

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1420] NEW SERIES Vol. XXVI. No. 4. THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1919. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	49
TOWARDS NATIONAL GUILDS. By National Guildsmen	52
LETTERS FROM RUSSIA—II. By P. Ouspensky. (Translated by Paul Leon)	53
THE PRINCIPLE OF RELATIVITY. By R. W. Western	54
READERS AND WRITERS. By R. H. C.	56

	PAGE
DRAMA: Sacred and Profane Love. By John Francis Hope	57
THE CHURCHES. By M. B. Oxon	58
ART NOTES. By B. H. Dias	60
VIEWS AND REVIEWS: Salus Populi. By A. E. R.	61
REVIEWS: Quia Pauper Amavi. Before and Now	62
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from Hugh Lunn, M. B. Oxon	63
PRESS CUTTINGS	63

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Press continues to record the "upward curve of food-prices," the level of which at this moment is within two points of the maximum reached during the war. Since the first of October last, food-prices have risen 9 per cent.; and the curve is still upwards; nor can we discover, in the actions taken or recommended by the Government (or, for that matter, by the Press either), the least reason for predicting the reversal of this movement. Mr. Roberts, as was noted last week, has explicitly given up the problem as one beyond his power to solve. He retains his responsible office, of course, as the Minister of Food; but he cannot discharge its first duty of feeding the people for want of knowing how to reduce prices. There is no doubt whatever that like the majority of the Government and of the Government's advisers, Mr. Roberts, since he ceased to reflect on currency, thought that the problem of prices lay in the problem of the supply of food-commodities; and he had only, therefore, to levy the world to carry food to this country in order to bring down prices with a run. Lo, behold, however, with a "relative abundance of supply"—to use the text of his own confession—"prices, so far from declining, either remained high or continued actually to rise." An "increase of supply could not henceforward be regarded as a remedy for high prices"; and with this bursting of the bubble upon which Mr. Roberts' hopes had rested, there presumably remains nothing to be done but to sit tight and draw the salary of ignorance. Others than Mr. Roberts, however, have experienced the novel sensation of a "brain-wave," the outcome of which we are confident will prove to be another bubble, if not a series of bubbles. Sir Eric Geddes, for instance, is convinced that the remedy for high prices is to export more commodities; in other words, to try the contrary of the method advocated by Mr. Roberts and actually to diminish the supply of commodities in this country: a paradoxical policy, we can only say, that should have occurred to Swift when he was writing of Laputa. A host that no man can number has suggested the increased production of food at home, in the apparent belief that if only more is added to much, the problem of the much will be solved. It is observable, however,

that nobody in what is called a responsible position ever speaks (or, let us say, speaks *twice*) of the other factor in the problem of price—the factor of money or currency. Price, as we have too often said for the good of our health, is the resultant of two factors, the supply of goods and the supply of the money-tokens in which their exchange-value is measured. It would, therefore, seem reasonable that if all has been done that can be done with the factor of the supply of goods, attention should be paid to the other factor of money. Is, however, that factor now under serious discussion by any "responsible" Minister? We know it is not; or, at least, that there is no evidence of it. And, in consequence, the curve of food-prices remains upward and is likely so to pursue its tragical path.

* * *

This curve, however, is not a curve in ideal space, comprehensible only in terms of the principles of relativity and higher mathematics. It is a curve upwards in point of prices, but unmistakably downwards in point of the physical and every other sort of well-being of the living masses of the nation. It is not an interesting phenomenon to statisticians only; but a matter of life and death to millions of our people. The higher the curve climbs, the lower the depths of misery into which all the classes upon a fixed money income will descend; and in no very long time it is absolutely certain that the considerable dissatisfaction caused by semi-starvation and complete starvation will express itself in the familiar form of demands for higher wages and for increases of salaries. What is to be done then? As the cold of winter intensifies and the vital fires burn low in the underfed frames of our people, will their demands for cheaper food, cheaper living, be dismissed as the work of Bolshevik agents in this country? Will they be presented with the final argument of the vicious circle and told to starve for the sake of an economic fallacy? It is incredible that anything will be said by our "responsible" Ministers that promises to get the winter over in peaceful talk; but it is scarcely credible that talk alone should succeed in allaying the pangs of hunger or in keeping the wolf from the door. However disposed our Trade Union leaders may be for a quiet life, it is probable, in fact, that the upward curve of food-prices will keep them busy. We anticipate, that is to say, a renewal of the "strike-fever" of some

months ago, and a renewal, this time, in which the middle and salaried classes will be compelled to share.

* * *

In one aspect, at least, the problem, however, is simple enough. It is obvious that high prices do not matter to people whose purchasing-power in money or credit expands at the same rate as prices, or even faster than prices; and it would therefore seem to be the case that all that is needed to distribute the "abundance of goods" which Mr. Roberts claims to have under his control is to distribute the power to purchase them among the people who need them. Nothing, in short, would appear to be simpler. Only distribute purchasing-power (or money) in sufficient quantities and to the right people, and they can certainly be trusted to find their way to distributing the goods among themselves. Unfortunately, however, it is at this point that the Capitalist system, to which most people's minds are sacramentally wedded, breaks down. For Capitalism has ordained—in fact, it is one of the necessary assumptions of Capitalism—that money or purchasing-power shall *not* be distributed among the working and salaried classes save in respect of work done. *Work*, it will be seen, is the sole agent of the distribution of money to the non-possessing classes under Capitalism; and thus we have the spectacle, on the one hand, of an "abundance of goods"; on the other, of an under-supplied proletariat (of both classes); and, over all, the refusal of Capitalism to bring the two together save by the performance of "work." But what is "work," and who determines its amount and distribution? "Work," in the Capitalist sense, "is the supply of commodities in response to an effective demand"—in other words, to demand with money in its pocket. It therefore follows that the only means by which the non-possessing classes can obtain purchasing-power or money is by supplying the effective demands of people who already have money. The passport to food, in short, is the provision of luxuries to the rich; and unless the rich are in need of luxuries, "work" is short, and therewith the "money" procurable by the working classes is limited in amount.

* * *

This plain piece of reasoning has been superfluously but vividly illustrated by the reply of the Ministry of Food to the demand that the manufacture of chocolates and sweets should be forbidden until the supply of domestic sugar is normal again. It was a variant of the general demand made by Mr. Sidney Webb that nobody should have cake until everybody had bread. Note, however, the reply of the Ministry of Food to this reasonable demand: it took the form of pointing out that since the manufacture of expensive chocolates and sweets *provided employment* for some thousands of people, the suspension of the manufacture would entail unemployment, and therewith the cessation of the income of the thousands thus thrown out of work. The inferences to be made from this astonishing statement are clear enough. The sugar that we all need in a thousand and one domestic ways is to be limited in supply and raised in price, *not* because it is thought that the provision of chocolates for "flappers" constitutes a superior economic use of sugar; *not*, in fact, because the diversion of sugar from a utility to a luxury can be justified in any direct economic sense; but simply on the ground that the use of sugar in luxury-production is a means to providing more work than its use as a utility. What we have called one of the fundamental assumptions of Capitalism, namely, that work must be the anterior condition of the distribution of spending-power among the non-possessing classes, is here seen in full operation. Nobody can pretend that the best economic use of sugar is to be got out of making chocolates of it, while the masses of the people are denied its use in common necessities.

Nobody can really *defend* the employment of a considerable fraction of a limited supply of this article in merely "making work." Yet the system of Capitalism positively requires, as a condition of the maintenance of its fundamental assumption, that such a fraction of a useful and limited commodity shall be diverted to luxury as the only means known to it of providing some thousands of people with spending-power through the medium of "work." That good sugar should be wasted in the process (wasted, that is to say, in an economic sense) is a matter of indifference to the system. That it would be cheaper economically to *give* the workers now engaged in misusing sugar for chocolates their present purchasing-power without requiring them to waste good stuff as a prior condition; that, in fact, if "work" is so necessary, employing them to dig holes in the ground and afterwards to fill them up again, would be cheaper in every possible way—all this, it is needless to say, is excluded by the Capitalist assumption. The only thing that matters is to maintain the superstition that purchasing power can be distributed to the non-possessing classes only for work done; and if the doing of "work" involves wasting the assets of the community, as in the case of sugar—well, so much the worse for the community; Capitalism, at any rate, is maintained. It would be easy to show that the Capitalist assumption does not confine its depredations to sugar. Sabotage, in fact, is one of the necessities of Capitalism if it is to keep up the appearance of being able to distribute purchasing power among the non-possessing classes. Without the destruction or sabotage of a considerable amount of commodities, Capitalism could not possibly continue to "find work," since, in the nature of the case, there is only a limited effective demand for commodities in use, and when this has been satisfied, either destruction must take place, or the workers are thrown out of employment.

* * *

The snail's progress of the Government's Building programme might have been, and, in fact, was anticipated; and the wonder is less that only about 200 of the 500,000 houses arranged for have been built than that a single one of the half-million has been actually erected. Here, again, the explanation is perfectly simple. Capitalist builders are remarkably like the rest of mankind; they prefer to work, that is to say, for people who can pay their bills. And since, as it happens (or, shall we say, it is designed?), the capacity to pay bills, either as the cost of building or in rent, is distributed by means of money in the proportion of 9 to the Capitalist classes and 1 to the whole of the rest of the community, it inevitably occurs that the distribution of building-work is in the same proportion; in other words, and taking the official estimates of Dr. Addison, 90 per cent. of the building-industry is engaged in repairing and building the houses and factories of the wealthy classes, while only 10 per cent. is engaged in building homes for heroes. Even this 10 per cent., however, cannot, so we are now told, make a reasonable profit out of its devotion to the needs of the vast mass of the population. No subsidy is demanded by the rich; for they can afford to pay the demands of the building-industry without turning a hair. But so exiguous are the spending resources of the other classes, that they, it seems, cannot satisfy the demands of one-tenth of the industrial industry, which must be "subsidised" by the State to the amount of 15 per cent. (at least) of the cost incurred. Without pretending that the principle is pernicious that gives people what they need when they cannot pay for it, we cannot forbear to point out the consequences to Capitalism of the admission that this is necessary. In the first place, it can no longer be fairly maintained that Capitalism "delivers the goods" where they are socially needed; the defect has to be made up by a subsidy, in

other words, by taxing the community for the benefit of the Capitalist system. In the second place, what becomes of the cry that houses must be let at their "economic rent," since it is now clear by admission that the masses are unable to afford an "economic rent"? In the third place, where are those stern custodians of the wage-system who used to complain of every "dole" that it was "in relief of low wages"? Is not the selling or letting of houses for the working-classes at less than their economic cost a subsidy, not only to builders, but to employers generally? Finally, we point the lesson of the distribution of the national spending-power which Capitalism has brought about. It is clearly in the proportion already indicated, namely, nine to one in favour of one in ten of the population. But since the distribution of spending-power is thus proportioned, it is a natural consequence that either the poor majority must be "subsidised" by the rich minority, or they must go without houses—and many other things.

