel. The great Industrial Revolution was absorbing the masses; the scope for work was ever increasing; the hours of work were necessarily long. There were intervals for sleep and food and drink, especially drink, which could not, however, be called leisure. For that there was a small and special wealthy class, the "leisured class," who sometimes employed their leisure to good purpose, making discoveries and inventions which later proved of benefit to the whole community.

Those conditions have of late rapidly changed. The small "leisured class" is now as often as not a working-class. The huge working-class has unexpectedly become a leisured class.

That change, although we witness an exaggerated phase of it, is not accidental. It lies in the nature of our economic and social progress. It is the direct outcome of the age of work. The Industrial Revolution of the late eighteenth century with its vast opening for work was associated with the transition from handicrafts to machinery. The new pressure of work

put a premium on all labour-saving appliances, and they began a career of development which has not yet ceased. Nothing can be so foolish as to abuse machinery. Its germs lay from the first in human nature. The sailing-ship and the wind-mill and the water-mill, which all go further back than recorded history, are labour-saving appliances. They all witness to man's tendency to put on to Nature's shoulders the work he is too lazy, or too incapable, to do himself. The most complex electric and other industries of to-day merely carry that primitive tendency a stage farther.

But, strange as it may seem, we never realized until to-day where that tendency was to bring us. Out of sheer habit we went on preaching the Gospel of Work, while every day we were diminishing the need for work. We suddenly woke up to find that, on the old scale, there was not enough work to go round. For a time, and for some at all events, there was nothing but leisure. We no longer need a Gospel of Work; we need a Gospel of Leisure.

Some of our most distinguished pioneering thinkers have lately been setting themselves to the task of defining the creed of the new gospel. The task is so new and the scope so large that the answers are various.

Thus in England Dr. Delisle Burns, in a deeply interesting book on *Leisure in the Modern World*, has discussed the wider aspects of what he regards as nothing less than a revolution, the most important of modern times, which has swept away the great distinction between rich and poor constituted by the unequal division of leisure, and at the same time by education and common facilities brought what once were the privileges of the few within the reach of the many.

Education? But does our education teach us to employ our leisure? Does it even teach that to the teachers? That brings us to the root of the matter. It is clearly faced by Dr. George Dyson, himself a teacher and Master of Music at Winchester

College, in his presidential address on "Education for Life" at the annual conference of Educational Associations.

We usually forget, if we ever knew, that the traditions of education we inherit, alike in England and America, and still maintain, however slightly modified, are vocational. That is to say, the founders of colleges wanted clerks, which meant clerks in Holy Orders, to serve the Church and to administer the State. To-day ecclesiastical institutions have receded into the background and statesmen (save in the Vatican) are no longer priests. Yet the essentially clerical education still remains, and schools everywhere spend most of their time in producing clerks. The sciences are becoming of immense significance for life, yet it is possible to point to headmasters of important schools who are indifferent to science and think nothing in education worth while but Greek and Latin, the languages in which the New Testament and the Vulgate were more or less well written.

But the children who grow up in our world, Dr. Dyson emphasizes, will have to observe and to act and to make, with their brains if not with their hands. The routine work of to-day furnishes far too little scope. It is not itself an education, as the old handicrafts were. It deadens rather than quickens the faculties. So that what we have to do now is to educate, not so much for work as for leisure. Dyson foresees the schools of a district in the future becoming grouped into a sort of university, with re-arranged facilities in specialist directions, some remaining literary, some turning to science, some to the arts and crafts.

At this point the story is taken up by the United States and in various directions these inspirations begin to be embodied in a practical form. Thus Mr. Charles Tillinghast, for many years Headmaster of the Horace Mann School for Boys, has introduced and recently described a plan by which during six hours of the school week every boy is encouraged

and almost compelled to follow one or more avocational interests which the school attempts to foster and direct.

At least six groups have been formed—mechanical, scientific, dramatic, literary, etc.—and are welcomed by the boys as a relief from the routine of compulsory physical exercises. Unexpected skill and versatility has been discovered; the relations between the boys and the masters who supervise these hobbies have become closer; and even the general academic level of the school has risen. No boy, now, Mr. Tillinghast says, need apologize if he is interested in the prevention of war, or building stage-sets, or making model aeroplanes, and the interests thus developed may be of value throughout life.

I sometimes feel hopeless about education. Along such lines as these one may perhaps still see hope.

EDUCATION FOR A CHANGING WORLD

WHAT are the elements of character demanded by life to-day? That is a question of the first importance. It bears on the home, the school, the university, on our ideals in the world generally. But it is a question seldom asked.

So it is interesting to find it squarely faced in an address on "Psychological Foundations for Character in a Changing World." The speaker was Dr. Margaret Lowenfeld, Director of the London Institute of Child Psychology.

The essential point she brings forward is that every age really needs a special type of character. The successful man of one age may be the criminal of another, the saint of one age may in the next be counted a moron.

Dr. Lowenfeld finds the root of the matter in the central fact that a successful character is not one who embodies the virtues of an abstract ideal but one who best responds to the circumstances of his age. Perfection of character, at all events for the average man or woman, is perfection of adaptation.

Take the successful man of a thousand years ago who may well be represented by the upper-class Englishman of that age, the ideal of the "gentleman" who realized himself in battle. He was consistently pugnacious but he was not adventurous, adapting himself to the narrow and conservative aims of his time, indifferent alike to manual work or to literature, even if able to write his name.

Then later—let us say in the Elizabethan age—a totally different type of character came to the front and achieved a success which still evokes admiration. This type of man was

adventurous rather than pugnacious; if he fought, it was not for love of battle but for what seemed a great cause. He could take his life in his hands to cross dangerous and unknown seas for the exploration of new worlds. He was equally eager in the world of the spirit, crossing the centuries to bring back to new life the ages of old, so that even Homer became English.

It is worth while to-day to mention the English Homer. It so happens that George Chapman, the dramatist and poet who made that his chief life-work, died exactly three centuries ago. No more typical representative of that age could well be found, even if regarded as an age of transition. But between the obscurity and rodomontade of the past and the breadth and intellectual daring of the future, Chapman reveals the fiery ardour and the even arrogant individualism of his own time. He lived life to the full, possibly at one time a soldier in the Low Countries, yet eagerly absorbing all that he could from the knowledge and wisdom of the past, and all the while with an eye fixed on the great future he foresaw for new lands beyond the sea, Virginia, Guiana, and the rest. It is not strange that Chapman has remained a fascinating figure alike in England and in America, that he was a revelation for Keats, evoked the most eloquent eulogy of Swinburne, aroused the enthusiasm of Emerson and Lowell, and more lately has been minutely explored by two scholars so accomplished as Dr. Parrott and Dr. Schoell.

After that age the world seemed settling down and adventure not much called for. The sober, solid, cautious, industrious, business-like man came to the front, especially regardful of honesty, not so much because honesty is a virtue but because a certain amount of it is the best policy in the cause of self-interest, and if everyone honestly pursued his own interests unimpeded it seemed that the interests of all were best served.

That is the type which, in most countries of our civilization, proved until yesterday the most successful, the best adapted

to the conditions. There are few indeed with any insight into the situation who are prepared to say it is still so to-day.

For to-day, whatever the reasons, the conditions to which we have to adapt ourselves are completely different. They have become unstable and fluid, new possibilities open out, new worlds demand exploration; the spirit of science is bringing new inspiration into every field. Stability, caution, individual independence, self-interest no longer suffice to make us the masters of our fate.

On the contrary they have become dangerous. Caution threatens to be fatal timidity, when it does not react violently to an equally fatal recklessness. Self-interest, instead of leading to prosperity, often leads to starvation. Individual self-sufficiency paralyses the corporative effectiveness even of democratically elected national assemblies, which are so liable to fall abjectly before dictators who at all events possess the imagination and the energy to act. There is a failure to realize that the spiral of our progress has brought back to us, though on a higher plane, the outlook of adventure.

It is the challenge to re-make and expand a disintegrating society which we must, as Dr. Lowenfeld asserts, educate our children to meet. I would only ask: Where are the educators?

BIOLOGY FOR GIRLS?

A CONTROVERSIAL question was lately raised at the New Ideals in Education Conference. Is dissection an essential part of the teaching of biology? And, if so, should it form part of the training in biology of girl pupils?

The question was raised by Mr. A. K. C. Ottaway whose name is associated with one of the oldest established schools on pioneering lines, and he called his address: "Biology Teaching in a Pioneer School."

Biology is beginning to pass the merely pioneering stage in education. In so far as it involves a knowledge of the elementary facts of sex the emphasis placed upon it by the Social Hygiene Association and similar bodies is having some effect. But sex, however important, is only a part of life, and biology is the science which concerns itself with all our organic activities. There cannot be a more important study, nor can any human being say that it does not concern him. To pass efficiently through life everyone must know something of the facts of living, whether that knowledge is picked up at random, often in very defective shapes, or whether it is acquired at the outset from fairly competent sources.

Yet it seldom is acquired at the outset, and few adults have any precise knowledge of the underlying facts of life, of nutrition, of growth, to say nothing of sex, which yet intimately concern them during every moment of their existence on the earth. If we are to lead a really wholesome and rational life we need from the outset some elementary insight into the science of living organisms, that of the mammals in general

and our species in particular, both in its simple and more complex manifestations, with a special eye to functions.

This involves the use of the microscope, and the actual inspection, not in mere diagram, of cells and nerves and muscles and glands. Consequently it also involves dissection.

The young are naturally drawn to dissection. All children like "to see inside"; boys delight to cut up a frog; to explore the anatomy of a doll is always a fascinating temptation for a girl. The failure of their natural curiosity to enter the right channels is not the fault of the young, but of adults, themselves trained neither in youth nor later, who find all sorts of objections.

They muddle up dissection with vivisection; they picture a wholesale slaughter of animals to gratify a morbid inquisitiveness; they fear the encouragement of callousness; they talk about violating the respect due to life. Yet biology itself rests on reverence. To understand something of the delicate and marvellous mechanisms which generate and maintain the organism in the surest way of securing a respect for life.

The age of thirteen is that which, in Mr. Ottaway's experience, is the best for a boy to begin regularly cutting-up animals as part of the school course, though, I may add, at some schools it is begun at a much earlier age. If a boy has a particular objection to dissection he is exempted. But there is generally some psychological ground for the objection, and very few boys do object.

It is of high importance to include girls in these considerations. The ancient tradition of a century ago that for girls the body is to be regarded as "not quite decent," and to explore it "not quite nice," has not yet died out in influential quarters. Girls are even still taught to feel disgust, though as a matter of fact, disgust of the body is even more out of place in a woman's life than in a man's.

But it is foolish to suppose that disgust would ever occur to

a girl if it was not inculcated. A woman teacher in Liverpool who has introduced dissection into a girl's school found that many girls "thought they ought not to like it," but when they summoned up courage to have a look their interest was aroused.

It is along this path that we properly reach the fundamental facts of reproduction which Nature, if we may regard her as conscious, has made of central significance. And thence we come to those racial and sociological implications of biology which concern us more than ever to-day. "The struggles of human life to better itself," as Mr. Ottaway remarks, "are surely as important for the child to know something of as the struggles of civilized man to destroy himself."

But it is idle to talk about moulding the man of the future if we do not know what the man of the present is like.

NATURE OR NURTURE?

WHICH is the more important, Nature or Nurture? In other words is our best gift for life that which we brought into the world at birth, or is it the particular environment into which we chanced to be born? I still find that many of my friends who look for the coming of a better world are in opposite camps on this question. There are some for whom eugenics seems to mean everything and whose cry is for bettering the breed. There are some, on the other hand, especially among the Socialists and Communists, who would pooh-pooh eugenics and care for nothing but a more or less radical social reform.

I confess that, for my part, I cannot take the dispute seriously, and only smile at the champions on both sides. They do not seem to have discovered that every seed needs a soil, and that no soil can produce anything without seed. From that proposition it seems but a short step to the discovery that the quality of the seed and the quality of the soil both alike need our best attention.

I should indeed have thought this clear to anyone who had—as everyone at some time should have—lived in a garden or on a farm, and observed the importance which attaches not to seed and breed alone, or to soil and feed, but to both.

Scientists, however, are still struggling painfully to show that these obvious truths do not hold only of the garden or the farm but of the human family. It must not be supposed that their efforts are unnecessary.

In the first place, sound as may be the general result of

experience, we do not attain what can strictly be termed science until we have exact measurement. That measurement must be based on a large number of observations, and these made, not only carefully, but impartially. It is only so that our knowledge becomes precise and that we are able to discover the various directions in which our first large assumption is modified by varying conditions.

In the second place many would-be scientists enter this field who never show in the record of their observations either the care or the freedom from bias which we are entitled to expect, or which they themselves imagine they preserve. Their conclusions are liable to be dictated in advance by their more or less unconscious prepossessions. So frequent is this failure that one distinguished investigator, Professor Lancelot Hogben, in his lectures on *Nature and Nurture*, has found it necessary to lay down with emphasis elementary rules of investigation which one might have supposed would be observed as a matter of course by anyone possessing a trace of the scientific spirit.

Still, some of the main tendencies are clear, and any one who is in doubt may be advised to consult the admirable work on *Heredity and Environment* (lately published by the Macmillan Company) in which Miss Gladys Schwesinger has summarized all that has been done in this field, especially as bearing on the genesis of psychological characteristics, and stated the general conclusions in the most cautious manner possible.

Experiment has seemed to show among some lower animals that the offspring learn to do more easily what their parents did with difficulty. We cannot be surprised to find a similar tendency in Man. When, for instance, illegitimate children are brought together in an institution the intelligence quotient of the children of parents of educated class is superior, on the whole, to that of lower-class children. The manifestations of intelligence are limited by the intelligence of the parents and

NATURE OR NURTURE?

equally limited by the nature of the environment. Nature and Nurture cannot indeed be separated. Together they weave such a mesh of personality that every individual has a pattern of his own. Good heredity may to some extent make up for bad environment, and good environment may to some extent make up for bad heredity. But each factor always maintains dynamic force. The extreme Environmentalist and the extreme Hereditarian have each only one leg to stand on.

So, after the manner of the old Irish priest who prayed at school that all the boys might be modest and all the girls brave, I trust that my social reform friends will all be eugenists and my eugenist friends all be social reformers.

THE QUESTION OF CHOOSING A CAREER

I HAVE been asked to express an opinion on the Choosing a Career Conference now holding its first annual meeting. It is designed for recent college graduates, men and women, who in our difficult times are puzzled as to what career to choose. So they come to listen to addresses made by leaders in thirty-one different industries, each expounding the fascinations of his or her occupation and offering advice afterwards to interested inquirers. The special professions, like law and medicine, are, quite reasonably, excluded, since those who wish to enter them will by the time of graduation have already made up their minds. A great variety of vocations remains for the Conference, from the automobile industry to the beauty-culture industry.

There can be no doubt about the helpfulness of such a Conference, nor the high competence of those who give the addresses. But—let there be no mistake—this Conference deals with only one-half of the problem. Fully as important as Choosing a Career is Choosing the Careerist.

That is to say that it is not enough for me to ask: What career will suit me? I must also ask: What career shall I suit?

The answer to that question is not so easy as it may seem. It is foolish to suppose that the "average" man may do all sorts of things if he tries. There is no "average" man. Everyone is different. The occupation which seems most attractive is by no means necessarily that in which success will be achieved. I may listen to the thirty-one lecturers and find that half a dozen offer a career which I would like to follow.

But it cannot be assumed that I should prove equally successful in each. At every period of history there is some career which seems to offer to youth a fascinating romance, due merely to its mystery and remoteness. Once there was the New World, but it has long since ceased to be new. Then there was the sea, but it offered no special attraction (I speak from experience) to those who chanced to know its life from childhood. More recently there has been the aeroplane; while for girls the stage has always seemed attractive, however unfitted they may be for it.

We know how many there are who make a false start. Having chosen a career they liked, but which did not like them, they have to start again and often with diminished advantages. Some indeed seem never to find the career which fits them and which they fit.

How can this be decided at the outset? How can I know beforehand what career I am most suited for? That was a question never asked, at all events in any scientific spirit, before the present century, either in America or in England. Indeed it may be said only to have become a living question during the past ten years.

How can we measure vocational aptitudes? That is the right way to put the question, and we must emphasize the *aptitudes*. It is not a question of school *attainments*. To suppose that an examination in attainments at the end of a school course will mean aptitude for a career is a complete mistake. It is time we all realized that schools and colleges were established with the sole object of fitting youth for the Church, and are still only beginning to outgrow their traditions. The tendency to appoint "Careers Masters" in the larger schools is a recognition of diversity of vocation which dates only from to-day.

The investigation of aptitudes may itself be said to be a special vocation. Its methods and its results in actual practice

are well set forth in a little book on *Psychology and the Choice of a Career* by Dr. F. M. Earle, who speaks with authority as former Head of the Vocational Department of the National Institute of Industrial Psychology, which under its Principal, Dr. C. S. Myers, is playing an important part in this field.

The aim of the vocational psychologist is not to test acquired knowledge, but ability, which may be quite independent of knowledge. Therefore he investigates such matters as abstract reasoning, concrete problem solving, form perception, dexterity, speed, etc. On the basis of all these tests he is able to construct a diagram which presents in graphic shape a profile of the subject's abilities and may indicate at a glance, not only the careers for which he is innately unsuited, but also suggest those in which he may win success.

As I have often tried to make clear, the day of the proletarian, unskilled and unspecialized, is over. In our societies, it is now too late to ask him to dictate. The future belongs to the vast class of the skilled and the specialized. We are entering a technical phase of society. The entry of the vocational psychologist bears witness to this great economic fact.

THE PROBLEM OF CHILDLESS MARRIAGE

“SHE had told me before we became engaged that it was not possible for her to have more children. We suit each other perfectly and I accepted this necessity without hesitation. A year ago the difficulties in the way of marriage were at last all removed. And then suddenly—I do not know how—it seemed to me that I could not accept the frustration of a childless marriage. I am causing her unspeakable misery; our love is unchanged. But in this frame of mind ought I to marry?”

It is a normal and educated man who is writing, a schoolmaster. He may be an extreme witness to the strength of the impulse to parenthood. But the impulse is all but universal; there can be few men who are entirely without it.

And how about women? It may be enough to quote one distinguished physician: “The childless woman sets Heaven and Earth in motion, she runs from one gynaecologist to another, she is fearless even of operations.” It would be only too easy to accumulate evidence on this point.

We are in the presence of a fundamental biological fact, which has been the foundation of life ever since life assumed those shapes which we have inherited and which date back for untold millions of years. It is vain to speak of reluctant women whom husbands force to bear children, or of wives who suffer from husbands who will not hear of children. Dr. Dickinson, the distinguished gynaecologist of New York, in an experience of fifty years “has never found a couple who had no desire for children.” We cannot change the fundamental laws of biology, or, by playing fast and loose with it, invent new laws in its name.

What we do unquestionably see is, not the refusal of parentage but the rebellion against excessive parentage. And that is entirely natural. It is even a part of our biological foundation. Life in the early world was (as it still is in lowly organisms) exposed to so many risks that excess was necessary to secure equilibrium. As security developed Nature found excess of production less and less necessary. Even for some plants this holds good; whole groups have continuously reduced the number of their stamens until there are species with only one stamen, and it would appear that improved ecological condition have rendered an excess of stamens unnecessary.

In the mammalian series with Man at the head, reproduction has similarly been continuously increased, and Man has himself sought equilibrium by unconsciously eugenic methods of destruction which to-day revolt our feelings. So that the modern struggle to limit conception, even if not always on eugenic lines, is simply Nature's efforts to do consciously what before she effected unconsciously.

These thoughts are suggested by a further study of that challenging book, remarkable alike by its ability and its wide knowledge, which Dr. Enid Charles, with a brave attempt to be alarming, has entitled *The Twilight of Parenthood*.

Civilization, she finds, has lost the power to reproduce itself. Under the influence of Malthus sterility has been enthroned as a cardinal virtue. Children are no longer valuable assets but expensive burdens; men do not want them, women do not want them; we may have to fall back on new ways of producing them. At present "statistics clearly show that the choice between a Ford and a baby is usually made in favour of the Ford." Dr. Charles displays mathematical skill in the manipulation of statistics to show, in harmony with Dublin, that the population of the world will rapidly sink. She insists on all the new sources of food now discovered and seems to look back with regret to those days when it was anticipated

that the world might attain a population with a density of four to the square yard. Her only hope is in the speedy disappearance of our present social system—the Acquisitive Society as with Tawney she terms it—and the establishment of a new society, on more or less Soviet lines, in which every child is brought up to work from its earliest years and so is no longer a burden.

Yet, even on the arguments Dr. Charles herself sets forth, less revolutionary solutions seem possible. She insists on the importance of ecology: but it is precisely our improved ecological conditions which have led to the results she deplures. She points out, again and again, that rural life is more favourable to fertility than urban life: but with the reduced populations she anticipates rural conditions will be restored. She emphasizes the present highly industrialized phase of civilization: but we already begin to see that this phase cannot last for ever. She refers superciliously to the “eugenic school”: but in the end she finds “nothing more desirable than a eugenic conscience.”

Dr. Enid Charles is frankly an alarmist. But there are alarmists on the other side. It is not long since Dr. Warren Thompson, in a book on *Danger Spots in World Population*, called up a terrifying vision of population pressure and the swarming nations which have always been responsible for war and devastation, a proposition which Dr. Charles denies though there is much to say for it. Dr. Frederick Hoffman, again, has piled up critical or uncritical statistics to point a grim picture of the approaching crisis due to immense increase of populations which medical science has achieved. We now live in a world of some 2,000,000,000 still increasing at the rate, according to some, of 20,000,000 a year; in India alone, the last census showed the immensely increased decennial growth of 10.6 per cent.

