Mr. Balfour, in supporting the project of the League of Nations, stated with great impressiveness, and to an enthusiastic audience, that the League must come; there is no alternative. Now Mr. Balfour is a statesman; a little passé perhaps, but still a statesman as distinct from a politician. It is highly probable that we differ from him in nearly every fundamental conception of what society ought to be and could be, and in the means that can profitably be employed to induce such changes as are necessary. But we have no doubt whatever that Mr. Balfour has a personal code from which he will not depart, and that included in that code is a refusal to state clearly and definitely as a fact that which he knows or even suspects to be false. We emphasise this point because it is necessary to a grasp of the difficulties and dangers with which this country in particular and the world in general is beset at this time. Mr. Balfour, then, a representative of the best type of the old-fashioned statesman, puts forward a plea in support of a project involving the tremendous consequences, and separating Great Britain from every fundamental canon of procedure not only of the past, but of the 'platform' on which the war was fought (if we except empty phrases), and this course is recommended to his hearers, not by any conception of what society ought to be and could be, and in the means that can profitably be employed to induce such changes as are necessary. But we have no doubt whatever that Mr. Balfour has a personal code from which he will not depart, and that included in that code is a refusal to state clearly and definitely as a fact that which he knows or even suspects to be false. We emphasise this point because it is necessary to a grasp of the difficulties and dangers with which this country in particular and the world in general is beset at this time. 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Stripped of its verbiage and the mass of pious sentiment with which it is surrounded, the project of the League of Nations, as projected on the basis of existing social, political and economic systems? Its major premise is the avoidance of war, by the settling of disputes at a centralised headquarters, backed ultimately by the logic of a position which centralises the final argument of force under an elected committee, operating by means of permanent officials. The first permanent officials have been appointed, and may broadly be said to represent the ultra-montane, or Temporal Power, section of Roman Catholic politics (said to be the only barrier between Europe and ‘anarchy’), by accommodation and in accordance with at least one section of High Finance. Consider this proposition, stripped of its sentiment, in the light of actual knowledge and observation of the working of such an organisation (quite apart from any question of personnel at all). The Post Office, for instance, is such an organisation. It is in theory a Department ruled over by a Political Minister responsible to an elected body, the House of Commons. Does anyone in their senses imagine that the Postmaster-General could carry any point of internal policy in the Post Office against the settled procedure of the Permanent Officials? Or that any attack by an individual from inside the Post Office on a system (as distinct from a person) which may press hardly on him, has any chance of success? But, it may be argued, we are going to change all that. We are going to have democratically elected committees to deal with all such questions. Very well, let us consider the actual working of such a committee. A grievance comes before it and a decision is given which may quite reasonably not give satisfaction, and the committee is attacked for it. It is an honest decision honestly given, and the committee combines to resist the attack. Immediately a position is created in which the committee represents a vested interest, and acts not as a body of elected representatives, but as an Institution whose power must be consolidated, and whose dignity must be upheld. Anyone with practical knowledge of committees knows that this is what happens. It may be said that all this is simply an argument for anarchy (and it is the argument for anarchy), but that is a mistaken view, as we hope to show.

Having got it firmly fixed in our minds that no conceivable change of heart has any bearing on the results of the arrangement we are discussing (we should imagine that from top to bottom, for instance, the Post Office is staffed with average kindly human beings), it is clearly vital to get some idea of where the difficulty does lie, since no difficulty is finally insuperable; and we have no hesitation in saying that the difficulty lies in the common confusion between organi-
Imagine the Post Office to be organised exactly as it is organised (though it is highly probable that its organisation could be improved). Its administration is handled for reasons, in our opinion, fundamentally unconnected with personnel. Leaving, we say, everything else exactly as it is for the moment, let us suppose a Regulation to be added to the few thousands which are now the chief exercise for the pen of the analyst. It is admitted that the pension equal to their full salary. We admit that the optimum, i.e., the Machine at the disposal of the Man. Given that the individual or the Nation is disinterested (that individual or that Nation is disinterested), then that individual or that Nation is eliminated, so that in theory no effective will remains save that which reaches its highest expression in the apex of the perfect Pyramid of Power, which is its object. We repeat, therefore, that in this project is the greatest and perhaps the final attempt to enslavethe world, an attempt which is exactly similar, and probably proceeds from exactly the same International source, as the attempt so recently failed, in which the German people were tools, blame worthy just to the extent that they allowed themselves to become tools; and we believe that while it must furnish the map, the map, the map of the force of misery in which its trial would plunge the world is such as to dwarf the horrors of the years so recently endured. We do not, therefore, agree with Mr. Balfour, either that the League of Nations must come, or that there is no alternative to it, and we trust that the community in whose hands may lie the power will not be so blinded by the fine words in which its description is enveloped, as to miss the meaning of the thing which is behind them.

The most important Report issued by the United States Council of National Defence, entitled “An Analysis of the High Cost of Living Problem,” is a document (we are sorry to say) as might be expected, incomparably in advance of any similar official pronouncement which has appeared in this country. After pointing out that the problem is so inter-related with others that its consideration opens an entire field of re-construction, it goes on to remark that it is neither a new problem nor (under existing circumstances) transitory in character. Proceeding, it explains, in an excellently concise manner the form of currency inflation which is probably by the lavish distribution of money unrepresented by ultimate products in personal demand (which is exactly the situation our super-producers are striving to foster, whether by ignorance or otherwise is immaterial), and remarks “with dismay, on the general flood of misinformation, half complete information and untruthful ignorance which pervades the land regarding our current economic situation.” We agree entirely with all this, and while the conclusions which the Report draws as to the steps to be taken to deal with the situation are not so impressive (quite possibly for reasons over which the individuals who framed the Report had little control), there is none of the gibb claptrap about them which we are doomed to suffer in similar circumstances in this country. Compare all this with the solemn pronouncements of our only Mr. G. H. Roberts. After admitting that failure is, in the main, the result of the unwise administration of that which he is a director of several and possibly widely differing Companies. If he does not approve of them he resigns, and if a sufficient number of persons resign and are not replaced, then the activities of that concern are clearly not desirable, and it goes out of existence. Now, the project at present known as the League of Nations can be seen to be the converse of all this; if the individual or the Nation does not approve of the objective of the League (which rests on a purely abstract and improbable assumption that its personnel not only represents the highest wisdom but an unearthly dis-
already exist in sufficient quantity, he recommends more work, much more work, to be applied to the making of unspecified articles, in order to export the result out of the community which has performed that work. Mr. Roberts concludes by assuring the Conference that they may be confident that the Ministry of Food is doing everything in its power to keep down prices, and that the power of the Government is strictly limited in this respect.

We have no doubt that Mr. Roberts is entirely honest in making these latter statements, and, moreover, that as distinct from his earlier remarks, that he is entirely correct. Both the Ministry of Food and the ostensible Government, as a whole, are mere tools in the hands of the real Governments, and Mr. Roberts has probably found out by now, if he did not suspect it when he accepted office, that he is paid to do as he is told. If he really knew anything about the cause of high prices, and were determined to use his knowledge for the benefit of the country, he would not remain in office for ten days. But, we understand, he says. The Government, i.e., the Ministers of the Crown, represent in theory the collective interest of the Nation. They are always saying so, so it must be true. Is there any collective interest of the Nation which is more immediate and more vital than that of food prices? If the Government has no power over prices, i.e., if knowing that there is a sufficiency of the articles required, in existence, they cannot get those articles distributed without making an immense quantity of goods for other countries which are not asking for them, and whose population, in any event, these Ministers do not represent, if, in other words, they cannot affect or modify the most elementary functions of Society, then, who can modify them? And if the real Rulers of Society are not in the Government, but behind the Government, who elected them, what interest do they represent, and what is the good of, say, Mr. Roberts? We feel sure that Mr. Roberts is convinced that it would be much better not to inquire too deeply into these matters, but, so it must be true. Is there any collective interest of the Nation which is more immediate and more vital than that of food prices? If the Government has no power over prices, i.e., if knowing that there is a sufficiency of the articles required, in existence, they cannot get those articles distributed without making an immense quantity of goods for other countries which are not asking for them, and whose population, in any event, these Ministers do not represent, if, in other words, they cannot affect or modify the most elementary functions of Society, then, who can modify them? And if the real Rulers of Society are not in the Government, but behind the Government, who elected them, what interest do they represent, and what is the good of, say, Mr. Roberts? We feel sure that Mr. Roberts is convinced that it would be much better not to inquire too deeply into these matters, but, at the same time, he must recognise that he is certain to be asked about them, sooner or later. We suggest, therefore, that the sooner the Hidden Governments, of the world are brought out on the surface, i.e., that a decision is obtained on points which really matter, the sooner we shall know what sort of a New-World-for-heroes we are likely to get. At the moment it requires heroism for any, but Cabinet Ministers, to live in it.

