since the subject has been raised, it may not be amiss even for a house to live in, if it can be believed --

Opinion? And if Public Opinion is clamouring for the wonderful unanimity with which the sweet singers get it) is wooden huts and compressed mud dwellings with which cease their unseemly bickering and settle down in the islands. Is not the Press the expression of Public opinion? Originally, economy (what time the clouds of posters issued at the public expense which cover the hoardings of London, to consider the genesis of this cry for economy, pari passu with the posters which depict the shades of death) is unimpeachable associations to denote a concrete action of what production there is (as witness the fact that the price value of all surplus cash, and the misdirection of what production there is as [witness the fact that the building trade was never so busy, though hardly a cottage is even yet being built for any other than factory purposes], the general level of prosperity is still far higher in this country than it was before the war; and in consequence the difficulties of the hardworking Capitalist in inducing the regrettably lazy proletariat to take less than a decent living wage for any sort of employment are quite considerable. Evidently something must be done about it, and the obvious way to bring about it, and the obvious way to bring can it, can it, be that the Harmsworth Harmony, the Astor Anthem, and the Hulton Hymn, understand this? Perhaps the Geddes family could tell us.

But unfortunately, that is not all. If the policy of those Great Powers of the world who are determined that this late war shall have been fought in vain is to get us back onto a pre-war basis of distribution as quickly as possible, they are ably seconded by more than one section of Labour. It seems a devilish chance, but is really quite simply explicable, that Labour, whose fundamental cause is just, should, with a dreary persistence worthy of a Greek Tragedy, pursue policies which can only achieve Pyrrhic victories. Undeterred by the moral and material defeat of the Railway Strike in which a public whose purse was in a very bad way. We are doing this, not through the normal medium of the factory and wage system, by which it is, under existing circumstances, impossible to do so, but by the distribution of extra pur-
increasingly hostile public. And after stating publicly in London that he was not satisfied that increased production would benefit the working class, Mr. Frank Hodges is reported to have recommended to his hearers in the North an adoption of the Miners' Programme of Nationalisation on the grounds that it would result in increased production. We believe Mr. Hodges to be a capable and sincere man, and we therefore think that in time—we hope not more time than there is to spare—he will come to realise that the people who will decide, as in the Railway Strike, whether the Miners' programme shall carry its policy or not (that is, the general public) will not be mistaken for a coincidence. It is quite an inexorable Law of the Universe that the positive will rapidly shift their ground to that of champions of Public, instead of sectional, interests. They will, above all, get rid of any notion they may have that Public Interest is something quite different from the interest of individuals, and that the payment of salary or wages by Government Departments carries with it a spiritual inefficacy which is absent from the filthy lucre of the so-called private trader. The essentials of a real difference in the character of the miners' pay are that the incentive should alter, which change is not dependent on Nationalisation at all; and that the pay should be inalienable; in which case it becomes a dividend, and should be treated as such. The essential characteristics of a dividend are that it is a division of something already accomplished; that like the Garter, there is no damned nonsense about merit (as judged by someone else) about it; and that it is contingent only on membership. Now if, as we contend, the only persons in possession of economic function to-day are those persons in receipt of dividends as distinct from those in receipt of salaries and wages, however large; and if it be agreed that economic pressure is not a good incentive to the highest service, as to which there is no difference of opinion between ourselves and the official Labour leaders; then the only line of human pressure for the miners—to put the whole of them under irresistible economic pressure from the State, or to endow them with economic freedom, and industrial control, by means which are of proven efficacy?

Exempt to those igno remous persons to whom life is a succession of unrelated surprises, the conjunction of a proscribed miners' strike in America with the publication of a Bill to render strikes illegal in this country will not be mistaken for a coincidence. It is quite com-

monly stated that Capitalists, to use the stock term, are men of inferior mental equipment, only maintained in their position by the purchasing power of great wealth, and it is true that with that art which conceals the real Emperors of Finance are covered from the common gaze by rather dull understatements. But the brains are there, and of no mean order; and the gaseous art of the same type as the ammunition which point forms the pivot for an encroachment at another is being carried out between England and the United States with a finish to be commended to the proposed General Staff of the Labour movement, when that body has a clear idea of its objectives. We think the opinion that the possibilities of the negative strike are nearly exhausted in highly organised countries such as our own, and that the only strike which will achieve a permanent and decisive victory is one which only refuses to work in one way by substituting more effective service in another. But that is by no means to say that the right to strike in any form demanded by the circumstances should be abandoned, and we have no doubt that Labour in this country is sufficiently awake to the serious nature of the threat to whatever power it possesses to put up a strenuous resistance to anything in the nature of compulsory arbitration.

Having said that much, we hope we shall not be misunderstood when we say that the constant succession of strikes, bringing to the general public continual irritation, if not active discomfort, and based on issues involving the same public in financial loss, is the shortest cut to the passage of such a measure. Outside the impervious Mr. Lansbury and his feverish band of theologians, the war has convinced everyone who has given the matter attention that faith without works is dead; that it is inscrutable or worse to go about calling from the housetops for Service when your only concrete proposition, not capable of half a dozen interpretations, is to stop every Public Service as often and as completely as possible. It is an inexorable Law of the Universe that the positive is always master of the negative; sooner or later light will conquer darkness, the projectile pierce the armour. In the closely knit organisation of the modern world the one point on which there is no discussion possible is that the industrial machine must deliver the goods. We have endeavoured in these pages to show that it is delivering the goods badly, in the wrong quantities, and with colossal waste of effort, and that the policy of its present controllers will accentuate these defects, but it is obviously delirious to escape from its goods and is therefore quite unsuassailable by a policy of mere negation. The fact is that such agencies as the class war, the policy of encroachment, and other cliches of Labour strategy have become ends, tout court; their exponents are saying in effect, “Give us a Revolution and things will come right of themselves.” Things do not come right of themselves, and unless we are much mistaken the general public is not so impressed by the attractions offered by Revolution as to permit any irresponsible nonsense on such an issue. The moderate experience of practical organisation is sufficient to convince any person capable of being convinced by facts that the momentum of large bodies of men is so immense as to make it only feasible to change their direction by the modification of methods already in use and thoroughly familiar to them. Even in Russia, where the conditions for a violent re-orientation were far more favourable than they are in this country, it is quite evident that the political basis of the Soviets is the village Mir, which existed before the Revolution, while the rapidly deteriorating ultra-American. For that and many other reasons we are convinced that the prime necessity of Socialists is a sober scientific knowledge of the use and effect of the implements actually in use by Society at present, such as the mechanism of prices and credit; rather than a concentration on the displacement of a
It is frequently urged by thorough-going Tories who do not want any change whatever in the existing state of affairs that it is impossible for a normal number of persons to enjoy all the amenities of civilisation; that there is not enough to go round, and this being the case they see no reason why in their own proper person they should not be the lucky ones. We believe this fallacy, for it is a fallacy, to be very widely held is a more or less nebulous form, and it may not be out of place to indicate some of the premises on which it can be contradicted. Take, for instance, the question of housing. We suppose that it would hardly be denied that the possession of a roomy house surrounded by a considerable garden is a definite requirement of the more spacious days to which we all look forward, while the craving for social intercourse, quite as much as the necessities of large-scale industry, make close association during working hours a feature of life not likely to disappear quickly. There is not yet actually incompatible until we consider the trend of progress, both psychological and mechanical. Psychologically the demand for more leisure, for shorter hours of routine work, is one of the most powerful, and directly and indirectly, may become quite the most powerful, of those that must be met by the civilisation of the near future. In the domain of mechanism the aeroplane and airship, with their immense advance in speed, as compared with older forms of transport, promise a choice of residence undreamt of even twenty years ago. Now the area of a circle increases as the square of its radius, and if we imagine that such redispositions be made as would render it possible for the normal worker to fulfil his duties in, say five hours of three days per week (a condition of affairs which is definitely within the grasp of a generation now living) it is fairly obvious that a very large number of such houses may be situated two hours’ away from the day’s work as a reasonable maximum, and it is not asking much of an Air Transport Service to expect this to represent a distance of a hundred and fifty miles. A zone 10 miles broad at such an average distance from London would pass through some of the most solitary portions of Devonshire, make Brittany a suburb, and leave the remaining residents of Brighton complaining bitterly that their electric 45-minute non-stop expresses were a disgrace to 1910. The Postmaster-General having probably by that time recovered from the disorganisation caused by the war, we might reasonably expect a number of additional telephones to be in process of installation, and of some service to the dweller by a moorland golf links who has unfortunately missed the morning aeroplane owing to a slight indisposition of an aunt. These are not wild fancies; there is not one of them which is not realisable within twenty years if only men could be persuaded to realise that, with comparatively trivial adjustments of the mechanism of commerce in its relation to the community, no new or untested forms of organisation are necessary to put a safe competence and a useful and dignified life before every normal child.