* * *

Such rumours as have been allowed to reach us of the negotiations now taking place between Mr. Thomas of the National Union of Railwaymen and the Government do not afford us the gratification to which the "Times" assures us that "Guild Socialists" are entitled. From what we can understand of the characteristically secret and personal diplomacy of Mr. Thomas, the Railwaymen are about to sell, if not their whole mess of pottage, at least a kind of mortgage on it, in return for a purely fancy franchise in the shape of right to representation on the administrative committees of the Capitalist railway industry. The mess of pottage of Labour, we have scarcely any need to say, is the right to strike and to strike in thunder, lightning, or in hail; and if, as reported, the National Union of Railwaymen is preparing to curtail that right by so much as an agreement to suspend a strike for a single day pending official "negotiations," the consideration to be offered for the sacrifice would need to be nothing less, at any rate, than the right so surrendered. But is there, or is there likely to be, any such equivalent? Mr. Thomas proudly informs us that three representatives of the Railwaymen will henceforward sit as the equals of the General Managers on the Railway Executive; that five more of them will sit with an equal number of General Managers on a Committee to deal with "conditions of service"; and, finally, that still four more of them are to sit with two quartettes of representatives of the railways and the "public" respectively to arbitrate on matters in dispute among the second Committee. It has been pointed out in a letter to the "Times," signed by the Secretary of the National Guilds League, that representation on purely administrative committees of this kind is not a step towards, but a step away from, the establishment of a National Guild. But the criticism we have to make is more fundamental still; for though it should be the case that the determining and effective majority on every administrative committee of the railways were composed of nominees of the Railwaymen's Union, the essential subordination of Labour to other people's Capital would still remain. It is no great mystery that finance controls the policy of industry; and it is not unintelligible that administration merely follows policy. Until, therefore, by some means or other, Labour shares in the control of finance, its control of administration may be partial or complete—it remains for purposes of policy equally ineffective. To take an illustration offered us by the Olympia Motor Exhibition. So long as the *policy* of making motor-cars rather than, let us say, household and cooking appliances is determined by the finance invested in the engineering industry, the regulation of the *administration* of the workshops is a matter of subordinate importance. If, therefore, Mr. Thomas and his colleagues are whittling

down the right to strike in exchange for a share in administration, we can definitely inform them that they are selling the pass leading to real control.

* * *

Though he would doubtless repudiate the suggestion with the indignation of one Welshman to another, Mr. Frank Hodges, on behalf of the Miners' Federation, is really pursuing the same course as Mr. Thomas in the supposed interests of the Railwaymen. It is true that Mr. Hodges is not to be brought to contemplate the continuance of private capitalism in the mining industry as Mr. Thomas is willing to allow it in the railways. No "trusts" for him, even if they include Labour with Capital; no "trusts" for him, even if we can show him how to rob "trusts" of all their evil by taking away from them their only mischievous power of price-fixing. Mr. Hodges is all for Nationalisation with only the reservation that the administration is not to be bureaucratic, but "guild." The position, however, in which he will find himself if his nightmare comes true (as it shows fewer and fewer signs of becoming!) is in essence precisely that of Mr. Thomas. Mr. Thomas hopes to encroach upon the administrative control of the railways under private ownership; as Mr. Hodges hopes, at one step, to assume complete administrative control of the mines under national ownership; but in both cases, and, in the end, to the same degree, the two Unions will find themselves in administrative and subordinate control only. In the case of Mr. Thomas' Union, it will be administrative control under the financial or policy-control of the railway companies. In the case of Mr. Hodges' Union, it will be administrative control under the financial or policy-control of the Treasury, representing, in the last resort, not the community (for it seldom or never does), but precisely the same financial class that will control the railways. It is a sheer delusion that the financial control exercised by the Treasury differs in essence from the financial control exercised by any body of directors. Financial control is control by finance; and since the accepted principles of finance are common to the Treasury and the private capitalist class, control by one is identical with control by the other. Mr. Hodges, however, will not believe us; or, rather, he will not believe the facts; and he will continue to lead nearly a million men straight into State-slavery.

* * *

It is a pity, if only in the interests of the Church of which he is the lay bishop, that Lord Hugh Cecil cannot refrain from sobs and tears while he is sorting out "economies" of the smallest size in the spending power of the non-possessing classes. The spectacle of poverty, he said, in the course of the disgraceful debate on the Unemployment allowance in the House of Commons last week, was "heart-rending"; but "were we [Christians] going to relieve poverty everywhere?" "Economy was the supreme necessity at the present moment." Lord Hugh Cecil might have been well employed in bewailing, in that event, the 150,000 orders for new motor-cars said to have been given to the Olympian showmen; or in exhorting the vulgar rich to save their money as well as their souls. His ethical fastidiousness, however, was better pleased, it seems, in opposing the continuance of non-penal out-door relief to the 120,000 or so men and women who cannot find work and have no other means of living. We deprecate ourselves the continuance of the doles in the form in which they have been made; but for quite other reasons than those offered by Lord Hugh Cecil. It is not our contention that if people cannot find work they should starve; nor should we depend upon starvation as the motive to work for low wages. It is necessary, however, to demonstrate beyond any possible denial that Capitalism not only necessitates unemployment, but has no means, within itself, of providing for or against it.

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.]

A CORRECT appreciation will never be arrived at of the proposition that the sum of the disbursements made in the course of production is less than the selling price of the product without a previous understanding of the nature of Credit. Let us, therefore, attempt to get at the meaning of Credit.

In ordinary conversation we speak of ourselves as "having Credit" with such and such a tradesman, let us say, in which event we also say that the tradesman in question "gives us Credit." Now what do these phrases actually mean? It is obvious that the meaning of the first phrase—"having Credit"—is that the tradesman believes or credits us with the ability as well as the will sooner or later to "pay" him; and the meaning of the second phrase—"giving us Credit"—is that, assuming our credibility, he gives or transfers to us something or other in confidence that one of these days he will receive from us the equivalent. There is thus a double operation involved, each aspect of which goes by the name of Credit. Our Credit is the belief held by others that we shall be able and willing to produce the equivalent of what is now advanced to us; and the thing that is so advanced, whether an object or money, is likewise said to be Credit. From "having Credit" we arrive at being "given Credit." From being believed in our promise to pay, we are given something or other in the confident expectation of repayment.

Now let us look at the two sides of the transaction a little more closely. When we can say that we "have Credit" with any given tradesman our statement does not yet amount to saying that we have "received Credit" from him. We may or may not employ our Credit with him to receive Credit. That is to say that, though he *would* trust us, we do not necessarily ask him to do so. Whether we do not, however, we may still be said to "have Credit" with him. Now of what does this "having Credit" consist? As we have seen, it consists in the belief entertained by the tradesman that we shall ultimately be in a position to "pay." Our promise to pay is, in other words, credited, or, as we say, our promise is good. But what makes it good, and how comes it to be believed? It is partly a question of character, but, even more, it is a question of our resources. A man of unimpeachable character "has no Credit" with a tradesman if he be utterly without resources. Jesus, for example, had not and could not obtain a bed whereon to lay His head. On the other hand, even a man of known resources does not necessarily "have Credit" with tradespeople if he is also known to be in the habit of evading payment when the day comes. (It must be added, however, that resources without character are a better basis of Credit than character without resources.)

But we are still a little way off the centre of the problem. *What* inspires the tradesman with the belief that we shall be able to pay? Over and above our word his belief rests on his estimate of our ability. If he estimates that we are "good" for such and such an amount of value, then we "have Credit" with him (other things being equal) to that amount. Our Credit, in short, is the equivalent of the estimate formed of our ability to repay.

Before going on to the second of the pair of ideas contained in the word Credit we may extend the definition just given to cover Credit in general. Credit in the general, financial, and commercial sense is nothing more than the Credit we have just seen obtaining in the case of a man and a tradesman: that is to say, it is based on an estimate of the ability to repay. Repay-

ment, however, may take several forms. We can repay in goods, or we can repay in money, which is the purchasing token of goods. And repayment, in the financial or commercial sense of the word, may as easily be the one as the other. Whether in goods or in money, however, the basis of Credit is always the same—namely, the estimate formed of our ability to repay in one form or another the equivalent of the Credit given.

Turn now to the other side. What is the Credit given by the tradesman to a customer who "has Credit" with him? Plainly, if the tradesman be, let us say, a tailor, the Credit given takes the form of a suit of clothes, for example. In consequence of "having credit" with his tailor, a man is enabled to receive from him a suit of clothes without immediate payment in any form. He does not give his tailor an equivalent amount of goods, nor even money or purchasing-power of equal value. All he gives him is a promise to pay, which promise the tailor believes. We have seen why the tailor *believes* the man; it is because he has estimated that the man will be able and willing to pay. But now let us look again at what, in consequence of his belief, he passes on or advances to the man whose word he accepts. That in the present case it is a suit of clothes is a detail. It may be, if we extend the operation, anything of value or any token of value. For instance, instead of a suit of clothes "on credit" from a tailor, a man may obtain "on credit" a £100 banknote from a moneylender or from a bank, with which sum, of course, he can purchase several suits of clothes, even at present-day prices. What, in fact, a man obtains from "having credit" is *spending-power*—spending-power in excess of his present means of repaying, but spending-power which it is believed he will one day have in sufficient quantities to enable him to repay the amount borrowed.

Generalising this side of the transaction as we did the last, we can say that as "having credit" is based on the estimate formed of our ability to repay, so the thing given "on credit" (that is, in the belief that we shall repay) is spending-power. Credit, in short, on this side of the transaction is nothing more than spending-power. We are "in credit" when it is believed that we shall repay; and we receive credit when, in consequence of that belief, we are given an amount of spending-power.

Leaving aside for the present the question of the origin of spending-power—who makes it, who distributes it, who gets it—we may now consider the condition of "having credit." Who is it that *has* credit; and who has most of it? The question is obviously one of considerable importance, for, since the "having of credit" is the condition of "receiving credit" (in other words, of obtaining spending-power on credit)—whoever is "without credit" cannot obtain spending-power without immediate "payment" for the same—which is to say that he can only get spending-power by immediately giving spending-power; and, again, whoever has most credit is able to obtain the greatest amount of spending-power. We have seen that "having credit" depends on being believed, and upon being believed in a particular sort of way. It depends, in fact, upon the estimate formed and believed of our ability to repay. Credit given, in short, is given on the assumption that it will be returned; and this assumption is based on an estimate of ability to repay—or, as we may now say, to "produce and deliver the goods," whether as goods or as money. Now who are the people who can "deliver the goods," of whom, in consequence, the belief can safely be entertained that they can repay the "credit" or spending-power advanced to them? They are only to a very small extent the so-called working-classes, for the working-classes have no control over the instruments of production; they have scarcely any control over their next week's wages. The spending-power they can com-

mand "on credit" is thus very small in amount; it is, in fact, not worth speaking about. On the other hand, the people who own the *tools* of industry and production—the factories, the plant, information and the control of the markets—these people have enormous credit with everybody, for the simple reason that they are confidently believed to be able to "deliver the goods." In consequence of this belief they can obtain a spending-power equal to the estimate formed of their ability to repay; and since, as we know, their ability to produce is enormous, the amount of spending-power or credit they can obtain is correspondingly large. The "credit" or spending-power of Capital is thousands and even millions of times greater than the credit or spending-power of Labour. NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Letters from Russia—II.

By P. Ouspensky

Ekaterinodar, September 18, 1919.

I RECENTLY succeeded in obtaining several copies of English newspapers for the months of July and August. They were the first to come into my hands after over two years spent in a country completely cut off from the rest of Europe. And I read the old copies of the "Times," the Newcastle paper, the "North Mail," as they can be read only by a man who has just been released from gaol or who has returned from a journey to the North Pole. Very soon, however, the first feeling of happiness gave way to another of fear.