During the week the prospects of the Channel Tunnel Scheme, which were regarded as so bright, appear to have received a serious set-back, not unconnected with the divergence of opinion which manifestly exists between Mr. Lloyd George and the French Government in regard both to Russia and in a less degree to Syria. It is a continual source of wonder to us that a project so apparently unassailable in its soundness should yet have been successfully opposed for so many years. In itself we do not imagine that any argument has ever been raised against the immense convenience that such a means of communication would afford to passengers both in regard to comfort and expedition; to say nothing of freight. The objections have always been based on the assumed danger which would arise in the event of the capture or possession of the Continental end of the tunnel by some Power with whom we might be at war. Quite apart from such safeguards as might be arranged in the design of the tunnel itself, such as floodable sections, blocking trains, and so forth, no one with the most elementary idea of the immense paraphernalia of modern war can imagine that any serious menace could reside in a fighting force obliged to emerge on hostile soil through a hole fifty feet or so in diameter, whose exact position is known to an inch, and which could be obliterated in half an hour by guns situated twenty miles away. Queer things happen in war; orders are not given which ought to be given, keys are not pressed which should have been pressed, and though there may be a firing party at dawn the next morning, the mischief has been done. We understand the possibility of these things; but the number of overlapping safeguards, each of a nature insusceptible to effective treachery, is so considerable in the case of the Channel Tunnel that even in a militarist world they are sufficient to meet any sane War Office requirement. With the advent of the aeroplane and the submarine the case is further strengthened. We do not know anything of the financial interests behind the scheme, and it seems clear that being an enterprise of quite distinctively National character it should be under effective National control; but so that these matters are given proper attention the Tunnel should be made, and made soon.

There may not appear at first sight to be much connection between Dr. Einstein’s statement of the properties of light, to which we referred in last week’s Notes, and the controversy which is at present being conducted. It is suggested by the very common misapprehension that Dr. Einstein has given space to the theory that the theory of Relativity (on which the discovery is based) upsets all our mathematics and leaves us adrift on an uncharted sea. Of course, it does nothing of the sort. The properties of numbers, and the geometrical ratios, for instance, are statements in the region of abstract thought, and are quite unaffected by our inability to make concrete objects with such accuracy as will satisfy the logical statement. It is an absolute truth to say that every straight line is a tangent to a circle, for instance, but to say that a given straight line is a tangent to a given circle can never be more than an approximation, subject to a very large number of qualifications, both in regard to the straight line, the circle, and their relation to each other. Exactly the same question is involved in the application of a social theory to practical uses. It is of great importance to know that if human beings are placed in certain relations to each other, certain social results may be expected; but it is of not less importance to realise that these relations are constantly and inevitably changing, and that any practical policy must be constantly readjusted to meet the changing conditions.

C. H. D.

THE ROBIN.

While all the trees their leaf-bells rang
A tiny song a robin sang:
A song so far, so faint, so small
He hardly seemed to sing at all.

And then I could not lonely be,
I felt his thoughts were fixed on me,
So near he seemed, though far his song:
But ah! his singing ceased ere long,
And then, in spite of wind in tree,
There was no music left for me.

And then I could not lonely be,
I felt his thoughts were fixed on me,
So near he seemed, though far his song:
But ah! his singing ceased ere long,
And then, in spite of wind in tree,
There was no music left for me.

THE GIFT.

Laughing, we trod the flowery ways
Together, giving all our praise
To Him who made the world so fair
And wrought the glory of your hair
In tangled sunbeams. Now I stand
Alone in the beloved land
Where you lie hidden. Oh, my dear
What can I bring to you—a tear?
A flower, a star, or the white moonbeams?
No, no, not these. I bring you my dreams.

ELSIE PATERSON CRANMER.
Towards National Guilds.

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

Before resuming these notes we ought to correct a misstatement contained in our issue of October 2. In that we said, or at any rate allowed it to be implied, that "overhead charges" are not dispensed in the course of production, though they are included in the cost. It would be possible to contend that in a sense the statement is practically correct; for most "overhead charges" are dispensed on account of past rather than current labour. But having regard to the necessity of clarity and simplicity, we prefer to withdraw the statement and to ask our readers to accept our apology for the error. The error, fortunately, is not of much importance, for the original proposition still remains true that the sum of the moneys dispensed in the course of production are not equal to the price of the product. • • •

It is scarcely to be expected that even our readers (of whom we are in the habit of expecting an immediate comprehension of the most difficult matters) should be able to grasp at once the meaning and implications of the analytic and synthetic scheme now in course of being laid before them. In the first place, the vocabulary of finance, though intrinsically simple enough, is unfamiliar and needs to be learned almost as if it were a new language. And, in the second place, there is the still greater difficulty of having to unlearn much that hitherto has passed for knowledge. People who have been, so to speak, bred and brought up in Socialist economics find it hard to dissociate their thoughts from the old formulae, and to "think over again" the conclusions to which they have been in the habit of giving assent. Ideas like expropriation, living conditions, the problem of finance, though intrinsically simple enough, is complex and hard to enter, and that our readers must be prepared to think seriously about them if they expect to grasp the new doctrines; for from daily business with the work of propaganda we have frequently met with resistance and a claim for an assurance of the correctness and a claim. The confession is that we, the present writers, were not so long ago in the state of mind in which we conceive that many of our readers are to-day: that is to say, either bewildered by or incredulous of the new ideas presented. Various circumstances may, perhaps, have made it easier for us to grasp and accept the new doctrines; for from daily business with the work of propaganda we have naturally so often been brought into contact with the problems the earlier ideas failed to solve. For instance, it was some years ago that we began to realise from actual experience that the "transitional" steps outlined in the earlier literature were inadequate to the financial circumstances of modern industry, and it was thus only another step from the doubt to the search for a fresh solution. At the same time, however, we would not underestimate the difficulty of taking this step even with the advantage mentioned. It was necessary to switch off our minds from considerations of administrative changes, such as were indicated in phrases like "encroaching control," "share in management," "working class committees," and so forth, in order to turn them to considerations relative to finance—credit, money, and so forth. In fact, a new world had to be entered; and even with every advantage a new world of thought is always difficult of access. Nay, more, if it be any consolation to our present readers, we can say that not all of those who were associated with us in the earlier work have found themselves able to take the later steps with us. Several of our old colleagues are, in fact, as hard to convince as any of our readers; and may, for all we can tell, remain unconvinced to the end of the chapter. This, of course, is said without reproach, and only with a view to persuading our readers that the task in which they are engaged is not an easy one or one to be abandoned at the first failure to master it. We certainly believe from personal experience that the solution, when it is once grasped, is worth all the trouble involved in its realisation. The new world is, indeed, a better world for thought to live in. But we repeat that it is hard to enter, and that our readers must be prepared for some strenuous thinking before they can hope to be masters of it. • • •

We have, however, a claim to consideration which in justice should be taken into account before we are dismissed as "talking through our hat." As everybody knows, the earlier ideas of National Guilds are now spread world-wide. Nobody can take up a newspaper to-day without finding echoes of the ideas which were first put forward in these pages and largely, we may say, by the present writers. As everybody also knows, those ideas were published and expounded in these columns years before they became popularly current. We were for a long time, in fact, a mere voice in the wilderness crying aloud in an apparent solitude. But if it is now seen that the ideas we put forward then have become almost the commonplaces of thought to-day, may we not point to the fact as support for our present claim? Quite as we began the propaganda of National Guilds ten years ago, we are now beginning the propaganda of the ideas that alone can make National Guilds really practical. And with even more certainty than we used to prophesy the approaching acceptance of the elementary ideas of National Guilds, we now prophesy the approaching acceptance of the ideas we are at present expounding. In five years' time the Socialist and Labour movement—indeed, the democratic industrial movement of every school of thought—will be discussing as current and urgent practical problems the ideas with which our readers are now in course of being made familiar. Problems of finance, of credit, of price and cost, of distribution of spending-power will in five years or sooner totally eclipse, we predict, the present run of problems. In other words, we are only repeating (as we were ten years ago) the ideas that are about to be popularly discussed. And if we have been proved right in the past, there is some assurance that we are right now. • • •

In the series here resumed we shall to the best of our ability deal with the new ideas from every conceivable angle. It will be impossible and probably undesirable to avoid frequent repetition. For the same reason we shall not attempt to avoid the appearance of elementariness in the attempt to teach our grandmothers how to suck eggs. Wise as our grandmothers are, they do not know everything; and we speak for ourselves when we say that a new idea cannot be put too simply. That, in short, is what we shall
Thoughts on the State.

Though the question of government is one on which much has been written, and on which I have never studied as such, I feel that some of the following remarks on the subject from what I may call the point of view of Things in General may not be without their use at a moment when our landmarks have been disturbed and the mist of the future seems very impenetrable.