Many, no doubt, will be uncertain which of the warring camps of alarmists to join. There is much to learn from each, even if we join neither.

LXVIII

THE DISTRIBUTION OF LEISURE

I AM always hearing about the new leisure. There seems to be constant discussion about the best means of employing it. All sorts of plans are sketched out, if not actually set in action, for its use. The whole of society, we are told, ought now to concentrate on the problem of providing for leisure. Just as Governments everywhere set up a Ministry of Labour, so they must now begin to think about instituting a Ministry of Leisure.

But listen! This is what I hear from my correspondent, sometimes before quoted, in a typical engineering workshop in London where he has spent most of his life: "Conditions in the workshop have speeded up to an amazing extent. Nine hours work is crowded into seven. There are scores of men ready and able to take our work, but we feel we must keep it at whatever cost. Men are afraid to go to the lavatory, and wait until lunch hour. The tension and strain are nerve-shattering, especially for the elderly. It is 'Hurry up!' 'Make haste!' 'That job *must* go!' all the time. No wonder there are nervous breakdowns and colds which turn out to be pneumonia. What a world, where the employed are overworked to exhaustion while the unemployed are deteriorating because they have no work!"

I mentioned this state of things lately to my old acquaintance John Burns who in a long life has seen work from all angles—in an engineer's workshop, in a Government Ministry, and now as an interested spectator—and he replied immediately: "They are working for the unemployed."

That, when one thinks of it, is really the key to our situation to-day. There is leisure and over-leisure for some, who are unable to support themselves, and have therefore to be supported by the over-work, over-taxation, and over-charity of the rest, whether employed or employers. The one extreme—as we see in so many other fields—involves the opposite extreme. It is useless to strive for a remedy at one end unless we do so also at the other end. We are concerned with a dynamic problem in the distribution of energy.

That is only another way of saying that we see here, on another side, the fundamental economic problem which we are to-day called upon to solve: the distribution of production and consumption. Production and consumption are both naturally tending to increase, but distribution has not kept pace. So the producers are destroying the wealth they have no use for, and the millions of us who are consumers have to cut down our consumption, a vast number to the point of starvation for lack of wealth. Our human intelligence has not yet grown strong enough to grasp the vital problem of distribution.

So it is with this problem of over-work and over-leisure. The worker accepts over-work for fear of lower wages, and the employers accept the largest part of the costs, direct or indirect, of unemployment for fear of having to pay the same wages for less work. Both sides are suffering because both alike refuse to face the problem of distribution.

Yet it is a problem that has to be faced, with skill and with courage, and the sooner we settle it the better, whether by adopting methods of compromise, the two-shift system as already introduced, or otherwise. There is no escape from it. There is good reason why it cannot be escaped.

That is to say that, as I have sometimes before pointed out, it is the outcome of all the efforts of Man since he became Man. He is not hostile to work, but he has no love of excessive

work; he enjoys leisure as well as work. But his needs have constantly been increasing, and that naturally involves increased work. So he has perpetually been exercising his skill in devising labour-saving machinery and diminishing the need for work. He has, especially of late, though he has done so crudely from the first, been learning from science how to make Nature work for him.

At the point he has now reached Man has achieved that end to an extent which in any previous age would have seemed Utopian. The abolition of excessive work up to to-day has been looked upon as "a return to Nature." To-day it appears as the final outcome of civilized Nature.

The question of the best employment of leisure is worthy of all consideration, and we shall have centuries wherein to explore it. But the first problem we have to settle is the distribution of leisure.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF JEALOUSY

“I WENT lately to a lecture on ‘Jealousy’ by a psychoanalyst. I was surprised that though at the outset he made a passing reference to inferiority as a cause he in no way emphasized it. This I could not understand, for it seems to me that inferiority is responsible for most moods of jealousy, sexual and otherwise. I got up afterwards to say so, and the lecturer in the main agreed, but I wondered why he had not stressed it. It seems to me that the sense of inferiority is the cause of most troubles in the world.”

My correspondent, who is ambitious as a novelist, belongs to the younger generation. He seeks to put aside the prejudices of the past, to see things clearly and to see them whole. He is familiar with the advanced writers of to-day. But I am not sure if he realizes how far in some matters the attitude of to-day reverses that of yesterday.

Jealousy in the past, and notably sexual jealousy, was regarded not only as a natural impulse, but as honourable, virtuous, almost heroic. So far from being a mark of inferiority, it was a mark of superiority, to such an extent that a crime committed out of jealousy ceased to be a crime and became almost a vindication of divine law.

Jealousy has been indeed one of the great tragic themes in the world's literature. It is true that some of the chief artists who have treated the theme seem to have privately suspected its nobility. Shakespeare made his Othello an African Moor, and Chapman made his jealous Cornelio ridiculous, and it is his Bussy, the victim of a jealous husband, who appears as a

figure of proud nobility, while Tolstoy in the *Kreutzer Sonata* seems to regard jealousy as a sign of insanity.

But it is doubtful if the audience of these great artists had any such suspicions. When, indeed, less than a century ago, the younger Dumas, going outside his dramatic vocation, advised that a jealous husband should kill, the French public of the day protested, and some, no doubt, recalled that Dumas had negro blood in his veins. The outlook was becoming changed.

To-day the heroically jealous man, the noble avenger of violated moral propriety, has disappeared from our literature. Rather, we may say, the figure of tragedy has become, as it has long tended to be, the figure of comedy.

Jealousy has not only ceased to be a mark of superiority, the sign of the strong and virtuous man, it has become a mark of inferiority. In other words, it has been displaced from the sphere of property, where it no longer has any acceptable meaning, and transferred to the psychological field. This is a change which psycho-analysis to-day reflects.

For Freud jealousy is indeed as normal as grief, of which it is one of the manifestations, though only normal in its deeper layer which he calls *competitive*. Yet, while normal, he does not consider it completely rational, but rooted deep in the Unconscious, and going back to the child's early emotional life. Moreover he makes much of the inferiority due to inability to love from some mental or physical defect, such as the "narcissistic wound" caused by jealousy. So that, even on the Freudian basis, jealousy belongs to the more primitive and least noble part of our psychic equipment. Indeed this change of status is clearly visible, even in its more popular aspect. The generally accepted contents of jealousy—envy, resentment, fear, selfishness, suspicion,—are all evil attributes, so that jealousy nowadays is, first and above all, a sign of weakness.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF JEALOUSY

We witness to-day a great historical reversal of attitude. In Westermarck's work on *The Origin and Development of the Moral Ideas* we find that in our social evolution jealousy has been in the past a natural passion honourably concerned with the vindication (even if sometimes mistakenly) of violated property rights. Perhaps we have not yet always realized in daily life how far that conception has been left behind.

But it may be as well to imitate the caution of the distinguished anthropologist Dr. Marett in his Gifford Lectures on *Sacraments of Simple Folk*. He would hesitate to suggest to a civilized audience that "somewhere below the surface of their lives they remain more or less savage still."

THE IRRESPONSIBLE ARTIST

"I AM Lifar and contracts do not matter to me." So recently declared Serge Lifar, the famous dancer, when an action for breach of contract was brought against him and he had failed to defend it.

That must seem to many a beautifully typical manifestation of the "artist" as popularly imagined. That is to say he is a person who, with a calm air of superiority, lightly throws aside the duties of life, social conventions and moral obligations alike. As a matter of fact, we do really come across such persons from time to time, and though they are not necessarily dancers—the art they practise may even be science—it is in connection with music and the stage that they seem most familiar to us.

If indeed we understand the artist in this sense, the dance—at all events the ballet—may seem his special medium. "The dance reveals all that is most mysteriously concealed in music," said Baudelaire, and for most people music stands for gaiety and freedom, the liberation from workaday life. So that the artist becomes the representative of irresponsibility as we find Lifar proudly proclaiming himself to be. It should not, however, be difficult to see that this is only true of the small artist. The small artist's art is so limited, so anæmic, that he has no energy left beyond its narrow scope. Outside that his muscles are flaccid, his interests are weak, contracts do not matter. Only a helpless weakness remains in the wider art of living. For this kind of artist still inconsistently makes contracts;

we see that Lifar had; they only ceased to "matter" when he had broken them.

But all social life is a web of contracts, whether or not definitely formulated. The supreme artists, from Sophocles and Plato down, have been artists all through, and duly practised the whole art of living. Shakespeare, whether or not there were earlier lapses, appears finally as a respectable and respected "gentleman." So on a more aristocratic stage does Goethe. They and their like were good citizens, they fulfilled their social duties, they had no disdain for bourgeois business-like efficiency. The energy of their artistic impulse overpassed the art they specially cultivated and sufficed for the performance of the contracts involved by life generally.

I do not mean that this may not hold good of a dancer. Since I began writing this page I hear that an international monument is shortly to be erected to Pavlova in Regents Park, in the shape of a fountain, a scheme fortunately entrusted to the greatest master in this department, the Swedish sculptor Milles. Pavlova, at all events, we may doubtless accept as a dancer in the great style of art.

That there can be a great style in dancing is becoming in our century recognized as it never was in the last. In practice, Ted Shawn, on the masculine side, is an exponent of the far-reaching aspirations of the dancer. On the literary side one of the greatest French writers of our day, Paul Valéry, has devoted one of his finest essays, *L'ame et la Danse*, to the exaltation of the dance; while more recently an expert student of the ballet, Adrian Stokes, has admirably set forth in detail what it is that the classical ballet expresses: "Ballet expresses, through the agency of the human body, the same mode of projecting feeling that characterizes the greatest European visual art." More than that: it expresses in a completely harmonized unity all our conflicting human passions, manifested here in a human body "purged of atmosphere," as it were without any

veil, etherialized with an air of exuberant ease. Valéry had said much the same when he concluded that "in the dance the body is seeking to attain complete possession of itself at a point of supernatural glory."

It is not only the art of dancing that is too often belittled. The same happens to the great art of living. I take up the latest Report of the Medical Officer of Health of London County Council Schools, and am delighted to find his stating that more attention must be paid in the State's formal education, obedient to the growing demands of public opinion, to the "art of living." But then I find that he means little more than personal and national hygiene, with physical training. They are most important and imperative demands. But the art of living, as symbolized by the art of dancing, means much more than that.

A letter reached me not long since from an unknown woman correspondent in California, to say that she had tried and tried in vain to understand what I mean by saying that the dance is a symbol of life. I hope it may now be clearer.

THE FUTURE OF MEDICINE AGAIN

A DISTINGUISHED physician has lately said that the striking feature of medicine in our century is a return to the cult of Aesculapius.

It is not at first clear what that means. We have a dim memory of a god, possibly an actual pioneering physician, who for the old Greeks represented medicine in general, scientific and unscientific. But if we consider this saying a little more closely we may grasp what Professor Langdon Brown had in mind. Primitive medicine is mainly natural and, whether not consciously, psychic. The return to the Aesculapian cult means attention to cleanliness, fresh air, suggestion, the study of dreams, and a tendency to psychological rather than physical explanations.

When we come to think of it, that really is to-day a main direction of orthodox medicine, while unorthodox medicine has sometimes carried it to absurd extremes. Fifty years ago it had no existence, except in the hands of small groups or isolated individuals, usually regarded with suspicion by their orthodox colleagues. I can still see the great master in medicine at that period, Charcot—how remote from his pupil Freud!—carefully examining the body of a poor and dirty patient and scarcely deigning to ask him a single question.

If we look broadly at the matter it will be seen that what we here call progress lies in a succession of fashions, each new fashion turned to the opposite side, and tending to bear too heavily towards it even when it is a desirable side.

A century ago medicine merely aimed at the study and cure

of definite diseases outlined by their symptoms. Neither the physical nor the psychic aspects were searchingly investigated; heredity and environment were alike in the background.

Then with the coming of Darwin and later his cousin, Francis Galton, a biological era opened which had a far-reaching influence on medicine. The minute structures were explored, the histology of the brain inaugurated, history and development taken into consideration, and the influence of micro-organism, though environment in the larger sense might be neglected; heredity was constantly invoked to explain what had previously been put down to vice and delinquency.

To-day the movement is in the opposite direction. We have become critical of the claims for individualism and the potency of the hereditary factor. Our movements, social and psychological, are concerned with the community rather than with the individual. We have become collectivists, and in the psychological field that shows itself conspicuously in such popular movements as behaviourism and psycho-analysis. Yesterday they leaned too much towards heredity; to-day we lean too heavily towards environment.

We may preserve our balance by bearing in mind the essential aims of medicine, which, rightly understood, equally include the opposing tendencies. The threefold aim of medicine, as Sir George Newman not long since stated it, is: (1) cure, (2) prevention, and (3) the practice of a way of life. Or the threefold aspects may be expressed as (1) the remedying of departure from the normal, (2) the prevention of such departure, and (3) the enhancement of normal powers, the first being the ancient aspect, the second that now actively pursued, and the third that which we are approaching.

We hear much of Soviet methods of dealing with health and disease, with mothers and with children, as the supreme achievement of modern Russia, and the progress has been marvellous if we happen to know anything of old Russia.

Yet it is along the lines on which, without any Revolution, we have for a century been progressing in the West.

If we wish to counter the Bolshevists we may best do so, not by the martyrdom of Communists (or Fascists either for that matter)—it is well established that “the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church”—but by the more heartily throwing ourselves into the medical revolution already in progress among us and even going back to the birth of medicine.

Some three thousand years before the October Revolution it was written in the *Nei Ching*, the Chinese canon of medicine, that “the good physician first cures the diseases of the nation.”

SOME RESULTS OF A GREAT WAR

IT is now over twenty years since a great war was declared. It was a war which involved more nations in the Old World and the New than ever fought together before; it profoundly affected, one way or another, even the small nations that remained outside and neutral.

This war was entered with enthusiasm, on one side at all events. Eager young men rushed to enlist long before there was any compulsion on them to do so. They seemed to have felt it a war for introducing the millennium. It was a war "to make the world safe for democracy." It was "a war to end war." The accredited leaders of public opinion sent out flamboyant appeals which now they pray that everyone may have forgotten. The few who escaped the prevailing hysteria were compelled to keep silence, or were locked up, when not shot.

We know the result. Some ten million men were slain and a larger number injured, often for life, while by blockade and financial strain and deficient food, even among the victors, a whole generation was more or less impoverished in health. Besides that, it may seem a little thing that innumerable happy homes were destroyed and some of the most exquisite achievements of the human spirit brought down or hopelessly mutilated. But it is not a little thing that since the war, and as its direct result, human freedom has everywhere been curtailed; passports, the ancient device of tyrants, everywhere re-introduced; while that liberty of movement and intercourse

and commercial exchange, which brings nations into friendly intercourse besides ensuring their prosperity, has been rendered difficult and often impossible. Democracy, instead of being established, is largely discredited; indeed a democracy which tolerates war is hardly a safe guardian of civilization in this century; and there is an outcry, here and there successful, for commufascist dictators.

As for the abolition of war, only sixteen years after the jubilation of the Armistice, we hear on every hand of the "next war," and in all the leading countries experts are scattering abroad instructions for the use of gas-masks, which, in the opinion of other experts, will prove useless. For the rest, all that remains of the war is a great number of more or less ugly and neglected little stone memorials. One might have thought that when the nations were no longer at war and wanted some material memorial of their struggle they might have united to set up some single enormous monument at Geneva or Mont Blanc in honour of that Patriotism to which they had all alike sacrificed themselves.

Well, if war has proved a bankrupt system for the salvation of the world, what is being done to bring up the new generation on a better system? One might have supposed that any League of Nations worth its salt would have counted it a first duty to entrust impartial scholars with the duty of preparing a history of the Great War which should set forth its futility, while doing justice to all the nations engaged, for the use of national schools everywhere.

But what do we find? Julian Huxley has lately pointed out, in an admirable book on *Scientific Research and Social Needs*, that vast sums—sums vaster than we are told—are being spent by all the great nations in the research for new methods of warfare; but nothing is being spent on the enormously more urgent research for methods of training the young to avoid warfare. The ancient glorification of war, however reasonable

it may once have been, still remains in our antiquated school-books never brought up to date.

My correspondent in a London engineering workshop writes: "Many boys have lately entered our workshops. It is *a fact* that their history lessons did not reach the last war. To them war is still the Field of the Cloth of Gold, Drake playing bowls on the Hoe, and the dashing Black Prince. Still 'the great adventure' and 'seeing the world.' Yes, the under-twenties are a danger, and our work is to enlighten them."

I am reckoned among the optimists. All the same, I can sympathize with that Christian minister who lately declared that he was tempted to pray there may be no future life when he thought of those ten million dead awaking to the bitter knowledge of what they had really died for.

LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOUR AS ONESELF

I HAVE an occasional but appreciated correspondent, a woman of ability, who after a brilliant educational career in England, has gone to live in the southern hemisphere where she has married a successful professional man. She has found an outlet for her superfluous time and energy in establishing a school. The school is, so far as the environment permits, on modern pioneering lines. She has described to me her educational methods, and for the most part I have nothing but sympathy and approval. But at the end she tells me that she tries to teach the child "to love his neighbour as himself."

At that point I am no longer with her. I know, of course, how venerable that maxim is, and what high authority it carries. As such I am willing to admit its supreme ethical position. But I altogether deny that it possesses any practical efficiency in the training of children. To uphold this opinion I do not even feel that I need to fall back on the consideration that it has been taught to an untold number of children, and that, when we contemplate families and classes and nations to-day, we seem to see remarkably little evidence of their having been brought up to love their neighbours as themselves.

At the outset an injunction of this kind is for children at once both too extreme and too vague. I chance to have at hand a book in which a brilliant young woman novelist of to-day writes: "There comes a time to all of us when one figure dominates our universe, and that our own. We are egoists because we are obliged to be. From the centre we see people withdraw into the shadows. There is no communica-

tion. We are alone." That is never true so often, and so intensely, as when we are children, dominated by our own sensations, our impulses, our needs. There is no "neighbour" and there can be no question of loving him.

But the conception of "love" itself is equally unfitted for childhood's uses. As an abstract principle it involves a stage of psychological and even philosophical development beyond the child. Who knows, indeed, what "love" means in general even to the adult? It ranges from nothing to almost everything. Love as the child may most naturally first know it, embodied in parents, is obviously unsuited for extension to mankind at large. To-day there is further the problem of self-love or Narcissism to be considered in all its complex shapes. However we look at it, the abstract conception of love seems useless for educational purposes.

There is, however, a more concrete and practical shape for the embodiment of that venerable maxim. When I have seen what I call the "New Mother" in action, I have noted that she is liable herself to suffer from the freedom and independence of action which she accords to her children. But in such a situation she neither roughly crushes the activities of the children nor preaches the love of one's neighbours. She explains to them that if we wish to be free to exercise our own freedom and independence, we must allow other people the exercise of equal freedom and independence. This is an argument of which children may easily be made to see the force, for in the dawn of reason the child is often even daringly logical. It has a meaning when the maxim "Love one another" has none.

But it is more than that. It is at the same time the first lesson in the acquirement of that discipline without which there can be no sort of rational living, and it is the foundation of all social life. Dr. Patry of New York, speaking as a psychiatric expert in State Education, has lately emphasized

LOVING ONE'S NEIGHBOUR AS ONESELF

the importance of the "golden mean." We have to make a bridge between the natural primitive urges and the role which the child will soon be called upon to play as a social unit, exercising wholesome compromises, renunciations, and the substitution for primitive energies of more socially approved activities.

The New Mother's rule seems to me the reasonable guide towards this desired balance. Do not let us hear any more about "loving one's neighbour as oneself."

THE PLACE OF LOVE IN LIFE

“I HAVE been reading the translated *Memoirs* of Tilly for which you wrote the introduction. A point that struck me was that this eighteenth century man spent most of his time in love-making. One cannot think highly of the profligate who makes this his chief occupation. But, I ask myself, can one think highly of people who never have time to make love? In our hurried life—and our interests in business and sports and the prowess of aviators and the combats of prize-fighters—love is relegated to spare moments. No wonder the sex experts are in perpetual astonishment over the general ignorance about even the simplest sex matters! In this new leisure you talk about might not the plain honest man find some profit in perfecting his love-making?”

The problem here set by the woman friend whom I have more than once quoted before is far from easy. But I may lately have seemed to belittle love by asserting that it may mean anything or nothing. It is perhaps a fitting time to say something less negative. In what sense may love mean something?

No doubt it is a theme on which endless books have been written. But they seem to have been written in vain, for in no age could there have been more young people disposed to throw aside the refinements of love as superfluity, or not even to recognize their existence. Only to-day I hear from a woman with a claim to be well educated, far from a recluse, even the author of a charming volume of poems, and she is

able to write: "Believe it or not, I did not know that there is an 'art of love,' never heard of it, and that is the truth."

So I am bound to admit that this is an art one can dispense with. Yet it remains true that it *is* an art, whether or not apt to become a fine art. It is at the same time in some respects like religion, which also many people find themselves able to dispense with.

But the arts are activities we are organized to exercise, and so organized that by that exercise we may derive an immense satisfaction and an endless enrichment. As one of the finest thinkers of to-day, Paul Valéry, has well said, the peculiar value of love lies in the general vitality it may bestow, and we may measure the value by the amount of the energy, whether or not it is utilized as a ferment to other ends.

So that if we have to admit that the artists in love, or in religion, may be left out, we must also admit that they have played a great part in human life, even in the most outstanding representatives of our species. Whether their arts have been exercised happily or unhappily, we cannot count them as based on illusions. And if illusions, then life itself, with which they are so intimately interwoven at its largest and best, must be counted an illusion.

It is sometimes said that all arts aspire to the condition of music. The general application of that old saying is open to question. But it seems happily to answer to the art of love. For not only is music, as Shakespeare said, the "food of love," but even its symbol. In its complexity and developments, the weaving of themes through manifold phases of depression and exaltation, yet with balance and unity, as in the sonata form, we have the nature and course of love more definitely presented than we could well express it in words. (Indeed an accomplished musical friend writes: "Life itself presents itself to me in a kind of sonata form.")