Your people do not see or know anything, just as two years ago we did not see or know anything ourselves. And I wished I could shout to you: "Look at us, look at our present state! Then you will understand the meaning of what is happening to you, of what is awaiting you if you fail to see in time where you are led to." All I read in your Press I mentally divided into three groups. The first consists of the usual news-items: latest news, daily events, murders, suicides, the flight of the R.37, the Ulster question, the Prohibition campaign, etc., etc. Behind these news, however, one feels the desire to make everybody believe that nothing exceptional is happening or has happened, and that life continues as before in the customary and well-known way, a little too pronounced to believe it to be quite natural. Unhappily, in reality this life is already at an end, not in our country alone. Something new, yet unknown, is abroad in your country as well. If you only knew our history for the last two years you would realise what is happening to you and have a look at the future.

The second group of news makes me sure of the fact of the approaching future. I can feel in the letters, articles, etc., a pronounced sentiment of fear. The chief topic at present is the high cost of living. You begin to feel the neighbourhood of the precipice! There is, for instance, a letter by Sir A. Conan Doyle to the "Times" about the causes of high prices and the means to combat them, or else I find under discussion the Profiteering Bill, and generally everything that is being written and said about prices on coal, dresses, fruits, butter—in fact on everything. Something is happening, and nobody can understand what it really is. All that is being said on the Profiteering Bill is very characteristic. Everybody understands it to be a measure of self-deception, but nobody can think of anything better. And suddenly I fancied daybreak in London, the town yet asleep, and the old Mr. Sherlock Holmes leaving his flat in Baker Street, accompanied by his faithful friend, Dr. Watson. In his long coat, with turned-up collar, he is going out to look for the causes of the high cost of living. Yesterday again all prices had gone up, on cabbages and lettuces, and there are no reasons for it. Poor old Sherlock Holmes, you will never succeed in untying the knot in which England is now entangling herself. There is only one way of

doing it. Tell Sir A. Conan Doyle to send Sherlock Holmes to Russia! I will show him everything; he will understand everything and he will see everything. The seeds that are only springing up in England have already revealed their flowers and fruits in Russia. And about the qualities of these fruits and flowers there is no doubt possible. I include in this group what is being written about Russia by her friends, *i.e.*, those who consider it necessary to help Russia, and to help her in her struggle with the unknown. There is also here great uncertainty. To help, yes! Of course help is necessary, but a help not too substantial or strong, but in such a way that there may not be any serious results!

And finally, the third group of what can be found in your newspapers. Here, on the contrary, there are no doubts or uncertainty. This news tells of the indignation of the workmen with the policy of the Government in the case of bourgeois-capitalistic Russia. They ask for the immediate recall of the tanks and the armies out of Russia. They threaten a strike if help is continued to the reactionary forces fighting the young Russian democracy. Or even better sound the advices given to liberated Russia to make peace with the Bolsheviks, to draw a frontier and to live peacefully without disquieting Europe. I would like you to understand how we feel when reading this third group of news. Imagine that robbers have broken into your house. They have got hold of almost the whole house, killed half of your family, and are starving to death the rest and shooting down people from time to time. In the moment when you have begun to fight the robbers and succeeded in liberating some of the people, you are advised to make peace with the intruders, to give them half of your house, leave the rest of your family under their power and live peacefully yourself without troubling your neighbours. Or imagine the siege of Delhi. The armies coming to liberate the town are advised to make peace with the besieging armies and leave them to do what they like with the town. If you clearly realise this picture you will understand the true meaning of the advices and the source whence they come.

There in "besieged Delhi" are our friends and relatives. Many of those who are now in the South have left there their fathers, mothers, wives and children. We do not know who is still alive or who is already dead. In any case, there are not many of them left. All news that reaches us from there tells us of somebody's death. It is long since we have had any other news. Hunger, cholera, typhus, cold, violence, murder and suicides—this is the life of the North. For over half a year the armies of Yudenitch have been near Petrograd. As early as last winter the papers wrote that as soon as the ice broke it would be possible to buy food, Petrograd would be taken. Everybody who had relatives there waited for the spring to come, counting the days and hoping that those who outlived the awful winter would be saved. But the Neva was freed from ice, the summer has passed; it is now autumn, and winter is nearing, but Petrograd is still in the hands of the Bolsheviks; and of those who were alive in the spring only a few are left now. The reason for all this is perhaps that the friends of Bolshevism—friends avowed and secret—have succeeded in assembling such a cloud of lies around it that common-sense and reason, all possibility of understanding, have been completely submerged by it. I am sincerely convinced that, could England realise the true meaning of Bolshevism, neither the weariness with the war nor the dislike of being mixed up in foreign matters, nor the urgent necessity for reforms at home, would have prevented the British people from helping Russia. I am quite sure that a regular crusade would have started in England against Bolshevism could the British nation only realise the meaning of events in Russia, their causes and the goal they are leading us to.

But I would like it to be clearly understood that I do not want to start such a campaign, nor do I ask for help for Russia. First of all, I do not believe that the voice of a single man can have any effect on historical events. Secondly, I am not a politician, but merely an observer. Thirdly, it is already too late! In history events are prepared long before they are made public. The months that have elapsed since the Peace Conference have probably outlined the course of events for many years to come. Now we can only wait and see what will be the result. At present, while I am writing this, a fire is breaking out and spreading over Italy. The reason for this, as well as for many other things that will happen in Europe, lies in the fact that when peace was made no decision was taken about extinguishing the fire in Russia.

Now as to England's relation to Russia, we must acknowledge that England's help to Russia has been very substantial indeed. Without it the Volunteer Army would not have been able to do anything against the Bolsheviks and would have been crushed. To speak quite plainly, I can now sit here and write owing to the fact alone that England helped us. But the struggle with Bolshevism is far from being at an end, and the results are still unknown. The present position can be summed up as follows:—In European Russia the Volunteer Army is scoring successes. It is possible that soon it will be able to save Moscow. But the Bolsheviks are pressing hard on Koltchak and making their way to Siberia. It is quite possible that, evicted from Europe, they will move into Asia. In this case, if they succeed in reaching the Chinese frontier, the position may be transformed and become very disquieting and dangerous for us, and not for us alone. We have to bear in mind that the armies consisting of Chinese have proved to be the hardest fighters and the most reliable force of the Bolsheviks. We know, too, from trustworthy sources, that these Chinese were recruited for the Bolsheviks in China by German agents. Recently the newspapers have brought the news that these agents are continuing their work of recruiting for the Red Army in China and that the Bolsheviks are expecting large reinforcements of mercenaries, ready to fight anybody and go anywhere. If we try to realise the number of such recruits that China is able to furnish the Bolsheviks with, we shall begin to understand that not only our future, but the future of the whole of Europe, may depend on the course events may take during the next few months. The future of Koltchak may be fateful for Europe. Japan can then save the situation by moving quickly her armies into Siberia and Russia. But I doubt whether she will do it. The Government of Koltchak is probably delaying and will continue to delay negotiations with Japan. It is not able to offer a bribe serious enough for the eventual help. Meanwhile every moment is of importance, and there is no price which is too high for assistance on the condition that it be given quickly, decisively, and to the end. But except for the procrastination and the superfluous *amour propre* of the Russians themselves, this assistance can be hampered by the competition of America, who also has designs on Siberian concessions. Or still more can the collision of interests between Japan and America in China, which is assuming now the prospect of an actual conflict, have a disastrous effect on their policy.

Behind these unexpected effects of a *mise en scène* I think I can perceive the hand of an experienced German schemer. Be it as it may, the chronologist of our times may note that in the autumn of 1919 the fate of Europe was in the hands of Japan. What Japan will do we shall learn next year. Certainly this is not the only possible way out. We can still hope that Koltchak will succeed in stopping the Bolshevik advance and later in throwing them out of Siberia; or else that Denikin, after capturing European Russia, will succeed in crush-

ing the Red Army before the latter in its retreat to Asia can avail itself of Chinese support. We are hoping for this; it is our duty to hope for it; nothing else is left for us. But the worst is that even in case of the success of Koltchak and Denikin against the Bolsheviks it allows the latter a long period for doing irreparable harm to Europe and Asia.

Such is the position at present. Unhappily, you do not realise what will happen in case the Bolsheviks should gain a victory over Russia, or even if Bolshevism is allowed to remain for some time as a State, governing immense territories in Eastern Europe and Western Asia. The reason why you do not see the harm done to civilisation by the rule of Bolshevism is undoubtedly the fact that you do not realise its true meaning. You mistake it for what it wishes to be mistaken. But the essence of Bolshevism is just in what it is not mistaken for. You think Bolshevism a political system that can be discussed, but whose existence cannot be denied. In reality, Bolshevism is not a political system at all. It is something very old, that at different times has borne different names. The Russian language of the eighteenth century knew a name, preserved until now—"pougachevchina"—which renders very well the essence of Bolshevism. Pougachev was a Ural Cossack who pretended to be the deceased Emperor Peter III, and who raised an insurrection against Catherine II, and for a time succeeded in seizing half of Russia. He plundered the estates of landowners, hanged their owners and priests, gave the land to the peasantry, etc. A classical description of the "pougachevchina" is to be found in a novel by our poet Poushkin, "A Captain's Daughter." But Bolshevism of the twentieth century has one peculiarity—it is "made in Germany," and Germany knows how to make use of it. Employing Bolshevism in 1917 to decompose the Russian Army, Germany destroyed the danger menacing her Eastern front. You were in a great peril, and you know it. But now you have decided that the peril is gone, and you are mistaken. Germany is not annihilated or even weakened. She is energetically and cleverly preparing a revanche. Her chief enemy is England, and the chief trump in her pack is Russian Bolshevism.

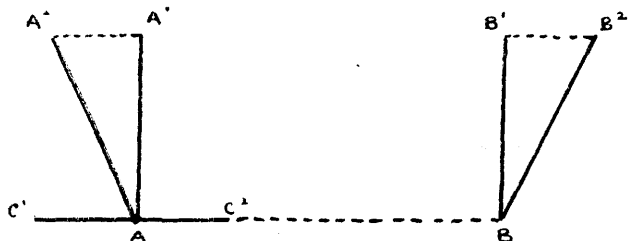
Translated by Paul Leon.

The Principle of Relativity.

THE study of this principle may be specially commended to those who hope to pierce the carapace with which hard-baked materialists are wont to encase their ignorance of all that cannot be accounted for by the agency of physical forces. For here are results obtained by the most distinguished mathematicians and physicists from actual experiment which directly corroborate the metaphysical doctrine that time and space are conditions of consciousness depending on the mind alone.

What is best ascertained concerning the behaviour of light is that measurements of times and distances by which its appearances are separated stand always in the same ratio, for it seems that all experimenters, however situated, must obtain the same figure for its velocity. Now to persons differently situated the times and distances by which appearances of the same ray of light are separated ought to be different, so that if all observers obtain the same velocity it can only be because the units in which they measure distances and intervals of time differ, thus requiring all measurements to depend on the situation of him who makes them: that is, on the mind of the observer as conditioned by its situation. I explained this in a recent article which

was published by the "Electrical Review" in the following way:—



According to the Theory of Relativity, all physical measurements are valid only for those who make them and those similarly situated, and are at variance with measurements of the same phenomena made by persons differently situated. The character of this variance is illustrated very simply by disagreements as to the order in which events occur.