We may perhaps get some idea of future developments by looking at what has happened in the past. The centre of government, as we all knew, has gradually descended through autocracy and aristocracy till the honest man with no axe to grind is not a match for the unscrupulous builder. Pure altruism is not a sufficient motive-power, and in our folly we refuse to help the honest man forward with our active approbation, and are, on the contrary, captivated otherwise by promises and push. So long as a cleverly worded advertisement will sell any goods we are far from solving the question of government. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the present situation within States is closely comparable with that which existed between States before the war. In both international and intranational happenings the real struggle is that of Religion and the emotions against the tyranny of formal, clever, uncomprehending mind. It is a mistake to talk of the war against Capitalism. Capitalism is not a disease, but only a symptom, one head of a hydra, one result of a condition.

It may help us if we look at what has been happening in the case of another of these many "results"—namely, the case of art and emotion. During the same period which produced the German Empire and solidified the sciences, Religion and Utility were regulating religion and the emotions as unseemly diversions of energy, tending to distort the good, straight paths by which we should be striving to reach the ends which logic showed to be so desirable. In fact, Mrs. Grundy is one of the names for this type of mind, unable to see more than the obvious, fearful lest it should be swamped by uncatalogued data for which it has no category, hoping the worst of all men. Not many years ago she was threatening to become omnipotent, and few dreamed that we should so soon see a revolution such as has taken place in the last five years. The change is a most desirable one. Of course, there must be some excess, for we are, thanks to Mrs. Grundy, in the same state of "susceptibility" with respect to our emotions as South Africa was lately with respect to influenza, or the Pacific Islands when measles was first introduced there. But emotional fever is a disease which produces immunity except in a few abnormal cases, so it is only necessary to see that there is plenty of nice dancing for those who do not want it nasty, and things will soon settle down on a natural and not an artificial base-line. That is true is shown by experience at the front, where the standard of taste in orchestras of very ordinary musicians has been so spontaneously raised merely as the result of playing, without external criticism, that the evanescent attraction of the jingle has succumbed to the real satisfaction of good music.

It should be a truism to say that the Perfect State must show that same solidarity which makes all the teeth in all the wheels of Nature interwork without grinding. Hence formal mind is, of course, not to be eradicated, for it has to play its part with the rest. The question at the present time is whether it can be made to accept a position which is not supreme except by a temporary supremacy of the inchoate mind. The current view of a "Government" as some thing separate from the people, if not indeed antagonistic to them, is a very wrong one, and more is this so when the "State" is looked on as a thing thus separate. We are all part of the State, unless indeed we are parasites on it. And this will be more and more the case in the future. The age of spacial boundaries is passing away, and though the tendency of the reign of Demos will be towards local government in a most accentuated form, it will be unlike our present local government for the above-mentioned reason, not a condition of multiple complete governments for localities, each a copy more or less close of the Central Government, but one more nearly approaching the Guild System in which the limits will not be due to locality, but to type of men or community of labour or
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 author and editor.)

C.—MORAL CULTURE.

There is a current opinion in England, one that has existed from time immemorial and is still much in vogue, that the English moral culture is the most advanced and the most stable in the world. Moreover, as regards general conduct and dignity of living, even the most broad-minded Englishman thinks that he has much to learn from him. France, in his eyes, is a playground, a "house built on sand" that can never serve as a home: merely a centre for travel, for amusements, for pleasure, where you go for the relaxations of the week-end, as you go to the seaside or the country.

This one-sided view arises not only from want of observation, but from the fact that a Frenchman and Englishman, in estimating the merits of any particular action, take up utterly different standpoints.

The Englishman judges everything by a principle fixed beforehand, it may be a religious dogma, or a theory of national self-interest, or a mere prejudice. Never does he attain to a genuine tolerance, to that frame of mind which assesses an action purely on its intrinsic merits. In his eyes, such an attitude is not merely impossible in practice, but opposed to every moral law. Sincerity, to an Englishman, is not subjective but objective. Hence, the inconsistencies that always startle a Frenchman when he lives even in the most respectable English circles. Before the war, however, it was fashionable to declare that the old-time moral standards were losing ground; some ill-natured critics ascribed this to the influence of France, especially of Parisian life. It was held that Edward VII, who had grown too familiar with Continental ways, was largely responsible for the evil. There were, on the other hand, some more thoughtful observers who saw in this state of things a natural process of evolution, due to influences that henceforth could not possibly be attributed to France. They declared that like the solid British virtues to the noisy ostentation of social leaders in America. And, indeed, the type of smart depravity affected by the "upper classes," and revealed to the world in the famous scandal of the forty-seven thousand, was undoubtedly the result of a certain Americanism that was all the rage about the year 1914. France had only to bear the blame for the moral deterioration of the masses.

Must it be pointed out, at the same time, that some English moralists were beginning to ask themselves whether the ostensible freedom of manners with which France was so bitterly reproached did not involve certain moral, and, above all, social advantages that one would look for in vain in the "respectability," more apparent than real, of English Society? "He who tries to play the angel ends by playing the beast," said our great Pascal. There are merits, as well as drawbacks, in a life of freedom according to nature; it may suit such men from the moral point of view and an artist to them in a moment, the difficulty of keeping formal mind in its place as servant will still remain. If, however, we all try honestly to play the game it may be startling to see how soon the change is accomplished. For we must modify our hopes accordingly.

One quality that the English no longer denied us after the beginning of the twentieth century was the spirit of moderation and sagacity resident in our hard-working democracy. By reason of closer relations between the healthier elements among the two nations (congresses of workers, of teachers, etc.), the ordinary Englishman at last realised that the French nation did not consist solely of animals, lavish of gesture and living mainly on frogs, but that there were quiet, sensible, industrious people in our midst to be met with, not on the boulevards or in the month-halls, but in their homes, their workshops, their factories, their fields. Having discovered them, he tendered them a hearty admiration. It was this class that he encountered in the trenches of Flanders or Picardy, and came to like sincerely, as an Englishman can when he is not blinded by prejudice, and, it must be said in passing, it is to this class that one should always give prominence, when speaking of France among foreigners. The Englishman, then, from the outset of the war, envied us our simplicity and love of order, which betray themselves in the healthy middle-class by a hatred of luxurious display and in the working-man by that limitation of his wants, that spirit of prudence and thrift which reflect a thoughtful and firmly disciplined mentality.

The English, accordingly, without knowing us really well, were gradually overcoming certain prejudices that they had cherished against us for centuries. For most of them, the war has been nothing short of a revelation; but the wisest among them merely had their expectations confirmed. In all it has aroused a genuine interest in French affairs and an unfeigned affection for the French people as a whole. It is our place to develop these nascent feelings, for the benefit of both races. This by no means implies that English culture should exert an arbitrary influence over French culture, or vice versa. Anglo-mania is not merely ridiculous in its childish phases, such as we too often come across; it is even noxious to our interests and to our spiritual growth, and the same is true of Gallo-mania in England. The important thing is that we should know each other as thoroughly as possible. Thus we shall avoid the misunderstandings that may lead to serious economic and even political conflicts; and, what is more, both English and French alike will gain, each for his
own peculiar culture, suggestions of infinite value and a raising of the moral, spiritual and social scale for mankind in general. For England and France are, and will long remain, the two great experiments of civilisation.

New Values.

By Edward Moore.

There is one limitation, and a tremendous one, which belongs to works which express the conscious part of the writer's mind: they do not reach the unconscious. Their compass is less than that of those writings which come out of the unconscious; for these speak to both the conscious and the unconscious, reaching the one by the road of the other. In short, the conscious is to the latter a means merely, while to the former it is the end as well. The difference between the two types is radical. The dialectician expresses theories, that is ideas which are current at any time, and, generally, to define the matter further, the ideas of a party or of a school. The intuitive thinker has a tremendous and fundamental individuality of utterance: he writes "out of himself". The first aims at convincing; the second, without seeming to have an aim at all, illumines. The one clarifies, the other stimulates. Everything in literature which incites to create, which expresses more than it says, comes out of the unconscious, and goes to it.

A subtle peril has always lain in wait for writers, or rather for intuitive writers, for to the others it is not a peril. It is to write, with the most honest intentions, and even without knowing it, out of the conscious merely. The tendency appears generally after they have published their first book. There they have set down themselves; there they have become conscious; and the almost overwhelming temptation now is to write as this conscious entity, to write as author. This danger was constantly being surmounted by Nietzsche, and it accounts for much of the misery which he endured in his development as a writer. In writing one should forget that one has ever written, one should even put behind one's mind in which one has approached reality—in order to find it within. I am that which I expressed in my writings, the intuitive thinker will say, and I do not need now to strive consciously to become it. To do so, indeed, is the only way in which I can fail. The faculty which makes great original work possible is a power of forgetting, of going faithfully on. One cannot imagine Blake, for example, ever writing as the author of his works, or as anything but Blake. It is a test of greatness. The danger, however, to repeat it again, is one which belongs only to those whose strength is in their unconscious. For them to write out of the conscious merely is spiritual castration.