The ratification of the Peace Treaty by France and the official ending of the state of war may serve as an excuse to survey the position into which President Wilson’s incapacity to embody his silver eloquence in concrete mechanism has landed the world which was hypnotised by it. Hardly more than six months ago, M. Clemenceau and Mr. Lloyd George were congratulating themselves on the success with which the policy of the economic annihilation of Germany and the encirclement of Islamic Asia had been carried through in such fashion that America, while protesting the noblist sentiments, became an accessory before, during, and after the fact. Very clever. Yes. Observe now the results of that sort of cleverness. The position of Germany is such that no nation would tolerate it for one day longer than overwhelming force obliged her to. That was quite understood, and the Treaty, with its Jesuitical annexe, the Covenant of the League of Nations, provided for it by embroiling the power of America to maintain the peace of the world and the sanctity of Treaty obligations. But, while impotent in Europe, President Wilson is thus far effective in his own country, that in order to defeat him personally a large section of the population is determined to wreck his Treaty by embroiling the power of America to Americanise it, while almost the only point of unanimity in America at this time is the determination never again to interfere in European affairs, Treaty or no Treaty. Meanwhile, Germany is effecting a rapprochement with a Russia with whom we are not at war, but in which Mr. Winston Churchill is directing a private murder enterprise with a commercial objective, using for that purpose the funds of the British taxpayer, and the lives of the armed forces of the Crown. (It is not for nothing that we learn that our Navy is to transport the main body of the Fleet within six months by a German airship.) This same Russia, embittered by Allied brigandage, has already established reciprocal Embassies with Afghanistan, linked up with Turkey and Egypt, and scattered trained propagandists broadcast through the seething Far East. Now, there is not a pukka G.S.O.2 at the War Office who does not know that, under all the circumstances, with America pledged to hold her down, Germany will “come back” within six months of the day that our Regular Standing Army in Europe falls below 500,000 men. That is more than six times the pre-war figure, and each of them will cost more than three times pre-war cost. Is it really worth while, even if that were the end of it? But, of course, it is only the beginning.

C. H. D.
French Culture in England.

(From the French of A.-P. La Fontaine in "L'Europe Nouvelle"; translated by Paul V. Cohn, and here published by the kind permission of the author and editor of that work.

Despite the success of *Entente Cordiale*, despite the joint victories that have drawn France and England close together, it is still—if we look at the matter strictly from the standpoint of the spiritual affinities between the two nations—as far from Paris to London as from Paris to Berlin. The soul of the French people remains as foreign to the soul of the English as it was before the war. Whatever distant time has lived, if only for a few weeks, on the other side of the Channel, and has got into close touch with British thought and opinion must have realised this truth, if he has had the courage to open his eyes at all. The question is one of first-rate importance, and deserves our attention as much as, if not more than, the weightiest problems of economics, politics and finance.

While we are feverishly engaged in upholding our interests of the moment, while our ears are assailed by the din of the guns, while we are ourselves so often fooled and led a stray by will-o'-the-wisps, we cannot but be partially deaf to the call of moral and intellectual realities, without which the edifices reared by statesmen, however sound they may appear, are nothing more than houses of cards. France and England are both countries of an old, rich and deep-rooted culture, but the two cultures are vitally different and the two peoples are profoundly ignorant of each other. English thinkers like to compare themselves to the practical Romans, and readily find our counterpart in the Greeks, argumentative, logic-chopping, lovers of beautiful ideas, but (according to their view) more devoted to the Word than to the Deed, and therefore less about us than we knew about him, and—what is more important—our enemies, not to mention us. We, who rebuke the English for their impulsiveness, their fondness for indulging in whims, their perpetual changeability, the "firing practice" of their private life—are represented by Dickens as unbalanced creatures, hotheads, ruled by passion and utterly devoid of self-control. In France, we used to speak—and still speak—readily enough of "perfidious Albions"; and the English, following Dickens's lead, declared that we had no sense of honour and could not keep our word.

As another line of attack upon us, the English hatred of Papistry was brought into play. During the period that English historians have agreed to call the Victorian era, we were regarded as the clericals of Europe, the uncompromising champions of Roman Catholicism, that narrow, political Catholicism which sets its face against all social or even religious progress. There were Englishmen who, deeply attached to Christian culture, blamed us for supporting a faith which in their eyes had nothing genuinely Christian about it, and was merely a survival from the old Roman conservatism of the Caesars. To-day, by the way, the same school finds fault with us for our religious indifference and our purely rationalistic outlook.

It may fairly be asserted, then, that before the war, generally speaking, to be a Frenchman was no great recommendation in London. Our neighbours did not rank us as superior specimens of human civilization as a whole.

A.—Social and Political Culture.

What views were held of our institutions and our public morality? It was widely recognised that our political system was not wanting in logic or continuity. The English were not reluctant to contrast our institutions with theirs. England did not possess, and never had possessed, a coherent theory of freedom. With no settled plan, in the course of her historical development, she had grasped the individual liberties that had come her way. No idea of establishing any links between them had ever entered her head. Hence the frequent inconsistencies of the British constitution, that hatch-potch of Liberalism and Conservatism of seemingly bold innovations and worn-out traditions; but, it was argued, such was the process of life itself, which develops its own laws in every nation and period. In France, especially since the eighteenth century, the growth of the political system has been marked by a singular regularity. We seemed to be carrying out a great co-ordinated scheme, and not a few English thinkers were struck with the daring of our political
ideas, and, it must be added, with the success, at any rate the temporary success, of our experiments.

Nevertheless, for the overwhelming majority of Englishmen throughout the Victorian era, our republican government was a hideous blunder and an insane political venture. In England, as in Germany, it was confidently anticipated that France would soon be stewing in her republican juice, and those who are conventionally called "right-minded persons" regarded us with the same feelings of pity as they now regard the Bolshevists.

This view was still held on the very eve of the war, not only by the English aristocracy, but by the greater part of the enlightened middle-class. It was firmly believed that the system was infallibly, doomed to bankruptcy; and this distrust was so vehement that it proved a very serious stumbling-block to England's intervention on our behalf, not merely among the Conservatives, but even in the ranks of Labour. To prove this point up to the hilt, one need go no further than the English newspapers during the first year of the war.

At the opening of the twentieth century, however, some more advanced thinkers, notably at the Universities of London and Cambridge, were already studying our political theories and experiments both with interest and sympathy. The majority, it is true, looked upon us as foolhardy innovators, who launched out, at their own risk, upon lines that could not be followed without the greatest caution. Later on, there would always be time to profit by our successes, as by our mistakes. At bottom, all regarded us more with pity than with approval.

As for the way in which we conducted our political affairs, it was frankly a glaring scandal to every English observer. We were lacking in the primary qualifications for a free people: respect for popular authority, self-control and dignity in political discussions. I know a politician who lost caste for ever in the eyes of an English working-class family, merely in the performance of his duties. And a critic said of our public morals: "There are so many who have never heard of these things, and yet they are so obvious, that one is afraid to speak of them."

The period of transition is known as the Industrial Revolution and is roughly dated from about 1770 to 1840, though, of course, these dates are entirely arbitrary. The Industrial Revolution is a technical term for those changes introduced into Edward VII's coronation oath, and also to the Catholic marriage of Princess Enea of Battenberg.

Little by little it was realised that France was fundamentally a secular far more than a Catholic nation, and that she was tending more and more to govern herself by the laws of reason, not by the inspiration of any particular creed. This new outlook upon our religious life gave rise to widely contrasted, sometimes contradictory, opinions.

Latterly, or, at any rate, before the war, most Englishmen unhesitatingly condemned the split between Church and State. Above all, it was felt that by divorcing the education of the child from religion we should in after years bring moral disasters upon our country. The banished monks and nuns were welcomed in England with a warmth of feeling similar to that shown towards the Belgian refugees. The Englishman is easily roused by anything that he considers to be misfortune, without reflecting very closely on the grounds for his emotion. The arrival of these "victims of proscription," whose woes were the subject of a daily campaign in the Press, especially the French Conservative Press, helped for a time to swell the number of Protestant conversions to Rome: but this movement soon afterwards suffered a total eclipse.

Now that the first impressions have passed away, our great experiment in religious politics is criticised with less heat. Most thinkers study it objectively, if not sympathetically, and admit that the time is not yet ripe for a final verdict. The attitude and moral bearing of our younger men during the war have unquestionably done much to remove the prejudice once almost universally felt against our entirely non-religious system of education. It is true that even before the war, men whose ideas were advanced and generally considered rather wild, such as the dramatist Bernard Shaw, not only applauded the endeavours of France in this direction, but even demanded that the scheme should be carried out to its logical conclusions: free marriage, divorce by mutual consent, in a word, a purely rationalistic system of moral and social life for the community.