Nor is this surprising. Music has its source in Nature as

the prelude and the accompaniment of the love activities, and sometimes even as their chief manifestation. Inevitably it becomes our best symbol of love.

To view love as essentially an art is to understand the varying attitude towards it. Our ideal to-day is speed, not art. Even if youth were less inclined to brush aside love as "sentimentality"—without quite knowing what that means—life, until of late, has left little leisure for the cultivation of an art so difficult.

Here perhaps we may see another opening for the new leisure. I have often reflected on the memorable declaration, nearly fifty years ago, of the French sociologist Tarde, when approaching the end of his life. "Love has always appeared," he said, "an inferior mode of human music. But will it always be thus?" And he looked forward to a time when ambition and political power and the search for wealth will offer less attraction to the best elements of mankind than the impulse of that hidden ferment—as Valéry also has termed it—which lies at the root of all that is greatest of science and art. The victory of the lover's side of the human soul, he affirmed, over the rapacious and ambitious side will surely be the great and capital revolution of humanity, the real psychological revolution.

It seemed little more than a pious aspiration then, and Tarde refrained from making it public. Perhaps to-day, when our political and industrial and rapacious activities no longer loom so gloriously, it may appear more tangible.

THE CULT OF SPEED

IF we were asked what in our time is the chief change in our activities there can be little doubt about the answer. It lies in what is commonly described as the cult of speed.

No doubt there has always been a certain interest in speed. Locomotion has been an aim of life from the first. The chief outward difference between plants and animals may be said to lie in movement. To confine our observations to our own species, the love of racing is not a merely modern invention and was conspicuous in classic antiquity. But not only was this usually a side-issue in life, but the speed was not in itself a cult, it was simply valued as the index of physical efficiency. As a matter of fact, during the whole of the two thousand years of our era there seems to have been no notable increase of speed in any form of activity, no acceleration, indeed, at any point in what we may call the tempo of life.

It is to the spirit of invention in the eighteenth century, to the expansion of science, to the new development of machinery, culminating in the Industrial Revolution, that we may trace the increase in speed. It even affected the procreateness of the race. The new scope of machinery, aided by the new progress of hygiene, induced a speed in human increase such as the world had never known, and though that headlong rush is now returning to a more wholesome pace it is a familiar fact that at one time the population of the United States doubled in twenty-five years.

To-day, as we know, speed itself is frankly put forth as a fascinating ideal. The field in which it may be displayed is

comparatively unimportant, while efficiency is only claimed incidentally as a desirable object, since the speed sought is beyond what would be compatible with practical efficiency.

Speed in itself is the aim of its devotees, whether engineers or sportsmen. These champions of speed are assured of the absorbed interest they arouse in the generality of mankind to-day. Historians of the racing track and Wing-Commander leaders of High-Speed Flights rival one another, in books about "wheels taking wings" or the "Schneider Trophy," to survey the lengths to which the internal combustion engine and the aerofoil between them have pushed the possibilities of speed. School-children now seriously discuss this subject.

The same ideal of speed—with, I may say, an equal indifference to undesigned results—moves in the factory. The correspondent of mine who works in one writes: "We had a machine that produced twenty articles an hour. Now one has been installed that produces eighty an hour. The same boy operates the machine at the same wages. Production increases, even though purchasing power may diminish."

It is precisely the same in business, big or small. It was once supposed that dignity and reluctance to hurry were the marks of security in business. But I read now, in a statement put forth by a very big firm: "Speed in thought, decision, and action is a form of efficiency. Speed must always give advantage. For there is much more in speed than competitive efficiency. Speed is really concentrated life, while slowness is diluted life." It is added that the man who gets twice as much into an hour as his slower companion is getting twice as much life an hour, and will in the end have lived twice as long.

I do not propose to discuss this philosophy, though it needs discussion. I merely record it as the established principle of the ruling moral philosophy of our time, which we have to accept even though we may not consider that it represents the whole of the truth. What I wish to point out is the rapidity

with which the philosophy of speed is extending into the higher organization of life, into the social, economic, and political structure.

It was clearly inevitable. We could not expect that a generation brought up from childhood to the ideal of speed, and taught as a commonplace that speed means efficiency should stop there. It was certain to transfer speed from the material sphere to the spiritual sphere, to invade, in other words, the whole organization of society.

To-day there is no civilized country—if indeed there is any uncivilized country—in which we can fail to see the ideal of speed transforming the social structure. Everywhere we find the internal combustion engine at work in the political sphere; everywhere there is fierce competition for leadership in the High Speed Flight of the human spirit. The old ideal of human perfectibility may be dead, but in its place has arisen the ideal of social perfectibility, a delusion, you may say, yet a vital delusion which if you are alive to-day you must accept. It takes different shapes in different lands, and each country is apt to vituperate the shapes it takes in other countries. The old ideal of leisure has not indeed left the world for ever, nor is it deprived of the innate forces of conservatism. The world is still upheld by the twin buttresses of leisure and speed. By the support of those two forces in conflict the arch of life is for ever maintained. It is at our peril if we seek to destroy either.

THE ATTITUDE OF OLD AGE

I HAVE by my bedside a cherished anthology edited with commentaries by Aldous Huxley, *Texts and Pretexts*. The poems, often unfamiliar, are chosen with the finest taste; the comments for which they furnish pretexts are worthy of their author. The subjects are varied, and I browse, as of old they called it, at random among them in serious meditation. But there is a section which arouses a mood of smiling amusement. It is entitled "Old Age."

Mr. Aldous Huxley, who is still personally able to view this subject from a distance, contemplates it with unmitigated horror. He finds nothing too bad to say about old age. He solemnly reproves those great poets who do not entirely share his sentiments concerning "the horror of growing old."

"Age is deformed," asserts Mr. Aldous Huxley. "Age is almost more appalling than death." It is "the most serious of all the problems of existence." He is even worried because the commufascists do not appeal for its support.

It so happens that as a youth preparing to matriculate at a university in the southern hemisphere I had to study, among other books, Cicero's discourse *De Senectute*. It scarcely seems an appropriate work to offer to boys to study. I expect it was set by the scholarly but rather eccentric Dr. Badham, to whose credit, however, I count it that he came, as I later knew, from the ancient Suffolk town to which my own ancestors once belonged. But, for some reason, I found Cicero's treatise on old age full of a new charm. It would appear that in his day there were many croakers against old age of the spirit of Mr.

Aldous Huxley, however devoid of his skill in croaking. Cicero went over the whole subject, and his sunny eloquence in defence of old age seemed a final statement, leaving nothing more to say. I have not looked into the essay during the almost sixty years that have since elapsed, but what I then merely glimpsed afar I am now old enough to know by experience.

If any period of life may fairly be accounted "appalling" it is surely youth rather than age. When one sees life in true perspective it is not age but youth which presents "the most serious of all the problems of existence."

A really living human creature, not of the sub-human crowd only born to consume the fruits of the earth, comes into the world full of innocence and eager inquiry. Even under the happiest circumstances he is perpetually meeting with unforeseen blows, and wounds of which the adult knows nothing. Then, if he does not move with the herd, he is soon tormented by the puzzling difficulty of choice among the paths that open before him, so many that do not draw him and so many that will not admit him. When he finds, as some of us do, the one task in life that fits, he must accept the constant stress and strain involved in living up to that task, not to mention the perpetual fear lest death should perchance overtake him before his goal is reached. Even the most normal functions of adult virility, with the care of wife and family, are weighed down by a burden of pains and responsibilities.

With the coming of age the burden falls away. All the anxieties and responsibilities have become light; even if work remains, practice has made it easy. He is no longer a timid stranger in an unfamiliar world full of obscure terrors, no longer tortured to find his own path. He has the peaceful satisfaction of a goal attained. It becomes possible to understand the saying of Plutarch that "the mind becomes youthful with advancing age." Yet age has no need to "auto-suggest itself into youthfulness," in Aldous Huxley's phrases, for it

knows too well what youth means. It is only the old who can naturally and reasonably attain to gaiety of spirit. It is easy to understand how the spectacle of the ballet, of dancing as the supreme symbol of life seen from the outside—to some of us indeed attractive from the first—specially appeals to those who stand like Prospero at life's furthest verge.

For Mr. Aldous Huxley, it is true, this seems insensitive apathy and indifference, "one of the most dreadful things about old age." That is a complete misinterpretation. I have often noticed in the aged the calmness with which they can face misfortune, and it may be seen in those whose temperament is far from apathy and indifference. It represents not merely a final ability to weigh and estimate human troubles, but, still more, the recognition that age is not the fitting time for those violent reactions which are normal in earlier life. That is not "callousness," it is the ever-present consciousness that the richly faded leaf is now slowly and lightly fluttering down to earth. Nor, on the other hand, is it a fear of death. The terror of the grave which the Catholic Middle Ages bequeathed to the Renaissance, and we find embodied by Shakespeare, little as he may himself have felt it, does not apply to our time. Whitman's vision of the beauty of death is far more typical for the modern man.

The last charge against age is that it robs us of the beautiful illusions of youth. But I recall a memorable passage in *Le Soulier de Satin*, the masterpiece of a distinguished French poet whose attitude I do not usually accept, wherein the King of Spain is seen in discourse with his Chancellor. "Your hair is white," says the King, "and mine is grey; do they not say that youth is the period of illusions, and that age gradually enters into the sad reality of things?" The Chancellor cautiously admits that he has heard so. But the King grows animated: "Sad? The world smaller than ourselves and its chief part in our imagination? And I, too, tell you that youth is the time

THE ATTITUDE OF OLD AGE

of illusion, and that its imagination is infinitely less beautiful and manifold and desirable than the reality, and of this deception we are cured by age." Call no man happy before he is old! It is youth, not age, that is in need of consolations, and fortunately they are many.

Mr. Aldous Huxley is still troubled by this illusion of youth. When he has reached the period at which Cicero discoursed of old age we may reasonably expect that he will view it with Cicero's wise serenity.

THE RIGHT VERSUS THE LEFT

WHEN we contemplate political movements in any country having a political life we discern two opposing groups. There is the Party of the Right and there is the Party of the Left. The first is sometimes termed Conservative and the second Radical. But by whatever name they may be known each has its own complex of ideas. The Right upholds the principle of the natural inequality of individuals, the sovereignty of quality, due consideration for established interests. The Left preaches equalitarianism, secularization, the sovereignty of the majority, the rights of the individual. We may perhaps say, as André Siegfried has rather crudely and unsympathetically put it, that every social body has its heart on the Left and its pocket on the Right, and must divide its attention between the opposing claims of emotional aspiration and business interests.

It chanced that at the same moment two distinguished French thinkers, Julien Benda and Albert Thibaudet, neither of them actively associated with politics, have independently felt called upon to discuss this everlasting opposition between the Right and the Left.

Benda refers to recent polemics of the historian Daniel Halévy against the Radical ideas of the Left—equality, secularization, pacificism, the supremacy of the majority, etc.—which he denounced as inevitably the road to national ruin. And Benda makes what at first seems the surprising and damaging admission for a thinker who is not a political partisan: "This opinion seems to me far from being false."

But he proceeds to explain what he means. All abstract principles, treated with the rigidity of geometrical definitions, are in real social life pernicious. It does not matter whether they are ideas of the Left or of the Right. The nation that pursued them with ruthless inflexibility would be doomed to destruction.

Benda immediately goes on, however, to point out that when the opponent of Left ideas passes from condemnation of abstract principles to condemnation of their practical application, his logic no longer works out. Benda finds it easy to give examples of French statesmen of the Left who have inaugurated movements which on all sides were welcomed and are still approved.

It would have been still easier to quote from English history a long series of progressive political movements, initiated, not only by statesmen of the Left but also of the Right, which, far from rigidly embodying the ideas of their own side, borrowed those of their opponents, and so introduced measures which proved practically effective. American political history, similarly, yields examples of rigidly held principles which failed to work in practice, while more flexibly applied principles succeeded.

The statesmen who recognize the element of truth in the opposite party, if the demands of practical life are to be met, are apt to be called traitors to their own party, or else to be accused of a design to "dish," as in England it is termed, their opponents. But that is a smart and superficial view of what is really a fundamental necessity in all life, not merely in the field of politics.

Pure principles, Benda concludes, whether of the Right or the Left, will not work out in the actual life of societies.

Thibaudet's discussion of the same problem, while placed on rather different grounds, really reaches the same conclusion. He is inclined to consider the ideas of the Right, regarded as

ideas, as sounder than those of the Left. But he denies that they are embodied on the Right in a party, and from the intellectual viewpoint it is only a party that counts.

The truth is, Thibaudet declares, that all ideas, whether of the Right or the Left, are merely arbitrary sections of conceptions which in the actual reality of life are in complex movement. Whatever the idea which as a social body we are clasp- ing to our bosom, as he picturesquely phrases the matter, the child must sometimes be transferred from the supporting Right arm to the Left, or from the supporting Left arm to the Right.

As the matter is thus presented, I am able to view more intelligently the baffling field of politics. I grow more tolerant of many politicians whom I may have been tempted to consider turncoats. I learn how it is that Fascists and Communists alike fail to embody the ideals they sought, and how fruitless are the seemingly convincing arguments they both bring against the majority rule of the democratic system, impatient as we often are with its delays.

More than this, I realize how that essential conflict—the harmonious opposition and balance of forces—which I see in Nature and life and art generally, is visible here also. Even in our political activities, beneath all seeming opposition, we are still at one with the fundamental laws of Nature.

THE ADVANTAGES OF PESSIMISM

TO many people it seems that never before have there been as many pessimistic forecasts as to-day. And never before, it also seems, have they been so justifiable.

The Great War, these people feel, brought to an end a Golden Age. A struggle which began as a war to end war appeared in the end more like a war to end peace. Capitalism in its ancient form had been shattered, and its champions left to face an approaching ruin and despair. The men who should now in mature age be moulding a new social system were killed off in youth. As for the women they are doomed everywhere. In Soviet Russia they are conscripted into industry, their feminine nature crushed, their maternal aptitude destined to slow deterioration. In Nazi Germany they are shut out from industry and the professions, enslaved to procreation for the State. In Spain women have indeed been politically emancipated, but thereby became a force on the side of the reaction, strengthening their own fetters. If in the more liberal democratic countries women seem sheltered and privileged, that depends hazardously on the general social and financial stability.

But of late there have arisen critics of this pessimistic attitude. They attack it indeed not so much by questioning its validity as by denying its novelty. They even go back to early Babylonian days, thousands of years ago, when, it appears, there were complaints about the modern growth of irreligion, the disregard for law, and the disrespect for parents.

The same lament over the degeneration of the present age

is found among the other great nations of antiquity, the Egyptians, the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans. They all grieved over a Golden Age that was past. The Hebrews indeed also looked for an Age of Gold to come, and Christianity anticipated a glorious future.

In Christendom, however, the ancient tradition of a past Golden Age soon began to predominate, especially with the rise of Renaissance culture. Montaigne found his age "corrupt and ignorant," and Ronsard "perverted." We might look for a different feeling in the England of that time, when a magnificent wave of new life was reaching a climax of achievement never surpassed. But no! For Spenser, at the beginning of the great Elizabethan age, "the world grows daily worse and worse," and Ben Jonson at its end laments "this barren and infected age."

So it goes on. When we reach the middle of the eighteenth century, we come on a writer whose warnings of approaching doom have of late been recalled. He was a certain Rev. John Brown, Vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who wrote an *Estimate of the Manners and Principles of the Time* which swiftly passed through nearly a dozen editions, so that he evidently voiced a deep feeling of the age, and John Brown's name is said to have become for many years a household word. It was an age which, when we look back to-day, seems full of great and memorable national events. Yet John Brown could see little around him but decay.

Before the century was out even Burke thought we were relapsing into "barbarism," and with the coming of the nineteenth there was a chorus of pessimists. Wordsworth, first and last, was convinced that he lived in "a degenerate age," and throughout the Victorian age Carlyle, the greatest and most popular prophet of that age, was unexcelled in denunciation of his time.

Do not suppose that I am making fun of all these prophets

of approaching doom, so vigorous from even the dawn of civilization till to-day. On the contrary I see two elements of virtue about them.

In the first place they were frequently right. While they were often blind to the good in their age, the evil they saw was real. To take, for instance, John Brown. What chiefly troubled him was the sudden growth of commerce in his day. Production was taking place with a rapidity which brought wealth into the hands of the few, and the old social stability was thus being destroyed. Money was accumulating and the love of money increasing, together with an indifference to war. For war, it was said, needed money, and war brought money. City money-lenders and stockholders were flourishing, those who tilled the soil and lived on it were neglected. It was a true vision of the situation. We are to-day trying to deal with it. We begin to realize that, as John Brown argued, it is character we need rather than wealth, ability rather than station, capacity rather than seniority.

In the second place, even apart from the justice of the prophecies, a worthy discontent is an essential element of social well-being. Whoever prods us to noble action is making for the welfare of the world. The optimist is the worst enemy of society. It is in an everlasting struggle with ever renewed evils, and the constant triumph over difficulties, that the highest joy of living consists.

The most reckless optimists, as I have often pointed out, are to be found in the lunatic asylum. Yet at the ultimate outlook optimism and pessimism are one. It was a supreme optimist who declared: "There will never be any more perfection than there is now."

THE QUESTION OF EUGENIC STERILIZATION

A PART from its direct service to mankind, there is an indirect benefit in the recognition of contraceptive sterilization. That is its bearing on eugenic sterilization. It so happens that eugenic sterilization was brought prominently forward earlier than contraceptive sterilization. Its advocacy dates from far back, and it is to-day becoming established in various directions. Many are familiar with the fact of its successful working, on a voluntary basis, in California. Yet it meets nearly everywhere with opposition, and in some countries has gained little or no footing. The opposition is largely due to ignorance, owing to the small part still played by contraceptive sterilization in general life. The consequence is that some people suppose that sterilization affects the general sexual life, that others, not realizing the strength of the urge to parenthood, imagine that it might become an epidemic and sweep away the race, while still others regard it as too serious an operation to contemplate, and a few suppose that in some mysterious way it is "illegal," though when asked for evidence of this they can only bring forward absurd speculations.

One objection, so common that it cannot be passed over, is that sterilization is an infliction to be imposed by the well-to-do class on the poor. Thus, not so long ago, in Parliament, presumably an intelligent body of persons, a member, even one who happened to be a physician, declared that the poor would not be thankful to be told that "the surgeon's knife is the last relief for the burden of poverty," for it is "wrong to

raise the standard of living by mutilating the bodily integrity of our weaker brothers."

There are few, however, if any, who wish to impose undesired sterilization on the poor, and not many who recommend it as a direct cure for poverty. Sterilization, wisely practised is for the benefit of family life, and likewise for the benefit of the race, even though less than some have supposed. If, beyond this, sterilization, even to-day, could be said to contribute indirectly to "solve the problem of poverty and misery," surely that is in its favour, though the problem is admitted to be too large for any such sole solution. Even Fascism, even Bolshevism, have not been able to provide sole solutions. But both alike, together with the general population, profess to regard the interests of humanity. Here, however short the distance they feel they can go together, they might all meet on common ground.

It is true that, at the outset, we have to recognize the existence of principles opposed to all interference with procreation. Such a principle is proclaimed by the Roman Catholic Church. But it is a mistake to suppose that the Church is enslaved to impracticable doctrines, and it is unjust to refuse to recognize its flexibility to imperative demands. The Church no longer insists on regarding the earth as flat and stationary. In a more practical matter, related to that which here concerns us, it is now admitted among Catholics that birth control is legitimate so long as it is confined to the selection of the supposed "safe" period in the menstrual life, and then may be regarded as in harmony with the "rhythmic" life of Nature.

Moreover, in the very matter here before us, the Church for centuries itself practised sterilization in the most objectionable form of castration for its choirs in the service of the Church, even in the Sistine chapel at Rome under the superintendence of the Popes and by their at all events tacit permission.

The existence of these *castrati* is well known. Large numbers of boys, over four thousand according to some estimates (that is the figure accepted by Voltaire in *Candide*), are said to have been castrated yearly, though this estimate may be excessive, and several eminent musicians were thus sterilized. Even some Popes who were in principle opposed to sterilization accepted it in the service of the Church, and many eminent moral theologians hesitated to condemn it. The most authoritative of all, Liguori and his followers, had no serious objections to offer. Going beyond this special practice for the service of the Church, which was continued for several centuries at least and until recent times, when Leo XIII brought it to an end, various eminent moral theologians have been inclined to accept sterilization for other objects, and even so great an authority as Aquinas approved of castrating criminals. The subject was discussed a few years ago in an elaborate work on legal sterilization (*Gesetzliche Unfruchtbar-machung Geisteskranker*), by a Catholic theologian, Dr. Joseph Mayer, whose work received the official *Imprimatur* of the Church. It is evident, on a broad survey, that, whatever the declarations of individual Popes, there has always been a slow recognition of practical necessities on the part of the Church and a gradual adjustment to human needs. In many such respects the members of the Church, as well as the moral theologians, are ahead of their ecclesiastical superiors who make more stir in the world.

There is another and quite different quarter from which the cry against sterilization arises. "The nation needs poor children to work and fight for its existence," declared the editor of a popular Sunday newspaper. It is not often in any country that the argument is stated so candidly. Yet it lies at the root of the sensational agitation of to-day concerning the approaching decline of population. Even Communists used to chime in (though they now frequently take a more intelligent

attitude), for the higher the birth-rate, they argued, the more unemployment and therefore the better the chance of a proletarian uprising, whereas with a contraceptive absorption of the unemployed they feared a higher rate of wages and less discontentment. It is not really a sound argument if merely on the ground that it is not among the proletariat but among the middle-class that revolutions are engineered, while few economists regard contraception as in itself an adequate cure for unemployment. But it cannot fail to seem plausible.