The difference between the conscious and the unconscious thinker is a difference, really, of nature. While the former applies only his mind to truth, the latter applies himself in toto. What does this mean, however? Nothing less than this, that in the intuitive thinker the very unconscious is occupied with great problems. He "suffers from his truths," to use an autobiographical phrase of Nietzsche; he is concerned with reality in every organ, every muscle, every nerve; he is thinker through and through. The conscious thinker, on the other hand, is distinguished in most cases in his mind only, while his unconscious remains nothing better than that of an average man. Consequently, his intellectual and his unconscious activities are strictly separated. Not only is he unable to reach the unconscious with his writings, but he does not even desire to reach it; and only drawn by some train of thought which imagines him desperately beating against the closed door of the unconscious. Not in the least. All that he desires is to make men agree with him; for the rest, he prefers that they should remain as they are. Mr. Belloc is an example, in his propagandist writings, of this type. He wishes to convert the public to his theories; he does not wish to touch their unconscious—indeed, the very prospect would make him shudder. With an extraordinary mind, he possesses a nature charming as revealed in his essays, but mediocre, and melodrama deliberately, with taste, even with distinction. It is this commonplaces, which avoids with equal fastidiousness the precious and the great, that makes Mr. Belloc, the least religious writer of his time, a believer in the Church. The love of religion has reduced many to mediocrity, but love of mediocrity has actually reduced Mr. Belloc to religion! Intellectually, he says in effect, I am as good as any of them, but underneath I am a good fellow and go to church, so will you agree with me about the Servile State? The unconscious thinker, on the other hand, is separated from the mediocre in every way; he is an incarnation not of a more primitive, but of a more developed, spirit than theirs: in him the very unconscious has become spiritual. He does not convince men's minds; he changes the current of their lives. Yes, he actually has the power of doing this, romantic as it may sound. For to inspire is simply to be able to speak from the unconscious: that and nothing more. The conscious thinker is, of course, anything but impotent. He may cause a revolution—the French philosophes of the eighteenth century are credited with doing it; but he can only change something, in a good or bad time he can perhaps point the way to an ideal State, but the intuitive thinker alone can make it worth our living in it.

The Universal "Appeal."—Deep calls to deep—and to shallow as well.

The hint which Nietzsche dropped about the democratic nature of dialectics is a most pregnant one. He himself insisted upon its egalitarianism, by constructing a machine which everyone has to use in the same way; he said it produces a common equality of mind. This, however, is only one aspect. There is hardly a quality of dialectics which is not democratic, and democratic in the modern sense: that is, generous, collectivist, popular. To begin with, argument is a matter of cooperation: two at least are required for it. Secondly, for its pursuit there must be a "common ground": reality must become a "subject," and even sometimes a "popular issue." Thirdly, there must be "generosity": the "garden" is an "open" one. How many democratic cliches one is forced to use in describing it! But intuition, on the other hand, is individual purely, by which is meant not that the intuitive thinker is cut off from men and from life, but that his relation to them is personal and immediate. He does not need to enter into an association, for he lives in enmity with existence. Dialectics is an attempt at compensation by those who have not this immediate perception of unity and truth; they pursue reality in co-operation, and just as much for the cooperation as for the reality. Argument is an effort, not only to understand, but to be understood by, confoundingly, sentimentally and in the most disreputable usage of the word. Its truths are charmed magnets which draw men together, and round which they make a ring of cosy, inquisitive good fellowship. How much of the grace of Plato himself is in the "social" quality of his dialogues! With some people, dialectic is but a distorted form of social intercourse: conversation with rules: the most clumsy, the most intellectual, the most absurd form of persiflage. The countries which talk the worst, argue the most. But how is the Greek Socrates to be explained, if all is to be asked? Well, Nietzsche pointed out long ago that the Greeks lacked wit. One simply cannot imagine a French Socrates; and, by the same token, one can almost imagine a Scotch one. Dialectics is an attempt to procreate truth.
Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

It would be interesting to know why Mr. Henry Ainley chose to make his re-appearance in London in a Tolstoyan tract. It is true that he makes of the part of Fedya in "Repairation" a powerful display of acting, but he could do the same with a "Times" leader or the poetry of Thomas Hardy. The tract itself is valueless since the Revolution, for the legal point on which it turns is no longer effective; and even in the palmy days of Czarism, when Tolstoy could pose as a prophet, "The Live Corpse" never had any dramatic value. The carefully cultivated naiveté of Tolstoy's later period disqualified him for dramatic writing; he developed the delusion that art was morals, and truth merely a matter of plain speaking, of demonstration by argument of some obvious but ignored truism. At best, he developed the habit of making humanity illustrate his problems; "... in art, humanity constitutes the problem, of which the solution is the creation of an ideal humanity. Tolstoy, in his later period at least, cared more for morals than for man, with the consequence that he became a critic and a judge of institutions and habits, instead of a creator of the world he desired.

We need only object to criticism when it attempts to take the stage. A critic must do his best for his argument; but an artist must do his best for his characters. If he criticises them, disapproves of them, he will have to choose between caricature and an imperfect statement of his problem; indeed, criticism itself cannot, on the stage, successfully dispense with dramatic art. The whole tragedy of "Repairation" turns on something with which, apparently, Tolstoy had no sympathy, with the consequence that it is never put before us with any semblance of reality. If Victor Karamin had not been a religious man, civil marriage would have satisfied him, and there would have been no need for Fedya's sacrifice; but Victor was a religious man, and any other than ecclesiastical marriage would have been, to him, "living in sin"—so we are told. But Tolstoy's sympathies are not with him, and he, and his family, and his prejudices, are not projected with any power or appearance of reality. Victor is not a man, he is an hypothesis who leaves us unconvinced of the reality of his problem; as Tolstoy depicts him, it is impossible for us to see why he insists on ecclesiastical marriage, what difference the form of marriage could possibly make to him. Tolstoy did not sympathise with the man's position, and did not bother to create him; with the consequence that we get only a statement of a case (and a tedious argument; but an artist must do his best for his characters. If he criticises them, disapproves of them, he will have to choose between caricature and an imperfect statement of his problem; indeed, criticism itself cannot, on the stage, successfully dispense with dramatic art. The whole tragedy of "Repairation" turns on something with which, apparently, Tolstoy had no sympathy, with the consequence that it is never put before us with any semblance of reality. If Victor Karamin had not been a religious man, civil marriage would have satisfied him, and there would have been no need for Fedya's sacrifice; but Victor was a religious man, and any other than ecclesiastical marriage would have been, to him, "living in sin"—so we are told. But Tolstoy's sympathies are not with him, and he, and his family, and his prejudices, are not projected with any power or appearance of reality. Victor is not a man, he is an hypothesis who leaves us unconvinced of the reality of his problem; as Tolstoy depicts him, it is impossible for us to see why he insists on ecclesiastical marriage, what difference the form of marriage could possibly make to him. Tolstoy did not sympathise with the man's position, and did not bother to create him; with the consequence that we get only a statement of a case (and a tedious argument; too) which is referred to the character of Fedya for its solution. The problem is stated in hypothetical terms, and the solution in terms of character; the drama, such as it is, does not arise, as it should do, from the clash of the two characters, or of the two conceptions.

The only way in which Victor's prejudice in favour of ecclesiastical marriage can be gratified is by the divorce of Fedya; Victor's religion, apparently, did not prohibit marriage with a divorced woman. But Fedya, in a most unconvinving scene, insists on the ground that he would have to tell lies to get it. I do not know (and the play does not reveal) the divorce law of the old régime in Russia; but to an English auditor, Fedya's argument seems absurd, because incredible. In English law, he would be the respondent, and there would be no need for the lie to get a decree against him. A dramatic situation that turns
on a technical point like this is obviously unconvincing to a foreign audience; it is undramatic, however explanatory it may be of the legal absurdities of some other country. It is then put to Fedya that the only other way out is his suicide; and, with the magnanimity which takes the sin of suicide in the his soul, so that his wife and his friend may not live in the sin of unsanctioned marriage. Victor’s sacramental marriage would apparently cover a multitude of sins.

But at the last moment, Fedya’s courage fails him. If the Prince had taken the precaution to supply the weapon, and had given him one of those hair-trigger things that respond as easily to funk as to courage, all would have been well. But Fedya supplied his own revolver; and, judging by appearances, he either tried to fire it with the safety catch down or the trigger had a resistance equal to about one hundred pounds pressure. Anyhow, the thing did not go off, and Fedya accused himself of cowardice. But his gipsy lover (woman’s wit again) suggested a pretended suicide and a real disappearance with her; so Fedya’s clothes, with a farewell letter in the pocket, were left on the river bank. Victor took the supposed widow to the altar, and, without sin, entered into holy matrimony.

But Fedya comes to life again in a low-class restaurant, where, being full of bad beer and brotherly love, he confines the whole story to a stranger, and, in the hearing of a spy. The spy suggests blackmail, and a resistance equal to about one hundred pounds pressure.