Suppose A and B in the figure are moving apart, being separated with uniform velocity v , and suppose A to place the clocks C^1 and C^2 at equal distances on either side of the point A in line with A, B, and that he proceed to synchronise them. This he will naturally do by dividing a ray of light into two flashes directed one to either clock. B of course will expect to read an earlier time on clock C^2 than on C^1 , because light from the latter takes longer to reach him, having farther to go. The real ground for disagreement between them remains after making due allowance for this correction. The ground of difference is this: to B it seems the synchronising flash reaches C^2 first (because C^2 is approaching the point from which it started) and that the synchronising flash is longer in reaching C^1 (because C^1 is retreating before it). Hence if the synchronised clocks both record 12 o'clock it will seem to B that the clock C^2 ought to be recording, say, 2 minutes to 12, and the clock C^1 3 minutes after 12. So that while A thinks the tick made by clock C^2 when it records 11.59 occurs before the tick made by clock C^1 when it records 12.1, B thinks the reverse. If B synchronise clocks in the same way, A must come to the same conclusion regarding them. The disagreement is irreconcilable, because it depends upon v , the rate at which A and B are moving apart. If, for example, A were to set his clocks right according to B they would be wrong for all other observers unless they too were moving from A with the same velocity v . The amount of disagreement depends not only upon v , but also on the distance between the two clocks. If A placed his clocks together he could synchronise them to the satisfaction of all.

The conclusion must be that complete agreement as to the order of events is impossible unless they occur at the same place. It is important to see exactly why this is because the disagreement concerning physical measurement rests on the same grounds. Had A synchronised his clocks by discharging shots simultaneously from the point A no disagreement would have arisen, because the shot would have, superimposed on the velocity imparted to them, the velocity of the gun which imparted it, and that being the velocity ascribed to A, B would have no reason for thinking that either reached its clock earlier than the other. This does not mean that A would have effected a true synchronisation, but only that B's suspicions would not be aroused. The disagreement is, in fact, revealed because the velocity of light, unlike that of material objects such as shot, is not affected by the velocity of its source. Thus we see simultaneity is universally valid only when confined to a single spot. If extended to separate spots it has different meanings for persons having different rela-

tive speeds in line with the spots, and these differences are made apparent by the agency of light because its speed from whatever source is independent of theirs. Simultaneity in separate spots is therefore strictly relative to persons similarly situated, and the theory of Relativity being a theory by which it is shown that the same relative validity attaches to all physical measurements, it rests primarily on this particular characteristic in the behaviour of light for its main foundation.

This principle of Relativity cannot be directly proved as a physical fact, but it has not been disproved by any experiment so far devised, and it furnishes a means of interpreting the behaviour of physical forces in a variety of situations, which it is difficult to interpret on any other hypothesis. Its credibility, therefore, is on the same plane as that of other principles which we employ continually without misgivings—the first law of motion, for example. We have seen that while A thinks light moves with the same speed from A to C^1 and from A to C^2 , B thinks it approaches C^2 faster than it approaches C^1 . This is the essence of their disagreement. Every observer differently situated with regard to the motion of A and B must make a different estimation of the discrepancy, and there is no way of deciding between them. The principle, therefore, sets out that the velocity of light in free space is found to be the same in every direction by all observers; the result being unaffected by any uniform relative movement between the source of light and the observer who is engaged in measuring it. This is as much as to say that the units of time and space employed by the mind behind the observing eye undergo such changes as cause the velocity of light as perceived to be always the same.

Thus, suppose that A and B in the figure each measure the velocity of light in the direction AA^1 and BB^1 , at right angles to the line joining them. The principle requires that they should both make it the same. Now suppose, as before, that A and B are moving apart, being separated with uniform velocity v . Each will then think that the other makes the velocity too great. To A it must seem that B's light-ray takes the longer path BB^2 , and B must think that A's light-ray takes the longer path AA^2 . Now it cannot be supposed that A, in making his observation of the velocity of light, should take account of what B thinks, or anyone else. He measures what he knows—the distance AA^1 —and notes the time taken to traverse it; of the distance AA^2 he knows nothing. B, seeing that A makes the velocity of light the same as himself, can only conclude that A measures the time occupied in too small units, crowding as many into the flight from A to A^1 as should go into a flight from A to A^2 . A, of course, must come to the same conclusion in regard to B. The velocity of light being the same for all. They that move fast live slow.

The theory of Relativity has attracted the attention of engineers particularly because it attacks the equations they are accustomed to use, and declares them to be, though accurate enough for ordinary mundane purposes, not in fact exact, but approximations only to the truth. The Principle of Relativity, as we have seen, owes its origin to the undulatory theory of light, and accords with the experience gained in astronomical observation. The velocity of the propagation of light is the same in all directions, and independently of the velocity of its source, and since no experiment enables us to ascertain our velocity through the luminiferous ether, it must be inferred that the velocity of light is also independent of our motion through the luminiferous ether. Disagreements, therefore, inevitably arise as to the measurement of time and distances between observers differently situated. This disagreement is in respect of distances, corroborated by physical tests, as in the classic experiment of Michelson and Morely.

Since the principle of the conservation of energy and like general principles must hold, notwithstanding dis-

agreements as to measurement of the quantities concerned, it follows that mass, acceleration, and force, etc., must be measured differently by observers differently placed. The argument arising out of such disagreement leads to the conclusion that bodies approaching or receding from us at high velocities must be thinner in the direction the motion takes, and must also be of greater mass. When the energy of such a moving body is calculated, taking into account the augmentation of its mass due to its motion, an expression is obtained which can only be interpreted as involving the internal energy of the body in question, which is thus seen to be immense, and the inference that a great part of the mass of bodies at rest in respect to us is due to the motion of their parts, follows. This accords with the theory that matter is composed of electrons moving in minute orbits at speeds approaching that of light. Einstein's theory of gravitation is a further development of the principle of relativity worked out with the help of multidimensional space in a new mathematic, the mastery of which would afford ample employment for the whole life-time of any ordinary man.

R. W. WESTERN.

Readers and Writers.

DR. OSCAR LEVY has sent me from Geneva a cutting from the Swiss literary journal, "La Feuille," containing an article by Jane Vernon on current English literary journalism. Miss Vernon's opinions are intelligent, and I strongly suspect that she has been carefully guided by some competent English critic. In fact, I observe that she acknowledges the "renseignements" of Capt. Herbert Read. With her judgments upon the chief living English writers it is easy for me to agree—with this one reservation, that she is, as perhaps becomes a foreign writer reporting on a foreign literature, a little over-generous in the distribution of her praise. Her judgments upon English journalism, on the other hand, I find a trifle bizarre, as if her standard of value had been changed from that of pure literature to the propaganda of certain "revolutionary" or even pacifist ideas. The "Nation," for instance, is credited with "advanced tendencies," chiefly, I imagine, for its defence during the war of the "conscientious objector." For the same reason (I gather) the "Daily News" and the "Daily Herald" are given credit for more literary goodwill than they really possess. "Financial necessities," in the latter case, are pleaded as an excuse for the limitation of the space given over to the "things of the spirit." But is the excuse really sufficient? Is it the fact that "financial considerations" have alone determined the apportionment of space in the "Daily Herald" and confined the "things of the spirit" to an occasional page or corner? The excuse is plausible to the general reader, perhaps; but it certainly will not pass muster with the instructed; for, from an instructed point of view, quite half the space of the "Daily Herald" is devoted to matters of less interest to its readers than the "things of the spirit." The fact is that the "Daily Herald" has consistently insulted its pre-ordained clientele by assuming their likeness to the clientele of the vulgar Press. It has been the worst sort of snob—the worshipper of the vulgar-popular; with the consequence that while, in a political and socialist sense, it professes to stand for "no compromise" and various other impossible idealisms, in much of the rest of the journal the basest compromises are to be observed almost daily. Miss Vernon is quite wrong, I believe, when she assumes that the "Daily Herald" would, if it financially could, devote more space to the "things of the spirit." As a matter of fact, it is not my conviction alone that the "Daily Herald" would profit financially by greater attention to the "things of the spirit." It is everybody's whose opinion I have taken. But the very fear that such

things would not pay is partly the reaction of the hope that they might not; and in devoting so much of its space to irrelevant matters, the directing minds of the "Daily Herald" are simply following their natural bent.

* * *

Is there no end to the number of books reprinted from these columns? The latest to be announced is a collection of the poems of "J. A. M. A.," that is to say, Dr. J. A. M. Alcock. They are to be published by Messrs. Allen and Unwin at a price which has not yet been announced. Concerning Dr. Alcock's verse, my readers are in as good a position to judge as I am. Who shall express his opinion first? For myself, and (I hope) without bias of favouritism, I confess to a solid respect for the work of "J. A. M. A." which I feel for few of his contemporaries. It is impossible to read his verse-renderings from the "Mahabharata" or his sonnets without realising that a considerable weight of thought no less than of feeling distinguishes them from the light verse of to-day. They have architectural character, and at the same time an aspirational movement in the direction of contemplation. In a word, they appear to me to be profoundly meditated. Dr. Alcock, I may perhaps say, is still a very young man; but he has already laid solid foundations for a splendid style. The lyric note is missing as yet; and the last perfection of strength, namely, grace, is still wanting. But these "Primal Airs"—as I believe the volume is to be entitled—are a significant prelude.

* * *

The rest of my present space shall be devoted to the work of a young Provençal and French poet, M. S. André Peyre. They are M. Peyre's first essays in English poetry; and though I do not, as a rule, look with a kindly eye on the attempt of a writer to employ a foreign language, particularly in verse, the "essays" of M. Peyre appear to me to call for an exceptional welcome. "Pastoral" and "A Song" were the first poems sent to me by M. Peyre; and they are, I think, the most successful of the series.

PASTORAL.

"Now, Shepherd, put aside the pipe,
To watch the lamb new-born,
To breathe the air that cools the morn;
The hay is mown, the fruit is ripe,
The sickle sharp is to the corn.

"Amidst the poplars down the mead,
The willows by the brook,
A sombre cypress rears its head;
The world is thine within thy look,
For ever sung, but still unsaid."

The pipe is now awake again,
To tell a double fate,
The futile fear, the noble pain;
And Gods unknown and Love unsate
Transcend the humble shepherd's strain.

A SONG.

I heard a voice amongst the trees,
As I was on my way to you;
'Twas not a bird, 'twas not the breeze;
The sky was deep, serene and blue.

Was it the echo of the past,
The future's toll—unknown decrees
In which our destiny was cast—
The voice I heard amongst the trees?

I felt the tidings of our bliss,
But still an omen dark I knew;
My soul was wondering at this,
As I was on my way to you.

It told of joy and warned of pain—
'Twas not the humming of the bees—
It told of hope, with doubt again;
'Twas not a bird, 'twas not the breeze.

You came to me, we met half-way;
Perhaps I heard the voice anew. . . .
Was not our life foredoomed this day?
The sky was deep, serene and blue.

WHEN FIRST WE MET. . . .
When first we met you looked so pale
That in my heart a care has grown.
O let your burden be my own,
For I am strong and you are frail.

You wander lone as in a tale,
With love beyond and woe behind,
Too young as yet to be resigned,
But fate is strong and you are frail.

If pain can not be overthrown,
Let not for old the new be lost;
He loves you best who suffers most,
O let your burden be my own.

But neither wish nor fear is shown
Within your sad serenity,
But scorn for love's affinity
Which in my heart from care has grown.

With silent powers that never fail,
You pass. Meek, pensive, still I stay:
I know your soul, you know your day,
But still I doubt. . . . You look so pale. . . .

THE GOLDEN LAMP.
A Fairy gave a golden lamp
To a man blind and poor, forlorn.
Then folks did grin with bitter scorn
Upon the soul-beholden lamp.

Some said: "She meant a cruel joke;
So break her gift against the earth."
Some: "Sell it for its money worth."
The lamp was neither sold nor broke,

But only kept with simple faith,
Unstained, well trimmed, and burning bright,
A token pure of inner light,
A treasure hoarded unto death.

Succession sombre, came and went
Long days, long nights, but pregnant all
With latent hope, that promised call,
Till suddenly the dark was rent.