In the United States, Dr. Dublin's statistical estimates of a falling population in the future are well known, and his fears lest the world should be dominated by old women, though not everyone would, as an alternative, prefer to go back to the period when the population of the United States doubled itself in twenty-five years. In England, Dr. Enid Charles in her brilliant book *The Twilight of Parenthood*, with skilled application of mathematical statistics, foresees an approach to a falling population and views it with much alarm. She believes that no one wants children nowadays, that by men and even by women they are regarded as useless burdens. Such a view seems only possible for one more closely in touch with science than with human nature. "The childless woman sets Heaven and Hell in motion and is fearless even of operations," a German physician declares, and in England exactly the same statement is made, save for the substitution of "Earth" for "Hell." It is not easy to find the men and women who after marriage cherish this repulsion for parenthood, though we everywhere find those who will not hear of the large families of old, and as there is evidence to show that small families are of superior quality to large families, this attitude is sound. Maller by his important inquiry into size of family and quality of offspring, conducted three years ago at Teachers College, Columbia University, reached significant conclusions for children of all classes. The children of small families are

highest in intelligence, in honesty, in inhibition, in ratings by teachers and class-mates; the children of large families (six or more) are lowest in these and most other respects, and "only" children are above the average in most important respects. Of course large families sometimes rank high, but, as we thus see, on the whole individual requirements and preferences are at one with collective social efficiency.

Even if it were safe to prophesy about the future—and we were sure that the rates of growth would not change—it is our chief business to deal with things as they are. We live in a world which is still adding from ten to twenty millions a year to its human population, and with the increase of medical and sanitary knowledge this rate is becoming higher. To-day the United States has all the population it can find good use for, and the same is true of Great Britain. An eminent biologist, Professor Crew, views with alarm the possibility that in forty years' time the British population may have sunk to thirty millions. He neglects to mention that in the fifteenth century the population of England was around three millions and that no one then seemed worried about it, or showed alarm, as some men of science do to-day, about "the continuance of ourselves as a people."

The problem of sterilization remains of importance. It is not the only supreme question for mankind, and we may still say with Dr. Crew: "Make the world a fit and proper place for children and they will be born."

THE PROBLEM OF DR. JOHNSON'S FAME

THE sesquicentenary of Dr. Samuel Johnson has lately been celebrated. That means that he died in 1784, and has become so important a figure in English eyes that a fraction of a centenary after his birth or his death is held to justify a fresh commemoration.

But why? Regarded strictly as a man of letters his place in English literature is respectable but not in the first rank. Indeed, his main task in life, the preparation of an English Dictionary to supersede those that went before, though it is rightly termed "one of the ancient monuments of English scholarship," could not have appealed to any creative genius. Apart from that, he wrote short lives of the English poets, which betray the very narrowest conception of poetry, and *Rasselas*, a ponderous story in the Oriental fashion of the day which few to-day have ever read (I happen to have read it myself in early life) and which chances to bear a moral much like that of Voltaire's *Candide*, though it differs by not being a work of immortal genius. Moreover, Johnson exercised an unfortunate influence on English prose style; at his birth it had reached an acme of classical perfection; in his hands and by his influence it often became as heavy and unwieldy as himself. Taking a wide survey of his activities, we discern a man of vigorous, independent, narrow, obstinate spirit, a zealous Tory of an already expiring school, hostile to all generous and pioneering and adventurous movements, so bigoted that he would scarcely consent to speak to Hume, the greatest thinker of his time. He was arrogant and offensive towards the American Revolu-

tion, essentially un-English, save for those who count as English a commonplace downright parochial stolidity.

Why then is Dr. Johnson remembered as something more than an estimable literary hack? Indeed not merely remembered but glorified, sanctified, almost worshipped. He has been set on a pinnacle as "one of the greatest of Englishmen"; societies are established in his honour; sober scholars solemnly refer to the "Johnsonian Canon"; historians write big books on *Johnson's England* to stand beside *Shakespeare's England*.

So we come to Boswell. A young man from Scotland, of good family but rather loose living, never able to guide his own life wisely, yet a great artist, was in 1763 in a London back parlour introduced to Dr. Samuel Johnson. He was tolerated with a half-contemptuous friendliness, allowed to frequent the great man's society,—for Johnson's domineering figure was inevitably great in his literary circle—and in secret he studied him intensively and devoutly, for here were all those elements of solid character he himself so conspicuously lacked. Nearly thirty years later appeared the *Life of Johnson*, which has ever since been accepted as "the greatest of biographies." It is, as we now know, while it embodies a maximum of veracity, more Johnsonian than Johnson himself. At the same time its supreme art has until lately effaced the artist. It has seemed, even to so sagacious an observer as Macaulay, that here was no more than a mirror, held up by a worthless simple-minded creature, "a drunken nincompoop," for the faithful reflection of a personality of stupendous magnitude.

But when we approach the matter reasonably what may we say of this man Samuel Johnson? He is most properly a subject for the psychologist, being, as a distinguished neurologist, Dr. Russell Brain who has lately published a "post mortem" on Dr. Johnson, has well styled him, "one of the great eccentrics."

We may realize how he came to be this. He belonged to a decaying stock. Of a humble but respectable trading family,

he with his brother were the last descendants. The brother was in the same bookselling business as their father, but disgraced himself by dishonesty, meditated flight to America, and died at twenty-four. He complained, rightly or wrongly, that Samuel treated him badly. No one could accuse Samuel of dishonesty; he was not only rigidly honest but beneath his rough exterior fundamentally benevolent. It was mainly in his nervous system that the degenerate element appeared. It is not by genius or intellect but by a massive moral character dominating a chaotic nervous system that Johnson stands out.

He was born almost dead, remained "a poor diseased infant, almost blind," scrofulous and extremely difficult to rear in spite of the huge physical form and the muscular strength he acquired. From the age of twenty there were fits of mental ill-health, not amounting to insanity but a melancholy inherited from his father, dejection, gloom, despair, the sense of guilt, the fear of death, in addition to constant physical ill-health, "seldom a single day of ease," he said.

His fundamentally nervous abnormality, rooted in his stock, was obvious. He was always an eccentric figure. He flung his arms in all directions to the alarm of those near him, his body swayed to and fro; his feet performed complicated gyrations; when he walked along the street he was impelled to touch every post. His emotional temperament was of the same piece. His feelings were crude, violent, and ill-directed. His manners were coarse and rough; he was disgusting when he ate; his clothes were slovenly, his linen dirty; in spite of a good heart he gave offence by rudeness. To the modern psychiatrist he represents a severe form of compulsion-neurosis.

It has been common to find a vein of eccentricity in the English. One may see some evidence of it, not in the emergence of poor Samuel Johnson, who might have arisen anywhere, but in the existence of a large body of presumably normal persons who hero-worship him as a great representative of the nation.

THE TRAGEDY OF MALNUTRITION

A DISTINGUISHED Irish physician once related the following incident. A devout and well-known clergyman consulted him in deep distress. He had lost his faith and was about to resign his ministry and leave the Church, for he could no longer live as a hypocrite. After examination the physician begged him to postpone decision for a month and meanwhile take a holiday, with much exercise and plenty of beef-tea. At the end of the month the patient duly reappeared with the thankful assurance that he had been saved from a great calamity as his faith was now restored. "But," he added with tears in his eyes, "to think that my belief in God and my hopes of salvation should depend upon a cup of beef-tea!"

Let me hasten to say that I do not recall this incident either in the interests of the Church or of beef-tea. I am well aware that dieteticians now attach little importance to beef-tea and that our free-thinking friends might not regard the results of the treatment with satisfaction. The value of the story is symbolic. Whether for religious believers or unbelievers, nutrition is a supremely vital fact for the whole of life, and malnutrition of tragic import.

We do not always realize it. The impulse or the interest of too many people disguises the facts. Governments of the most opposed complexion all declare how beneficial their policy is for their peoples. Officials, however honest, feel satisfaction in presenting the facts in the most favourable light. The facts, moreover, are so complex that they lend themselves to various aspects. The most competent authorities state that

there exists no satisfactory routine method by which the nutritional condition of individuals can be assessed and the findings of different observers be compared.

Yet when we put together the statistics of the most careful observers we cannot escape the conclusion that the rosier views of governmental propagandists, even when correct so far as they go, do not present a complete picture. In all the great and most advanced countries to-day, including even those most favourably situated, a considerable though varying part of the population suffers some form or some degree of malnutrition. This is an unmixed evil for the present and an omen of progressive deterioration for the future.

In England there is often much complacency, due to the long period of effort to bestow some degree of governmental care on the young, the disabled, the unemployed, and the aged. It is not realized that at a time of special strain with ill-paid and unemployed workers on every hand the expenditure tends to fall, even below the necessary minimum, while to-day in the more economically depressed areas, in spite of the exercise of statutory powers aided by liberal philanthropy, evils of every kind are rife, even in the constituencies of Cabinet Ministers.

The British Medical Association has given serious attention to this question and its Committee on Nutrition, composed of experts on various aspects of the problem, has produced a valuable report with a minimum dietary which yet is considerably beyond the reach of a large proportion of the population. This is clearly shown by the activities of an independent Committee against Malnutrition which issues an instructive Bulletin for the collection and analysis of the actual facts of the lives of British workers.

I bring forward English conditions where for so long the workers have been organized, and their needs, however inadequately, received social recognition. It is often worse elsewhere. Even in America the old faith in a high standard

of living has become a myth. In 1927—that is long before the depression—the survey of a typical town, Zanesville, Ohio, showed that a large proportion of even the urban population live under bad conditions. The War had revealed the prevalence of the unfitness associated with such conditions of life. To-day various investigations have shown that about 50 per cent of American school-children are suffering from malnutrition. Incomes sometimes are so low that even the purchase of a bottle of milk for an under-nourished child becomes a major economic problem, while it is not pleasant to hear that only about one-fifth of the money paid for that purchase reaches the farmer who produced the milk.

Such are the world conditions under which, as we know, it seems prudent to restrict the production of food in every possible way, to burden it with every kind of legal handicap, and even to destroy wholesale the natural products for lack of which the human race is threatened with deterioration.

We may be thankful we have no Voltaire among us. He was unsparing in his sarcasms at the spectacle of human follies, and we cannot dare to think what he would have said about the present inhabitants of our globe.

We are not indeed left without avenues of hope. One such lies in the more active socialization of medicine. The physician now knows that disease is largely based on malnutrition. If he may not administer nutrition he is helpless. We cannot expect him to do it out of his own pocket. He must have the State at his back. Until medicine is to that extent socialized we are still living in barbarism; I will not say in savagery, for savages manage these things better.

We may think of the wholesome ideal reflected in the ancient miracle of the loaves and fishes, which evidently appealed mightily to the early Christian mind for we find it in all four Gospels. The meal, we see, included fish, a most valuable source of proteins, and it was supplied without individual cost

THE TRAGEDY OF MALNUTRITION

to an orderly arranged public. The progress of science to-day (as the President of the Royal Society lately remarked) brings a similar miraculous bounty easily within reach, when the will to it exists.

THE ART OF COOKERY

“DOMESTIC service will be the highest form of social service; chemists will be trained in the universities to be real cooks. Some use must be found for intelligence; the kitchen makes the most demand.” So I find a distinguished scientist writing in the leading English scientific journal.

In a similar spirit a distinguished American woman, Mrs. Wharton, in her autobiographical book, *A Backward Glance*, protests against the “monstrous regiment of the emancipated” among young women, in that transition period when the art of acquiring university degrees was substituted for the more complex arts of civilized living. They are both saying the same thing, though one protests against the university and the other desires to re-mould it.

I am reminded that when I planned a book on the chief arts which go to make up *The Dance of Life* I had intended to include an essay on cooking. Circumstances had compelled me in early life to acquire a rudimentary acquaintance with the subject, and in later life other circumstances favoured an improved knowledge. I learnt the importance of this art. Life is built up, philosophers from of old have said, on Hunger and Love. I have not been blind to one of these foundations, that of sex, but I have always resented the common blindness to the significance of the other foundation, so often coarsened and vulgarized.

Strange that it should be so when we consider the religious sources of Christendom. The breaking of bread and the drinking of wine were an even sacramental act at the beginning, while nothing to correspond was done for sex. But the significance of that act was soon narrowed down by priestly domina-

tion, and its relation to life negatived and even reversed by the religious sanctification which came to be given to fasting. Not food but the refusal of food became holy. That attitude even entered into ancient medical practice, and a distrust of food in disease remained till recent times. "Countless lives," it is said, "have thus been sacrificed."

No doubt the lingering custom of grace before meals may be alleged. Prayer before and after meals is a venerable human tradition. "The ancients," says Athenaeus, "never took a meal without first turning to the gods." The Egyptians especially insisted on the gravity of rites and prayers before meals. But that attitude had no reference to the quality of the food, and involved no religious exaltation of the art of cooking. I have always appreciated the instruction laid down by Sir Kenelm Digby for making tea, "the water to remain upon it no longer than you may say the *Miserere* Psalm very leisurely," and then, he added, I hope in a double sense, "you have only the spiritual parts of the tea." It was at a somewhat earlier date that a famous Pope, Julius III, rebuked a member of his Court who showed surprise at his indignation over a badly served meal, with the reminder that God Himself had once attached supreme importance to eating an apple. We may not find it convenient to adopt Digby's method of making tea, but it indicates one way of linking practical culinary operations with the operations of the spirit. There are other ways.

It is only to-day that the higher and wider significance of food is beginning to be recognized, and the function of nutrition taking its rightful place in human culture or scientific study. There are for instance Dr. Audrey Richards's pioneering studies of *Hunger and Work* among some African tribes. To-day I chance to find, in a different direction, another proof of this growing recognition: a letter in the *London Times* from the Honorary Secretary of the Food Education Society, of which I never before heard. It appears that this Society has, for half a cen-

tury, been spreading a sound knowledge of foods and cookery, and given annually hundreds of practical demonstrations. It receives the support of Government Departments and meets with increasing demands from the public for its assistance, so that its work is extending far beyond the British islands. This great subject, the secretary declares, is at last "coming into its own."

Certainly it is time. "Diet," it has been said, "can have amazing consequences in history," little as historians have troubled about it. It is enough to mention sugar, which was a main initial cause of negro slavery in the West Indies and indirectly responsible for the American Civil War. To-day sugar could cheaply be made in food form from wood wherever there are forests, while, by the process inspired and developed by the great German chemist, Haber,—the most beneficent gift, it has been called, human society has received from experimental science—nitrogen can be called down by the farmer from the heavens to enhance enormously the possibilities of plant growth. We are approaching the time when it will not be Utopian to provide every man and woman freely with the essentials for life: an adequate allowance of air and water and bread; wherever due regard is had to birth control. But this will involve a vast increase of knowledge and skill in the art of cooking.

When in the course of the French Revolution the famous philosopher and statesman Condorcet fled from his enemies in Paris, disguised in shabby clothes, he reached an inn and ordered an omelette. The innkeeper asked (as in more recent times I have been asked by Spanish innkeepers) how many eggs he would like in it. "Oh, about a dozen," the philosopher replied. That answer aroused suspicion. Condorcet was arrested, recognized, and in due course executed.

To-day most of us may, it is to be hoped, escape that particular fate. But there still remain many roads by which ignorance of cookery may lead to death.

THE SCIENCE OF FOODS

I HAVE been seeking to emphasize the recent opinions of some eminent persons on the art of cooking. To avoid complicating the question, I said nothing about the science of foods. They are indeed two distinct questions. So often, it has been truly said, the man of science can't cook and the cook knows nothing of science.

Thus the French art of cookery may almost be said to be world famous, whatever criticisms it may recently have evoked. In the central art of baking bread the reputation of the French goes back to the Middle Ages. Yet the French art of cooking is not a science of dietetics. A Parisian doctor has declared that 90 per cent illnesses are caused by dietetic errors, and digestive troubles are common among the French, who have even been behindhand in securing the purity of water, which is the supreme food. Most of us would put French wines at the top of our luxury drinks, but a sad list could be made out of distinguished persons who have gone to France and died of typhoid, of which the germs are water-borne.

Food, in the largest sense, is really the central problem of life. We have foolishly forgotten this, and put before it all sorts of unimportant issues. Animals understand better. Even our domestic animals, under normal wholesome conditions, know enough both of the art and of the science, both what they like and what suits them. Savages, on a higher plane, are equally wise. Dr. Audrey Richards shows how the physiological facts of nutrition are in primitive societies transformed and refashioned into traditional rules and impressed on the whole community.

Perhaps it is because he felt it time for us to turn over a new leaf that a distinguished English professor of medicine began the New Year with an address on "Food Values." The pioneers in the science of food seem indeed to have been often English, though the science has not even yet spread to the English working class, and it has been possible to assert that 75 per cent of that class suffer from malnutrition, not out of poverty but lack of knowledge and skill in the use of foods. It was a wealthy English doctor, William Kitchiner, who in the eighteenth century published *The Cook's Oracle*, which has been called "the best cookery book according to modern ideas ever published" because it unites the science of medicine with the art of cooking. Indeed Kitchiner himself went so far as to say—perhaps not extravagantly—that the art of cooking might lay claim to even higher distinction than the art of medicine, since "to prevent diseases is surely a more advantageous art to mankind than to cure them."

Looked at in the wide and full sense, the elements of nutrition are six: food, air and sunlight, exercise, warmth, cleanliness, and rest. They all work together to the same nutritive end, and food alone, without the others, is mostly vain. Yet we naturally and properly put it first.

The fundamentals of diet are now all understood. As Professor Nixon puts them in his address on "Food Values," they are: (1) water, the most essential of all, (2) salts, (3) nitrogenous or protein matter, (4) non-nitrogenous foods, including the carbohydrate starches and sugars as well as fats, and (5) vitamins.

It is when we go beyond general rules to possible variations that we run into danger and risk conflict with the varying customs and fashions and fads of nations and families and individuals, all viewing with horror or disgust those who eat differently from themselves.

We have to admit the legitimacy of these variations. On

the one hand, it is possible to live wholesomely, in moderation, on any animal, from man down to the rat (prehistoric peoples ate still more widely having now extinct monsters at hand), and, on the other, it is possible to live without touching an animal. There are the Eskimos who feed almost exclusively on meat and fat, and keep free from such troubles as gout, kidney disease, and arterial degeneration. There are the West Africa tribes who live entirely on ripe bananas and banana flour, though it is to be noted that this is the only fruit on which it is possible to live alone. There are the belauded Masai warriors whose diet is milk and blood. The faddist is free to cultivate his tastes in any of these three directions. But, whichever it is, he would do well to keep his choice so far as possible to himself.

Most of us by taste and by judgment will follow the middle path, avoiding all fads, adopting a diet that is varied, yet not too varied, in the directions that individual experience has approved.

Professor Mottram, a great authority, has recently said that the science of diets bring us in the end to a very simple conclusion: No fads and only one fashion, which is to eat a mixed diet. And that, he adds, had best be in the first place dairy foods, in the second garden foods, and thirdly foods from the sea. Yet simplicity is hard to reach, and this same authority emphasizes the need for the training of teachers of dietetics in all university centres. So perhaps we may some day regain, on a higher plane, the primitive conception of the sacredness of food.

"He had a way of eating," writes Marguerite Audoux of Charles-Louis Philippe the novelist, "which I have never seen in anyone save in him. From the first mouthful his whole aspect assumed an air of gravity. He touched the bread with very slow gestures. One would say that nourishment inspired him with deep respect and a certain disquiet. Every time I saw him eating there came to me the image of a young priest

saying Mass for the first time. I told him so once. He was surprised, and, after laughing, replied: 'That must be because my forefathers suffered from hunger, and I am the first to know how many things are eatable.' "

Food is a King, say the Hausas, and care must be taken to preserve its dignity, to treat it with honour, and never to insult it.

THE BEST SORT OF WIFE

"IT'S the beautiful but dumb girl, not the college graduate, who makes the worst mate." I find this pronouncement attributed to a well-known Chicago divorce judge (Judge Sabath). He went on to say that the college woman, when mated, makes less trouble than all other classes put together.

The judge was taking issue with the recent assertion of Dr. D. P. Wilson, of the Los Angeles Institute of Family Relations, that "college women make the worst wives."

I do not know on what foundation of fact Dr. Wilson bases his statement; it would be instructive to learn. And the judge's pronouncement is made rather at random, though it carries weight if it is true that in the course of his judicial career he has granted nearly 40,000 divorces. There have, however, been various methodical investigations into such questions conducted by scientifically trained inquirers. It is on these, however incomplete and inadequate, that I am accustomed to form my own opinions.

The elaborate more or less statistical studies of Dr. Katharine Davis, Dr. Robert Dickinson, and Dr. G. V. Hamilton, though only incidentally concerned with this question of relative educational status, help to throw a little light on it. The condition of successful marriage is described by Dr. Davis as "happiness," by Dr. Dickinson as "adjustment," and Dr. Hamilton as "satisfaction." But they all mean much the same state, and all recognize its importance.

Dr. Davis's subjects were all more or less college-trained, and showed a high level of successful marriages; nearly 90 per

cent of 1,000 married women reported that their marriages were happy. It may also be significant that she found a slight advantage in married "happiness" of the more well-educated over the less well-educated college girls. There was also an advantage in "happiness" for those who had received sex instruction (though not for those having actual relationships) before marriage.

Dr. Dickinson's gynaecological patients, unlike the subjects covered by Dr. Davis's *questionnaire*, were of all social and educational classes, about one-third college-trained, and were met during a long series of years. There is the disadvantage that they were patients, overloaded from the outset on the side of trouble, and they inevitably presented a very large proportion of unsuccessful marriages, cases of "maladjustment." Dr. Dickinson notes that the college-bred women approached marriage in a more "predominantly reasonable" frame of mind, but were inclined to hesitation; he is dealing mainly with pre-war women, and is inclined to think that the post-war girl has a different attitude in sex response though on this point he gives no definite figures.