The English mind, however, is by no means prepared for such developments as these. The only practical result that it owes as yet to our attack upon religious societies, is not a general challenge to the theological spirit, as Auguste Comte called it, but a new enthusiasm for further researches into the sphere of mysticism. If the Englishman breaks loose from the antiquated forms of religious dogma—antiquated for him no less than for us—it is not to become a rationalist or a sceptic, but to seek fresh fields for the exercise of his sentimental imagination. Hence, the abundant growth, during the past decade, of new religious schools, new mystical cults, such as Christian Science, Theosophy, and even Buddhism.

A Guildsman's Interpretation of History.

By Arthur J. Penty.

XVI.—THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION.

In the latter half of the eighteenth century there was inaugurated a series of metamorphoses in the methods of production which gradually changed England from a country mainly rural and agricultural into one largely urban and industrial. The period of transition is known as the Industrial Revolution and is roughly dated from about 1770 to 1840, though, of course, these dates are entirely arbitrary. The Industrial Revolution is a technical term for those changes introduced into Edward VII's coronation oath, and also to the Catholic marriage of Princess Enea of Battenberg.

Little by little it was realised that France was fundamentally a secular far more than a Catholic nation,
transforming industry from a basis of handicraft to machine production. Meanwhile the textile industry was becoming rapidly mechanised. In 1730 Kay invented the flying shuttle; in 1770 Hargreaves the spinning jenny. Arkright, Compton, and Cartright followed with their inventions which made possible the application of steam-power to textile production. The ball was now fairly set rolling. Inventions in one trade promoted inventions in another. The inventions of the cotton industry were adapted to the woollen and linen trades, to hosiery, silk, and lace-making. First one trade and then another succumbed to the new inventions. For a long period they appear to have regarded machinery with the same hostility as did the Luddites in the early years of the nineteenth century. Inventive genius was then termed "subtle imagination," and any substitute for manufacture by hands and feet was regarded as the ruin of the industry concerned. For this reason the fulling mill in 1482, the gig mill in 1552, and the tucking mill in 1555 were disconntenanced. The advisers of Edward VI and Elizabeth, though they encouraged foreign trade, were equally opposed to mechanical innovations. James I and Charles I assumed the same attitude. The tradesman, the hand-craftsman and insisted that manufacturers should not dismiss their workmen owing to fluctuations of trade which had been artificially created by themselves in their pursuit of a quantitative ideal in production. Next to keeping men in employment the chief object which the first of the Stuarts set before themselves was the maintenance of a high standard of quality in the goods produced, and for this purpose they sought to arrest that steady deterioration of quality in wares which had followed the defeat of the Guilds, by providing supervision for existing industries.

For a long time the opposition was successful in checking the mechanical tendency in industry. But it was broken down finally by the combined influence of two forces—the growth of foreign trade and the Puritan movement. The discovery of America had provided England with an apparently inexhaustible market for its commodities. This removed the economic objection to change by providing an outlet for the surplus products which accompanied efforts to place production on a quantitative basis. And as the fear of unemployment was diminished the opposition was deprived of its strongest argument—the only one, perhaps, that would carry any weight with the middle-class Puritans, who were now becoming such a power in the land, and who joined with the landlords to overthrow Charles in the Civil War. With the defeat of Charles the old order came to an end. The new order now sought to enforce business and enterprise, sweating and mechanical industry. The mind of the Puritan was hard and mechanical, devoid alike of any love of beauty or human sympathy. They were in the main recruited from the trading classes of the community and denounced all the restrictions which Charles imposed on machinery as an interference with personal liberty. Any thought of putting a boundary to mechanical development was to them insufferable tyranny, and there can be little doubt that the attitude of the Stuarts towards machinery and their attempts to stem the tide of capitalist industry were a chief contributory cause of the Civil War. Their interferences naturally gave rise to discontent among men whose ruling passion was avarice and whose nature were so corrupted as to exact this besetting sin of theirs to the level of a virtue, celebrated at a later day by Samuel Smiles. This perversion of the nature of the Puritan is to be attributed to the fact that he denied himself all the normal pleasures of life. He was cruel to himself, and so he found no difficulty in being cruel to others, especially when it was of assistance to him in the making of money.

It was because the Industrial Revolution was dominated by the Puritan spirit that it was so relentless in its

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cruley. When we read of the terrible conditions of factory life in Lancashire during this period, of workers locked in factories, of the heartless exploitation of women and young children, of the ceaseless day and night work, of children working by relays and sleeping in filthy beds to cool, of allowable hands and feet following rapidly the quick movements of the never-tiring machines, we realise that it was dominated by men who had become dehumanised and that the personal independence of the workers must have entirely disappeared, for no class of human beings would submit to such conditions who retained a scrap of independence. It was not until 1832 that the factory working day was reduced to twelve hours and to ten hours in 1847. It was not without good reason that at Ashton in 1831 it was declared that the negroes were slaves in name, but the factory employees were slaves in reality."

What happened in England appears to have happened wherever industrialism has been introduced. The Prussian Government deliberately dispossessed the Polish peasantry of their lands in order to ensure a cheap supply of labour. At their factories the cheap labour of Eastern Europeans, while until quite recently child labour was exploited in the cotton mills of the Southern States almost as mercilessly as it was in England before the passing of the Factory Acts. The Swadeshi Movement is closely associated with the introduction of Industrialism into India, and under its auspices the same evils are being created. Just what the factory system is beginning to mean for India is to be inferred from a recent report of the Indian Factory Commission. "In daylight mills the average working time for the whole year is 12 hours and 5 minutes; in mills well ventilated it is 12½ hours. But the Commissionaries say, "in some provinces the law is ignored to an extent not hitherto imagined. The law referring to the half-hour recess is generally disregarded in rice-mills, grinding factories and flour mills throughout India." In Bombay the factory operatives inhabit smuts of the most wretched character, crowded and insanitary. Indeed, India appears to be lighthazardly plunging into the sufferings which are the inevitable accompaniment of factory production."

Nowadays the Industrial System encompasses us on all sides and the question may be asked, Has the system come to stay or are the difficulties in which it finds itself to-day the beginning of the end? If the answer to this question depended upon votes, I doubt not there would be an overwhelming majority in favour of its retention, for the majority of people to-day see no part of the system as to be incapable of understanding how the needs of society could be met apart from our huge machinery. They fail altogether to realise that in the fifteenth century the wages of the town artisan worked out at six or seven times the cost of his board, and the agricultural labourer earned two-thirds of this amount. Though nearly everybody is dissatisfied with the present order of society, very few people suspect that there is any connection between the evils they deplore and industrial methods of production. Others, realising that the social problem proceeded the industrial Revolution, are disposed to dismiss the industrial problem as a false issue. Neither our own nor future generations, they contend, can escape the influence of modern technology.

Now, quite apart from the issue as to whether modern technology is entitled to the respect with which it is customary to regard it, it is manifest that it has been reared on a basis of social and economic injustice and that it is maintained to-day by a highly complex system of finance. It follows, therefore, that any change which threatens this basis must react on the technology. If the highly complex system were to break down as it already shows signs of doing, modern technology would be involved in the catastrophe. A very few years of social confusion and the fabric of technology would be in pieces. For whereas a simple, or primary, lunge can speedily recover from violent upheavals, a highly complex and artificial one cannot, because its maintenance is dependent upon a high degree of cooperation. The imminence of an economic breakdown, which is becoming generally admitted, raises therefore the question, Could the modern technology be rebuilt after the breakdown?

Now, it is my contention that the economic and psychological conditions necessary to reconstruction will be absent. Once there is a breakdown the spell that binds the modern world will be broken and all the anarchistic tendencies of the modern man will be liberated. Every popular demand to-day is for something which is incompatible with the industrial order. That they are not recognised as such is due to the fact that few people trouble to carry ideas to their logical conclusion; they imagine they can eat their cake and have it at the same time. The realisation of these demands will, so far as the Industrial System is concerned, be like putting new wine in old bottles and it will burst the bottles. The Industrial System demands for its maintenance the servitude of the workers while the workers demand liberty. The life and soul of the system is the race for profits; the workers demand that production shall be for use and not for profit. Its finance and technology involve a highly centralised control; the workers demand a distributed initiative. This demand for something which is incompatible with the industrial ideal is not confined to the consciously organised political workers; it is made by individuals in their private capacity in every rank of society. Industrialism, built upon the division of labour, denies men pleasure in their work. The consequence is that men seek pleasure in other ways, in the pursuit of pleasure in their leisure, in the excitement of gambling. Both of these things tend to undermine the old hard Puritanical moral which built up and maintained the system. The gambling spirit in trade has, through profiteering, dislocated the economic system and led men to trust to chance rather than hard work for success in life. The craving for pleasure has become such that only the external pressure of circumstances can keep men at work. The reaction against speed up has come. Nobody nowadays wants to do any work. The old incentives are gone. Interest has gone out of work, and there is no prospect that the workers are organised, the demand of the rank and file is not to control industry. They have too strong a sense of human values to desire that. Subconsciously they seek its destruction, and only desire to get through the day with the least possible effort. They rightly object to doing monotonous work in order to make profits for others. Once this necessity is in some measure removed, they show their hatred of the system in the most direct and practical way. The organisers of labour were wise in the knowledge that they knew it.