The wonders new of earth and skies
He saw; and, on their faces, then,
With eyes unwont, the fate of men,
Always unhappy, yet unwise.

A NIGHT-DREAM.
O desert fields! O sombre night!
Through which I go companionless,
As lost in one dark silent sight
As if my form were motionless,

The earth has sunk beneath the clouds;
Intent and memory have fled;
No tree, no hill, derange the shrouds;
Unknown is space and time is dead.

My thoughts are dim; my soul obscure
Resolves into a tenebræ;
Yet consciousness I can secure
To fathom, desperate, unfree,

The terror of a shapeless tomb
Within the ageless void abyss,
Illusions back to Maya's womb
And life to vain Nirvanan bliss.

M. Peyre invites me to correct, where necessary, the scansion of his verse; and in one or two instances I have taken the liberty of doing so. The necessary corrections were, however, extremely few; and it only remains for me to compliment our Provençal poet on his happy first excursion into English verse.

R. H. C.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

IF we could regard Mr. Arnold Bennett as an artist his hopelessly undramatic version of "Sacred and Profane Love" at the Aldwych would be a tragedy; but he is our "business man of letters," and is simply trying to fob us off with some of his old stock. He did not easily discover the difference between a novel and a play; but, having conceived and executed "The Title" in terms of the theatre, it is surprising that he should return to his earlier manner of episodic construction and literary treatment, and bore his audience with long passages from a novel that would barely seem real if read, but are simply absurd as examples of dramatic speech. How can an actress be convincingly hysterical when she has such stuff as this to deliver? "I heard it at the Grand Hotel, in Paris, where I was staying while my husband was attending the Publishers' Conference." Yet something like this fell to the lot of Miss Hilda Bruce-Potter, who apparently is one of those actresses who could break her heart over Bradshaw's intimation: "Change at Clapham Junction." Mr. Bennett's people ask questions, give information, explain things, reason with one another, even quote medical authorities—Mr. Franklin Dyall actually sobs when he refers to Potter, or Trotter, on morphinomania as his authority for his assertion that his is an incurable case. The thing is absurd in the theatre, the incongruity between the structure and texture of the dialogue and the emotional state imposed upon it is too patent. Emotion is, and must be, its own authority, and the profundity of despair cannot be dramatically rendered by reference to authority, however eminent. It is only for comic purposes that the intellectual trick of reference can be used: Shaw got a laugh in "Pygmalion" by making one of his characters reply to the remark, "I think it will be fine, after all," with a quotation of the "Times" weather forecast. But in drama the trick is impossible; you might as well make the poor mother in a melodrama, wondering where the next meal is coming from, quote statistics to prove that the poor are becoming poorer and the rich richer. It cannot be done on the stage.

That the play is sentimental cant is no real objection to it under present circumstances; the objection that will matter most to Mr. Bennett is that the play is not current cant. These artists who seduce the virginal adorers of their "genius," these virginal adorers themselves, whose interest in the life of a genius is focussed on his bedroom adventures, are distinctly pre-war types, and then were exotic and not dramatic types. When Mr. Bennett conceived these people he was in a mood of determined originality; he took the conventional setting of a respectable boarding-house, put into it a conventionally immoral artist, confronted him not with the usual figure of ignorant innocence, but with the more modern type of imaginatively learned innocence, and, with a characteristically snobbish touch, tried to dignify an undramatic and commonplace seduction scene by referring it to the classic Chopin. Chopin as bawd is certainly a new and not a classical rendering—and perhaps there is some distinction in being seduced to Chopin in a town where most girls have had no other allurements than, say, Darewski. But such values are not dramatic; they are, at best, social values. Seduction keeps pace with the evolution of the fine arts; and where the women of Aristotle's time were satisfied with the "immoral flute," the modern high-school maiden demands a selection from the "pianist's composer." It may be true, but the mood is too tenuous on the stage; it lacks passion (particularly in Mr. Bennett's hands), and the people seem, therefore, mere puppets.

The consequences of this seduction were awful: in eight years the young woman wrote eight novels, "interpreting the sexes to each other" with such skill that an old roué wanted to know how she had obtained her knowledge, and, at the age of twenty-eight, was acknowledged by the "greatest living novelist" (a lady not unlike Mrs. Humphry Ward) as her successor to the title. In addition to this, she was offered "profane love" by her publisher, a married but irresponsible man who made love according to the prescription of the most advanced school of feminism. But if the lady's one experience had inspired eight novels, it had also taught her the difference between "spiritual" and "material" love, and she proceeded to instruct the publisher in the art of analysis. She loved him, and if he loved her he would not press for more than spiritual union; she loved him so much that she would do everything for him except what he wanted—and then she sent him back to his wife, who was fainting in a chemist's shop. As a contrast to the "sacred love" that immediately prompted her to go to Paris to rescue her first lover from morphinomania, the scene is singularly ineffective; apparently, from what he said of himself, the man's only talent was publishing, and you cannot publish a book on the stage, not even to woo the second greatest living novelist.

The literary construction of the whole play is destructive of its dramatic appeal; Mr. Bennett seems unable to characterise except by monologue or cross-examination, and he spins out his monologues to tedious length. His "greatest living novelist," his cocotte, his morphinomaniac, his publisher—everybody monologues in a sort of "Who's Who" rhapsody; we almost expect them to add the statistical data—the cocotte, for example, elaborated the details of her life and profession so carefully that a statement of her scale of charges would not have been inappropriate. The morphinomaniac argued his case so learnedly that the omission of the rate of his pulsation, blood-pressure, variations of temperature, etc., became obvious. He certainly tried to count his injection-marks, and to identify the dates of their appearance, but desisted, and gave us instead an estimate of "hundreds." Mr. Bennett's meticulous method is closely allied to the dramatically absurd; he will deal with facts instead of feelings, and make his people quote authorities instead of expressing their own emotions.

The actors struggle with this material and do well in inverse proportion to the quantity of it that they have to deliver. It is the small parts that seem real, that remain in the memory as perfect vignettes of humanity. We only saw Miss Helen Ferrers once (just as we only read Mrs. Humphry Ward once), but the once was enough to make us realise the personality of the greatest living novelist. Miss Ferrers actually raised a laugh once or twice, an extraordinary feat with such a bored and puzzled audience. Miss Jeannette Sherwin's cocotte, too, although the "little mummie" passages of her speech failed even as sentimental humour, remains vividly in the memory as a better rendered than appreciated study. Miss Iris Hoey's unintelligent rendering of Carlotta Peel let everybody else down, and what should have been witty exchanges in this scene left the audience puzzling to see the point. Mr. Roy Byford was hardly long enough on the stage and had too little to do to enable his personality to warm the audience to appreciation; but his appearance was welcome in the waste of words. The Louisa Benbow of Miss Mary Byron was another cleverly rendered character study in miniature. But these incidental characters cannot redeem the play, although Mr. Franklin Dyll struggled valiantly against the lymphatic incompetence of Miss Hoey, who was obviously uncertain whether to play the part traditionally or to let it fall flat naturally. On the whole, it was a depressing performance, and Mr. Arnold Bennett will probably look ruefully at his cheque-book.

The Churches.

THE temporal side of things is not the only one where we find the dominion of formal mind. And the same sequence which I have suggested as being discoverable in the course of temporal rule appears also in the Church. In the days when kings were real they were head of both Church and State. In Egypt, for example, they bore names which are obviously psychological, while there are data suggesting that they passed initiations, and that on what these were in each case depended much of the symbolic if not the historical records connected with them.

But the time came when the Overshadowing retired behind the veil, or possibly when the laws of succession made the heir to the throne other than the Spiritual successor, and Church and State separated except in outermost form. The example which remains to us is the Church of Rome, with its Pope as the sole means of contact with the Everywhere. It is impossible for anyone who looks at the ritual and calendar of the Church of Rome to believe that it came into being from the stimulus of the events at the beginning of our era. It is unfortunate that Gerald Massey was so inclined to lose scientific restraint when talking of the Church, since otherwise much that is to be found in his writings can hardly fail to give cause for reflection to anyone who will read. Whence the Church was derived upon which Christianity was engrafted we do not know, but the evidence seems to show that it came from Egypt. Even admitting that St. Paul's caution, "for fear of the angels," points to a different psychological condition from that which we know, it will hardly account for the Roman ritual. A ritual, from one point of view, may be looked on as a guide to the Unseen World. Time was when men lived knowingly among the various entities, gods and devils of various kinds and degrees, and approached or avoided them, courted their favour, or commanded them in the natural way. As in time his coat of skin grew thicker, man lost the sight and knowledge and became then dependent on the ritual for the proper method of doing these things.

The Pope answered to King (or probably rather to the owner of a borough who, as I said in my article on Government, took on the rôle of king), and surrounded himself with strenuous Cardinals as the machinery through which the Church was ruled, for the benefit of the Church. For the laity were but pawns in the game, and their gain was the fact that they were, as long as they remained in the Church fold, sheltered from unseen foes. The situation of the Church of Rome is parallel with the political situation in England before the Reform Act.

The Protestant movement was essentially a protest that all men were (potentially at least) as capable of commune with the Everywhere as was a Pope who was no longer overshadowed in any special manner, and was in fact the rise of Demos. In both Churches, but especially in the Roman, the government and administration are in the hands of formal mind, and the revolt against religion at the present day is only what might be expected. It is a second Protestant movement, to be equated with the present political movement against formal mind.

The Church of England has progressed farther on the road than has the Church of Rome, which is, as it were, in the position of Germany in 1914. In fact, the parallel is almost exact and quite typical of a formal mind rule, under which freedom of action is bartered for freedom from foes, temporal or spiritual. No doubt there are many who are still in need of some such Church protection, and yet more who prefer to be relieved of the cares of conflict. But it is a very interesting speculation how long those who have no business to shirk their own responsibilities will still continue to do so.

In the case of the Church of England things have

gone much farther. We make no assumption as to the inspiration of our Archbishops or Bishops. When they have any it is, so to speak, "unofficial." Hence the Church is deliberately set on a basis of mind and has, like the State, fallen to the most material type. Its teaching is only ethical, or logical, or "rational," and its ignorance of even the less material of material things is quite extraordinary, if one may judge by the speeches at the Church Congress.

Our Protestants seem to have forgotten the cause of their protestation. Religion is not a form or a formula; it is not an intellectual, but an emotional, thing. The value of intellectual ethics is only that it marks off certain areas as unprofitable for our search, and suggests certain methods as applicable to certain situations. But by Protestation it is this and this only to which the Protestants are actually entitled. In fact, the word "Church" in this connection is almost a misnomer.

Just as Demos is demanding the right to govern the State for its own progress, so too it is demanding the right to govern the Church for its own salvation. The two are, of course, closely connected, but far from identical. For one thing, in religion—real personal religion—there is nothing in the world but ourselves and our God, and hence we cannot put down our failures to the incompetence of others. In the State this is, of course, the most natural explanation and excuse when things go wrong. Though it is so only in a minor degree, no argument will suffice to prove this. It is really in the field of religion that the first work will have to be done. In fact, a democracy without a vital religion is almost an inconceivable condition. As a first step to a vital religion it is necessary that our data and the ethics deduced from them shall be amplified by the introduction of much which, though known universally in earlier days or in other lands, is now quite ignored by us. Hence, however undesirable much of the present activity in spiritualism and such-like things may be, it is quite a necessary stage to be passed through. It is in this that we may look for the assistance of science, not only of psychical research, but of all the sciences; for, though they do not yet realise the fact, their mission in the world is the vindication of religion. This does not mean that science can replace religion, for this is the one thing which it is quite certain that science can not do. Its aid will come in two ways. Firstly, it can show that many things which were held to bar the reliability of the various Scriptures are really true accounts of real happenings—and this it is in the process of doing. Some of the miracles and other small points of which materialism made such good use fifty years ago are no longer available as destructive evidence. We are now waiting for the proof of reincarnation as a practical and logical fact. Without this, ethics is a shell of intellectualism, or at best dependent on subconscious religion for its motive-power. Whereas when once the belief in reincarnation is revived, ethics becomes a subject of great interest to all who have any thought for the morrow.