Dr. Hamilton's investigation was likewise on a basis independent of college status. But his subjects, though few, were normally healthy, and above the average social level. He investigated them with minute care. He found that for over 50 per cent the marriage may be counted successful, and "satisfaction" attained. And he confirms Dr. Davis's conclusion by finding decidedly more dissatisfaction among those who had not graduated at college than among those who had. It may be added, however (as a point in favour of Dr. Wilson's pronouncement), that among the small minority who had never been to college at all dissatisfaction was less. But (and this is against Dr. Wilson) when the spouses had an equally high degree of formal education, or when the wife had a higher degree, "satisfaction" was much greater than when

the wife's educational level was lower than that of her husband.

It would thus seem that the evidence on the whole is on the judge's side. He made an exception for the girls whose marriages took place when they were still students, such marriages tending to turn out badly. This also may be said to be confirmed by Dr. Davis's results. She found that college women are on the average rather over two years older at marriage than non-college women, and that this is an advantage. For before the age of twenty-four the majority of these marriages turn out unhappily, but after that age the majority prove happy, as also for all marriages at a subsequent age, however late.

It would appear on the whole that the lines of fairly scientific approach in this question converge to the result that the more educated girl is more likely to attain success in marriage, with the probability that the changed attitude towards questions of sex renders this result still more likely for the present than for the preceding generation.

If that is so it raises a question we cannot neglect. Education seems to some of us a puzzling and unsatisfactory problem at present. Yet even at present it evidently counts for something. It has a bearing on the most vital and intimate of human affairs. We have to look into it.

THE NEED FOR SEX INSTRUCTION

IN the discussion regarding the good or bad aptitudes for marriage of the college girl an important point is usually omitted. The disputants on both sides seldom say anything of education in matters of sex. Yet education at this point has far more bearing on happiness in marriage than any degree of merely general culture.

The point is significantly brought out by an experienced psychotherapist, Dr. Gillespie, when addressing the Psychology Section of the International Congress of Anthropology. He estimates the proportion of persons suffering from psychoneurosis among the general English population (such as are included in the National Health Insurance system) as high as 35 per cent. Considering, more precisely, his own patients undergoing psychotherapy he found that fifteen out of twenty might be classed as definitely inadequate in the psychological aspect of their parental functions. The most obvious, and the most readily measurable, parental failure was in the teaching with regard to sex. The vast majority of the psycho-neurotic patients whom he saw had received no sex instruction at all from their parents. In that respect they might not be widely different from the normal population. But investigation of a small control group by Dr. Gillespie suggested that in the post-war generation the proportion of instructed persons is higher among the average normal people than among psychoneurotics.

If we turn to the United States the evidence harmonizes with both these conclusions. Dr. Katharine Davis, among the

married women with college education whom she studied, states that a decidedly larger percentage of the "happily" married had had some sex instruction, however slight, compared with the "unhappily" married. It is the latter who largely constitute the reservoir from which the psychotherapist draws his patients.

Significant, again, are the results revealed in the recent valuable work on *The Single Woman* by Dr. Robert Dickinson and Miss Lura Beam. Dr. Dickinson's vast experience as an eminent New York gynaecologist extends over fifty years. His patients, especially in the early period, showed an astounding ignorance of the simplest anatomical and physiological facts, while, at the same time, they exhibited inhibitions (evidently due to unwholesome early family surroundings) which made them avoid the whole subject of sex, so that, with only one exception, there was no record in Dr. Dickinson's notebooks that they had sought to make up for this early lack. But among patients born in the present century he finds a difference; they frequently sought, as the earlier patients never did, sometimes information, sometimes advice, on different sexual problems.

But now we come to the point I wished to reach: How many doctors are prepared to give such information and advice? Dr. Dickinson was prepared because long years of experience, working on a native gift of intuition, enabled him to impart sound knowledge and helpful counsel to those who sought it. He was certainly not prepared by his own early medical training. The sexual side of life was unknown to the teachers in medical schools of those days, and I am told by medical students to-day that it still usually remains equally unknown. Any occasional exceptions are of the nature of incidental side-issues outside the regular course.

It is much the same in America. A physician writes from Pennsylvania: "I am mortally ashamed to say that the medical

profession in the United States has made no account of the genuine importance of sex hygiene. There is not a single medical school either in the United States or Canada, so far as I am aware, where one can take a course in sex instruction. It is deplorable, I see the need of such instruction every day."

We are usually told that it is the duty of parents to furnish instruction and advice to their children in matters of sex. Where are they to get it from? Seldom from their physicians, even if they venture to seek it there. They themselves were mostly brought up in the days when all such subjects were taboo in family circles, so that they often know much less than their own children of to-day know. There are books, it is true, a vast number now, most of them of inferior quality, and some of them mischievous, and there is no one to separate the wheat from the chaff.

We are entitled to demand of the physician of to-day that he shall be prepared to deal with this side of life. Whatever other subjects may form part of his training, whatever other subjects he may have to drop, the modern emphasis in medicine on hygiene and prevention requires that this far-extending side of life shall no longer be neglected.

As long as we fail to make this demand we shall continue to hear the same accusation. The prevalence of psycho-neurotic disorders and the incidence of maladjusted marriages, we shall be told, are largely due to our negligent folly.

THE FACTORY VERSUS THE HOME

WE have seen the dispute between those authorities who affirm that the college girl makes the worst wife, and those who declare that she makes the best. We know in what direction, on the whole, methodical inquiry seems to point.

But that question is really part of a larger question: How far do all the activities, work as well as higher education, which remove women from domestic life and the home, make for satisfactory marriages, or the general benefit of women and society? When the question is thus enlarged the answer seems doubtful even to many of those who accept the favourable results of higher education considered alone.

Indeed most of us who have come much into contact with women, especially of the so-called working class, have had frequent occasion to form an adverse opinion on this point. The woman who, after adolescence is fully past, is absorbed in intellectual study, or physical work in a factory, seems frequently inapt for all the more special functions of woman's life. She has no skill in the circle of domestic activities, or even the impulse to acquire them, and she is helpless when invited to nurse a baby. It may not be the rule but it is sufficiently common to attract attention.

It thus becomes of interest to turn to such a source of information—so far as England is concerned—as the annual report of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops which has lately been issued for 1933. Dealing with the women's side Dr.

Sibyl Horner here discusses precisely the question now before us: What is the net result of industrial life on women? Judging from some years of observation, Dr. Horner replies: "Good, and getting better."

It may be said that Dr. Horner probably has less knowledge of the domestic than of the industrial activities of women. But she recognizes the adverse aspects of women's life in factories. Thus they age quickly, and in every group of women workers if they attain physical attraction early they lose it quickly. That, however, Dr. Horner points out, also applies to women in domestic life in the home, and the factory worker must usually also be a domestic worker. "Woman's work is never done." Except sometimes before marriage, she also has fewer relaxations and recreations than the male worker.

On the other side it is found that there is much in factory work which specially suits women and girls, such as the repetition processes involved in tending the lighter machines, in which they are frequently employed. Here feminine adaptability is specially demanded, a nice balance between attention and detachment. In this women workers are found better than men, better able also to avoid boredom and preserve an interest in life. In work requiring more concentrated attention, such as the textile and pottery industries, women are also successful and are employed in larger number than men.

In the matter of health Dr. Horner finds that factory conditions are as good as, and often better than, those of the worker's home. On the beneficial side are the stimulative effects of the discipline and interests of factory life during and after hours, and the higher standards of living. Factory canteens provide good, cheap, and varied food. The standard of personal hygiene is certainly raised. There are frequently special facilities for medical and dental advice and treatment. Hours of work and meal intervals are legally regulated, and health risks are reduced to a minimum, since women are

excluded by law from certain hazardous industries and from others by custom and tradition.

The matter is one of serious concern. The Fascists would exclude women from industry and shut them up in the home to do domestic work and bear unlimited children. Our own existing conditions seem better than this. But they are not yet enough.

In the United States, according to the Census of 1930, there are nearly eleven million women working outside the home, that is to say over one in five of the total female population over the age of ten. In England and Wales, according to the final results of the Census of 1931 there are over five and a half million women occupied out of a total of sixteen and a half million over the age of fourteen, that is to say rather more than one in three, the higher age reckoning being that at which elementary education terminates and work becomes legal. Less than a million of the occupied women were married, so that the majority of them might anticipate marriage, and factory life would largely be their training-ground for married life.

The inevitable and constantly greater problem facing us here must be clear. In his notable book on *The Human Problem of an Industrial Civilization*, Professor Elton Mayo shows how the primary need of the industrial world to-day is the development of a technique to enable all to live together in friendly social relationship, each feeling himself or herself a valuable element of the whole community. Such a technique must itself be more than industrial if it is to ensure the value of women to society and to themselves. Yet how often is not this consideration recklessly disregarded? And as long as it is disregarded we chatter in vain about the triumphs of industrial progress. We have to beware lest they resemble the triumphal progress of Juggernaut's Car.

THE ART OF DRESSING

THE art of dressing has passed through several revolutionary phases. Indeed it has been said by some to bear witness to a constant maladjustment of the sexes. The attitude towards clothing of one sex has seemed always in reaction against that of the other sex.

At the outset, as we know, especially when there are pronounced sexual differences in dress, it is the male who must cultivate the decorative arts. It is so among the lower animals. On the male rests the burden of courtship; he must be accomplished in singing or in muscular prowess or in the development of a sometimes cumbersome equipment of ornament. That usually continues to be so among human savages and even the higher barbarous peoples, though meanwhile women also have begun to display adornment and fine garments.

It is when civilization develops that men begin to retire into plain clothes, except for special festive or official occasions. The reason probably was that as masculine activities become more and more confined to the counting-house, the shop, or a peaceful professional career, gorgeous raiment is incongruous. This revolution seems to have begun in Italy. In Italian pictures of the sixteenth century we see gentlemen attired in plain and sober black though in England they were still costumed with an exuberant gaiety almost rivalling that of the women. The "English gentlemen," indeed, so far as his clothes mark him, scarcely appears till late in the eighteenth century.

Dress now meant the dress of women, who held the field and

could concentrate attention upon themselves. It is noteworthy, however, that from an early period clothing or its absence had acquired in woman a special and indeed magical significance. A naked woman could sometimes exert supernatural influence in agricultural processes. St. Paul, moved by what is to us an obscure and unintelligible superstition, forbade women to enter a church with uncovered heads, though what spiritual evil would befall her if she failed to do so no one now knows, especially as on men an exactly opposite rule is imposed. Brantôme, Shakespeare's contemporary in France, who could scarcely be rivalled for his loving knowledge and admiration of women in their varieties of dress and undress, was still opposed to their appearing as boys, even in masquerades.

What we see is the dominating emphasis on keeping the sexes apart and unlike. This is even thrust into law, and in some countries the police are permitted to investigate the sex of persons who seem to them cross-dressed. Even in the courts, and with no legal warrant, magistrates may take the same attitude; it is not so long since an English magistrate took it on himself to administer stern reproof to a woman who appeared in the witness-box without a hat: "It is an insult to the Court and a disreputable proceeding."

That is how it came about that when in the middle of the last century it occurred to a Mrs. Bloomer that it might be convenient for a busy woman to wear a more masculine sort of nether garment, instead of feminine skirts, a world-wide storm was aroused and a new word added to the English language. (It is fortunate that Mrs. Bloomer had married since her unmarried name of Jenks might not have served so well.) There seems no reason for the storm. The garment was not really trousers, but merely a sort of knickers reaching the ankles and partly concealed by a short skirt, while the lady herself was active in numerous worthy causes as a pioneer of women's rights; but that is forgotten and only the "bloomers" remembered.

We are to-day, I hope, less inclined to suppose that there is any special connection between women's rights and men's trousers. More than ever before, the range and variety of costume permissible to women has been enlarged, but except in occasional individual cases or for special activities, it remains outside the masculine type. Women who experiment with bifurcated and closed lower garments usually find them unhygienic and inconvenient. For various sports and athletic occasions shorts of simple washable fabric serve admirably and can be discarded for ordinary life. The skirt, however varied in length, remains the type-garment for women as the trousers for men.

The battle around woman's dress is now indeed being fought on totally different ground. It is not a struggle between the sexes but between the civilized individual and the decrees of Fashion set up by Big Business. Fashion asserts that women must confine themselves to a limited range of patterns in their clothing but insists that they change them completely every season. Big Business brings all its vast machinery of publicity to enforce such decrees, and every little assistant is trained to treat the customer who rebels with scarcely veiled contempt.

It is a sign of the growing independence and individualism of women that in this battle Big Business is no longer winning. It even admits that it is now losing ground. Only yesterday a very big business man, Mr. Selfridge, stated as chairman of one of his huge concerns that the modern department store, in order to keep up with the various demands of customers, has to carry twice as many different kinds of things as it did fifteen years ago. "One hosiery department in our organization," he stated, "had 10,764 different kinds of stockings." And, even at that (as he neglected to mention), a considerable proportion of women, weather permitting, wear no stockings at all.

The new gospel of nudism has indeed here helped, though not so designed. The eminent professors of psychology who

declare that the time is coming when women will be willing to dispense altogether with clothing, which has been merely "an episode in the history of humanity," may be too far ahead of their time. But the mere toleration of sun-bathing is enough to throw ridicule on any attempt to justify rigid rules of decorum in costume. The time is certainly coming, and is even now here, when women will be free to wear what personally suits them, and not be compelled to accept fashions which they feel to be hideous.

THE PLACE OF ART TO-DAY

IN a published letter Mark Twain recorded the reply of a man "away up in art" to his inquiry what was to be seen in Titian's Venus at the Pitti: "It is not worth while for me to tell you. Because certain qualities are required. You are born with a lack that cannot be supplied by education. You cannot learn, and you may as well give it up."

But one may be allowed to comment that even those who do not "give it up," even those who have spent a life-time with art and thereby acquired fame, yet differ widely alike as to what art is, and what is beautiful and what ugly. That is so even as regards painting and sculpture to which many seem to confine the region of art. The Venus of Milo has received the admiring veneration of many generations ever since it was set upon in the Louvre; yet Gaudier-Brzeska, a sculptor whose genius is generally recognized, was able to declare: "There are few things so detestable as the Venus of Milo." And at the other extreme Constable, whose revolutionary genius has placed him in almost the first rank of great painters, was accustomed to say: "I never saw an ugly thing in my life." So what is art? And what are we to understand by "ugliness"?

It is presumptuous to set up to know in a field where even Mark Twain was held incapable of learning. But this question is to-day becoming of sufficient importance to compel everyone to have some sort of opinion on the matter.

"Creation is the primary impulse of all the arts." That, among many rival definitions, is the conclusion of one critic who has given his life to the study. Yet one may doubt if it

is quite satisfactory. We think of "creation" as the making of something out of nothing. But every work of art is made out of something already existing, even if only words or sounds, and indeed its characteristics are to some extent determined by the quality of the medium in which it is embodied. Its value is created, but not its medium. It is the making, when we are dealing with something outside us, it is the doing, when we are dealing with something inside us, which is the essence of art. So that I can find no bar to the ultimate conclusion that all making and all doing are of the nature of art, however unconsciously, and however poor or bad the result.

It is a conclusion which becomes more comprehensible when we go back to the beginning of things. Without turning to lower animals, it is enough to consider what we know of early Man and of comparatively primitive races to-day. All their leading activities, the things they do and the things they make, especially all those activities on which, for whatever reason, they concentrate attention, are of the nature of art, and tend to achieve a beauty which is recognized as such even at the centre of our own civilization. The familiar objects of clay or metal made by the uncultured natives of Africa have even inspired the imitation of our modern Western artists. The Arunta of Central Australia, perhaps the most nearly primitive of existing races, spend a large part of their time in weaving their dreams and desires into variegated dances, and dancing which is based on natural rhythm is the fundamental art. Or, if we go back to the earliest men who have left record of their actions, the Cave Men of the Early Stone Age, we find that on the rock walls of their caves, and working with the barest of material aids, they drew designs which achieved, even for the art critics of to-day, "superlative beauty."

We are not here concerned with professional artists, but with ordinary human beings spontaneously working out their own natural impulses. They bear witness to the deep truth

which the modern philosopher expresses by saying that the æsthetic response is simply a condition of any complete reaction of humanity.

That is the point I wish to come to. We had ceased to recognize art as having anything to do with "complete humanity." We had grown content to leave it in the hands of a special professional class to which we attached no great importance. When told that we were "not qualified" to receive æsthetic impressions, we felt, like Mark Twain, no shame at that defect.

So it is significant that to-day the natural and rightful place of art in life is being emphasized as never before in modern times. Notably it is the men of science—precisely the men supposed to be most hostile to art—who now make this claim and are even prepared to admit that science itself is an art. That very conquest of mechanization all along the line, which seemed to mean the death of art, is now the challenge to the impulse of art.

The new and wider conditions created by machine production, the recognition of a new structural growth of society, the new movement of industrial planning, they all work together with the new claims of the community to larger social satisfaction for a finer demand in art. These claims must necessarily in the first place be based on architecture, alike of public buildings and the home, but there is no limit to their extension. The result may possibly be something like those desire who look back to the Middle Ages as an ideal, but with the immense added fact of an ever more perfected machinery.

Civilization, it has lately been said—and said significantly from the scientific side—requires beauty as well as truth. Even more than science, if possible, art demands the free expression of individuality. "In its broadest sense art is civilization. Its secret lies in its freedom."

THE ART OF NURSING

THE Florence Nightingale International Foundation has just been inaugurated in London to set up a memorial to that distinguished woman. Delegates were present from many lands and the purpose of the Foundation is to provide a post-graduate nursing education on a permanent basis for a selected group of professional nurses drawn from those of all countries.

A century ago, in the days of Dickens, the typical and traditional nurse was Mrs. Gamp. Still earlier we catch from ancient records occasional glimpses of equally incompetent and more horrifying nurses. Florence Nightingale, the greatest figure in the history of professional nursing, was pre-eminent not only by her powers of organization in the profession which owed her so immense a debt, but by the breadth and vigour of her wide social and intellectual interests. So that it is peculiarly appropriate that the memorial in her honour should take an educational shape.

Throughout life I have had varied occasions to be in close touch with nurses, both in and out of their professional duties. I have found occasion both for sympathy and for criticism.

I have especially found fault with the tradition which plunges the nurse probationer into a life which is an unmitigated routine of arduous discipline and long hours, rendered still more trying by the exercise of menial duties, though such duties, however necessary for the hospital, are not properly within the scope of nursing.

It may be said that when the profession of nursing was established it was necessary to set up an exacting standard not

only in order to emphasize the dignity of the profession but the self-devotion it was entitled to demand. But in later times the results have not always been satisfactory to the women subjected to this discipline, as one or two remarkable and realistic novels have strikingly shown.

Again and again I have known healthy young women, made to be fine nurses, who have broken down at the outset of a probationer's life, on account of the sudden and severe strain of hospital life, and been compelled to renounce the career of their choice. For a few exceptional women this high discipline can prove tonic and stimulating. Margaret Sanger, the most distinguished woman of to-day who has proceeded from the ranks of professional nurses, describes in her memorable autobiography, *My Fight for Birth Control*, how trying she found the long hours and severe training enforced in a small hospital. But her vitality and breadth of outlook were equal to the strain. She tells us that she was thus enabled to equip and organize herself for that great work which was to make her the chief pioneer in the movement of birth control throughout the world.

The Florence Nightingale Foundation is to devote itself to the wider education of nurses. It is an important field of work and one must hope that it will be set about wisely and not merely be confined to the professional super-training of a few highly selected nurses. Here and there one knows women who, whether or not through exercising or having once exercised the nurse's profession, have acquired the finest education for a wider life in the world. But perhaps the most common and the most serious criticisms brought against nurses is that their training has become for them so much of a dull routine that their real interests lie outside it.

The result is that the nurse tends to concentrate her thoughts on the excitements and amusements she can find in the moments she spends away from her work, while the patient finds the nurse dull and depressing, if not negligent, a hindrance

rather than a help to recovery. The over-seeing matron is inclined to meet these conditions by tightening up the severity of the discipline. But that will not touch the core of the difficulty.

Dr. Rambaut, the medical superintendent of an important English mental hospital and the newly elected President of the Royal Medico-Psychological Association, has just now, in his presidential address, gone to what seems to me the root of the matter. He refers to the example of Holland in giving young nurses a course in elementary education and general knowledge. The influence of school education becomes hazy for most people when school is left. It is especially so for the nurse who is plunged into another field of training so different and so absorbing. Yet in no profession is the enlargement and continuation of general education so desirable. It is properly to be regarded as an even essential part of the training. It cannot but bring the nurse into more sympathetic and helpful touch with the patient, while she herself finds her life more full of interest and the burden of routine lightened. Dr. Rambaut considers that every large hospital should be organized to include such "re-education" of nurses.

In the opinion of many the nurse's place is far more important in the patient's recovery than the doctor's. An exaggerated opinion, perhaps, but one that it is sometimes wholesome to consider.

Since this was written a step forward, however late in the day, has been taken, at all events by the London County Council. It is proposed, not merely to fix fifty-four hours as the working week for nurses (still too long a working week) but—and here is one of the long-needed reforms to which I have called attention—to introduce a new grade of "women orderlies" to relieve probationer nurses of some of the cleaning work which occupies so much of their time during the first year. The Hospitals Committee well point out how considerable would be the advantage of establishing a grade of orderlies. It has been found, they state,—and they might have added that it was not hard to find,—that probationer nurses, especially during

QUESTIONS OF OUR DAY

their first year, are "so occupied in routine cleaning duties that they are unable to give the requisite time and concentration to the elementary nursing duties in which it is so essential that they should be receiving instruction." No reference is made to the equally important consideration of the strain on young girls involved by the double imposition of menial duties and professional duties. It is fully time that the traditions of Mrs. Gamp were outlived.