In these circumstances, if industry is to be rebuilt after the economic breakdown, it will have to be rebuilt upon a different foundation and its central aim must be to give back to men pleasure in their work. A rebuilt Industrialism cannot do this because its central principle is that of the division of labour. It is all very well for would-be industrial reformers to talk about stimu-
On the Translation of Poetry.

IX.—(Continued).

Here the differences are accentuated by Shelley’s abandonment both of the original rhyme and rhythm, but even where only the latter is not adhered to there is a marked difference of effect between original and translation. Thus, farther on in the same scene, Shelley has:

**GENERAL:**
- Who dare confide in right or a just claim?
- So much as I had done for them! and now—
- With women and the people ’tis the same,
- Youth will stand foremost ever—age may go
- To the dark grave unhonoured.

**MINISTER:**
- Nowadays
- People assert their rights: they go too far;
- But as for me, the good old times I praise;
- Then we were all in all—twas something worth
- One’s while to be in place and wear a star;
- That was indeed the golden age on earth.

**PARVENU:**
- We are too active, and we did and do
- What we ought not, perhaps, and yet we now
- Will scree, whilst all things are whirled round and round.
- A spoke of fortune’s wheel, and keep our ground.

Where Mr. Latham preserves the original movement, thus:

**GENERAL:**
- What man can set his trust in nations!
- No matter what his services, forsooth!
- ’Twas ever thus! The mob’s ovations,
- Or when our word was law, or never—
- Then was the age of gold indeed.

**MINISTER:**
- From the right path too oft we’ve strayed.
- The good old times and ways for ever!
- For when our word was law, or never—
- Time throws off his cloak again
- Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

**PARVENU:**
- We weren’t fools, and oft, I’ll own,
- We did in those days what we shouldn’t;
- But now the world is turning upside down,
- And that precisely when we wish it wouldn’t.

While it may be granted that there are sometimes legitimate reasons for modifying the rhythm of the original, more especially as far as the number of stresses in the verse is concerned, no such justification can be found for changing the order of the rhymes. This is by no means a matter of secondary importance. Even without quotations the reader can estimate how widely the heroic couplet varies in effect from the elegiac quatrains. By the very nature of things the sense of expectation is differently stimulated and satisfied in each case. Now among the works of that old offender, Longfellow, you will find these lines with the heading, “Rondeau. From the French”:

- Now Time throws off his cloak again
- Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,
- And clothes him in the embroidery
- Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
- With beast and bird the forest rings,
- Each in his jargon cries or sings;
- And Time throws off his cloak again
- Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

While it may be granted that there are sometimes legitimate reasons for modifying the rhythm of the original, more especially as far as the number of stresses in the verse is concerned, no such justification can be found for changing the order of the rhymes. This is by no means a matter of secondary importance. Even without quotations the reader can estimate how widely the heroic couplet varies in effect from the elegiac quatrains. By the very nature of things the sense of expectation is differently stimulated and satisfied in each case. Now among the works of that old offender, Longfellow, you will find these lines with the heading, “Rondeau. From the French”:

- Now Time throws off his cloak again
- Of ermined frost, and cold and rain,
- And clothes him in the embroidery
- Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
- With beast and bird the forest rings,
- Each in his jargon cries or sings;
- And Time throws off his cloak again
- Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

River and founct, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
En new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and cold and rain.

For mysterious reasons of his own, Longfellow suppressed the name of the original poet and provided a new title. The “Rondeau” (7), however, proves on investigation to have been translated from the following “Rondeau” by Charles d’Orléans:

Le temps a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluye,
Et s’est vestu de broderie,
De soleil luyant, cler et beau.
Il n’y a, beste, ne oyseau,
Qui ne song jargon ne chante ou crie:
Le temps a laissé son manteau
De vent, de froidure et de pluye.

Riviere, fontaine et ruisseau
Portent, en livrée jolie
Gouttes d’argent d’orfaverie,
Chacun s’abille de nouveau;
Le temps a laissé son manteau.

It will be seen that the French poet has suffered less at Longfellow’s hands than the unfortunate von Platen, but a good translator would have realised how essentially the rhyme scheme of the original contributes to the delicacy of the poem. By substituting consecutive rhymes Longfellow has reduced the whole thing to the level of a jingle.

X.

The question of masculine and feminine rhymes must now be considered. Here the problem simply amounts to this: Should the nature of the rhyme in the original always be preserved in the translation? As a matter of fact there is no categorical answer to this, chiefly because the relative functions of masculine and feminine rhymes are not identical in all languages. For in a language where feminine rhymes are abundant their traditional use will not be the same as in English, where they are outnumbered by masculine rhymes. Thus W. M. Rossetti remarks, in reference to a sonnet by his father: “The sonnet has a point of oddity, or comicality, in its form which cannot be exhibited (though it is literally reproduced) in the English translation.” While Italian sonnets usually have eleven syllables in each line ending with a disyllabic rhyme, this by my father has only ten, like an English sonnet, so that every line ends with a strong accentuated emphasis. This is what Italians call **vrai tronchi,** and would not be used unless with a grotesque intention.” Something similar would seem to hold
good in Spanish prosody. Thus the following sonnet by Shakespeare (CIV), which has masculine rhymes throughout:

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride,
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turned.

In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burned,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred:
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

is rendered as follows by Salvador de Madariaga in his "Manojo de Poesías Inglesas":

Para mis ojos, nunca serás vieja,
Pues tu bella hazaña nunca se veiron.
Por la primera vez. Ya la hermeja
Fompa de tres estilos consumieron.

Tres inviernos; ya he visto tres gentiles
Primaveras tornase otoños de oro,
Y perfumes arder de tres abriles
En tres julios, sin ver en ti desdoro.

Mis la belleza, cual sobre el eucalipto,
Manilla que immoderadamente
Huye también. Y el rosa que constante
Cree en su faz, acaso palidece.

Aun de sacar tu, ya estás bien cierto
Que estilos de belleza habien muerto.

The same practice may be observed in many German and Slavonic translations from English poetry. Take these lines from Swinburne's "Atalanta in Calydon,"

That Love who holdeth in his hand three arrows,
Behold my spirit, by his far-brought sorrow,
Commends to you a soul whom hot griefs harry.

It would be idle to deny that the presence of the extra syllable in Mr. Pound's translation produces a slightly different effect from Rossetti's masculine endings. But the difference is not sufficiently striking, and the retention of the feminine rhymes is not so essential to the spirit of the original poem as to turn the scale in favour of the rendering which contains them. (My comparison, of course, is limited to the metrical aspect of these two translations, and does not aim at any judgment of their relative merits.) Now consider again these four lines from Shelley's "Faust" fragments:

A flashing desolation there
Flames before the thunder's way;
But Thy servants, Lord, rever
The gentle changes of Thy day.

When I quoted these lines at an earlier stage of my argument, I suggested that they would satisfy all requirements which were not pedantic. If, therefore, I compare them with Mr. Latham's rendering:

And lo! a flashing desolation
Heralds the thunder on its way!
Yet we, O Lord, in adoration
Mark the sweet progress of Thy day.

and point out that the extra syllable in the first and third lines makes quite an appreciable difference to the effect which they produce, I shall perhaps run the risk of exposing myself to my own reproach. And I feel, too, that owing to the smaller number of syllables in the line, the difference is more obvious than between the two translations from Cavalcanti, which were compared above.

The importance of reproducing feminine rhymes in short verses appears to have been realised by the English translators of Heine. The two main types of stanza which I have in mind are represented in the following examples:

(1) 'Twas in the glorious month of May,
When all the buds were blowing,
I felt—ah me, how sweet it was!—
Love in my heart a-growing.

'Twas in the glorious month of May,
When all the birds were quiring,
In burning words I told her all
My yearning, my aspiring.

(Sir Theodore Martin.)