Though these are both contributions of great value from science to the cause of religion, they nevertheless only touch the outside, practical side—the Religion of the Soul. The real victory of science over unbelief will only come when it has learned to show that all the empty words which we employ in religion and psychology are not restricted in their application to man alone, but are what may be called "generic" words, and can be found existing in the laboratory as well as in humanity. For this is the proof that the universe is really a universe. When we can all see the history of the body and soul of man in a candle-flame we shall not err, as the religionists and psychologists now do, in considering man as the sole inhabitant of Cosmos, if not the maker of Cosmos into the bargain, and we shall have some basis on which

to build the Religion of the Spirit. But to return to solid earth again. The claims of the Churches on their flocks and the flocks on their Churches must find some immediate solution. To begin with, we must recognise more than is now done the "anatomy" of religion. The "World Church" has a body, soul, and spirit, just as a man has. This is pictured in small measure in our cathedrals, where the Nave or body contains the laity and in which stands the pulpit from which the formal, ethical food is given. In the Choir or soul is performed the magic and emotional acts of metabolism, culminating at the Altar, behind which stands the Lady Chapel, a "vestigial remnant." As in the nave are the ignorant masses, so in the choir are the more wise elect, but to the Lady Chapel a man goes alone. If man is to take his own salvation in hand his position is rather different according to the Church to which he belongs. The Protestant has *really* no claim on his Church. For by his protestation he abjured all outward aid in his task, and merely retains his Church as a religious democracy and demands of its rulers that they shall provide an environment in which he can make his own spiritual progress. It is true that the elder brothers should by now be able to help those behind them, and the real accusation against the Reformed Church is that by its well-meaning rigidity and formalism it has prevented many who were ready to show lines of progress—though truly "unorthodox"—from teaching in its body.

The accusation in the case of the Church of Rome is different. Here the Church postulates that it has the power to save, and will save provided that the man will follow its orders implicitly, and be content to be saved as a member of the Church. It is a salvation by faith, nominally faith in Christ, actually faith in the Church method. This is quite a tenable position to take up, and for many people the bargain may be quite a good one. The mistake comes when a man has outgrown leading-strings and wishes to venture, wisely or unwisely, into the greater world. For then, instead of letting him go with its blessing, and even a helping hand, it uses all its power to keep him in the fold. It is obvious that *as the Church is constituted* a man must either be in it or not at all of it. He cannot be both. The Church would be acting quite rightly in excluding the venturer from its Sacraments. But it is not acting rightly in taking into itself those who are not so constituted as to need its ministrations, or in keeping them there when its ministrations are no longer needed. In doing this it is considering the Church before the Soul, and is acting as a monarchy desiring power as a State, not as a democracy acting for the good of the individual. The same arguments, *mutatis mutandis*, may be produced in both cases. The matter is one of time, not time in years, but time in psychic evolution. In fact, it is an example of what I have once spoken of as the "level of differentiation." The salvation to be obtained in the Church differs from that obtainable outside the Church. In the Church all is psychic religion and the ethical religion which is needed as its basis. Spiritual religion begins outside a Church—or, rather, in churches not made with hands and whose bounds are drawn on lines quite different from those which delimit all human creeds. The rightly constituted Church should provide the environment and magic by which the man may work his way to individuality. But when he has reached the point where he starts on his Great Adventure outside its walls it should bless his undertaking and not refuse him admission again, except as a prodigal son, when he returns, battered, to renew his strength for another attempt to storm the skies. In the Choir there is a priest and a vicarious sacrifice. In the Lady Chapel a man is his own sacrifice and his own priest. In the Church of England there is no Choir. In the Church of Rome there is no Lady Chapel. In fact, the very architecture of the Roman cathedral

is a symbol of my contention concerning the Roman Church. By the introduction of the chevet, in which the Chapel to the Virgin is only one among, even if before, others, the heaven to which the sacrifice at the altar leads has been made the Abode of the Blessed, peopled with personalities, instead of the Everywhere, in which no personalities exist. M. B. Oxon.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

LONDON'S first important exhibit of Matisse's work is now open at the Leicester Gallery. There is "very little to say about it" because it is in itself so conclusive. The public should know that the show is open, and they should go and look at the pictures. Prejudice against advanced and even wildly experimental work should fade in the face of this exhibition. Gleizes, Boccioni and the rest are justified, apart from any merits they themselves may possess; they are justified because the shows of cubism and even of futurism have made it possible for even a fairly wide public to look at Matisse in simplicity; to look at Matisse without having to climb hurdles of "strangeness."

The eye which has seen any modern work at all finds nothing in "Portraits de femmes" more startling, more "eccentric" than it would find in Moroni or Gozzoli. It is a great blessing that fortuitous accidents should be cleared away, and that by having got used to "very advanced work" one can now look at the essential qualities of Matisse's work without adventitious distraction.

This portrait of three women is great painting; it is akin to Moroni and the Old Masters; it reminds one, in the treatment of eyes, of Gauguin and of the encaustics from Egyptian mummy cases, and these three diverse "associations" are not in the least contradictory. Neither is the contender for "pure form" and for "forms in relation" stumped by the traditionalism or the "psychology." The eight pair of eyes in the six pictures clustered on the west wall of the gallery do, indeed, express a deal of psychology, variants in the temperaments of the sitters; the geometric means is simple; the geometric means is no more than the relation of a disc to the two concave curves above and below it, tangent or almost tangent to the disc, but like all simple means used by an artist, the artistic depth, as in contrast to the mathematical plainness, is due to great subtlety in the use, ergo, to great sensitiveness in the user; and, in the end, sensitiveness plus experience and perseverance is great knowledge.

Eyes looking out of a picture are a catch-penny dodge and one easy to use cheaply; Matisse has not used them cheaply. Eyes looking out of a picture are not a catch-penny dodge; they are a legitimate means for a portrait painter, and a means which only a snobbish desire to avoid interesting the public will lead him to neglect. Eyes looking out of a picture are a common ground for good artists and for tricksters. Let us take the eyes in Matisse's portraits at their just value. Matisse is a great draughtsman; the nude (19) makes interesting contrast to Gaudier's drawings; it has the suavity of maturity, whereas Gaudier's work has the attack and invective of youth in it. The big portrait of three women is admirable in composition; it has the apparent, and probably real effortlessness in originality which is one of the signs of mastery.

The character in "à la Toque de Jours" is, like the eyes in the companion pictures, due to great knowledge of structure. It is not necessary, either in the young or in the mature artist, that all the geometry of a painting be tossed up into the consciousness and analysed by the painter before he puts brush to canvas. *The genius can pay in nugget and in lump gold; it is not necessary that he bring up his knowledge into the mint of consciousness, stamp it into either the coin of conscien-*

tiously analysed form-detail knowledge or into the paper-money of words, before he transmit it. A bit of luck for a young man, and the sudden coagulation of bits of knowledge collected here and there during years, need not for the elder artist be re-sorted and arranged into coin. This sort of lump-payment is not mediumistic or psychic painting; it is mastery, and Matisse displays it.

I have said often enough in these columns that Matisse, perhaps more than any other man living, has given us a renewal of colour-sense. One had but to see a Matisse in "Les Independents" to see the surrounding pictures painted in mud. In a show consisting entirely of Matisse one might not be very much aware of the colour achievement; indeed, one takes the pictures quite easily and as a matter of course. They are not a matter of course, but they are in the true sense classic. There is no attempt either for novelty or for the avoidance of novelty.

It is very hard on Therese Lessore, whose show at the Eldar Galleries synchronises with the Matisse show, that she should be the butterfly broken on the wheel of comparison with the integrity of Matisse. But the demonstration is too apt. Before the Lessore pictures one feels that the artist, with perfectly conventional perception of scene, decided to "do it" in modern manner; we have all sorts of old pictures re-done in the mode of 1919, the result being thinness.

In Matisse the style rises out of the subject; the treatment, given Matisse himself, is inevitable; the result is profundity. One finds nothing whatever to question. No one else has painted these pictures; no one else in all time has painted the composition of form and colour to be found in the chair-back and environs of the portrait of three women. The eyes are Gauguin or Egyptian coffin lids without in the least disturbing the oneness of the picture. The oldest of old dodges is here and without being a detriment.

One feels in the Lessore show that there is not one picture which would be what it is *unless* someone else had painted some other picture, eighteenth century classicism or early nineteenth century prints; or Degas theatre scenes, or Manet, etc., with a thin coating of Lessore 1919, i.e., a sort of super or superior London Groupism on top. One is not convinced that Lessore before the child swinging on the fence-chain has seen anything which would not have been seen by any Tate Galleryist, or that there is any reason deeper than that of the calendar, i.e., deeper than the accident of its having been July, 1919, rather than July, 1870, when she painted it, to have caused it to be as it is.

Before the Matisse one feels the exact opposite; one feels that if Matisse had lived in 1870 or in 1570 he would have painted his three women in exactly the way that he has. This feeling may be quibbled about, but at bottom is very nearly justifiable. In the essentials nothing would have been altered; minutiae of the pictures would, let us admit, have been different had Matisse lived in another century, but the main drive of the canvas would have been the main drive as we have it.

The antithesis is very hard on Miss Lessore, but one cannot help it; the catechumen seeking enlightenment as to the difference between masterwork and not-masterwork has a very convenient chance of finding it out, not by reading what a critic can tell him, but by going from one gallery to the other and employing his eyesight. Lessore is modern and Matisse is of the eternal. Lessore is clever; the difference between Lessore and Sickert, between Lessore and Manet, between Lessore and any other known artist lies in a purely conscious effort to be different. Matisse's mastery lifts him above any attempt to be different.

In the end the critic can do no more for his public than try to persuade them to fill their eyes with good work, to fill their visual memories with the effects of

good work. You cannot explain to a man that a drawing is bad or indifferent or "uninspired"; you can only show him good drawing often enough and hope that in time he may come to know the difference.

Matisse is art, and his show demonstrates inevitably that Lessore is only top-dressing; but Miss Lessore may comfort herself with the reflection that Matisse's work has and would have exactly the same effect on the work of many other artists with greater reputations than her own. There is proof of this at the Leicester Gallery itself, where the work of various other well-known artists is "also hung."

Views and Reviews.

SALUS POPULI.

It was my privilege, on a former occasion, to draw attention to the work of Dr. Robert Bell and of Dr. Forbes Ross in connection with cancer, and to show that their work indicated that cancer was both a preventable and curable disease. It is not a subject on which I claim to speak with any authority, although I think that I am capable of forming an intelligent opinion concerning it; but my only purpose was, and is, to draw public attention to the fact that a horrible disease, with a steadily increasing mortality, need not be accepted as an inevitable calamity. The health of the people should be of prime public interest, as I have so often insisted; it is a necessary basis of that "good life" that we all, including Mr. Lloyd George, desire; and if we cannot all contribute to the sum of actual knowledge of the means to and conditions of public health, we can at least do our share towards making known the work of men who have something to contribute. I return to the work of Dr. Robert Bell* because, in his preface, he requests publicity which has been denied him by his profession. He is one of the original Fellows of the Royal Society of Medicine, and he has been refused permission to read to that society the paper which is here printed at the expense of one of his patients whom he has cured.