This time the revolver does work; and Fedya performs some extraordinary physical and vocal feats with two bullets in his viscera. Exactly what ‘reparation’ he has made is not clear—unless we are to suppose that Victor, instead of Fedya, will go to Siberia with the wife, but what will happen to Victor we are not told.

It is impossible to see the point of the play. It begins, as I have said, with an apparent conflict between the sacramental and the secular view of marriage; it ends with an apparent demonstration of its absurdity, without any development of the subject. But the end is not clear to an English audience. A verdict of ‘Guilty,’ which is a sentence of exile to Siberia for Fedya and his wife; but what will happen to Victor we are not told.

The other announcement is of the forthcoming appearance of Major C. H. Douglas’ chapters on ‘Economic Democracy,’ as originally, and not so very long ago, published serially in these columns. They also will be published in book-form by Messrs. Cecil Palmer and Hayward early in the new year, and at the price, I am told by Mr. Palmer, of 5s. net. I need not advertise the ‘revolutionary’ character of Major Douglas’ work; it is apparent on all sides of me. “Towards National Guilds”—which I usually read with pleasure for the sensation of literary speed—bears marks of its beneficent devastation; and I believe with my intuition, even if I have abundant evidence, that Major Douglas’ ideas, in conjunction with those of the authors and aids and abettors of the Guild theory, are destined to be realised in and by the new age of which The New Age is the pre-cognizant herald. With this unusually long and slightly rhetorical sentence I commend “Economic Democracy” to my readers.

Readers and Writers.

Announcements used to precede the sermon when I was young; and I have now one or two to make before resuming (as sedate notes (as sedate notes as sedate notes called this highly instructive page). The first is a repetition of an old announcement that failed to occur as advertised—the forthcoming publication, by Messrs. Cecil Palmer, of her collection of “First Poems” by Miss Ruth Pitter. My colleague, Mr. Stephen Maguire, will probably have something to say concerning Miss Pitter’s verse when it is at last published in book form. He may, in fact, have something to say on it by way of introducing Miss Pitter to the less formidable company that does not read The New Age. But neither that nor this shall prevent me from remarking here that Miss Pitter’s verse is as nearly non-human as anything I have read outside the traditions of faery. As a rhythmist, Miss Pitter is remarkable: the subtility of her phrasing is almost beyond a modern ear, though I am certain that the Elizabethan lyricists would have delighted in it. But it is mostly music and—I was going to say—nothing more. I mean, however, nothing more human. For Miss Pitter is not even a sentimentalist; there is not a trace of sentiment in her verse; and still less is there any, as we should say, human emotion. Miss Pitter’s verse belongs to the fairy and elemental world—a world of exquisite rhythms, almost too faint, as I have said, for modern ears, but a world, too, of emotions far removed from any that vex the human heart. A literary phenomenon, though I doubt whether her appearance in book-form will be noted as such. Psycho-analysts, however, may have an observation to make.

The second announcement is that of Mr. Ainley; no one else has a chance, as I have said, to catch the tone and spirit of my colleagues would dream of publishing. It concerns the “Scheme” associated with Economic Democracy,” and of which inspiring whispers are constantly reaching us. It may be recollected that some months ago English guildsmen were startled into rare pleasure by the adoption in America of the Guild “Plumb Plan,” by the associated American railway brotherhoods; and a contrast, I think, was not unnatural made by my laborious colleagues between the relative quickness in the uptake of American and English Trade Union leaders and the method of persuasion to persuade the American Trade Union executives that there is “something” in the National Guild idea. It has taken over ten years to acquaint the English Trade Union leaders, living almost next door to us, of the mere existence of the Guild propaganda. My revelation, however, is yet to come. It is this that the American representative of the Plum Plan League is now in this country on a special mission to inquire into the nature
and details of the aforementioned “Scheme.” Already, it seems, news of the existence of the “Scheme” has reached the ears of influential Labour personages in America; and before, in the common phrase, you could say Jack Robinson, a messenger, was sent to the capital to hear what is all about. The contrast of celerity in this case is even more favourable to America than in the last; for it goes without my saying that the English Trade Union leaders had no occasion to send a messenger to The New Age. The “Scheme” was taken to the most professedly intelligent of them by hand and in person months ago. Since when, my colleagues have heard scarcely another word about it.

It would be balancing a pyramid on its apex to rest a generalisation concerning the relative position of America and England upon the facts just mentioned. These facts, however, I cannot help thinking are typical and can be observed as frequently outside the Labour movement as in it. A country may grow aged in mind long before it is really old in history; and I am afraid that England is looked at that long before she is old in history. Her mind is becoming aged. The peculiarity of the aged mind, of course, is not that it cannot think, but that it cannot think new thoughts. All its energy runs in grooves, and there is none to spare for a new idea. As I believe I have said before, there is little “free mind” in this country. Like the commons and the commonwealth, all the mind-energy has been appropriated by one interest or another, with the consequence that every fresh idea is compelled either to starve at home or to emigrate abroad. America, as an intellectually youthful nation (may it never grow aged!), reaps the advantage of the decline of its aged parent. Ideas that cannot pick up a living in this country, may emigrate to America and flourish there. And the Ideas that cannot get cabottiere. She is old in history, her mind is becoming aged. The intellectual air and soil of this country are much ranker than I take them to be.

Whether it is that I am fondly English, or that there is really some evidence of the approach of a renaissance in this country, I will leave to optimists and pessimists to wrangle between them. Whether, again, it is avuncular folly on my part or there is some ground for my intuition that The New Age is symbolic is another stage-management. Miss Agnes Bedford was excellent in her accompaniment. She presented a remarkable assortment of the “component parts of an artist” without, however, causing them to cohere into an wholly convincing composition. She began with “Wraggle Taggle Gipsies,” a sort of version of the “Flight of the Duchess.” She has a good voice, pleasing use of the throat, her gestures were exaggerated, contrasts too violent, not enough intellectual air and soil for a new idea, much ranker than I take them to be.

In the second song there were fine odd moments. One could have made a good series of photographs of the various poses, but the thing was not grasped as a whole, and did not carry conviction. She does not understand scale; she does not know that certain things which carry in a drawing-room will not carry in a hall. “La Glu” went better; for the first time she showed restraint; she began with the arms folded, kept them so for a time, and then managed a proper crescendo of gestures. In this song the rhythm is good enough, and was well enough managed, to aid the unity. The gaminerie in the song by Ashton reeded restraint, but the use of the voice was excellent. Thus in the first four songs the diseuse had managed to demonstrate her capacities, i.e., her voice and a real gift for gesture, but showed them to carry in a drawing-room into the small and unified drama that each song with-gestures must be if one is to take it seriously as art.

Miss Agnes Bedford is a good cafe chantant with a touch of art added. “St. Nicholas” was beautifully sung; one, however, received more from it if one kept one’s eyes off the performer; the voice made its graduations properly, and with great variety. The “Ronde” showed delightful vocal range. “Jack Hall” would have been better omitted; and the fourth song of this group is buffoon balladry. Comedy must not try to be too comic. In “Mort Renard” we had the same gestures which we had had already ad plenum. This is very bad stage-management. Miss Agnes Bedford was excellent in her accompaniment. “La Perla” has great charm and got the audience as none of the earlier numbers had quite done. One retained no doubts as to the beauty of the voice. “Zohra” is interesting and Salvador Daniel probably a musician, and certainly a scholar of exotic music, worth study, but it cannot be said that this song, as given, was convincingly Arabic. “La Paloma” was interesting. Miss Agnes Bedford got cabottiere.

Now that I am back after a much syncopated absence, I find myself in arrears as regards a heap of work. All of them, however, shall be attended to, Space and Time willing; and some of them, I fancy, will wish me anywhere but here! In the interval of three or four months that have elapsed since people realised that the Armistice was a fact—not everybody has realised it yet, for it is clear that the “Times” and Mr. Bottomley are still under the impression that we are at war with the Central Powers—during that interval, as I was beginning to say, not one but at least a dozen new journals and magazines have been started—weekly journals, monthly journals, quarterly journals, journals all “literature” and no politics, journals all letterpress and no pictures, journals all pictures and no “matter,” journals of all advertisements, journals of only as many as they can get, journals for men only, for women only, for ladies only, almost a journal, in short, for every man, woman and child in the kingdom. I shall not say that the crop is excessive in view of the prevalent poverty of ideas; in that it resembles the inflation of credit in the absence of goods. I shall only say that the mushrooms cannot last very long unless the intellectual air and soil in this country are much ranker than I take them to be.

R. H. C.

The New Age.
Net conclusion: Marquesita has more good faculties going to do anything other performer I have heard and seen for some time. Again, to enumerate: she has a charming voice; she has quite enough vocal technique to sing the best Bel Canto, Caccini, Vivaldi, and Chaliard. There is a certain principle of this art and technique to sing the best Bel Canto, Caccini, Vivaldi, and Chaliard.