(2) Like the foam-born of the waters,
Gleams my love in beauty's pride;
But that fairest of earth's daughters
Is a stranger's chosen bride.

Heart, keep patience; never lose it;
Murmur not that thou'ret betrayed;
Bear it, bear it, and excuse me
To the lovely, stupid maid.

(Charles G. Leland.)

It seems to me that in such verses as these the feminine rhyme is, so to speak, the fulcrum which controls the movement of the poem, and this would consequently be impaired by the loss of so important a feature. And a careful search among numerous English versions of Heine has convinced me that the translators must have been of the same opinion, otherwise they would not have strained the resources of English prosody to such an extent in their endeavours to preserve the feminine rhymes. The excessive use of participial forms in the movement of the poem, and this would consequently be impaired by the loss of so important a feature. And a careful search among numerous English versions of Heine has convinced me that the translators must have been of the same opinion, otherwise they would not have strained the resources of English prosody to such an extent in their endeavours to preserve the feminine rhymes. 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May not imagine I am of their order.
Of vulgar words and modes I'll be recorde,
Like the vile mob in their own language talking:
Bright gems of wit no more will I go hawking,
Such as even fool plumbers keep, or very disorder.
So through the great masked hall will I go bounding
'Mid German knights, monks, monarachs high respected,
Greeted by harlequins — no nonsense, nonsense!
Their swords of lath upon my jacket sounding.
And there's the joke. If off my mask were taken,
With what still horror would the pack be shaken.
This is one of Heine's sonnets in Charles G. Leland's
translation. Here I unhesitatingly may discard my
metrical theory, for the translator was quite justified,
even allowing for the consequent sacrifice of fidelity
and certain more obvious defects, in preserving the
feminine rhymes of the original, the grotesque tone
of which is thus indicated in his English version.

Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

It is customary to say that the Stage Society has justified
its existence: when it produces a play that bores everybody; and the customary thing has been said of its recent production of Mr. Herbert Trench's "Napoleon." I do not accept that judgment of the purposes of the Stage Society; on the contrary, I protest, with what power I have, against this wastage of its resources.
The time, the money, and the acting talent (the array of artistes and personages, not the acting) that is squandered in this way is diverted from the legitimate purpose of producing a good work in the conventional style or a promising work in some more novel form.

Mr. Trench's "Napoleon" is neither. He certainly gives us a very conventional Napoleon, full of catchwords and a conventional plot, in which the bad man is induced to forgo his villainous purpose by the hero's mother for twenty-four hours' shelter in return for the delivery of her dying son.
The sloop is recaptured by the English, Napoleon's escape is cut off, the coastguards are coming to arrest him.

They leave to the hero's father the decision concerning the disposal of the prisoner; he leaves it to his wife, who has bargained with the hero's mother for twenty-four hours' relief in return for the delivery of her dying son.

Mr. Trench, like Falstaff, has "a kind of alacrity in sinking." In the scene to which I have already referred, Napoleon has landed in England, surveyed the land from a tower atop the home of the hero, and bargained with the hero's mother for twenty-four hours' shelter in return for the delivery of her dying son.

If off my mask were taken, with what horror would the pack be shaken.

Mr. Trench is poet; and speaking generally of poets in their relation to drama, they are people to whom we can only say: "Thy sins be forgiven thee; take up thy bed, and walk." Mr. Trench is one of these poets; he has some feeling, for the stage, manifested in an occasional detail of a scene — such as the boy singing to his captors a song composed by his father, and breaking down at the first line, or the mother gathering up the cloak of her dead son, and reverting for a heart-breaking moment to the days of his infancy, cooing over it as though it were a baby. A sufficiency of touches such as these, co-ordinated in a coherent whole, could go far towards making an acting play; but there is no scheme, and not enough of these touches. Moreover, Mr. Trench is guilty of some appalling absurdities in stage-craft; all the characters, French and English, speak in English, and hands over the examination of the prisoner to his brother — who thereupon addresses him in exactly the same language as has been, and is, used throughout the play. Mr. Trench repeats this absurdity in the scene on the sloop; notwithstanding the fact that everybody has been speaking English, and literary English at that, the French captain suddenly asks Jan: "How came you to speak French?" We can accept the convention of English-speaking Frenchmen, but we cannot suddenly pretend that the English-speaking English have been talking French all the time.

Wickham has talked reams of "reason" to Napoleon, and failed to convince him of his moral duty to make peace great. From moral suasion to physical force, he turns, and pours live coals into the powder magazine.

Mr. Trench, like Falstaff, would have thought of something much more effective when the moralist went mad and turned to murder.

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When Napoleon asks "How?" Wickham begins to mix some other metaphors.

You were still the out-thrust of the human bough—
Not yet its rise and poise—the second self;
Still seeking to refore our molten world
To your own image, etc.

An out-thrust of the human bough seeking to refore our molten world is a curiosity even in poetry; but if I had space to spare, I could show that Wickham has a most monstrous invention of images to disguise the fact that his "discovery of the organic soul in human society" has not proceeded to the demonstration of its articulated parts. All that emerges from his weltering in the metaphors of the non-human world is the discovery of the family, an institution even better known in France than elsewhere. Napoleon would have sat dumbfounded at this revelation; he could easily have demonstrated to a windy idealist that the State was the organic soul in human society, that it related the families organically for the pursuit of common purposes. As drama, the great scene is absurd; as discussion it does not even begin to state the elementary factors of the subject. Mr. Trench's "Napoleon" is as dead as the historical one.

The "Libido."

It is unfortunate that psycho-analysis has chosen "Libido" as the name for the energy which it postulates to underly everything. By connotation if not by derivation it gives a sense but little removed from "lust." That such a word has been chosen is, perhaps, not so very strange to view of the confusion which psychology always makes between will and desire, and also of the fact that "lust" is practically what the name was intended to mean by its inventor. Before any great improvement can be expected it will have to be realised that transformation of energy is no more (and no less) true in physics than in psychology. It is no more unintelligent to confuse mass-movement with heat than to confuse, for example, sexual desires with other desire. And what should be meant by Libido (with a big "L" and no "human" attached to it)—if that must be its name—is the equivalent of Energy, with a big "E," meaning the indifferent something which can appear as any of the "forms of energy" with which we are acquainted. Looked at thus, it is clear that all talk of sublimation of human libido as a necessary process is rather absurd. The proper course for "economical working" is to avoid "de-sublimating" it in the first place.

As with many of the objections which I have raised, this is not really an academic one, as it might seem to be. The majority of people are unaware of any form of creative energy except sex, and there are many societies, on which the police keep a tender watch, who are working hard at "sublimation" with the worst results to all concerned.

Anyone who is truly fired with the creative instinct, whether as music, painting, or in any other form, must have known moments, even if long ago in youth, when he has felt that he had almost succeeded in doing something, he cannot say what, but something which would have been a fresh and unknown outlet for his emotions. But, alas, it was only almost, and after a few failures he decides he must have been mistaken and that sex is the real solution. But as he makes the decision he knows really that it is untrue and that sex is at best a substitute for what he seeks. It was such conquests as these, psychological or physiological, for the two cannot be separated, which were accomplished in the mysteries and their initiations. For the mysteries were not difficult extension lectures, except some, perhaps, of the very outer ones which may have dealt with physics, astronomy, and such like things, leading to control of mind and body. They were courses in which, by appropriate physiological and psychological stimuli, the students were introduced to the threshold of some new mode of expression, when by the forceful employment of the new mode by the initiator the germ of the new mode was awakened in them. In the earliest prehistoric days the sequence was downwards from the formless to the detailed. Then the process was reversed and the modes were reawakened with the added complexity which they had now gained.

Time was when sex was the next new contact with the unknown to be awakened and so to give a further grip on the not-self. But this was not on the way to deity, but from it, and hence the Great Ones uprooted the Yupa which had been planted with its point in the "earth," "so that men should not become gods," and replanted it with its point upwards. But this was many years ago, and those who now attempt sex sublimation are turning back to days when Atlantis was in its prime. And the reason why this is now attracting so much attention is, I think, not very difficult to surmise. Our "centre of activity" has reached the same "place" in the "soul" as it then occupied in the "body," and our subliminal selves, ignorant of all that has happened in the interval, are prompting us along the same lines as were then followed under a comparable stimulus.

Now what psycho-analysis has perhaps in its power to do is to discover and open up these new modes of expression; but instead of this it is infatuated by the old rabbit method, which all, apart from the common herd and the scientist, know to weariness is not what they want.