THE VALUE OF THE PLEASURE POISONS

WE seek to disguise our age-long human need for the enjoyment of poisons. We enjoy them so much indeed that we usually refuse to see that they are poisons. The Germans in this are more honest and recognize what they call pleasure-poisons or *Genussgifte*. In the large sense a wide range of substances may thus be included, from pepper and the ordinary spices, which few people are tempted to consume to a harmful extent, up to the innumerable drinks owing their virtue to alcohol which in the pure state everyone knows to be a poison.

How far it is possible to carry here the refusal to recognize poison is illustrated by the case of the child in New Jersey who not long since became an over-night newspaper sensation. The foolish (one would like to say criminal) parents of this child had brought him up to smoke six-inch cigars, and in celebration of his own third year birthday he was able to smoke three, amid a throng of interested, if not admiring, visitors. The parents, we are told, meanwhile "radiated pride in their prodigy"! No doubt this is an extreme case. But the complacency with which this unfortunate child seems to have been regarded as an example of youthful prowess is significant.

The place of the luxury poisons in human history, and even in the development of civilization, cannot be exaggerated. Dangerous in excess yet indispensable in moderation, the search for them has been the lure of mankind from before history began. Dr. Audrey Richards in her *Hunger and Work* opened a new chapter in the history of human evolution by studying the

psychology of nutrition, as a companion study to the psychology of sex. Yet the place attributable to necessary food in building up human culture seems almost negligible compared to the part the unnecessary luxuries play. Civilization is largely built up with luxuries.

Their remoteness and rarity is a part of their lure, though far from the whole of it. The main factors of the seduction are the need to flavour the monotony of restricted food-diets in early stages of civilization, the organic desire for variety in the routine of life, and the craving for a narcotic relief from life's undue stresses and strains.

It was mainly the first of these causes which aroused the energies of our European forefathers during the Middle Ages in the comparatively innocent form of a passion for spices. It was not the crude hunger for necessities but the craving for luxuries which led Europeans to the adventurous discovery of the world. Such spices from remote lands as pepper and cloves and nutmegs and ginger were, it seems, known in England in the fifteenth century. Even the discovery of America may be regarded as an episode in the search for the rare treasures of China. The Greenbies in their instructive book, *Gold of Ophir and the Lure that made America*, have fully illustrated the complex aspects of this theme.

It is the more potent stimulants and narcotics (they are frequently the same) which have proved irresistible in later times, alike in the East and the West. No prohibitions can stop their production or their conveyance or their merchandise. In the Near East to-day all this goes on in spite of the apparently more or less successful efforts of Governments to suppress it, to say nothing of the Opium Advisory Committee of the League of Nations. Greece and the Levant and some neighbouring regions are centres of contraband commerce, while further afield, in Manchuria, the production and distribution of narcotics is completely free.

In the West, as we know, the dominating luxury-poisons are alcohol and tobacco and tea and coffee. Alcohol, especially in the form of wines, may be said to stand apart in its prestige, its antiquity, and its wide extension. It has so long been woven into myth, embodied in religion, and emblematic of sociability that, even apart from its refined essential qualities, we cannot conceive of its disappearance from life.

That does not mean, however, that the consumption of alcoholic beverages is not subject to profound modifications in amount and shape, dependent on developments in social culture. This is well illustrated by Great Britain where in 1930 the consumption per head of alcohol (reckoned in proof spirit) was less than half what it was in 1900. The decrease is not due to high taxation (though doubtless thereby aided) since a parallel increase in taxation did not check the increase per head in the consumption of tobacco and tea, which, for both, has nearly doubled during the same period. Certainly tobacco and tea, as well as coffee, are, when used immoderately, poisons which produce a variety of injurious effects. Yet their substitution for alcohol in excess is undoubtedly an immense benefit.

The conclusion of the matter is that we have to face courageously the fact that Man has always sought the enjoyment of dangerous drugs and will continue to seek it. Prohibitions merely heighten their fascination. They change their shape but they are always with us. The joys of real life can never render altogether unneedful the joys of dream life. A wise use of our poisons is an essential part of the art of living.

THE FUTURE OF BUSINESS

WHAT is to be the future of business? A Babel of voices nowadays discusses that question in deafening confusion. They all expound theories or lay down so-called laws, each contradicting that which went before.

There are some of us not interested in theories. They come and they go. Facts remain. For myself it has always been in facts that I have been interested. Business, straight forwardly viewed, is a mass of facts, not of theories. Moreover the facts really concern us all, however remote we may personally seem to be from active association with business, big or small.

The motive of business is profit. Destroy profit and you bring business, as at present generally understood, to an end. This, to start with, is a fundamental fact, accepted by all.

What are the facts concerning the present position of profit? It is such facts that really concern us, and not the theories of propagandists, the fears of those who cling to an old past, or the hopes of those who look for a new future, both alike carried away by their emotions.

It is instructive, therefore, to consider the facts as presented in detail from the inside of big business. It may be done by studying a recent illuminating speech by the managing director at the annual meeting of a large and successful business for carrying on distribution and export trade, the Selfridge Provincial Stores. This is a business of American inception and methods in a British field of operations, and may be regarded as typical.

Here we find Mr. H. G. Selfridge, Junior, setting out the

whole position, and he is able to do so without pessimism as he is reporting a year of successful operations. Yet he sees two great almost world-wide movements, in steady progress, which are co-operating to destroy the profit which is the motive force of business.

In the first place there is the very success of production which is proving fatal. It was the task of the nineteenth century, with a world-population increasing at an abnormal rate, to master machines, to introduce mass production, and to devise methods of rationalization which reduced human labour to a minimum. This has been done, as Mr. Selfridge remarks, "perhaps too successfully." Business cannot cope with the task of distributing produce, for the motive of profit is absent.

In illustration he might have referred to the familiar example of coffee. In Brazil, the great coffee-producing country, since the adoption of the heavy export duty for buying up and destroying the fruit, over thirty-five millions of bags had up to the end of July, 1935, been destroyed. It is a policy justified by existing business principles, since the crop, if allowed to fall to the ground, would engender pests, and if sold at less than harvesting costs, bankrupt the grower. Yet all over the world we should have been thankful for the distribution of the destroyed coffee, instead of still having to pay an excessive price for that which is permitted to reach us.

With the failure of profit, pressure is brought on governments by business to introduce artificial profit, as by taxation, quotas, prohibition, and so forth. Diminishing profit thus acts to accentuate nationalism. In every country it becomes difficult to buy the goods produced outside it, though the people of every country, however patriotic, naturally demand the best goods. We go without what we need, and pay a huge unnecessary tax as well, merely for the support of a system of business which is effete.

That brings us to the consumer whose needs, though not the

motive force of business, are the ultimate cause of production. And it is the consumer, acting in ever more massive social combination, which is the second great force working towards the extinction of profit.

The action of governments as agents of the consumer is ever predominating over that on behalf of business, and is, in Mr. Selfridge's opinion, entirely beyond the control of business. All over the world, as he points out, governments are assuming power to regulate private enterprise and to carry on business on their own account. It is part of the immense and ever-growing function of social legislation, that is to say the more or less free provision for the individual of something he had previously provided for himself, or gone without. Even since Mr. Selfridge spoke, the scheme has been inaugurated in Great Britain to supply school-children with milk at a nominal price, to an eligible number of six millions. It is easy to foresee that we approach the period when all the essentials of living will be available to the whole community almost or quite free of cost.

In 1933, as Mr. Selfridge stated, the vast proportion of 52 per cent of the total British taxation, that is nearly five hundred million pounds, went to social legislation. And he added the significant fact for his shareholders that, but for this, the dividend due to them would have been almost exactly doubled. Moreover, the proportion is rapidly increasing; before the war it was only 25 per cent. The forces of to-day, Mr. Selfridge concludes, are "destroying the profitableness and threatening the very existence of business."

If I turn from this prominent exponent of big business to the exponent of the facts of our social life, I find the conclusion confirmed. Mr. J. A. Hobson, who is no revolutionary propagandist, but a disciple of the gradual methods of democratic reform, reaches in his recent book, *Democracy*, precisely the same conclusion. He explains how it is that in the economic system now slowly taking shape the utilization of the increased powers

of production for the service of the public is inconsistent with profiteering. He foresees that the employer will tend to become, instead of an individual exploiter, a public servant. It is not a change that need be regretted, since it will remove the anxieties and fears that are now making the path of business so perilous. It will not even destroy the possibilities of business profits, since, outside business in the absolute essentials of life, there is still the sphere, ever growing in importance, of luxury products for legitimate profit. Though profit may now be squeezed between the upper millstones of production and the lower millstones of socially organized consumption, it will not be completely crushed.

We may put aside the theories of extravagant propagandists. If we look the facts in the face we realize that they are wholesomely and gradually being transformed beneath our eyes. The alarmists are mischief-makers. They merely make straight the violently revolutionary paths of the Communists and Fascists they dread. Let us approach the inevitable future with calmness and confidence.

THE QUESTION OF THE FIVE-DAY WEEK

NEVER before has the question of leisure attracted so much attention as to-day. With so many millions of unemployed people whose work-time has been converted into leisure-time the problem of leisure has become immediately urgent.

Yet, at the same time that so large a proportion of the citizens of so-called civilized lands are unable to obtain work, seldom have so many workers possessed so little leisure. In a letter just received from a factory worker in London whom I have sometimes had occasion to quote before, he writes: "Of the twin curses of factory life, under-time and over-time, I think the latter the worse. Imagine $11\frac{3}{4}$ hours in a modern factory ($10\frac{1}{2}$ hours work, 1 hour lunch, $\frac{1}{4}$ hour tea). One arrives home at 8.30 p.m. too tired to read, and one thinks of Tom Hood's 'Song of the Shirt.' For those of us who take an interest in the growing world around it's maddening. Oh, for an ordered world!" He adds, quite truly: "Yet there are many workmen who like over-time for it brings a little extra—work and bed, and work and bed, they accept that as their rule in life." It is certain that the abolition of over-time would meet with protests from many workers, while employers would often back them up. The question is one for the community to decide.

Yet even within the borders of big business, there are far-seeing pioneers who deem it unwise to wait until social progress has rendered absolutely imperative the reformation of productive methods.

The inevitable process of rationalization towards mechanized perfection opens up three possible courses for dealing with the thus increased production: (1) reduction of staff; (2) increase of sales and consumption; (3) reduction of working hours. The first course is undesirable, and under conditions of unemployment socially pernicious; the second is impracticable by any method so far organized; the third alone is within the power of the individual concerns responsible for production.

Recently a large English concern having one thousand branches for the distribution of its products, the Boots Pure Drug Company, initiated an experiment at their central factories. Believing, as their chairman put it, that good social philosophy is also good business, the Company introduced an experimental five-day week. The scheme affected from 5,000 to 6,000 employees, for most of whom the week was reduced by five hours to an eight-and-a-half-hours day of a five-day week. There was no reduction of pay. At the end of five months the experiment was found an unqualified success and the Company has decided to continue it indefinitely.

An impartial investigation of this experiment was carried out by the Minister of Labour. It was found that costs had not on the whole been raised, that the employees had attained a high efficiency, and that there had been an enhancement of health and contentment, as well as a very marked diminution of absenteeism.

It is admitted that these changes could not be effected with equal ease in every branch of industry. But there are many in which it might be still easier to introduce. The chairman of another large company, manufacturing a variety of goods involving the use of cocoa and chocolate, Rowntree & Company, has come forward to tell that in his Company also the five-day week plan is adopted with a reduction of four hours in the week. The output has not been substantially lessened, and there has been a definite improvement in the health of the workers.

It will of course be objected that this reform, even if universalized, will not suffice to solve the problem of unwanted workers which will inevitably become more acute. A five-day week is still excessive under modern conditions. The American Federation of Labour, as we know, would shorten the week to thirty hours.

But at all events it has been shown that the first step can be taken, and with benefit not only to those immediately concerned but to the whole social organization. How to carry it further is a question which will soon acutely concern all of us.

THE AGE FOR RETIREMENT

AT what age ought a man to be retired? So I am asked. It is indeed a question which often comes to the front. We know the conventional answer of youth: It cannot be too early. We know the conventional answer of age: It cannot be too late. On the one hand is the youthful Commufascist who would like to shoot at sight the old man in authority. On the other is the old man himself, asserting, with Henry Ford, that with the removal of the elderly "there would not be enough brains left to carry on."

Looking at the matter broadly we may admit that the most extreme views on both sides are not without justification. A small proportion of every population might suitably be retired from life at birth. It is a misplaced and cruel sentimentalism of our so-called civilization which still stands in the way of a eugenic and merciful step recognized and practiced in the civilizations of old. At the other extreme there is sometimes no age at which retirement is called for. Titian was painting, and in some ways painting more interestingly than ever, at the age of ninety.

It is the custom, however, at present, in this matter, to adopt a rough rule of thumb measurement for general application. We decide, correctly on the whole, that towards sixty power of work tends to diminish. So we retire the worker compulsorily at some age between sixty and seventy. Indeed by an illegitimate and often quite false extension of the doctrine of decay with years, we make it extremely difficult for the worker, however fit, to find a place after forty.

Of recent years this routine method of establishing the age of retirement has come in for severe criticism. In the ancient days of the Psalmist and the Ecclesiastes, it is admitted, decrepitude may have arrived at an early and regular stage. But with us not only is the span of life lengthened, but more hygienic methods of living have led to increased health and strength.

Moreover, on the scientific side, exact methods of measuring ability have been devised, and though these are still far from perfect, we need no longer feel compelled to rely on an arbitrary rule of routine.

It is not surprising, therefore, that in recent years investigations of special groups, usually of professional men, have been made—some by simple tests of general success and others by the application of more exact measurements—to ascertain when a man's power of work declines. The main result has been to show that no rigid rule is applicable, since the differences are far too wide. Slowing down may begin at twenty-five; a man may be old at forty; he may be at his best at seventy. "The relationship between age and ability," Thorndike concluded, "is an individual thing." Some men at eighty-nine come out as well in most tests as others at forty-five. "There is in my opinion," Terman finds after much investigation, "no definite age at which men should retire."

These results must certainly be accepted. At the same time we have to look a little more deeply into their implications. Mental tests prove that a man may retain and even improve his powers of work up to an advanced age. But in the case of men of prominent position ability for work is not enough. We may also have to inquire into ability for leadership, and for this laboratory tests are useless.

We can never escape the traditions by which we were moulded. The man of seventy is living in a different world from that which, half a century before, furnished him with the

inspiration for his career and the methods by which he attained success in the world. He can seldom be in touch with the movements of the new world; all his abilities may serve to obstruct rather than to lead them. We may find many who accept all that Henry Ford says of the ability of the old for work, and yet refuse to accept Ford himself as a leader in a world so unlike that by which he was made.

I find for myself, when I look back, that, again and again in life, my path has been obstructed by men in authority, for whose character and ability I had the highest regard, but who belonged to an elder generation and had never come into touch with the demands of the generation to which I belonged. There are many who have had a similar experience.

We see the same situation more tragically presented in recent history. When the Great War ended in 1918 the opportunity arose for building up a new and better system of international relations. But, in the absence as yet of any League of Nations which might possibly have reached a better solution, the settlement was left to a few ancient men whose energies had been spent and exhausted as war-makers and were totally unfitted to be peace-makers. The result was that Treaty of Versailles which is still a millstone hung on the neck of the world. If in place of the venerable Clemenceau and his colleagues a few sensible and still middle-aged working men had been chosen almost at random from any factory, to make the Peace, the world by now might have been better off.

It is generally agreed that youth is far too hot-headed and impulsive to lead the world. We have also to recognize that for reasons of an opposite nature age is equally unfitted. "Without haste and without rest," which was Goethe's motto for the individual, may well serve also for the world. Man needs not only the "without haste" of age but the "without rest" of youth.

THE ILLUSION OF INFERIORITY COMPLEX

I WONDER what is the exact proportion among my friends and correspondents who suffer from what they declare to be an "inferiority complex." It must be large judging from the frequency with which I hear of it. Many are women but men are almost more emphatic.

Here, for instance, is what one, a man of ability and an author, writes: "It seems to me that inherent inferiority is the cause of most trouble in the world, or at least a goodly portion of it. I suspect it has not been adequately investigated. Judging from my own self and from many people I know, this inferiority complex is the direct cause of unhappiness, envy, despair, and all the rest of those moods which detract from happiness, and also from achievement."

The term has even been appropriated, as well as more widely extended, by those influential persons who command the ear of the world. Thus General Smuts, in a brilliant address which echoed afar, has described what he believes to be the "inferiority complex" of the Germans, resulting from the defeat in the Great War.

But thereupon a distinguished psychologist, Professor William Brown, has come forth from Oxford to administer reproof. He declares that this vulgar use of the term "inferiority complex" is totally incorrect. He lays it down that "an inferiority complex is a personal inferiority (in some special direction) which an individual hides from himself as well as (less successfully) from those around." In neurotic persons the repressed feeling of inadequacy may be transferred into a feeling

of illness. Or it may be actively compensated by a boastful and bullying swagger. Germany, he adds, is by no means suffering from a technical inferiority complex, but, on the contrary, experiences the opposite feeling of fundamental worth and power, and is re-acting aggressively against what she feels to be the unjust oppression of the peace treaties. All nations, indeed, he concludes, are to-day exhibiting a similar dangerous nationalism, and the great need of the day is super-national culture and all-embracing humanity.

Professor Brown's criticism of the use of the term has, however, itself been criticized by medical psychologists as unnecessary and pedantic. They hold that it is usual, and still convenient, to mean by a "complex" a mental and emotional disposition which may be quite conscious though it is not the product of conscious judgment.

We may, therefore, adopt the narrow or the wide definition. But whichever we choose, I am accustomed to point out that there is no need to be overwhelmed by an "inferiority complex." Still less is there any need for those two reactions which Dr. William Brown truly notes as liable to occur: illness or else compensatory swagger.

Most of us who are honest with ourselves, and possess any skill in self-observation, cannot but find that, while in certain respects fairly up to the average level and even perhaps superior, in other respects we are inferior. If the points of inferiority do not seem excessive, then we are, at worst, respectable normal people and need not assume any inferiority complex. But it is quite possible that we may have to admit to ourselves that the points of inferiority are so numerous and important that they outweigh the others. What is then to be our attitude?

My own opinion has always been that we should neither abjectly accept this inferiority as final, nor violently attack the defects and deficiencies we detect. The first course fails to allow for the natural course of growth and development. The

second, which is far too common among zealous moral and psychological advisers, is not only often vain but in any case would substitute for the real self a dead artificial self with no vital possibilities. Let us accept these defects and deficiencies as part of our nature and perhaps intimately associated with our finest qualities. They constitute a possible foundation for better things. Instead of making an inferiority complex out of our defects and deficiencies we may find in them the germs of new growths out of which may develop the finest qualities. It has often happened. I am never tired of asserting that on the foundation of our failures we may establish our finest successes.

Let us hope to hear less and less about inferiority complexes. They are open to attack from all sides. They are mostly illusions.

THE ECONOMIC MAN

IN a discussion between H. G. Wells and Stalin lately published, the Soviet Dictator laid down as firmly as ever the established Communist doctrine. That is to say that the only thing that matters is the Class-war. On the one side are the capitalists, on the other the workers, employers and employees facing each other in battle array.

The human being—a complex creation in a complex world—has many functions. The function which regulates his economic position is an important one, so important that for the Marxist the economic man is the only man, and the economic function must determine the whole course of life. There are, however, other vital functions, physical and mental, and the sexual man, the religious man, the metaphysical man have often complicated, or even overwhelmed, the activities of the economic man. There is specially the social man. That is to say that the function by which we live together in society is determined by personal relationships, attitudes, and feelings which are not necessarily parallel with the economic condition, though they may be affected by it.

If, therefore, we wish to prod the economic man into revolutionary activity, we must first find out how far he will receive the co-operation of the social man. That question has only begun to be explored during the last five years, and it is by a fortunate chance that, together with the report of the Stalin-Wells discussion, there comes to my hand the new issue (August, 1934) of the valuable *Journal of Social Psychology*.

Here I find a report by Mr. Richard Uhrbrock of an investiga-

tion of "Attitude of 4,430 Employees." They worked in twelve factories scattered over the United States, but belonging to a single Company, and they included over 400 women. In addition to the ordinary workers skilled and unskilled (average age 34), there were clerks (average age 28) and foremen (average age 37). About half the whole number had worked for over six years with the Company.

Research workers prepared 279 single-statement sentences expressing possible attitudes towards the Company in its various aspects, ranging from the extremely laudatory to the highly unfavourable. Thirty professors from various centres in the United States co-operated with graduate students to prepare on this basis a scale value to measure the degree of favourableness in the replies. All due statistical methods and precautions were observed throughout. Each examinee was furnished with a booklet in which to check the statements accepted, and the booklet when thus marked was treated like a ballot paper and dropped in a box. It was carefully explained that there was no means of identifying the marker, however unfavourable (and some were very unfavourable) the attitude he had marked as his own.

It was found that more than twice as many workers showed a favourable attitude towards the Company as compared to those taking an unfavourable attitude. Those with over six years' service showed a slightly more favourable attitude than those with less. The clerks were more favourable than the ordinary workers, and the foremen more favourable than the clerks. For example: "If I had to do it over again, I'd still work for this company" was checked by 82 per cent ordinary employees, 95 per cent clerks and 96 per cent foremen. "They don't give a man a chance to get ahead in this Company" was checked by 26.5 per cent factory workers, 12.4 per cent clerks, and 8.3 foremen. It must be remembered that all three groups belong to the same communities, though some-

times differing in educational standard; the clerks are in a sense the "white collar" brothers and sisters of the ordinary employees. But they enjoy more freedom and more opportunities for social adaptation and co-operation than the ordinary employees, while the foremen also are stimulated to sympathy with the Company as they act as its interpreters to the ordinary workers. At the same time the probability of an influence by the economic man must be recognized, for the clerks are paid more than factory employees, and the foremen more than the clerks. It is only a modifying influence as is shown by the fact that the women are more favourable to the Company than the men, a slight but fairly constant difference, found in eleven out of the twelve factories.