There are certain principles of this art displayed, or violated, month in and month out, on the concert platform.

As said on numerous occasions in these columns, a concert is like a play; it consists usually of four groups of songs; of these the third group must be the climactic.

The fourth can be farce after the drama, it can be a change of tune, it can be a curiosity, a bit of research; or simply a diminuendo.

Marquesita could have held her audience simply by singing, if she had chosen songs with sufficient musical interest. She chose to be a disease, that is, to act songs. There is a different art as well as part of it. A number of the pieces chosen, little narratives of action, with same melody repeated many times, have not enough musical interest to grip without action. There is really nothing to be said against the singing.

In the art of gesture, Marquesita has gifts, but she is all over the shop. One movement is used about 60 times, another about 40; there is little graduation. She does not realize that a human being with its arms spread out to their widest is large enough to "fill" the whole stage at Covent Garden. Neither does she realise the effect of a contemporary evening dress on various gestures. If one could hammer into her head the fact that "art" in gesture, to be art, art, requires quite as much nicety and technique as the art she uses in the actual singing; the same sort of graduation, of minor cord into major, from one part to another, one would have served both her art and sham art.

For this art each gesture has got to mean something, exactly as the particular quality of voice has got to mean something. The little dramas must each be complete and the lot of them must be built into a programme.

It would be exceedingly simple for this singer to give a concert which would have more than a quilted success. Let her begin, piano-piano with fine and delicate music: Marcello, old Italian, what you will, but something depending entirely on the musical interest. (She had such numbers in her programme, but stuck in without thought of the main form of the concert, and therefore without due effect.) She could hold any audience with good music for at least four songs; probably for sixteen. But let us say we have four songs, simply as songs; the second group could be songs with quiet gestures, and about a fifth the number of movements Mlle. Marquesita would naturally use. The third group must be the heavy work, the real tragedy, the full-blown emotion. And then, if needs must, she might apply the nonsense in the finale.

It is a case for the critics and the public; this artist will not wholly make herself from inside. Yvette had in the first place a receptive intellect; and, secondly, she had aborigine and those which she substitutes for them, and yet her translation when viewed in bulk may be classed as a reasonably accurate counterpart of the manner of the original. For the individual divergencies may well be levelled out by the effect of the whole. Thus the French translation of Whitman published by the "Nouvelle Revue Française" achieves a high average
of excellence, although when I examine it in detail I find such renderings as these:

- *développement for tilth*,
- *vagabond plein d'amour for loving loafer*,
- *aventure for foray*,
- *chansons for carols*,
- *débutants for forth-stappers*,
- *effort for heft*,
- *événements for haps*.

Now in all these cases the English has been rendered by a French equivalent which does not really bring out the precise effect produced on the English reader by Whitman's phraseology. Comparatively rare words like *tilth* and *hap* are replaced by words in common use. An interesting example of a close correspondence of manner in the original and the translation occurs where Whitman's phrase, "resting the grass amid," is rendered by Francis Videl-Grihim as "qui gis emmis l'herbe." Here the precise effect produced in English by placing the preposition after the noun is admirably suggested in the French by using an archaic verb and preposition.

There are poets, however, who not only achieve an individual style, but who also create an individual vocabulary. Something of this kind happens when Whitman uses *Ninth-month* and *Third-month*, for which his French translator offers *septembre* and *mars* as inadequate renderings. This, of course, is a revaluing of words already current in other categories rather than an actual creation of new words. Occasionally Whitman advances to this achievement as well. Thus he speaks of *self-hood*, and again the French translator, who here gives *moi* as equivalent, appears to find the resources of his language unequal to this creative diction. As I have said, it is possible in many cases to restore the balance of average general effect, but where the combination of peculiar idiom and verbal creativeness becomes an organic element of style, the rendering of this cumulative effect cannot be entrusted to the chances of intuitive skill. The translator must attain analogous effects, and if, owing to his own inability or to the limitations of his medium, he fails to do so, his translation will be at best only a weak echo, a superficial paraphrase of the original.

The supreme example of verbal creativeness combined with a peculiarly individual use of the vocabulary already current is found in the language of Shakespeare. How does he fare in translation? It is generally admitted that the standard German rendering known as the Schlegel-Tieck version (actually this title is a misnomer, as several of the plays were translated neither by Schlegel nor Tieck,) represents the most successful attempt to reproduce Shakespeare in another language. If, then, on closer scrutiny this proves to give no true idea of typical Shakespearean diction, we may fairly assume that this never has yet been translated. Suppose we take a few test passages of Shakespearean English and see what happens to them in German. In each case a retranslation will be added to show what the German text amounts to. Let us start with—

The multitudinous seas incarnadine.
I turn to the revised Schlegel-Tieck edition and discover—

Des ungeheuren Ozeans Wasser farben
(Colour the water of the enormous ocean).

Compared with Shakespeare this is trivial, flat, and bloodless. Beethoven's Ninth Symphony on a gramophone is less inadequate.

Again,

Unhoused, disappointed, unaned

appears as—

Ganz ungerüstet, ohne Belcht' und Oelung
(Quite unprepared, without confusion and accounting).

Or when Laertes observes—

Contagious blastments are most imminent

he is interpreted as saying:

1st gift'ger Anhauch am gefährlichsten
(Poisons breathing is at its most dangerous),

while the closing words of Ophelia's reply—

Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede

is rendered:

Er selbst den Blumenpfad der Lust betritt
(He himself treads the flowery path of joy
And mocks at his advice).

Macbeth's

if the assassination
Could trammel up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success

becomes:

Wenn der Mord
Anflingen könnt' in seinem Notz die Folgen,
Mit dem Vollbringen das Gelingen haschen
(If the murder
Could catch the consequences in its net,
With fulfillment seize success).

Henry IV's

In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
And in the visitation of the winds

is watered down to:

In ruher, mächt'ger Wellen Wiege,
Und in der Winde Andrang
(In cradle of rough, mighty waves,
And in the winds' pressure).

Compare, too, this phraseology:

That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, thought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soever,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute,

with this:

Nimmt schon dein Umfang alles in sich auf,
Gleich wie die See, nichts kommt hinein,
Wie würdig, wie erhaben auch, das nicht
Im Augenblicke schal und wertlos würde.
(Though thy capacity admits everything
Just as the sea, nothing enters there.
However worthy, however exalted, without becoming
Stale and worthless in a moment).

Such examples, where the whole aroma of Shakespearean language has evaporated in the process of translation, might be continued indefinitely. The results are equally unfavourable if the comparison is limited to isolated words and phrases. The following list will answer the present purpose—

sluttery is translated as Schmutz (dirt),
climatères—Himmelsstrich (region),
as we have warrantise—so weit wir durften (as far as we might),
hugger-mugger—insgeheim (secretly),
noyance—Schädigung (damage).

In all these cases the whole atmosphere of the context is changed by substituting an everyday word for the more uncommon phrasology used by Shakespeare. One might suppose that the translators had a merely lexical knowledge of English, and that they did not understand how remote these words are from the normal vocabulary. Otherwise it seems incredible that they would not have made some attempt to derive approximate equivalents from the rich store of German archaisms and dialect expressions. As I have suggested in discussing the French translation of Whitman, a defect of this kind could perhaps adjust itself by the law of averages, but taken into conjunction with even more penetrative weaknesses it is fatal to the German translation of Shakespeare. All the irregularities of syntax, the interchanging of parts of speech, without which Shakespeare's language would lose so much of its peculiar expressiveness, have been
eliminated in the German version. It would be tedious to enter into details. One typical instance will suffice to maintain my argument. Antony's famous
This was the most unkindest cut of all
appears in tame masquerade as:

*Kein Stich von allen schmerzte so wie der (No cut of all pained so much as that one).

I notice, by the way, that the most recent German edition of Shakespeare, based by Friedrich Gundolf upon Schlegel's work, but claiming to take advantage of the linguistic and rhythmic developments which German has undergone during over a century's growth, leaves the last-quoted line in its original form. Gundolf's preface promises just those improvements which would remedy the fundamental blemishes I have indicated, but I have found no convincing signs that his intentions have been carried out.