Hence, even in cases where psycho-analytic treatment clears up a morbid state, it is by no means sure that it may not be a left-handed gift which it has bestowed. Why do certain happenings act as checks but never as stimulants? Part of every "cause" resides in the thing acted on, and such part may be an age-long yearning in the subconscious to be free from sex. For one thing, I think, is certain in spite of any figures and facts which may seem to show the contrary, that much which psycho-analysis anearths is hereditary, and in deciding otherwise a huge mistake is made.

Shakespeare's seven ages of man are a psychological reality and correspond to what may be looked on as different "layers" of mind into and through which we have climbed during our lifetime, much as an embryo climbs the scale of the animal kingdom (if not also the vegetable) during development. We lose the method of getting back to most of these as we pass on, and this is one of the great causes of trouble. When we can get all the way back to the newborn baby we shall not be far from the Kingdom of Heaven. I do not by this only mean that we may get a memory of pre-natal states or of the "disembodied soul," but a consciousness—possibly some kind of a "mass-impression"—which is not limited in its grasp of things by the need of sequence and form. The different layers are, it would seem, rather like geological strata, and date from different periods of human evolution. They have different codes of morals attached to them. At the present moment the great majority of people appear to stop in the layer which they reach about puberty, which is the layer of formal mind—the cruel, selfish, utilitarian mind of the schoolboy; in fact it is the first day of the self-consciousness of man. If our methods of education remedied this, instead of doing their best to perpetuate it, much may be changed.

From one point of view intellect is a cul-de-sac or the middle point of a see-saw, and no true progress can be made without a corresponding movement in the other direction. Without this, intellectual progress is...
Readers and Writers.

With last week's issue The New Age completed its twenty-fifth volume, and I may say that the fact is a matter of congratulation to its original promoters. I write as one of them with a pride that, I trust, may be pardonable; for, indeed, it has been in our circumstances no easy matter to carry on for a quarter of a century of half-years, week in week out, in war as well as in peace, and, I was going to add, in sickness as well as in health. About the business side of the undertaking I shall have a word to say in a minute or two; but in this paragraph I confine myself to our achievement from a journalistic point of view. As our oldest friends know, The New Age was first issued at a penny; and when after some years we were compelled to raise the price to threepence, very few journalists would have predicted that we should survive. In fact, however, before many years had passed, we raised the price to sixpence, and latterly to sevenpence; by which time, as can easily be supposed, there was not a soul in the journalistic world but would have given us up for lost. But here we still are. The change from a penny to threepence lost us very few readers; and the change from threepence to sixpence or sevenpence lost us none whatever. It is a fact upon which we congratulate our readers quite as much as ourselves that the circulation of The New Age is at this moment quite equal to its circulation at threepence, and almost equal to its circulation at a penny. There is no other example that is known to me of a journal surviving such a series of metamorphoses of price. Penny journals have risen to threepence; and one penny journal ("The Review of the Week") jumped up to sixpence; but in ten years time will such the best staff that ever was almost completely "played out." They cannot respond to new ideas, they can scarcely vary the expression of their old ideas; all they can do is to make each succeeding issue of their journal a virtual replica of the issues that have gone before it. I need not affect modesty in saying that such a monotony is not likely to be found in The New Age; and it is not to be found in it for the simple reason that it is impossible in the absence of a regular staff. The editor of The New Age cannot, even if he would, terminate the course of this journal outside a very wide range; and it is certain that no more than any reader can predict what will be the features of the journal three or six or twelve months hence. The future of The New Age (within fairly wide limits) is the future of vital thought in this country; vital thought, that is to say, as expressed in the writing of people willing to write for love. Who can say what men and women will love to write about six months or a year hence? Only those who can so say can be sure what The New Age in those days will be.

While unable, any more than anybody else, to predict the future of The New Age, I can roughly indicate its direction from an examination of its present momentum. It appears to me that we, who are probably one of its most thorough readers (I doubt if I have missed a single line in the twenty-five volumes) that the present momentum of The New Age, that is to say, of the vital thought of our immediate day, is gathered to the direction of a more radical and simple analysis and synthesis of modern industrial society, and in the direction of a more profound analysis and synthesis of human psychology. The first, if I may trespass out of my sphere, is already visible in the influence beginning to be exerted on our Economic ideas by the ideas associated with the name of Major C. H. Douglas. As I understand them, Major Douglas' ideas are by no means subversive of our former economic opinions and theories. On the contrary, they are the fulfilment of them; and they are destined, so I believe, to transform from theory into reality the splendid conception of Social Guilding over which The New Age will always be inseparably associated. The second momentum, gathered now over a long period of years, is connected with no name in particular, but with many in general. No reader, from the earliest volume to the latest, can have missed the
Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

It is not every man who can die regretted by his friends and acquaintances, leaving comfortable memories. Harold Gilman is definitely regretted by the London Group and by a wide circle; the memorial exhibition of his works at the Leicester Gallery adds little to what we know of him. He was a sober and industrious artist with none of the excess of genius. We live in an overpainted age; Gilman’s work was not in the realm of the superfluous; it is well that the welter of sham some men should be earnest; but it might be even better if all or most of this serious labour—which does not partake in the excess of gift and inspiration—were bent in some less aimless endavour. Given application, let us say, to some corner of permanent building, Gilman might have left a distinctively, perhaps as that of Nicolas Bachelier or Tullio Lombardo. As it is he leaves some meritorious pictures, in the mode known now in Sickert, now in Walter Taylor, now in Ginner, once even in Rackham, and in drawings which have only to be placed next a Gaudier to display their lack ofelan.

Twenty Gaudier drawings are now available in an excellent portfolio published by the OVID PRESS (43, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3), at £5; one might carry them to various shows via a touch-stone. The Press has done its work remarkably well; the drawings are of various periods ranging from Gaudier’s very early work; unfortunately, the prints on vellum are undated, but the progress is easily discernable if one take the trouble to range the drawings, all but three of which are done in the usual trade-show of parlour decorations, there is nothing new to be said about this sort of thing, and we have probably devoted too much space to it in the past.

Brown and Phillips are having their usual show of modern etchings, (Mervyn Le Gr. 193), C. Gauthier’s portrait of Clemenceau, and on “Peta,” Degas, “Au Louvre,” Forain (181), Steinlen (194). Good portrait of E. Schwabe by W. Dool, and a Derain which shows that he is better as a painter of stage designs and a designer of ballet costumes than as an etcher.

Alfred Wolmark is exhibiting at the Hampstead Gallery. The work doubtless shows vigorous, or, at any rate, violent colour; we shall be glad to inspect it when it has been brought south into the metropolis.

The Old Dudley Society founded in 1861, still has before the stamp of its era (Mill Street, Conduit Street, W.), can be found with a map. For the rest, the usual show of art-shows, etc. Mr. Cole favours with a selection from Mestrovic. For the rest, the usual trade-run of parlor decorations, there is nothing new to be said about this sort of thing, and we have probably devoted too much space to it in the past.

The International is disfigured by the worst Whistler yet discovered. Christabel Dennison, Gladys Baker, John D. Revel, emerge amid Ambrosiana with the usual Philpotts, etc. Mr. Cole favours with a selection from Mestrovic. For the rest, the usual trade-run of parlor decorations, there is nothing new to be said about this sort of thing, and we have probably devoted too much space to it in the past.

If we return to the Hamnett portraits we find that Miss Hamnett’s progress has succeeded in bringing a touch of life into British portraiture. Miss Hamnett’s portraits of Messrs. Gilson, Butts and Sitwell are, in the Bloomsbury phrase, “amusing,” but the work does not end there. The Hope Johnson in an earlier mode is good in its flatter way, but with the Stuart Hill, Miss Price, and infinitely better in the Mrs. Reavis, Miss Hamnett attains a three-dimensional structure and much greater vitality. The portrait of E. Lacey is perhaps best in its relation to background, and the artist has been admirable in rendering the sitter’s “impression,” the knotty muscles of the somewhat scraggy athlete. "Louise" is perhaps the best modelled of the earlier manner. In the blotchy water-colours like 44 and 45 we have very great competence, and in some of the drawings Miss Hamnett shows that she has profited by Gaudier’s example more than any other artist in England; there is great gain of freedom over her ear drawing.

On the whole, it is no small comfort to the critic to find a couple of “younger artists” emerging from the wash and waste of the London Group dreariness, and to find some portraiture which definitely portrays the sitter in some other manner than that of the Bodlins-

Sargents-MacEvostic nougat. The International has considerably cheere up. Guevara’s painting is, as indicated above, the chief interest. There is no pleasure or exhilaration in praising an artist whom even Sir Claude Phillips has got round to “discovering”; but, on the other hand, it is perhaps worth while to defend a good painter from journalists’ froth and little jokes about the canary-bird-cage. Guevara has got a likeness of his sitter, an excellent likeness; he has put in a great deal of colour, rather prettily, but well; he has also introduced some pleasures of composition and pattern, and this by no means eccentric or even vigorously Matissean arrangement is quite enough to set tittering the little men who, while they don’t buy the Pears’ Annual Gallery of Art, think it next to pretend that art should have stopped when it was in the hands of Poussin and Poynter.