If it were not for the tragedy of unnecessary suffering that this policy of boycott always entails, its eternal recurrence would be comical. Those acquainted, however casually, with the modern history of medicine know how inevitably, as it seems, the profession as a whole resists the introduction of curative measures. Hahnemann discovered a new principle of treatment (to say nothing of his actual contributions to the knowledge of the properties and powers of drugs) and to this day his followers are treated as strange and not quite nice animals by their colleagues; although you cannot prescribe even quinine for fever, or mercury for syphilis, or the anti-toxin treatment for anything without applying the homeopathic principle, *similia similibus curantur*. Gall demonstrated the anatomy of the brain, discovered many of its structures, and located many of the mental functions—and was denounced as a quack and a fraud. Mesmer and others revived the knowledge of the curative power of ideas and emotional states, and until the war hypnotism (in England, at least) was practised only in holes and corners. Anti-septic surgery was resisted by practically the whole profession; osteopathy, more recently, has been elevated to the dignity of quackery in this country, for a quack is a man who performs cures. Psycho-analysis, denounced before the war as the filthy product of a filthy mind, has been accepted more quickly than is usual as a permissible and even respectable method of treatment of neuroses. Such a history suggests strongly

that a doctor has only to prove that he can cure disease to find himself at loggerheads with the profession of healing.

In the case of Dr. Robert Bell the boycott has come too late. He has been studying cancer for twenty-five years, making notes and printing them, like Burns' chiel, and restoring to normal health people doomed, either by their habits or their surgeons, to die of cancer. Apart from his four books on the subject, his successful private practice and his no less successful practice at Battersea Hospital, his vice-presidency of the International Society for Cancer Research, all combine to make it impossible to suppress entirely the knowledge that cancer is curable without surgery and is not curable with it. Dr. Bell cannot be suppressed; but the medical profession can limit its usefulness to the public, can forfeit what little remains of the public regard for its collective intelligence, by ignoring his work and refusing to put his methods of treatment to the extensive test of private practice. No reasonable man expects much from the various cancer research organisations, which seem to be more concerned with trying to graft cancer on mice than to cure it in human beings. Indeed, we may say that cancer is curable, but cancer research is not. Dr. Bell's chief difficulty is that his method undermines both the surgical and medical vested interest in disease. It is generally admitted by surgeons themselves that cancer is not curable by surgery; indeed, some of them are shocked at the virulence with which cancer begins, or recurs, after operation. I use the word "begins" advisedly, for Dr. Bell quotes cases in which there seems to be no doubt that the cancerous change followed the operation. We usually hear the cry of "mistaken diagnosis" when a patient is cured of cancer; but Dr. Bell shows, by actual cases, that the mistaken diagnosis is frequently made by those who prescribe surgery. Simple cases of mastitis, for example, which yields readily to therapeutic treatment, have been diagnosed and sometimes treated as cancer, with disastrous results in the latter case. Dr. Bell's contention that patients die more quickly after operation than they do if left to the normal progress of the disease robs surgery of its only claim to usefulness in this respect; it does not prolong life, on the contrary it shortens life—and if that opinion becomes widely known and accepted it will deprive the surgeons of a considerable portion of their income.

The hostility of the surgeons to Dr. Bell's method is intelligible; but the dietetic portion of the cure strikes no less surely at the medical vested interest in disease. There is nothing more certain in medicine than that errors of diet, with their accompanying disturbances, malnutritious, toxæmias of the organism, are at the root of many of the diseases that distress man. A reformed diet will certainly diminish the demand for medical attention; "an apple a day keeps the doctor away"; and so long as the medical profession is organised for private profit, and not for public use, doctors are naturally chary of adopting or advising anything that might diminish the demand for their services. Until we learn to pay our doctors while we are well, and fine them when we are ill, we must expect them to be more interested in the discovery or invention of disease than in its prevention or cure. But a scourge such as cancer is so horrible in its ravages that, let us hope, simple humanity will over-ride self-interest, as it does so often in individual doctors and so seldom in the organised profession. Anyhow, the fact remains that the public have a right to know that cancer is both preventable and curable; and if the medical profession and also the medical Press will not permit the circulation of that knowledge it is the duty of the public Press to acquaint its readers with the fact. If sufferers and subscribers both turn their attention to the Battersea Hospital the desires of both for the cure of cancer will be more quickly realised than in any other way.

A. E. R.

* "A Plea for the Treatment of Cancer Without Operation." By Robert Bell, M.D., F.R.F.P.S. (Eveleigh Nash. 2s. 6d. net.)

Reviews.

Quia Pauper Amavi. By Ezra Pound. (The Egoist Press. 6s. and 10s. 6d. net.)

This book consists of paraphrases from the Provençal and from Propertius, together with some original poems. The first, "Langue d'oc," are to our old-fashioned taste by far the best, among the most successful being the "Alba" of Giraut de Borneil and the "Canzon" of Arnaut, the latter with its seven-fold rhyme-scheme being a real *tour de force*; while in the Borneil Mr. Pound's stanza is even more effective than that of the original. A scattering of words like "plasmatur" and "galzeadry" stresses the artificiality of all this poetry, and, if anything, adds to the appreciation of its flavour.

The rest of the book is in Mr. Pound's later manner. "Three Cantos" are designed to "go one better" than Browning's "Sordello," of which they begin with an acute criticism. Mr. Pound then skips through the continents and the centuries, whisking us from Egypt to Provence, and thence to Spain (*via* Japan) in a few pages, coruscating attractively enough as he goes. Yet after these fireworks one may be glad to turn for relief to the simple prattle of "Sordello."

There is no "galzeadry" about the "Homage to Propertius," which is very much alive indeed, more modern than the "Mœurs contemporaines," and should be read, by those who have no Latin, with the speed and gusto with which it was evidently written. Mr. Pound has developed the small germ of humour in Propertius—so small that no one else has noticed it—till it overruns his whole work. The new Propertius does not balance his epithets like the old; he has changed his deep organ for the tongs and bones of *vers libre*; he is "swelled up with inane pleasurable-abilities, and guzzles with outstretched ears" (is this meant to "write him down an ass"?), but "at any rate he will not have his epitaph in a high road"—Mr. Pound has seen to that.

Unexpectedly enough, the method often succeeds. There is a piquancy about the Lygdamus poem that is not in the original ("does he like me to sleep here alone, Lygdamus? Will he say nasty things at my funeral?"), while the effective ending of No. 8 is Mr. Pound's own invention, Propertius saying the exact opposite. Unfortunately, Propertius' dignity and passion have also to be forced into this jaunty mould, with the result that the great lament for "white Iope, blithe Helen, and the rest," becomes: "There are enough women in hell, quite enough beautiful women . . . death has its tooth in the lot"—and that tooth, we trust, on edge.

It is, however, hardly fair to judge the "Homage to Propertius" by reference to Propertius. It is obviously not meant as a translation, though it ventures rather too near the original to be taken simply as a free fantasia on Roman themes. Yet the seven major blunders in No. 12 and the five in No. 5 are enough to show that Mr. Pound refuses to make a fetish of pedantic accuracy. The reader is not entitled to expect more than the "general sense," even when it is nonsense; as when "upon the Actian marshes Virgil is Phœbus' chief of police," or as when Galatea "almost turns to Polyphemus' dripping horses because of a tune under Aetna." Even if Polyphemus had had any horses, they probably would not have been able to sing; and, anyhow, why should they drip? Galatea's horses naturally would, as they had just come out of the sea.

Mr. Pound will not finick about tenses, like a mere grammarian, any more than about cases. "The primi-

tive ages sang Venus, the last sings of a tumult, and I also will sing war when this matter of a girl is exhausted." But Propertius has finished with Cynthia for the time being, and is singing of war—in which new amusement Mr. Pound most inconsistently follows him. The palæontology is, however, Mr. Pound's alone. Again, "Io mooded the first year with averted head and now drinks Nile water like a god"—which seems a foolish thing for a god to do when he can get nectar; in Propertius, Io merely drank it when she was a cow.

Occasionally a hard word is followed by a comment in the text: as most readers, for example, would naturally like to know where the forests of "Phaacia" are, these are explained as "the luxurious and Ionian"; and it is not the fault of Mr. Pound's benevolence that the mythical island of Phaeacia has nothing to do with the Ionian town of Phocaea.

Mr. Pound's world of antiquity is itself as insubstantial as any Phaeacia. While the terrene Marius is conquering the Cimbri, a phantom Marus is drawing spectral dividends from the Welsh mines. The celestial hierarchy, evidently thriving on its Nile water, is increased by "the Oetian gods," and a certain Citharaon, who "shook up the rocks by Thebes"; while Propertius (setting aside Mount Cithaeron) can muster but a single beggarly Oetaean. The small birds of the "Cytharean" mother have changed their red beaks for "Punic faces"; there are "celebrities from the Trans-Caucasus" instead of the simple Romans Propertius knew, and a lady called "royal Aemilia," who is drawn on a "memorial raft"—possibly lent to her by Aemilius, who had used it himself for conveying royal trophies. Xerxes has a "two-barrelled kingdom" added to his dominions—perhaps the river Ranaus is to be found there, and "the wood of Aeonium," which, like Milton, soars above the Aonian mount. There is even a "trained and performing tortoise" in place of the Propertian lyre, and a "tune of the Phrygian fathers"—presumably written in collaboration for the tortoise to dance to.

Still, in spite of these delights, it is to be hoped that the shade of Propertius will not stray into Mr. Pound's comic Elysium. That meticulous Alexandrian might not be altogether satisfied with his new liegeman's "homage."

Before and Now. By Austin Harrison. (The Bodley Head. 6s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Austin Harrison is a capable journalist, and the various papers contained in this volume express contemporary opinions with facility, except when he attempts the admittedly fictional form of narrative. His description of the burial of "Jingoism" in 1911, and his report of the funeral oration over its remains, have the awkward air of unreality that the news of yesterday always wears, but more especially when it is not true. In spite of Rosencrantz and Mr. Harrison, the world has not grown honest, and Jingoism still makes the earth tremble in its efforts to do good to other people. The passage of the Parliament Act evoked no more from Mr. Harrison than surprise, merging into pleasurable pride, that the people were more interested in the fortunes of Surrey than in the muzzling of our nobility, some of whom have pedigrees of fifty years' length. There are several references to the denorable necessity of reforming the curriculum of our preparatory and public schools; and the attention that has been drawn to this subject during the war is a justification of Mr. Harrison's almost prophetic insight, for "Our Gentlemen's Schools" bears the date 1912. Mr. Harrison is among those who prophesied war with Germany before it happened; and warned us that the Anglo-American treaty did not inaugurate the era of "Peace, Perfect Peace." Indeed, when we review the contents of this volume, we find Mr. Harrison's

opinions, so far as they are clear to us, beyond reproach; he said that things were so (for example, on the Suffrage question, he urged that there was some connection of the female sex with motherhood), and they were so. It is actually a fact that women, and not men, are the mothers of humanity; and that fact cannot be concealed from the piercing insight of a prophetic publicist. He concludes the volume with an essay on "The Foundations of Reconstruction," which bears the date 1917; and informs us that "in a word, the diagnosis is—education, which alone can fit us to grapple with the immense problems," etc. Who is to educate us, and in what; he does not tell us; but we suppose that if England does become the schoolroom that he contemplates (instead of being "a nest of singing-birds" warbling K-K-K-Katy), Mr. Harrison will be in his element.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—Dr. Levy, I see, appeals to *THE NEW AGE* for a re-opening of the Nietzsche controversy. If I jot down some random thoughts that have been circulating in my head the last few days, some disciple of Nietzsche may, perhaps, rise up and inaugurate the controversy over my corpse.