In thus criticising the Schlegel-Tieck translation of Shakespeare I do not wish to be misunderstood. I still regard it as a remarkable achievement in many respects, and Heaven forbid that I should follow the example of Matthew Arnold and prefer to read the French prose translation. The history of its production shows what patient labour was expended upon it. For example, a study of the original manuscripts reveals the interesting fact that so simple a line as:

*I'm never merry when I hear sweet music*
received six different renderings before its wording was finally settled. For the benefit of the curious reader I quote these variants:

-Nie höre ich fröhlich liebliche Musik:
-Nie bin ich froh, spielt liebliche Musik:
-Nie bin ich froh, wenn ich Musik vernehme:
-Nie bin ich froh bei lieblicher Musik:
-Nie war bei lieblicher Musik ich lustig:
-Nie macht die liebliche Musik mich lustig:

The superficial effectiveness of these conscientious methods has called forth the highest praise from superficial critics, and it is therefore not surprising to find that Abraham Hayward, Q.C., passes the following judgment in the preface to his translation of Goethe's "Faust," on which I have already commented:

-"...the pliancy and plasticity of the instrument with which they work enable the Germans to transfer the best works of other nations almost verbatim to their literature-witness their translations of Shakespeare, in which the very puns are inimitably hit off." As I have demonstrated, the German translators of Shakespeare have by no means transferred him almost verbatim (in any substantial sense of that word) to their literature. Hayward is quite unnecessarily impressed, too, with the reproduction of puns, which is achieved either by mere verbal ingenuity (praiseworthy, of course), or by the use of words cognate in the two languages. If the climax of Shakespearean translation were the rendering of puns, the value of the German version would be much greater, I must admit. But the most significant part of Hayward's observation consists in his reference to the pliancy and plasticity of the instrument with which the German translators work. He seems quite unaware that the instrument he had at his own disposal was at least as plant and elastic as theirs. This is perhaps the most eloquent footnote to his translation of "Faust."

I have limited myself to pointing out what I regard as the organic shortcomings of this translation. It is not for me to say that they are remedied, or whether this is even possible. But if I were pressed for my opinion, I should be inclined to say that although the German language is capable of much more than has been achieved in the Schlegel-Tieck translation (perhaps an advance in this respect has already been made by Friedrich Gundolf, in volumes which have not yet come under my notice), the specific Shakespearean tone in its entire range will probably never be reproduced in any existing medium.
all—to find that knock-out blow adored of the militarist.

The passage is eloquently indicative of Mr. Ellis' preference for civilization; and in the world of ideas, the City of Man, which shall reproduce the City of God, is built with comparative ease. The artist's difficulties usually begin with his material; and the material with which the artist in life has to work is undoubtedly refractory. The beautifully constructed and intelligently ordered world of Mr. Ellis' vision requires an intelligent and artistic people to construct and maintain it; but there is nothing more certain than that an intelligent people, however able they may be to constitute that inexhaustive reservatory, from out of intelligent people, however able they may be to impressions, "who adopt selective ideas and practices showing the ratio between them necessary to the balance stupidity against intelligence in an ordered scale; it is much stupidity." Yet Mr. Ellis, when considering some of the means to his ideal end, does not balance stupidity against intelligence in an ordered world; but, in his essay on "Eugenics in Relation to the War," for example, reverts to the imagined necessity of population which alters the world of his vision. Frequently, he would eliminate stupidity by enabling the stupid to use intelligently the means of birth control, and thus reverse the contrary process of recent history which has resulted in the intelligent people stupidly using the means of birth control. But the very fact that it has been the fit, the intelligent, classes, and not the unfit, the unintelligent, classes who have taken advantage of the means of birth control to sterilise themselves warns us to be cautious of such prescriptions; it is seen that they produce social results contrary to those intended, are dysgenic and not eugenic in their consequences. A more perfect illustration of Bagehot's contention it would be difficult to find; it is precisely the clever people, with their "excessive sensibility to present stimuli," who adopt selective ideas and practices and apply them to their own extinction. If Mr. Ellis would write an essay on "Stupidity and Intelligence," showing the ratio between them necessary to the successful maintenance and development of civilization, it would be a work well worth reading. Ribot, from another angle, confirms Bagehot's observation: "The millions of the modern middle-class being, as regards itself and others, are reduced to a few thousand men, who constitute its clear consciousness, and who represent its social activity in all its aspects, its politics, its industry, its commerce, and its intellectual culture. And yet these millions of unknown human beings—limited as to manner and place of existence, quietly living and quietly passing away—make up all the rest; without them there would be nothing. They constitute that inexhaustive reservoir, from out of which, through a rapid or sudden selection, a few individuals rise to the surface; but these favourites of talent, power, or wealth, themselves enjoy but an ephemeral existence. Degeneracy—always fatally inherent in that which rises—will again lower their race and themselves, while the silent work of the ignored millions will continue to produce other ones, and to impress upon them similar characteristics." The real problem is not the elimination of the so-called "unfit," but the production of a sufficient, and no larger, quantity of intelligence; and the method of birth control apparently does not guarantee that result.

But these essays do not usually announce such definite results. Mr. Ellis plays with recorded facts and articulated theories with an amused tolerance that will exasperate the youth who is "hot for certainties"; he is, shall we say, the Oxford of social speculation and the proper specialist in that sense as Oxford is in those of the past. The essays cover his usual range of subjects: War, Women, Work, and the Welfare of the World, with an increasing urbanity and brevity of treatment; and enable the reader to take a more comprehensive than detailed view of the most recent and expert contributions to the study of the objects that are, at this moment, of great social, economic, and political importance.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Qued. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. (Constable. Pocket Edition.)

So far as we can gather, this reprint is the twenty-second edition of "Qued" in eight years, a fact which suggests that Mr. Harrison has a "popular appeal," as it is called. It is a study which, in spite of the skill expended in its telling, panders to the popular prejudice against abstract intellect, and contains all the ingredients of sentimental bathos which Mr. Harrison's people call "life." Qued is an orphan, Qued is friendless, Qued is a self-taught man engaged on a magnum opus of sociology. Like Mr. Wells' "Mr. Lewisham," he has plotted out his life according to time-table; like Mr. Lewisham, he is interrupted in his projected orderly progress by the irruption of life itself. Unlike Mr. Lewisham, though, it is not a sudden flare-up of sex-passion which alters the whole course of Qued's life. Qued submits to the servile life of a school-teacher without hope of release; Qued is gradually thawed from a ferocious and unreadable sociologist into a human and most able editor, and his love affair with Sharlee Weyland is conducted on the most approved lines of American courtship. Qued even passes successfully the moral test of character implied by the fact that he bears uncomplainingly the stigma of an offence committed by his rival in love. Once he has been taught that altruism is not only something to be written about, but done, he squirts altruism through every pore, dedicates his father, and acknowledges him, although he is a corrupt old scoundrel, proposes to start a night-school for boys and a reformatory for girls, and generally behaves like a Sunday-school superintendent with a legacy. If the study were frankly a caricature of the scientific type, it would be more enjoyable; but the smug complacency with which the author substitutes his conventional social values for the intellectual passion of the scientist, and afflicts his chief character with all the stigmata of the sentimental hero, makes the book unreadable. Indeed, "Qued" is written with suavity, and some of its passages (particularly those descriptive of politics) have a fine flavour of irony; but the author's preference for human nature as defined in the best magazine stories prevents him from ranking with the classics, although, to be sure, he is a "popular classic."

Madeleine: One of Love's Jansenists. By Hope Mirrlees. (Collins. 7s. net.)

As a first novel this is distinctly an achievement; the author has soaked herself in the history of Les Précieuses, and has reproduced the spirit and atmosphere of the Hôtel de Rambouillet with an almost hysterical fidelity. Indeed, so perfectly has she recaptured the state of mind and style of expression of the period that her book is likely to suffer the same fate as the works of the blue-stockings who inspired it: "Madeleine" is almost as unreadable as the romances of Madame de Scudéry herself. To a modern reader, Molière's is the only satisfactory way to treat the period of Les Précieuses; and the author, although she realises with singular skill the affected moods of her heroine, nowhere challenges the reader's sympathy. She afflicts her heroine with awkwardness, instead of affecting Mademoiselle de Scudéry with a little common sense. It is certainly a gift to be able to reproduce an historical period with such fidelity, but there are some passages of history that ought not to be allowed to repeat themselves; and we should prefer something more personal from Miss Mirrlees.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE NOTHING BUTTER.