We live in an overpainted age; Gilman’s work was not of, let us call it, a mystical note, indicative of a constant search for a profounder psychology than is, I believe, to be found elsewhere in contemporary journalism. I have no doubt that many of such articles have appeared to be more shining; certainly lit by a light that never was upon sea or land. But, at least, their strain has been constant; and I think I may safely say that in modern journalism it is likely to find a further expression than ever before in the secular West. That is a momentum which for me is clearly visible in the New Age now current. I risk little in predicting that, side by side with the more simple analysis of society, our future writers will unfold a more profound analysis of man.
there were anything to be said against Guevara's portrait; or perhaps not against, but simply in qualification, we might say that it is "very contemporaneous"; it does pay much attention to arrangement and to character impression of the sitter, and more to both of these than to the actual structure of the sitter's face and head. It has no Cézanne in its make-up; it has kinships with Matisse and with the best Sargents; this is laudable contrast to the Mastroys whose difference one from another is, in kind, the sort of difference between solido and velox, between carbon and platinum finish as ordered from the photographer.

Views and Reviews.

ON FORTUNE-TELLING.

The subject of "Spiritualism," with which I dealt in my last article, is not limited to real or supposed communication with the departed through the agency of a "medium." As the "Times" declared in its leading article, the Spiritualists "proclaim the existence of people with two powers, the power of raising spirits and the power of foretelling the future"; and I think that it will be generally admitted that mediums are consulted more for purposes of prophecy than for spiritual consolation. But what amazes me in the police prosecutions and in the Press references to this subject is the assumption that prophecy is impossible, that no one can foretell the future. "The test of every science is prediction; the man of good judgment is the man who can tell you, from a consideration of the facts, what will happen; every political forecast has its element of inspiration, and when we put a kettle on the stove we predict that, as always in our experience, the heat will raise the water to the boiling-point. We are all prophets, and the sons of prophets, in every ordinary activity of life; and in our day-dreams we predict for ourselves a future that is frequently incommensurable with our deserts—and sometimes realised in fact."

Why, then, should a declaration of the power of foretelling the future be regarded as worthy of public approbation? Señor de Maetzu once put forward the idea of a tribunal sitting to decide what functions the individual should perform, and what powers should be granted to him for their performance. The idea was a mere whimsey, I think, but the public reproach of the powers and the powers of foretelling the future! and I think that it will be generally admitted that mediums are consulted more for purposes of prophecy than for spiritual consolation. But what amazes me in the police prosecutions and in the Press references to this subject is the assumption that prophecy is impossible, that no one can foretell the future. "The test of every science is prediction; the man of good judgment is the man who can tell you, from a consideration of the facts, what will happen; every political forecast has its element of inspiration, and when we put a kettle on the stove we predict that, as always in our experience, the heat will raise the water to the boiling-point. We are all prophets, and the sons of prophets, in every ordinary activity of life; and in our day-dreams we predict for ourselves a future that is frequently incommensurable with our deserts—and sometimes realised in fact."

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The assumption that the power of foretelling the future is worth of public reproetration cannot be successfully established. Prediction is not merely the prerogative, it is the common practice, of every intelligent person.

Sure, be, that made us with such large discourse. Looking before and after, gave us not That capability and god-like reason To fust in us un'sd.

Then what is the objection to the spiritualist medium telling the fair young lady that she will meet a dark young man, and will marry him, if he is not very careful; and accompanying the prophecy with a number of details of time, place, and circumstance which, in some cases, are astonishingly accurate, and, in others, have not the remotest resemblance to the actual or probable facts. There surely is nothing objectionable in the fact that she charges a fee; we have to pay even for the newspapers which give the public what it wants. Is the objection, then, that her predictions, like those of doctors and the Weather Bureau, are not invariably reliable? The "Times" seems to suggest this when it says: "If evidence be ever available that a medium can, with fair regularity, beat a good race horse, let us advise us beforehand of one or two important and apparently improbable events, we shall be ready to consider a grave metaphysical opinion on the probable source of the information." The introduction of those words "apparently improbable" vitiates the test, for an event is apparently improbable only until it happens; then, every fool sees that it was "inevitable," like the war with Germany. But if the argument here is that the predictions of the medium, prompted as they are by "intuition," are not as invariably accurate as those made as a consequence of more conscious reasoning, I am disposed to agree on plain psychological grounds. As Ribot said: "One may by instinct, that is, through unconscious cerebration, solve a problem, but it is very possible that some other day, at another moment, one will fail in regard to an analogous problem. If, on the contrary, the solution of any problem is attained through conscious reasoning, a failure will scarcely occur in a second instance; because every step in advance marks a gainéd position, and from that moment we no longer grope our way blindly. This, however, does not in the least diminish the port played by unconscious work in all human discoveries."

The spiritualist medium, then, would have difficulty in satisfying the demand of the "Times," because she does not obtain her solutions by conscious reasoning. She is simply a repeater of the gossip of the unconscious mind, not the critic and investigator of the nature and order of reality. Her authority is: "Someone told me"; and as she cannot demonstrate the existence of this Someone, the sources of his knowledge, and his methods of reasoning, she has no power (even if she has the desire) to check his statements, no means of discovering why he is sometimes right and sometimes wrong. She gives what she gets—it may be the winner of the Derby, or the loser of the Oaks; but it is as much a mystery to her as to everyone else why the same "Pansy" or "Pie-face," or whatever her control is called, should be successful one day and unsuccessful another in a prediction relating to races identical in every respect but one. The spiritualistic theory, even here, bars the way to inquiry; the facts are not understood because they are "explained" by a theory which is not derived from observation of the facts, but is postulated a priori. But the fact that the spiritualistic medium fails in regularity of success, does not diminish the importance of the fact that she does sometimes successfully predict.

But, of course, if we want regularity in prediction, we must turn to phenomena that are observable and calculable, and have some, if not complete, regularity of action. The astronomer predicts his eclipses, conjunctions, transits, etc., not by intuition but by calculation of observed and measured motion. But prediction from the motion of the heavenly bodies goes beyond prediction of their places at any given time; the "old heresy," Astrology, predicts from them mandate
and human consequences that are well worth consideration by any intelligent man. For example, this sudden accession of public interest in Spiritualism was predicted: I have before me a copy of "Modern Astrology" for September of this year, which contains a series of predictions by various students of the consequences of the conjunction of Jupiter and Neptune on the 24th of that month. Most of them declare that one of the chief results of the conjunction will be, in the words of one of them, that "Spiritualism will increase and spread," and they all agree that orthodox religion will suffer if it does not adapt itself to the new demands for spiritual knowledge. It is a common practice of mine to turn from the newspaper to "Raphael's Almanac," to see if current events correspond with his predictions. They do with astonishing regularity; for example, he predicted from the New Moon of September 24 that strikes in connection with railways were threatened; the railway strike was declared on September 26. He predicted from the New Moon of October 23, that "foreign affairs will cause anxiety... and the action of the Government will be severely criticized." The Government was defeated on the 23rd on a question of foreign pilotage. "It comes to more personal matters; he warned the President of the United States, to take one example, to "take care of his health and person." He predicted for the summer quarter (from June 22 to Sept. 24) that the map for America depicted diplomatic blunders, and the President will be lucky if he escapes severe criticism." During that quarter, the Senate refused to ratify the Peace Treaty, President Wilson began his tour of America in defence of his actions and policy, and the criticism that he met was certainly severe. This Almanac, published a year before, is full of similarly successful predictions; and I submit that there is a prima facie case for regarding Astrology as what it claims to be, the Science of Foreknowledge. A. F. R.

Reviews.

Over and Above. By J. E. Gurdon. (Collins. 75. 6d. net.)

In the words of the publisher: This book "endeavours to present a faithful picture of life with a fighting squadron in France, and with it a study of the progressive changes in the inner life of an average young man and his companions in arms." It succeeds better in the first than the second of these endeavours; we know practically nothing of what these airmen think or feel apart from their technical skill. They produce, Warton especially, a curious impression of numbness, as though the spirit of them went to sleep and they became automata responding to certain stimuli by reflex action. Even their jokes do not seem to proceed from their humour, but from some external region, as though they touched each other at the circumference of their being; bits were incapable of permeation by the personality. It is a most curious effect of "suspended animation" that the author produces; the god in the machine has few points of contact with human beings. The description of life in the squadron and of its various fighting activities gains in power by this sobriety of treatment; the author, we are assured, is dealing with facts, and he deals with them as though they were facts. The Hand of the Potter: A Tragedy in Four Acts. By Theodore Dreiser. (Boni and Liveright. $1.50 net.)