It is an instructive investigation. The ideologists, and notably the Marxists, rely on the dominance of the economic man, and look for the workers as a class to engineer an economic revolution. Under some conditions that is possible. But under the conditions we are familiar with in Western lands, the economic man, important as he is, exists in association with the social man. That we are approaching some sort of revolution in our capitalistic methods is now widely recognized. But this seems hardly likely to be effected by any violent upheaval of the economic man. It will be largely controlled by the social man.

THE NEED OF A NEW HEAVEN

WHAT is the source of the immense social influence which, so far as we can see, nearly everywhere and always, has been exerted by religions? Freethinkers have from the days of Lucian pointed out their absurdities and fallacies and contradictions and falsities. Every religion seems to produce its freethinkers. Yet religions continue everywhere to stir the human soul.

Freud, who may to-day be regarded as the most vigorous and incisive of such critics among leaders of thought, would regard all religions as merely illusions with an emotional foundation. He develops this view in a new series of lectures, translated under the title of *New Introductory Lectures in Psycho-analysis*. He here calmly, and for many persuasively, dismisses religions, even those most prevalent to-day, such as Christianity and Marxism, as systems for maintaining the illusion of a Golden Age. In effect, indeed, that may seem to class them with what I regard as the luxury-poisons: men take to religion as they take to drink, for relief from the pains and conflicts of the world. But it is far more than that, even if merely for the reason that the hope of a Golden Age is a stimulus as well as an opiate.

In a recent book, *The Passing of the Gods*, Mr. V. F. Calverton, in his customary vigorous and challenging manner, goes nearer to the root of the matter when he puts forth the thesis that the search of religion is for power: "It provides the psychological strength which the individual and the group need in order to survive."

I do not, however, regard that conclusion as having the novelty

Mr. Calverton would claim for it. On the contrary it is in harmony with all the extensive investigations now being made by distinguished anthropologists. On the day on which Calverton's book reached me, I was attending the International Congress of Anthropology, which brought together the scientific representatives of forty-two countries. Here I heard my old friend Dr. Haddon, who is termed the doyen of anthropologists, discussing in a presidential address the migrations of cultures. And he defined the function of a new religion when it enters a culture as possessing precisely this effect of imparting new energy.

That indeed is the general conclusion of those who have most carefully studied the matter. We have but to turn to Dr. Marett, who is a recognized leader in those studies, and to his valuable and suggestive Gifford Lectures, *Sacraments of Simple Folk*. In these matters we are most of us "simple folk," whether Christians or Fascists or Communists or Agnostics, and the ways of primitive man are not essentially different from the ways of so-called civilized man. Religion, as Marett views it, is "intensely dynamic," and sacred rites are organs of social welfare and solidarity. They consecrate and moralize the necessary or socially useful acts of life, and they involve a condemnation of those persons who refuse to play herein their social part. All the central acts of social life—eating and educating and mating and dying—are sanctified or consolidated or fortified by religious rites.

It may be added that it is even out of place to sneer at the Golden Ages which religions hold out as lures. Whether placed sometimes on earth and sometimes in Heaven, as by the early Christians, or exclusively on earth as by Communists, they have furthered the evolutionary process by inspiring courage and hope, they have aided the development of the finest human possibilities. If they are held to be illusions, in such illusions the finest spiritual and material achievements have been rooted.

"The divine," as Dr. Delisle Burns somewhat similarly defines it, "is an inducement and incitement to a certain fine quality of life and personality in community."

Somewhat obsessed by Marxian pre-occupations, Mr. Calverton is inclined to regard religions as concerned only with material interests. But the economic motive is not the only social motive, nor save (as Audrey Richards shows) among primitive peoples even the most powerful.

Many years ago, when movements which are now fully grown were still in their infancy, I was in touch with the early Socialist and Marxian propagandists. Hyndman, then the most prominent of them, was making passionate appeals to the workers by putting forth the bread and butter motive in life. He met with little success. A friend, who was following this campaign closely, remarked to me that the working man is not quick to respond to appeals to his belly. He calls for something a little more idealistic. That was proved later when Labour chose as its leaders the men who made a wider and less crudely economic appeal.

It is by no means only in England that this tendency is manifest. I have lately come on a remark in the same sense by a French writer, best known as a novelist, but also a penetrative thinker, Schlumberger. "One always observes with amazement how lazy people are in growing enthusiastic over their material interests unless quite near and tangible; they are only aroused by something religious." And every lofty aspiration of mankind, when it becomes formulated, is a religion.

Mr. Calverton, indeed, would make an exception for latter-day Russia. What we see there, he argues, is not religion, it is a substitute for religion. But every religion has always been a substitute for that which went before. The early Christians were as ferocious as the Bolsheviks in overturning the established religion and "substituting" their own. We scarcely need the statement of the acute American observer, possessing a special

knowledge of Soviet Russia, who remarks that the fanatical fervour of Russians to-day exceeds even that of the troops of the Salvation Army.

The gods are always passing and religions are always dying. But others are always arriving. Humanity never ceases to need a new Heaven, that is to say an Earth nearer to heart's desire. With the passing of the last god and the last religion the death-knell of Man would be rung.

THE MOVEMENT FOR EUTHANASIA

LORD HORDER has lately brought forward the question of euthanasia. At what point is it mercifully desirable to bring life to an end? Lord Horder decided that this is not a matter in which we can expect medicine to take the initiative by introducing new rules, since it is traditionally the duty of the doctor to preserve life as long as possible. The initiative here must rest with "the developing good sense and judgment of the community."

Recently a sentence of death for murder was pronounced in an assize court in the North of England which enables us to realize how urgent has become the solution of this problem. A mother, a certain Mrs. Brownhill, had a son who had reached the age of thirty. But he was a helpless imbecile. Everything had to be done for him as for a baby. His life was, as the doctor put it, "a veritable living death." His mother was devoted to him and slept in the same room so as to be always at hand to attend to his needs. But she was over sixty years of age and in bad health; it became urgent for her to go to a hospital for an operation. All her anxiety was for her helpless son and what would happen to him in her absence. So she decided that he must, as she said, be "mercifully put to sleep." She effected it by gassing, preceded by a large dose of aspirin, a completely painless death.

The judge, in his summing up, admitted that "the time may come when it may be the law that an imbecile, an idiot, may be sent to a merciful death." But, he pointed out, "that is not the law at present, and neither you nor I have the power to

make laws." The jury had no choice but to bring in at once a verdict of guilty, with the strongest recommendation to mercy.

The sentence has immediately been followed by a reprieve, and not very long after, when an inmate of the prison hospital, the woman was quietly set free. Yet nothing can undo the torture to which she was subjected in carrying out an act which required the highest courage, and which every humane and socially minded person must regard as justifiable.

Fortunately there are many enlightened and humanitarian persons who have not waited for so decisive a case to press forward the consideration of the problem. Thus Dr. Killick Millard, a distinguished Medical Officer of Health, and especially active in its wider bearings, has for some time past been presenting the case for the legalization of euthanasia, notably in a vigorous pamphlet entitled *Euthanasia*. He lately wrote to me that he has been much encouraged by finding how widespread is the belief that the time has now come for such legislation in suitable cases. Many distinguished names, including both physicians and churchmen, appear among those who uphold this step. It appears that a Bill, drawn up by Dr. Millard, has now been re-drafted by a legal authority in such matters, and will in due course be introduced into Parliament. The Voluntary Euthanasia Legislation Society is established to support this movement.

That the Bill will speedily become law we need not expect. So large a proportion of the population in every country, in and out of parliaments, are prepared to act as drags on every movement of social reform as of economic reform. We need but recall the outcries of virtuous indignation which arose from British law-abiding people when more than a century ago the proposal to emancipate slaves was put forward, a proposal which, rightly or wrongly, they regarded as endangering the moral and economic foundations of society. We may reckon on hearing from the same people again before the principle of

the right to euthanasia is legally established. Indeed, while we are all busily engaged, at vast expense, in preparing to kill off or torture the most promising citizens, even women and children, in the next war, we are terribly afraid of killing those citizens whom we all regard as finally unpromising.

Meanwhile, however, the Utopians—who usually prevail in the end—are preparing the ground. Thus Mr. Wicksteed Armstrong, who is at present residing in South America, has described in a forthcoming book the life of the future Earthly Paradise, of which he claims to have found the germ in a community of European immigrants in Brazil. One of the institutions of this future state is a Euthanasian Garden where are various delectable devices for those who, on good grounds, desire to be, as Mrs. Brownhill words it, “put to sleep.”

THE FIGHT FOR HUMAN FREEDOM

“LIBERTY is a bourgeois illusion.” “Individual freedom is basic to any world order worth while. Individual independence of mind, individual participation in the difficult work of government, seem essential to all true progress.”

Those two diametrically opposed affirmations come from two men who have both been active, though on opposite sides, in building up the political shape of our world to-day: Lenin, and more recently, General Smuts.

They really go to the root of the matter. They reach the central point at which the active political forces of our day, however otherwise antagonistic among themselves, fall into two compact hostile groups: on one side conspicuously Russia and Italy and Germany; on the other, France and England and the United States. On the one side are those who put freedom in its place by the help of what they term ideologies; on the other those who, content to dispense with metaphysics in this matter, follow the vaguer guidance of their common sense. It remains true, of course, that natural groups, however definite their nuclei, have no definite boundaries. So that in the one group it is not always easy to keep freedom out; in the other group it is not always easy to keep freedom established.

Thus on both sides the matter seems vitally important. J. S. Mill, who was an individualist of Socialist leanings, wrote an analytic essay on Liberty which has become a sort of classic, and Lord Acton, who was a great historian, said that of liberty there were two hundred possible definitions.

That it is which offers the opening for contest. Even the

simplest forms of freedom lend themselves to attack. It is easy to declare sarcastically that "everyone is free to dine at the Ritz and own a Rolls-Royce." To put that argument into a more serious form, the freedom of the many may conflict with the freedom of the few.

Here is for us the real significance of the question of freedom to-day, and of the virulent controversy it is apt to engender. In old days when politics only touched economics incidentally, the question was simpler. To-day, when our social system is undergoing transformation in one direction or another, the question of political freedom merges into that of economic freedom, and that is no simple matter.

It is in the manifold possibilities of defining liberty that the various attacks on it and the various defences find their explanation. The business man defends his unrestricted liberty to secure profit; the worker attacks it in defence of his own liberty to secure a share of that profit; every dictator, Communist or Fascist, who ruthlessly suppresses freedom is prepared to claim that he does so on behalf of some other form of freedom. No autocratic tyranny but is prepared to erect a Statue of Liberty. It is only the head-dress that differs.

But that is no reason for dismissing the ideal of freedom as an illusion. On the contrary, since we must needs all raise the flag of freedom, it becomes the more imperative for us to decide what is to be the pattern of our banner.

The main reconciliation of contending ideals must here lie in the effort to establish a balance of liberties. In no wholesome social state can unrestricted freedom be permitted. The highest social freedom is only compatible with an organized harmony of individual freedoms. Unrestricted freedom, not merely of an individual but, as we are now beginning to recognize, of a class, is a danger for other classes and consequently for the whole community. We are even being forced at last, by the attitude of the League of Nations, to see that in our world to-day the

unrestricted freedom of a nation may be dangerous and must be controlled in the interests of the whole. The State—and a democratic State is simply a function of the individual—is called upon to regulate freedom and the States as a whole are called upon to control the individual State. That, no doubt, is what Mr. Walter Lippmann means when he concluded in his book *The Method of Freedom* that we are moving towards a “free collectivism” in which private freedom will be balanced by compensatory public action. It is not a revolutionary ideal, but it may furnish a sound democratic foundation for progress.

General Smuts, in the already quoted Rectorial address in Scotland which resounded so widely, takes a higher flight, though it would still legitimately rise from a ground of “free collectivism.” Freedom has inspired all that is great in the past. If we allow the best human values, so created, to wither in an atmosphere of lassitude and disillusion, we risk sterilizing the whole of civilization. It is the vision of freedom that has led on the human spirit from the first. Without it everything is vain. Creative freedom, to-day more than ever, is the watchword; no loyalty can here be too firm, no sacrifice too great. The fight for human freedom remains the supreme issue.

There is every reason for emphasis here. It should not be possible for a philosophic student of history to hazard the statement that there is to-day less liberty in the full human sense—freedom of thought, speech, action, and self-expression—than there was two thousand years ago in Greece and in Rome.

NOW VERSUS THEN

A DISCUSSION is going on between the representatives of Now and Then. That is to say it is between those who argue that we still live in an age fundamentally the same as it was half a century and more ago, and those who say that life as it was then carried on is completely changed to-day by the force of new influences; so that we are called upon, and more or less compelled, to be a different sort of people. The disputants on both sides are old, even eighty and over, but seem to be observant and cultured. So it is worth while to consider the opposing arguments thus based on similar experiences.

By those who say little has changed many points are brought forward. Man is essentially the same and responds to the same elementary motives, of love and hate, of desire and fear. It is only the changed environment which has dressed up the old motives in new disguises. And even the environment is astonishingly the same in essentials. A century ago, fifteen years after the Napoleonic wars, Macaulay wrote that the present moment is one of great distress, we have emerged from a war compared to which all other wars sink into insignificance; our taxation is heavier than the most heavily taxed people of old could have conceived; never before has there been such a large public debt; the food of the people is dear; currencies are being debased or imprudently played with. And, like parrots, we repeat all that to-day, almost word for word.

The world is the same and we are the same, the champions on this side declare.

But on the other side are equally convinced champions. They

deny that either we are the same or the world the same. The fundamental facts, they admit, cannot change, but even the acknowledgement that the environment changes is a tacit recognition that we also change; creatures that fail to adapt themselves to environment must perish. And not only have the changes been important, they have proceeded at a pace never before known.

That increased pace is itself a momentous change. We live at a period when increased activity in applied sciences has affected the environment with a rapidity never known before. In response to that rapidity a new ideal of speed has arisen in the new generation and even among children. It has, moreover, had a highly significant repercussion on the mental and emotional side; we modify our ideals of life and our actual moral conduct with a speed for which we do not find precedents in the past. On the one hand we see the growth in many countries of an anti-war spirit which throws contempt on the old-times glorification of war. On the other we see equal haste in the sphere of sex, the old moral rules disregarded, and the young setting up new, and as it seems to them, more practical rules of conduct.

Most significant of all, is the way in which this ideal of speed has inspired impatience with the general social evils, modern as well as ancient, of our whole system of civilization. Communism and Fascism, loudly as they proclaim their unlikeness from each other, here both derive their strength. Inspired by the new ideals of speed, both groups impetuously revolt against the evils of the world, and infect the younger generation in all lands with an impetuous passion to overthrow the established social system and build up a better at once, with whatever violence, by whatever methods of revolution.

The rate of speed in our world has, moreover, involved a deep change which underlies alike Fascism and Communism and is subtly pervasive. The political man who ruled the old world is giving place to the economic man who dominates our

world. Unfortunately this change has not been grasped. The political doctrines of the old world, the insistence on individualism and the freedom of the separate citizen, once succeeded admirably, and indeed must always hold a precious ideal. But so great is their fascination that they have failed to undergo modification in harmony with the changed environment, and the commufascist has profited by the failure.

In the United States, for instance, the principles of individualism, established under the inspiration of religious Puritanism and justifiable political revolution, have been carried out so completely and with such splendid results that they have seemed almost too deep-rooted to change. So that it is possible for an expert outside business observer to say to-day that in some matters America is a century behind. That is because meanwhile the economic man has come to the front; he has so rationalized industry that while speed is enormously increased labour is enormously decreased; thus in Switzerland, in the great national clock-making industry, it is said that while production is undiminished only one-third as many workers are now needed. The economic man sees that the next step in rationalization is to diminish the hours of labour while preserving an adequate level of wages. Individualism becomes a farce if twenty millions of people in one country alone have no opportunity to exercise it. The only individualism possible now—difficult as it may be to achieve—is a socialized individualism. So argue the champions of the new Now.

“You’re both right, and you’re both wrong, as I allus says.” I have ever been in sympathy with the figure in George Eliot’s novel who established this great principle in human disputes. But I also hold that it is not the last word. There is the great dialectic principle—far older than Marx who adopted it—which involves the union of opposites in a reconciling synthesis. And when the party of the Then fails to come to terms with the part of the Now the results may well be tragic.

C

THE ANGEL OF COMMON SENSE

IT is a long time ago since with the birth of Christianity the reign of peace on earth was proclaimed. So long ago, and with practical results so small, that the world has almost ceased to look for any Prince of Peace. But the desire for peace is as strong as ever, though we no longer expect it to come spontaneously from princes or governments. Some are more inclined to look to science. "Science," I read in a prominent scientific journal, "has provided in the aeroplane one of the most potent agents for peace and progress that the world possesses."

Unfortunately there is a snag, as indeed the scientific journalist is well aware, for he adds at once: "It must be for the common sense of mankind to use for its natural end." Science can provide, and has provided, instruments of almost boundless power. But it cannot dictate the ends to which they are to be applied. For that dictation, as science itself admits, the ultimate authority is "common sense."

Philosophers are apt to sneer at common sense. Still, it is our constant guide in daily life, applied to everything that comes within reach of touch and taste and smell and sight and hearing. When we refuse its guidance life swiftly comes to an end. In the streets of our huge modern cities thousands of people every year learn that fact, often a moment too late.

We share with animals generally the faculty of being able to exercise common sense in relation to the impressions that strike our five ordinary senses. But, being human beings, with wider and more complex relationships than the lower animals, we have to push it farther. That is to say we must exercise it in

regard to the whole of the community in which we live. We are liable to come into mutual association with its members in a variety of ways which involve the exercise of common sense, and this association extends to nation-wide frontiers. Common sense is then called for not merely in personal relationships but in relationships liable to become personal, and when thus widened involves an awareness to possible sympathies and possible fears, so that common sense sets up on the one hand a police force and on the other an organized machinery to deal with the unemployed.

But at this frontier, finally, a high wall is erected called Patriotism, outside which it is not considered necessary to exercise the rules of common sense.

There has even been set up an opposition between Patriotism and Internationalism. The interests of other countries, it is felt, are hostile to the interests of one's own country. To be internationally minded is therefore to be unpatriotically minded. That is still a prevailing feeling in the mind of the herd man, the man in the street.

Meanwhile, however, the world is rapidly, almost daily, growing smaller. You can now go half-way across it in a few hours, a journey which some of us in our early years (I speak from experience) had to spend a whole three months over. The nations are now putting forth all sorts of feelers, material and spiritual antennæ, which are indeed still largely unconscious, yet revolutionary in their effects.

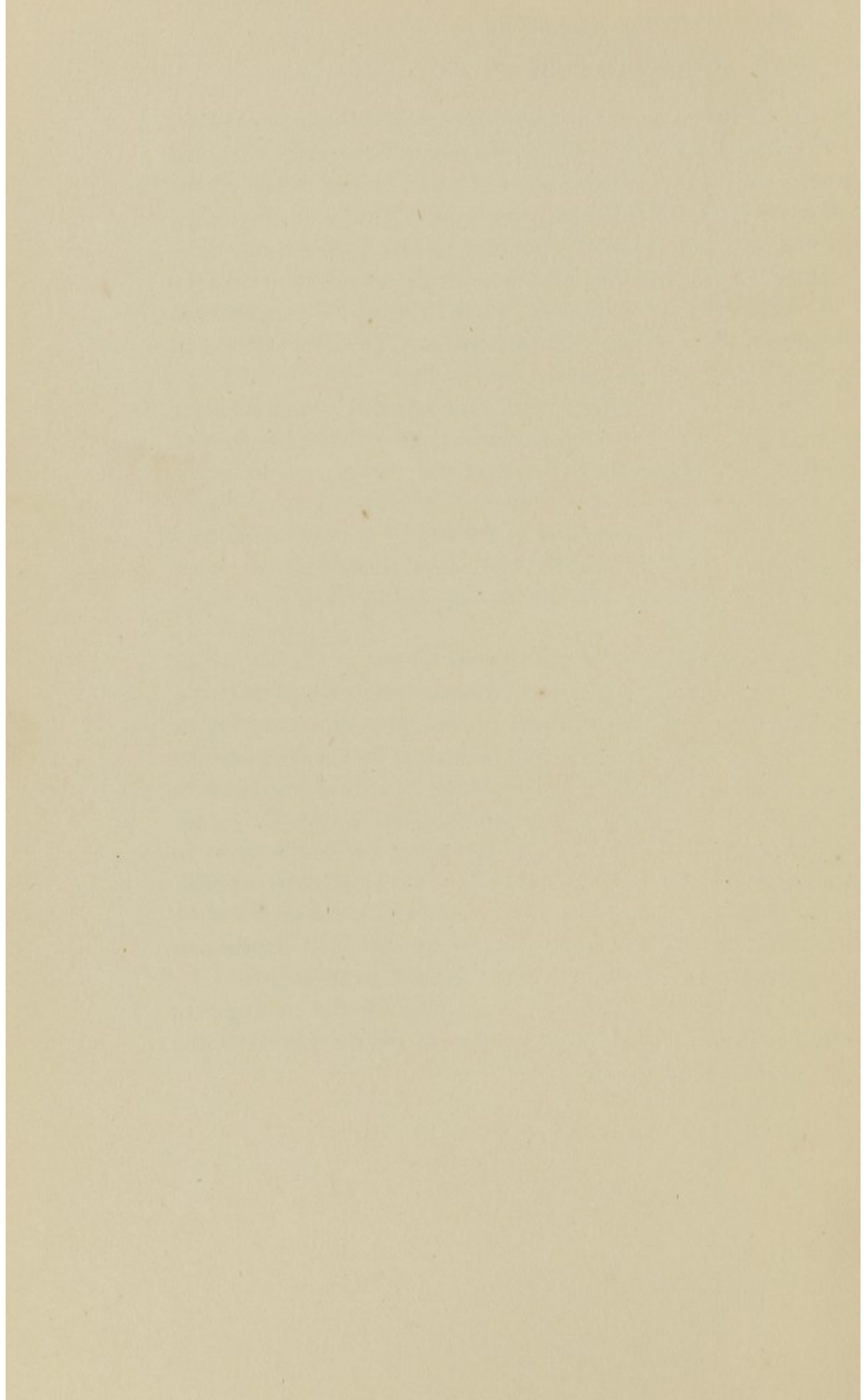
This is being realized by the more enlightened and far-seeing observers in all countries. The choice is no longer, as one such puts it, between patriotism and internationalism, but "between an enlightened patriotism and a jingo patriotism; not between the national interest and international authority, but between the reign of law and the destruction of our own country." The sphere for the exercise of common sense, that is to say, has become extended.