Sir,—I was delighted with what Dr. Young said about the "nothing but" attitude; the very phrase is valuable because it is so startling. It implies, I fancy, an idol, of the human mind. It is true that if we say something we value is "nothing but" something we don't value, we are apt to think we have made an advance in thought. For that is the nature of fear, as of envy, to disguise itself always, if you are to know others. And so men afraid of the universe, suffering from a nervous shock, either personal or racial, try to make their fear positive by disguising it as an heroic effort to face the ghastly truth. Their fear takes the form of talking scandal about the universe; it expresses itself as "science," the science of "nothing but." The remedy is not any venturing on a frightening subject, for ever without lessening his fear, if he has managed to disguise it to himself. The remedy is to expose the operations of his fear to him. It is, in fact, psychological; it is the application of psychology to the devil's advocate as much as to those who are on the side of the angels. Hitherto it has been strangely assumed that we are tempted only to think well of the universe; that all the infirmities of the mind express themselves in hopes, not in fears. All our analysis of the will to believe has been malicious, as if its result must always be disillusionment; and, when it is not, then we think we are still willing to believe. One might as well believe that the melancholic is the only man who knows the truth about things. We know that the melancholic is not a good judge of life, merely because he takes a gloomy view of it; we know that he is diseased, because he looks diseased and suffers often from delusions in matters we can test. The man who thinks himself damned is put in an asylum just as much as the man who thinks himself God. But, when it comes to theories about the nature of things, the man who thinks we are all damned now and always to a Hell of meanings, who is a "nothing but," is supposed to be scientific; but the man who thinks we are all Gods or God is supposed to be an obstinate survival living in the wish-world. For that is the nature of fear, as of envy, to disguise itself always, if there is no meaning in anything, I will believe what I choose, for what does it matter? The only test is happiness and fitness for human society; and I find the people who believe pleasant things much more agreeable than any illusion of ours about it; and that is how I explain the nothing-butter. What one is acting against is pretty versions of reality which disgust them like the art of the Royal Academy. They dislike what Morris used to call Silly Heavens. This kind of pretentiousness, whereby our Academy, the Church, finance, seems to us more ugly than honest ugliness, if there can be such a thing; a Silly Heaven is the worst of hells; angels with doll faces are devils. Yes, but you may remain plastered from the Royal Academy into dreary artistic ugliness for its own sake. It needs to be remembered by the artistic, especially in England, that a thing is not necessarily good merely because they do not like it; nor is a thing true just because it is popular. One might as well believe that the melancholic is the only man who knows the truth about things. We know that the melancholic is not a good judge of life, merely because he takes a gloomy view of it; he is afraid of his own tendency to like golden hair and blue eyes and pink flesh for their own sake. Things may be represented in a picture without appealing to your sentiment or your appetites; and the man who refuses to represent anything for fear lest he should make a false appeal had better give up painting. Just as he makes of the visible world nothing but cubes for fear of falling into vulgar prettiness if he paints anything that can be recognised, so the nothing-butter says that the mind of man is nothing but the sexual instinct or anything else which he thinks will annoy, from a fear of being taken for a curate in disguise.

We ought, of course, as "A. E. R." says, simply to look facts in the face; all this discussion of our own infirmities ought to be unnecessary, because the psychologists are always discovering the infirmities of other men's minds, never their own. They will not apply their method to their own beliefs; they will not suspect the existence of their own inverandish-world. Therefore they are usually bad psychologists, for you must begin at home; you must know yourself if you are to know others.

A. CLUTTON BROCK.

ROME AND PERSECUTION.

Sir,—Mr. Fasnacht conceives that he is unable to produce official decreta of the Roman Church in favour of the principle of religious toleration, and that I "may be technically right in declaring the Capitulum de haeresibus to be still binding on the conscientious of Roman Catholics."

The fact that the Early Church favoured toleration is nothing to do with what we have of the Roman Church, which in this and other matters has abandoned Primitive Christianity. The accepted belief of the later Middle Ages was that heretics ought to be exterminated; so that Boniface VIII and Carlo Borromeo, for example, are apparently not reckoned by Mr. Fasnacht amongst the "greatest Catholic saints and thinkers." Will he tell us what recognised authorities of the Catholic Church from, say, 1200 to 1600, ever taught the principle of toleration?

The fact that the Lateran decree is not a dogma does not help Mr. Fasnacht. The Church of Rome pretends to be infallible on "morals" no less than on "dogma." The Lateran decree assumes not merely that it is morally right, but that it is an imperative Christian duty to exterminate heretics; and it is this odious principle which I say—if consistent believers in the claims of their Church—all Roman Catholics are bound to hold. It is idle to seek a parallel to the Lateran decree in the Acts of Parliament, for the Legislature does not claim infallibility, neither is anyone bound to approve of the principles underlying Statutes of the Realm.

I cannot see that it is necessarily grotesque" to assume that Mr. Fasnacht is ignorant of some of the teaching of his Church. It seems far more so to assume that he is right, and twentieth century (I am not now dealing with medieval authorities) popes and divines are wrong when they avow the principle of toleration.

I cannot understand the position of a "tolerant Catholic." If the teaching of the Church of Rome on Papal Supremacy and infallibility is the public and liberty of conscience are really mischievous delusions, and the "Church" not only may persecute but ought to exterminate heretics" as expeditiously as possible.

W. PRESSEY ÜRTON.
Pastiche. REGIONAL—XVIII.

The writer has three troubled seasons: the mind sticks, clings, does not (Michaud, expressive of mankind); the mind works mechanically, mere reactions to stimulus, according to fixed modality (rigid action, condition of most of the active, dogmatic, action-leading sects); it had been by his insinuating too much activity, functions profusely, but the sequences of ideas rush out in diverse swirls, intertwining rapidly, so that once the loses the relations, or at least cannot support them in an orderly fashion on paper or for oneself. (Typical condition of Coleridge as represented in tradition, reported effect of various drugs, etc.)

I present myself with no stronger drug than Michaud's "Histoire des Croisades," begun while my two preceding chapters were lurking half-done in my head. Various bits and oddments which certainly did form a necessary part of my thought are still "uncomposed." And unless one adopt a system of propositions, sub-propositions, and corollaries, one cannot record two dozen swirls by the necessarily single line of one writing.

Apropos of religions, I still hear Victor Plarr's voice insistently: "I am an savage; they do nothing of the least use; they do nothing of the least possible interest." This is followed by a picture of joy in the Mahomedan world at having medieval Europe send it in the centuries before the Crusades, large numbers of "penitents," criminals, particularly parricides and fratricides; thence, a sentence of Michaud's relating to the reign of the Caliph Hakem (3d. of fatemitos): "Les places que fideles (i.e. Christians) occupaient dans l'administration, les abus introduits dans la levee des impots dont le Caliph Hakem (3d. of fatemitos) : "Les places que les abus introduits dans la levee des impots dont ils etaient charges, leur avait attiré la haine de tous les Musulmanas." It is to be presumed that nine out of ten contemporary writers will flatly deny the use of such research (I judge from what I have read); Michaud's six volumes on the Crusades give or recall nothing of the least possible interest.

Who cares a damn what you do with your days? Some day, go and spend an hour at the Zoo. Put the caged beasts you find there to shame, Shew them so fine a specimen bred Among human kind. If he's feeling tame, The king of them all, he will hide his head. But just a word of warning to you, Should you grudgingly deign to instruct the Zoo— Keep well away from the jackass' stall,

Again in our time we have seen people taking no count of the mediavalism of Russia and analysing its outburst on the principle of the revolution of ideas (French) skin-deep and scarcely more than a century old. Michaud wrote during the French outburst, possibly seeking a clue to the behaviour of his contemporaries in his study of the Middle Ages, or consoling himself that mankind was no more headless and idiotic in his day than the centuries earlier.

After the letter created by Peter the Hermit, the next instructive spectacle is the fury of the Pope; of Christendom; of the Mahomedan world when two cultured men, Frederick II and Malek-Comel, without bloodshed meet, discuss geometry, and make a sensible agreement about Jerusalem, leaving the Moslems access to the Mosque of Omar. This incident is not mentioned in my little manual for use in Catholic school.

French was not, perhaps, a moral force—may the gods save us from the horrors of an "age of Faith!" He was opposed by Gregory IX, the usual provincial animal or Wm. J. Bryan of his day.

The European and Knight Templar enthusiasm for Frederick's treaty was about as keen as that which we can imagine in California should the America-Japanese negotiations be entrusted to some one who suggested "Nishigiku" and "Hogoromo" instead of to a Methodist elder from Peoria or an illiterate concessions-grabber. The nations of to-day are almost incapable of exploiting their-cultivated men as were the thirteenth century nations.

You will find a kindred reflection in Confucius. I believe I have quoted it on the fly-leaves of my "Gaudier-Brezka."

Universal peace will never be maintained unless it be by a conspiracy of intelligent men.* Ezra Pound.

SINCE CRITICISM IS COURTED. 0 Friend, with the beautiful polished ways, The elegant tongue and cultured ease, Who cares a damn what you do with your days?

You may make them, or mar them, as you please. I wouldn't with crude advice offen;

Would you do as I do, as I've been doing,

Twould stink in your delicate nostrils, my Friend; But when you have less than nothing to do Some day, go and spend an hour at the Zoo. Put the caged beasts you find there to shame, Shew them so fine a specimen bred Among human kind. If he's feeling tame, The king of them all, he will hide his head.

* Note by another hand. The suggestion contained in the foregoing Pastoral Letter deserves to be carried out on the principle of Mr. Squeers and his celebrated use of a w-i-n-d-e-r. M. Paul Claudel has been sent by France to Brazil; even in this country, ambassadors have occasionally been chosen for manifest intelligence; and the practice of America has hitherto been exemplary—sometimes, it is true, unhappily so. The present commentator offers America the suggestion that the Pastoralist whose signature appears above be appointed to represent America (and, quite incidentally, but not less usefully, European letters) in, let us say, Japan. The suggestion is impartial, made by an Englishman, since, if adopted, it would leave our own country less in prestige to make up.

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

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE (A. R. Orage), 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4, and printed for them by Bonner & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.