NIETZSCHE AND HEALTH.

Nietzsche's view of life was determined by the reaction of a tough assertive nature against severe and long-sustained bodily pain: that is, Nietzsche was always biting an aching tooth. The more the tooth hurt the harder he bit, and to emphasise his indomitable nature he insisted that he was destined to bite his tooth, in successive reincarnations, throughout eternity. Anyone who consoled himself for an aching tooth by the hope of another existence, untroubled by toothache, was—ow!—and Nietzsche would bite harder than ever.

From a man on the rack a healthy undistorted view of life is not to be expected.

NIETZSCHE AND HUMOUR.

Nietzsche had great wit, but no humour. He disliked Cervantes' "Don Quixote," because he was himself Don Quixote, great of heart, but crazed and fatuously egotistical. (Don Quixote, by the way, has been sentimentalised by modern taste into an altruist.)

NIETZSCHE AND POETRY.

Nietzsche ground out some good verses, but, on the whole, this affirmer of life did not understand the best thing in life. His remarks on Shakespeare are worthless, and he ranked "Faust" above "Faust."

NIETZSCHE'S SUPERMAN.

The superman of Nietzsche is a curious compound of Jesus Christ, Caesar Borgia, and Lord Chesterfield. He is the ideal of a boy's fancy. When "Ouida" is truer to life than Cervantes, the superman will appear on earth.

NIETZSCHE AND ENVY.

Nietzsche speaks of envy as the mark of the slave-nature. Shakespeare with a deeper insight reveals in Iago the connection between envy and the Will to Power. Napoleon making himself unpleasant to beautiful women at a ball is Napoleon ill at ease, and therefore envious, and therefore malignant.

Just as the great man is capable of envy, so the mob are capable of admiration. Had Nietzsche visited a cinema, he would have learnt that the envious slaves who compose the mass of mankind love nothing better than the representation of wealth and luxury. "All things are double, the one against the other": envy is always balanced by admiration.

NIETZSCHE'S MERRIMENT.

Nietzsche would have disliked the phrase "infectious laughter." The laughter of his superman is designed to intimidate the masses.

NIETZSCHE AND POPULAR PHRASES.

Nietzsche was, fortunately for his peace of mind, unaware that the mass of mankind is far more Nietzschean

than Christian in sentiment. "Grin and bear it" is pure Nietzscheanism. "He hasn't any 'devil' in him" ought, if Nietzsche judged life rightly, to be a phrase of whining condemnation.

The girls who admire Becky Sharp more than Amelia Sidley, the boys who play at pirates instead of enacting a miniature Oberammergau play, furnish further proofs of Nietzsche's misapprehension of human nature.

Nietzsche was inept in his relations with men, and still more inept in his relations with women. His work suffers from his inadequacy to the problems of ordinary life. It seems as if he wished to balance his personal shortcomings by verbal aggressiveness, insolence, and overstrained self-assertion.

None the less, he had flashes of extraordinary insight. He will always be a stimulus to thought. But those who take him as their master will lose some qualities important for those who wish to understand life, balance, good humour, and that love of others which is quite compatible with regret that they are not sufficiently intelligent to appreciate their inferiority to oneself.

HUGH LUNN.

* * *

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—Paragraph five of "Thoughts on the State" should read, "Now on the passing of the Reform Act the owner of a borough *had* stepped. . ."

M.B. OXON.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The railway unions are still considering the new scheme of control offered by the Government, and no decision has been announced. But all the signs point to acceptance, possibly with some modifications. In any case, the proposal is a highly significant step. It shows more clearly than anything that has yet happened the direction in which things are moving in the industrial field. All good judges have long known the imminence of a change much deeper than is implied in such phrases as "labour unrest" and the usual talk about "capital and labour." The real meaning of the present turmoil is that we are witnessing the birth-pangs of a new order. There is no reason why it should not come into the world quite smoothly, if people understand what is happening and do not offer an unreasoning opposition. The two industries which are taking the lead are coal-mining and railways, and for that there are very good reasons. The inspiration at the back of the exceptional importance displayed by the unions representing these industries is the theory of industrial organisation known as Guild Socialism. It is the youngest and much the most adroit of all these movements, and the public ought to understand what it means. It may be roughly described as a hybrid between State Socialism and Syndicalism, and is intended to combine the merits and avoid the disadvantages of both. The main idea is that each industry should be owned by the State, but controlled and run by the people of all grades working in it, organised as a guild. Obviously this would avoid the evil of bureaucratic State control and also the exploitation of an industry for the sole benefit of its trade union, which is the social vice of Syndicalism. This policy has been ably advocated for some years by a number of young intellectuals, and it has lately made active progress in the mining and railway industries, which have been selected for several good reasons. They are monopolistic in character, if not absolute monopolies; they are mature and comparatively easy to run with a purely technical staff; and the workmen's organisations are more advanced towards the guild model than in most other industries. It is evident that the trade union leaders have been to a considerable extent won over to the policy, though they may not all be quite clear or united about it. At any rate, that is the direction in which they are moving. The policy of the Miners' Federation, if realised, would come pretty near the ideal, and might easily be developed into it; and the new scheme for the railways, which would place the control under a board of managers and trade unionists, is obviously a step in the same direction. It is only a step, as Mr. Thomas said in announcing it; and the policy is to proceed by steps. Hence the very determined stand made by the leaders against the slightest limitation of the right to

strike, because this weapon might become necessary at any time for the next step. There is nothing alarming in all this, provided that changes are gradually and tentatively introduced and the public understand what is going on, so that false steps can be avoided or retraced in time. The complete programme of Guild Socialism is chimerical and injudicious, but advances towards it in suitable industries may well be one of the forms which the new order will take.—“Times,” November 19.

A MANIFESTO.

To the Rank and File of the Trade Union Movement.

Contrary to the expectations of most people, the Trade Union Movement as a whole was not destroyed or even weakened by the revolutionary changes of the war. It grew in magnitude and power. It evolved features of a character, the significance of which becomes more clearly defined as the fight with the employing class increases in ferocity. It brought to the front issues which indicated that the forces of production had in their detailed manifestations passed beyond the capacity of the Trade Unions as such to cope with them. It revealed tendencies hitherto almost unnoticed, and weakness and strength in unexpected places.

Amidst the welter of the industrial strife following as a direct product of the capitalist world conflagration, the conflict of the old and new features has produced problems urgently demanding which we are convinced cannot be solved without vigorous and courageous activity on the part of those to whom this manifesto is addressed.

When the first Trade Unions started on their upward way, democracy characterised their methods and the narrow horizon of trade limited their activities. The horizon has widened and the methods of procedure have changed with the passing of the years.

Fusions, Federations, Confederations, Councils, and Congresses have followed the industrial progression of Capitalism. With their growth there vanished much of the early democracy, and in its place there comes a big specialised official army to man the organisations in oligarchical or caucus fashion. Rulership from below has given place to rulership from above.

This development has its own peculiarities, in that the conservatism of the constitutions and the remoteness of the officials from the changes proceeding in industry has produced psychological contrasts between officialdom and the rank and file. This phenomenon aggravates the consideration of the current problems in the direction of the stabilising of Capitalism. For the magnitude of the industrial labour movement, coinciding with the economic of the age, such questions as Nationalisation and the control of industry come more and more to the front, and, tackled by officialdom with its essentially capitalist outlook, the whole machinery of the Trade Unions is constitutionally directed into channels of adaptation of these matters to the capitalist system. Hence the approval of Whitleyism and the elaborate machinery of conciliation.

But the struggle does not abate, and the defects and limitations of the Trade Unions become ever more apparent. The call comes for a General Staff for the Labour hosts, and again the principal thought impressed is conservative and reactionary. The General Staff of officialdom is to be a dam to the surging tide of independent working-class aspirations and not a directing agency towards the overthrow of Capitalism.

Meanwhile the experiences of the workers in factories, mills, and mines, on railways, and in every other important department of industry, have produced elements of organisation which demonstrate the weaknesses and shortcomings of the Trade Unions in relationship to the actual processes of industrial activity. These new developments rising in the heat of conflict, unofficially and semi-officially, characterised as “Shop Committees,” “Workers’ Committees,” “Joint Shop Stewards’ Committees,” “Pit Committees,” etc., reveal quite clearly the changes which have to be wrought to make possible the fulfilment of the claims of the working class for the “control of industry.” It is now definitely realised that the struggle of the workers is an everyday struggle, and that the organisations which can shoulder the posi-

tive responsibility for the running of industry must be an organisation with its roots firmly planted in every industrial group, ramifying fields, factories, mills, mines, railways, and workshops. The industrial group must become the new unit of organisation in contradistinction to the Trade Union branch based on residential convenience. Upon the rapid growth and the powerful co-ordination of these units depends our future. For not only are we urged in this direction on account of the reasons already given, but also because these committees are rapidly becoming the only means of expression of the working class towards an independent objective. The surrender of the Trade Unions officialism to Whitleyism, the acquiescence to the Industrial Courts Bill, the acceptance of arbitration awards, are all indications of the mass of machinery created and in the process of creation for the purpose of dissipating the energy of the workers.

The only possible way we can avert this consummation of capitalist intrigue and official incapacity and servility to the ruling class is by the fullest possible development of the industrial movement, free from the trammels of compromising opportunism. Much has been done in this direction, and much remains to be done. Our immediate task is to draw together into organised form all those units, committees, and organisations approximating to the industrial unionist structure which are prepared to move along lines of independence. To this task we must now address ourselves with no uncertainty of purpose.

The National Administrative Committee of Shop Stewards and Workers’ Committees is calling a National Conference for January 10 and 11, 1920, the main purpose of which will be to unite the industrial workers for class action, to prepare a programme embracing the demands of the workers in their respective industries, and to determine what methods shall be pursued to attain the objectives and what tactics shall be pursued in future industrial conflicts. That each of these items are of immense importance few will now deny. Every strike of recent history has re-emphasised the futility of sectional strikes even when on so large a scale as the railway strike. Every strike now becomes a definite challenge to all the forces of the Government, and to attempt to fight these forces with anything less than all the forces of the organised working class is to deliberately place ourselves at a disadvantage. To accept the challenge of the governing class is to accept the responsibility to take out of the hands of the capitalist class its power to rule over us. These are the issues officialdom is shirking. These are the issues we must be courageous enough and audacious enough to tackle. We must draw up a programme to unite all workers, and then, knowing clearly our objective, realising fully all that is involved in the fight to attain it, we must determine the preparations to be made. There is no time to be lost. The sufferings of the working class are intensifying in our midst. The world conflict between exploiters and exploited is rapidly reaching its highest pitch of ferocity; and we, men and women of the class with a destiny greater than any class which human history can record, must now rise to the grandeur of our task and be worthy of the freedom to which we move. Get to grips with the situation. Form your committees. Rouse yourselves and be strong.

J. T. MURPHY,

For the National Administrative Committee of the Shop Stewards’ and Workers’ Committees.

For provisional agenda for Conference apply to George Peet, National Secretary, care of “Solidarity,” 10, Tudor Street, E.C.4.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	28s. 0d. ...	30s. 0d.
Six Months.....	14s. 0d. ...	15s. 0d.
Three Months.....	7s. 0d. ...	7s. 6d.

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