Mr. Dreiser's explanatory talent disqualifies him for dramatic writing. Tragedy particularly does not permit of any merely intellectual explanation; it is a direct appeal to the powerful emotions of pity and terror, and if the characters and their vicissitudes do not awaken and purify those emotions no amount of argument will do it. Mr. Dreiser's failure may be more easily understood if we imagine an epilogue to "Oedipus Rex," in which various theories, including the Freudian, are argued by a number of men. Mr. Dreiser takes a horrible subject, a born mental defective with a passion for sexual outrage which, in the play, culminates in his murder of a little girl and his own subsequent madness and suicide. But it is difficult to see what conflict Mr. Dreiser provides; the man is too obviously a maniac from the beginning for there to be any element of surprise or interest in his development. As his sister said in the first act, he ought to be put away; and that is all that there is to be said about him. Society obviously must protect itself against such men and does; incarceration and death are the only alternatives until it is possible to cure such cases. Then what is the object of the discussion in the last act, with its liberal quotations from the Freudian school? This is distinctly one of the cases in which to understand all is not to forgive all; the understood danger is none the less a danger when it is natural. We do not abolish earthquakes by knowing their causes, and it is unnecessary to pity them because they cannot produce any but disastrous effects to us. Granted that such a maniac as this is made what he is by "the hand of the potter"; but the potter does not pity his poor pieces, he destroys them. Nothing emerges from this sordid story but a quite illegitimate appeal for pity for a social danger, without any demonstration that pity could prevent or mitigate the danger. The play has no literary pretensions; it is written mainly in the patois of American Jews, and the author, like so many American playwrights, tries to adapt the technique of the cinematograph to the structure of the play in the court scene. It is an ingenious, but quite unconvincing, attempt to preserve the continuity of the argument by discontinuous scenes.

The Fool Next Door. By Ex-Tram-Conductor No. 317 (N. D. Douglas). (Daniel. 2s. 6d. net.)

The ex-tram-conductor has what are called "literary ambitions." He tries the interpretative sketch, the critique, the poem, the play, the essay; and the result of his trial of these literary forms is, we think, "Guilty, but with extinguating circumstances." We do not know whether there is a tramway to Parnassus, but if there is we do not think that the author has conducted a tram to it: his local colour is frankly Cockney, even his intellectualism cannot make the Cockney more bizarre than he is by nature. He writes frequently of Christianity; "The Fool Next Door," the first sketch in the book, is an attempt to express the effect of the personality of Jesus Christ on his contemporaries. Its subtitle is: "A free translation of a narrative attributed to a Jew of the first Christian century," but the translation is too "free" to convey any sense of time, place, circumstance, or personality. Its quality is that of the mission-hall lecture proclaiming the humanity of Jesus; and the scene, for all that we can distinguish to the contrary, might just as well be, say, the Row Road of the present time as the "street of houses" of the first century. It was not a Jew of the first century who wrote: "I did a select business; not many came to me except the most modern and progressive gentlemen of the city." The author is certainly at home in his essay on Chesterton, and his use of clichés is masterly, while his discovery of humour and paradox in Chesterton's work was inevitable—there is a tramway to those qualities. The author provides us with a portrait of himself, which we are sure is an admirable likeness, because he writes like that sort of man; and he not only reproduces his "chordane sketch" of G. K. C., representing him (we quote another cliché for the author's deleration) as "a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food." It reminds us of the author's complete description of sunflowers: "their old-old faces and sunshine whiskers." If this be "literary ambition" we rejoin with Mark Antony (another cliché): "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."
Pastiche.

REGIONAL.

XVI.

My lotty meditations have been interrupted by "A Request from the Provost of the University of Pennsylvania," which deserves to be reprinted in full: Harrison Laboratory, University of Pennsylvania.

Dear Sir,

To make as complete as possible the records of our Alumni, it is desirable that we should have a record of their religious affiliations. Will you therefore quickly fill out the attached card and mail it at once?

Appreciating this favor, believe me,

Sincerely yours,

EDGAR F. SMITH, Provost.

[Please check with a cross (X) your denomination.]

Christian Science
Congregational
Disciples of Christ
Presbyterian
Protestant Episcopal
Lutheran
Mennonite
Dunkard
Moravian
Baptist
Universalist
Friends
Jew

Name ......................................... Dept............. Year..........

picturesque intuitions of Ovid; both an untempered and Town ...........................................................................

the Provost and Chief Chemist has "plugged" State ............................... ........................................ the basis of brotherhood? The moral of Confucius; the

kindly tear off this reply card here and mail immediately. of their religious affiliations.

ologists used to explain Immaculacion in order to

Dear Dr. Smith,

I herewith comply with your request and have checked

Sincerely yours,

my religious affiliation.

EDGAR F. SMITH,

Provost.

There are moments in one's life when one is tempted to abandon positive literature. Let me hasten to state that I have already "checked" my religious affiliation. "Religion," that gigantic and ineluctable ignorance before which all men are nearly equal, therefore a possible basis of brotherhood? The moral of Confucius; the

there are, however, times when one looks with gratitude to Franfois Rabelais, and wonders if anything but a contemporary analysis as heavy and searching as his will serve one against contemporary mentality.

The document given above is but one of 10,000 symptoms. The use of the statistics compiled? When half the men who answer will do so without thought, and half the remainder will put down the church of their fathers for social and business reasons. And on the other hand, Rabelais, with his titanic "Zut" to the mental universe of his time; parody of the rhodomontades of John and Ezekiel in his description of the clothing of the infant Gargantua, and what is more remarkable for his times than his demolitions of medieaval theology, his flat denial of "classic authorities" as in "Hippocrates...Flavius...Plantus...M. Vairo...Consortius...Aristotle...Gellius...Servius, and a thousand other imbeciles." (Note the "mille autres fols" is applied only to definite cited passages, not to the complete works of antique authors mentioned.

Yet a thinking man in our time finds himself compelled to oppose a no less general negation to almost the whole mental structure of the sixteenth century than Rabelais' to the sixteenth; he finds himself confronted with a great number of the identical stupidities; four hundred years have not been long enough for the gargantuan garage to work, or to "work down to" the "people"? Mercurule, not to the "people," but to the allegedly "educated" and hyper-educated classes. We may admit that Rabelais was partly written in cipher; one must have read the Bible to know what parts of it fall under his fail; one must know something of the theological obstetrics used to explain Immaculacion in order to follow the birth of Gargantua via the ear of his mother.

The last praise of Luther, apart from praise of his personal courage, has been that "he did, by forcing discussion, bring to general knowledge some of the absurdities of Christian theology." It is possible that Rabelais wrote a sealed book, or a book half-sealed, to wink to the learned of his time; and that his work only became "public" in the eighteenth century.

But even so his work is not yet "done"; nor is the work of the encyclopedists yet done. We are in need, if not of their complete works, at least in as much need of much of their works as were their contemporaries. And we have not their optimism and club; both pardonable to an age that was getting the Bourbons off the French throne. There are statements in Condorcet, in Condillac, in Helvetius, that "ought to have settled" certain matters once and for all, statements that ought to have buried certain superstitions. Dogma and a pretended knowledge of metaphysics (extraneous matter) held up the progress of material science "until Bacon"; the eighteenth century could no more have got rid of impediments in the field of ethics and sociology, or what Condorcet calls by the better name "Part social."

There is no greater curse than an idea propagated by violence. The Apache savage invented a new weapon when he wants to bash the next tribe successfully; his god is an assistant to his worst instincts; the Jew, however, received a sort of roving commission from his "Jhv" to bash all and sundry.

(He may have borrowed this idea, but several of the ideas attributed to Moses are very subtle—i.e., they are so contrived that the rapport between the idea on paper and its effect in action is very interesting.)

The curse of this monotheism and intolerance descends into both the offspring of Judaism, Mohametanism, and Christianity.

We write in the fifth century of the Struggle for Deliverance from these religions; from the effects, arcane and open, of these religions. The chief and almost the sole function of government is to maintain order, to prevent appeals to arms by having ready a supple theory of English criminal law. We note, in support of our proposition the futility of violence, that since the lions of the Tribe of Judah gave up the sword, "beat it" metaphorically, their power has steadily increased; no such suave and uninterrupted extension of power is to be attributed to any "world-conquering" belligerency.

Those of us who live in immaterial things, in art, in literature, "owe more" to Greece and Rome; the rest of the world "owes," or is alleged to owe, to the Jew.