The leaders in finance and industry speak with the same voice. "Co-operation for the welfare of mankind on an international and friendly basis," declares one of these, "offers the only hope of making the world worth living in." And a distinguished economist from Denmark, summing up the situation, concludes that the only natural solution is some degree of union between all the nations of European origin, the white peoples who represent kindred historical or hereditary qualities and are all trying to secure the same standard of life.

The cure for the world's "economic anæmia" cannot however (as the Director of the International Labour Office has pointed out in his annual report), be effected by financiers and industrialists alone or even governments, it needs a general movement. The time is favourable, for to-day some four hundred million people of the world's chief States, responsible for 64 per cent of the world's production, are feeling their way along unfamiliar paths.

Yet, meanwhile, what do we see? Here is the air which science has at last conquered, obviously international, having a common constitution as scientists assure us, and enveloping us all. It might have been devised by Nature for the very purpose of keeping us all together. Nor is any branch of science more international than aeronautics; all the great nations have contributed to build it up. Nothing would be simpler than to internationalize a service already in essence so international, but national jealousies and a crazy lack of common sense stand in the way. So that what might well bind the nations together has found its chief use in indiscriminate murder.

We have most of us given up praying for the coming of a Prince of Peace. Let us at least work for the arrival of the Angel of Common sense.



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MY CONFESSIONAL

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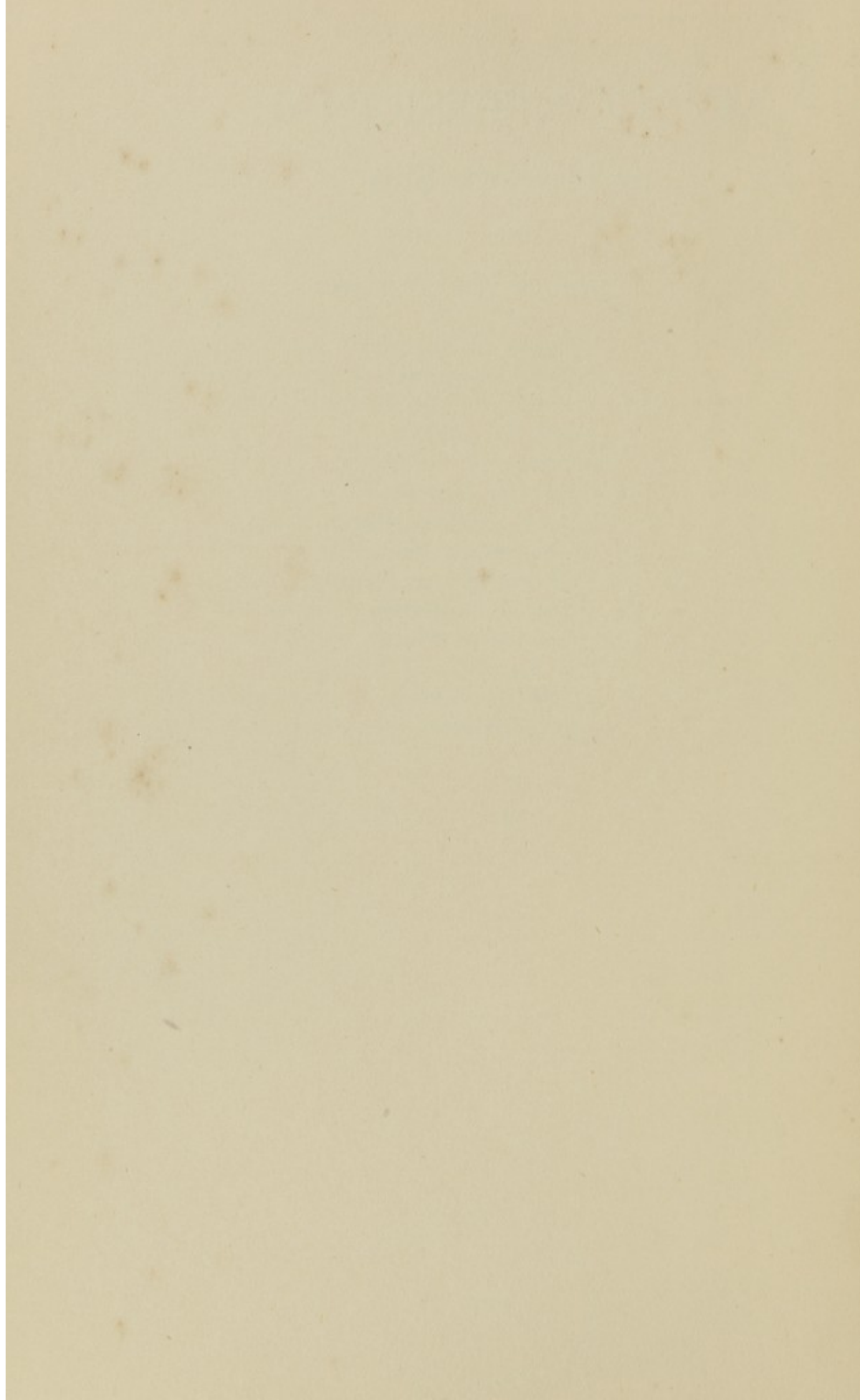
7/6

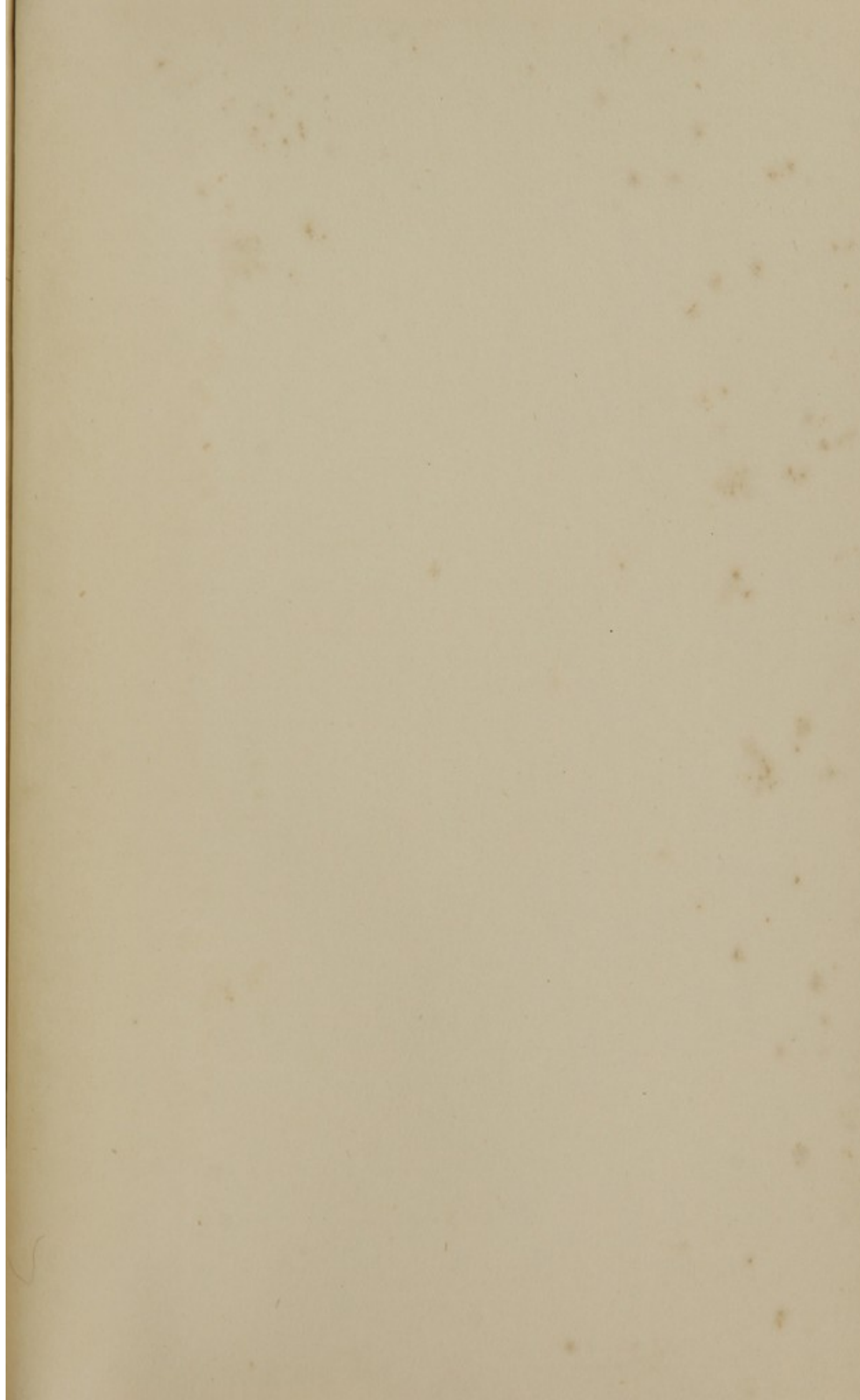
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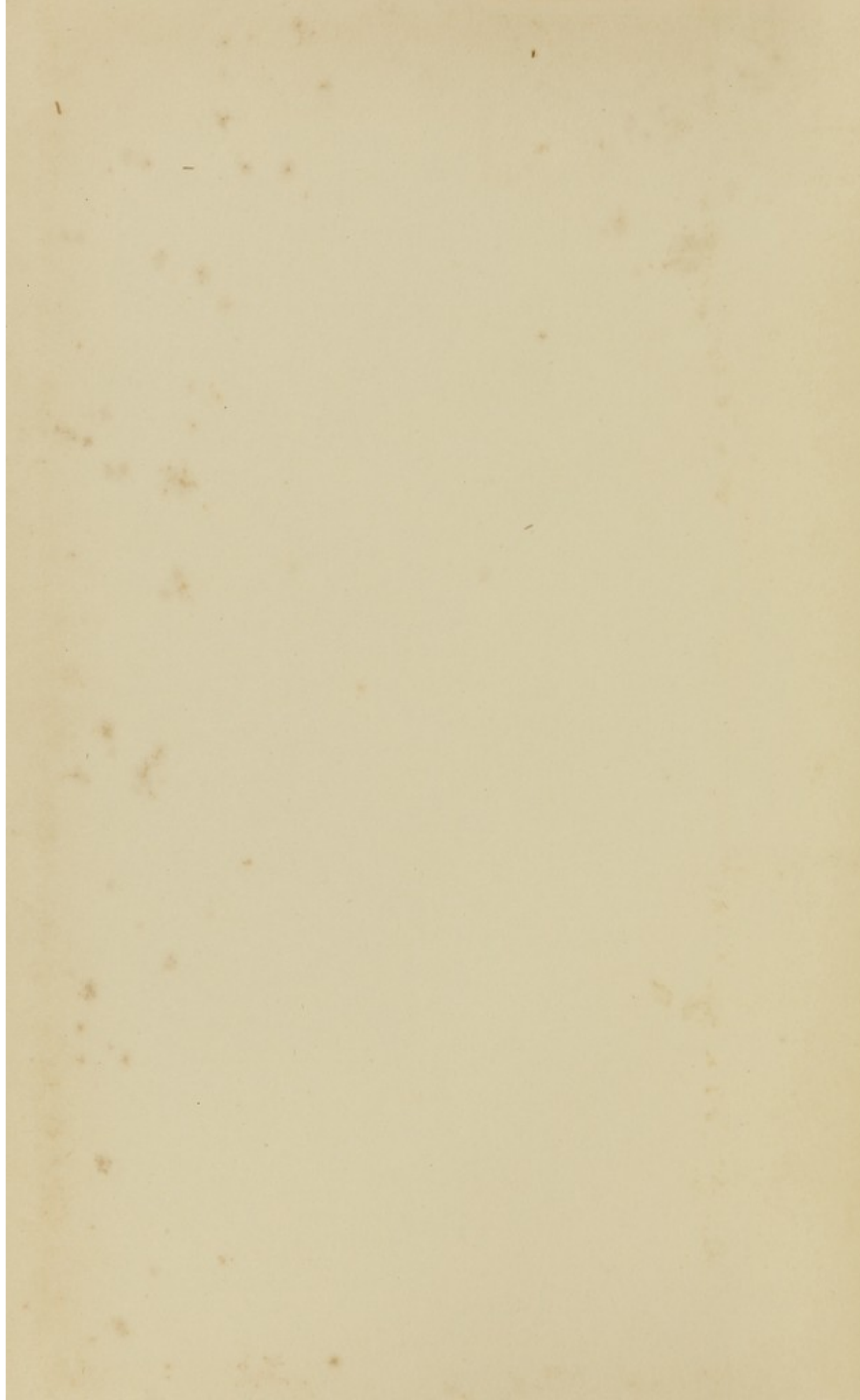
An Opponent of Eugenics
The World's Future
The Fate of the Proletariat
Is Sex Necessary?
The Significance of the Dance
The Desire for Possession
The Efficiency of Mixed Races
Make Room for the Pioneer!
The Place of Violence in Nature
The Phase of Disillusion
The Function of Music
Is War the Best Way of Killing?
The Making of Gods
George Moore

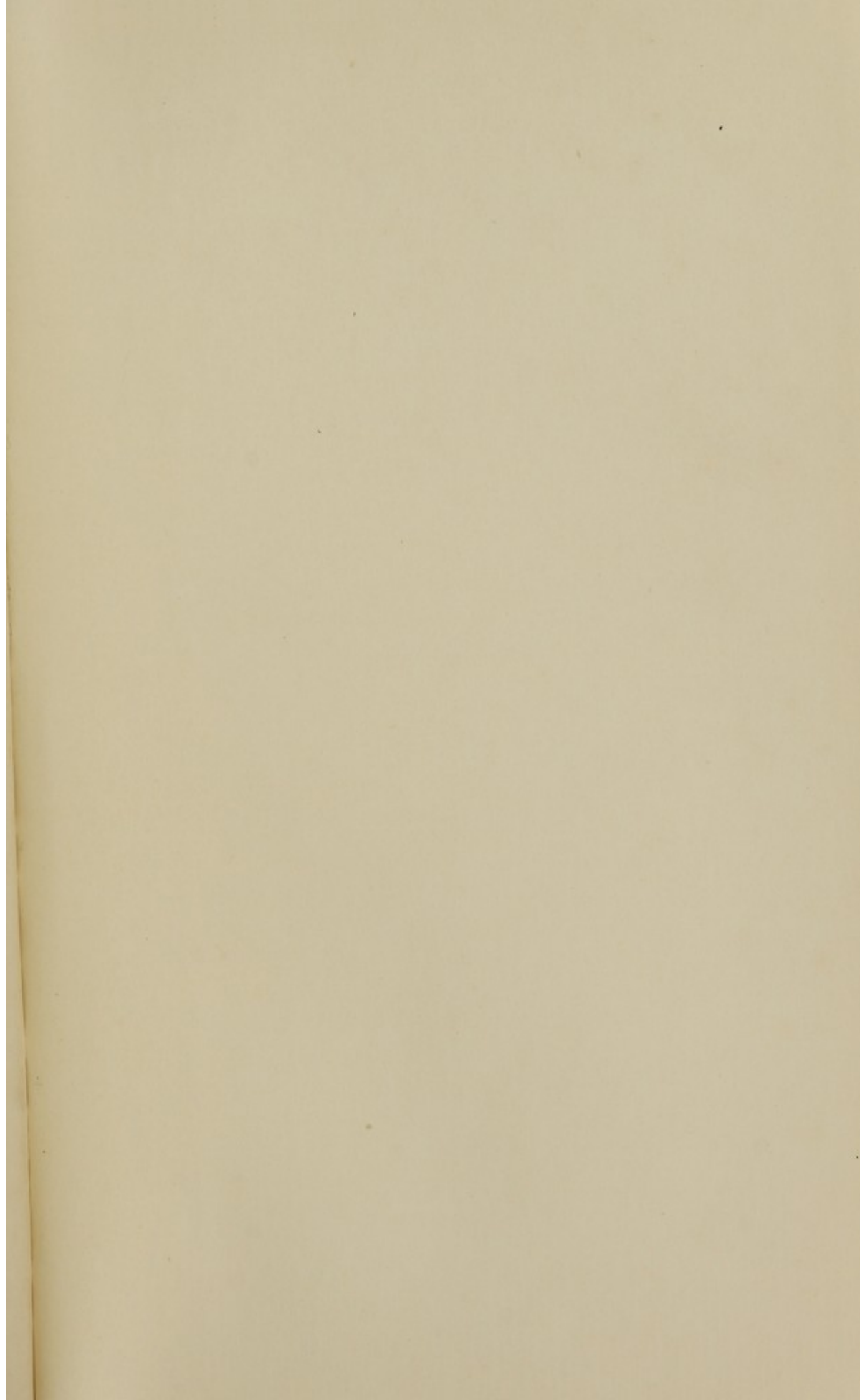
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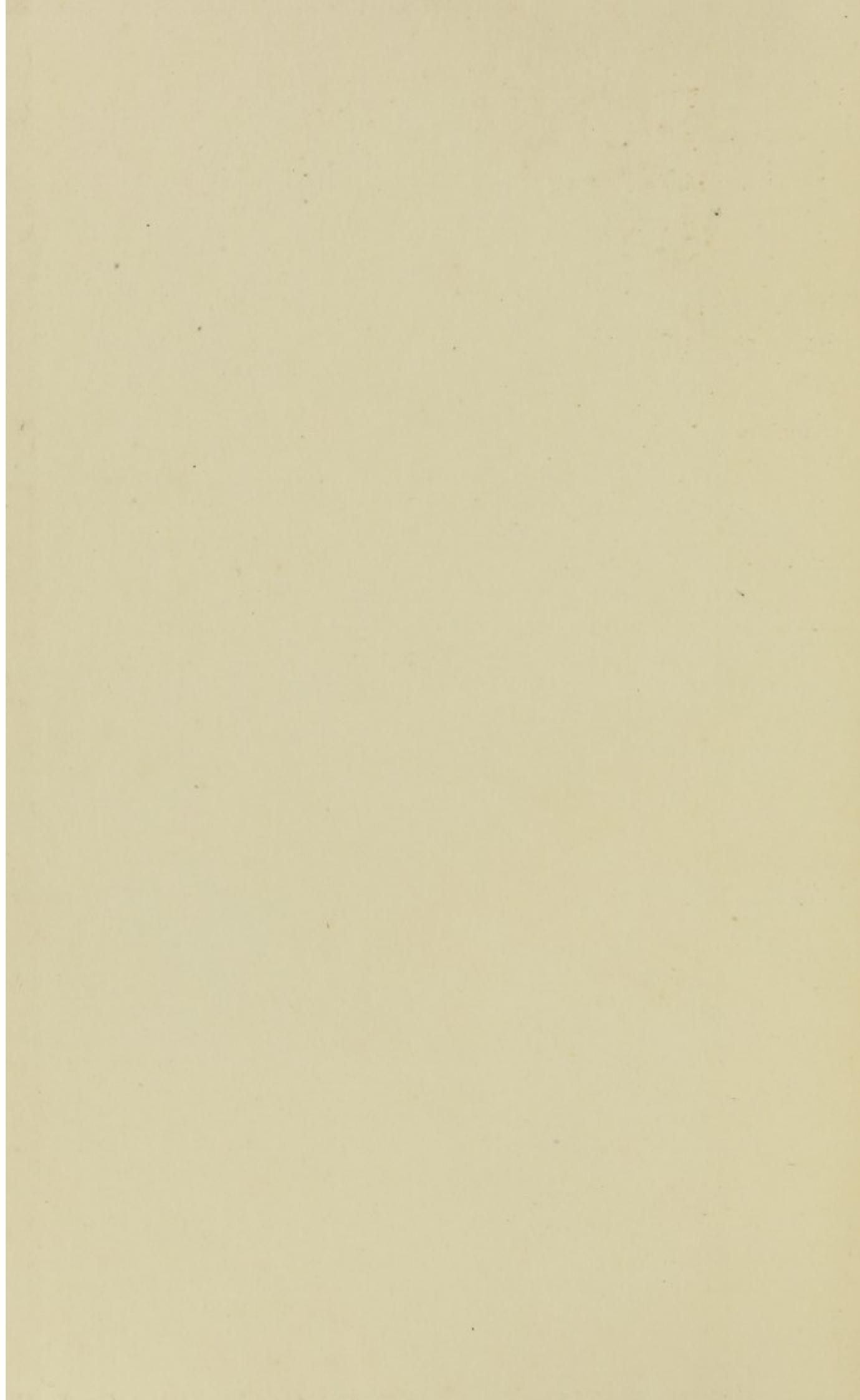












3/6 :