A number of people—the spritely but cynical "Student of Politics" in the "Times" included—and, we may add, somewhat to our surprise, the "Daily News" industrial editor—have raised an objection to what they regard as the unfair discrimination in the distribution of the reduction. "Why," asked the former, "should the parlour-grate be given preference over the factory-furnace?" Without committing ourselves to support of the means by which the Government has set about reducing prices—for, in truth, the effect of the means adopted will be disastrous in the long run—we are nevertheless of the opinion that the discrimination complained of is, in fact, the redeeming feature of the Government's excursion into price-regulation. "Why should the parlour-grate be given a preference over the factory-furnace?" For a hundred reasons, each of them securely based on vital social economics. We naturally cannot be expected to enumerate them all; but let us note, in the first place, that the parlour-grate (like King Louis' cooking-pot over the peasant's fire) is the ultimate consumer and the final real test of the efficiency of production. The factory-furnace is what we call an "intermediate consumer": that is to say, its object is not contained in itself, but it presumes a final object which, in fact, is the family round the parlour-grate. And to ask, therefore, why the parlour-grate should be given a preference over the factory-furnace is only a means to the parlour-grate. Without an ultimate consumer, production as such is perfectly meaningless. Production exists for the sake of the ultimate consumer. And to ask, therefore, why the parlour-grate should be given a preference over the factory-furnace is to challenge the natural subordination of the means to the end; the factory-furnace is only a means to the parlour-grate. A second group of arguments for the discrimination is to be found in the consideration of costs in general and of the costing-system in particular. Let it be agreed that it is desirable, where possible, to reduce the cost of production; but that is another thing from saying that costs may be reduced by subsidy from another industry. Subsidy from the profits of another industry is not a real reduction of economic cost, it is only a reduction of financial cost; and since, in the end, we hope to have applied to all our industries a uniform system of economic costing, it is essential that for this purpose the real costs of every industry shall appear on its balance-sheet. It would be impossible to arrive at real costs if various items in production were subsidised.
There is still to be seen, however, the effect of the action on the coal industry itself. Some weeks ago we ventured to read Mr. Frank Hodges's mind and to descry in it an intention to do exactly what the Government has now done, namely, subsidise household coal out of the excess profiting the industry and the distribution of the same among either emigrants. Nobody has yet proposed to compel Lord whipping-block in the new plan for the reduction of ultimate or intermediate consumers is, as things are, a gross piece of preference against the coal-owners. As things are, everybody knows that accidental and even deliberate profits are liable to appropriation by the State out of hand. Nobody proposes, for example, to reduce the price of homes for heroes out of the profits exacted from the coal industry in which its profits are expressly limited, made by the building industry on mansions for millionaires. Nobody proposes to apply the excess profits of the shipping companies to the assisted passage of poor emigrants. Nobody has yet proposed to compel Lord Northcliffe to apply the surplus profits of his Press to covering the loss we incur in running The New Age. Why, we ask, should the coal-owners be made the only whipping-block in the new plan for the reduction of prices? Why should their profits be fixed and any surplus, accidental or otherwise, be confiscated for any purpose, good or bad, while their commercial competitors in other fields are left to wallow in profits? The ultimate consumer, under the present arrangement, may go about, as the "Daily News" reports, "with a Merry Christmas smile on his face": we do not grudge it him; in fact, if we had our way, we would add to his smiles, and keep them there for good. The stupid Socialist and the profit-expropriate labourer may feel that he has "made a beginning" with profiteering and be indifferent to the fact that he has begun with a palpable injustice. But the rational, the economic, and the inevitable consequence of the disordered procedure under the existing Capitalist system is that not only will the capital now invested in the mines go on strike, but the fresh capital so urgently needed, if the production of coal is to keep pace with the demand, will fail to be forthcoming. Again we ask, without prejudice to our own views, why Capital should flow into the only industry in which its profits are expressly limited, when so many other "free" industries are open to it? And if it shuts its purse when the coal industry asks for more capital, what will be the effect upon future production? We have no hesitation in saying that, if the present arrangements hold, the coal-production of this country will shrink from the time and will go on declining. Coal under those circumstances may be cheap, but it will not be plentiful.

Assuming that this is likely to be the case—and we do not see that it can be denied—it is clear that before very long the coal issue will again become acute. Coal we must have, if we are to live as an industrial nation; and cheap and plentiful household coal is one of the objects of which, presumably, we have industrialised ourselves. If the present Coal Control, therefore, cannot give us coal; and reversion to the old system of exclusive private control is impossible—what have we left but nationalisation or some other as yet undefined system? It is, no doubt, with nationalisation as the only apparent alternative to the existing Coal Control, that the Miners' Federation are congratulating themselves on the course that events are taking. The coal-owners, they probably say to themselves, are being squeezed now; and though Lord Gifford may protest that the coal-owners mean to "fight and defeat nationalisation," they will have small choice in the matter when the existing Coal Control system has been broken down. The prospect for nationalisation, in short, appears to be less gloomy than it was a week ago. But are the Miners, we ask, thinking of anything else but a strategic victory of words? Is it anything more than the blessed word nationalisation that they are after? We know, of course, that they profess to believe, in public, that nationalisation is the condition of some form of guild-control; and, moreover, that nationalisation will enable them to effect such economies of production, that the price of coal will be reduced much lower than by ten shillings a ton. Mr. Hodges talks of fifteen or twenty shillings. But in neither expectation are we in the least able to follow him; since the very purpose of nationalisation will be to centralise control in a still more effective body than the Coal Control Committee; and the whole history of nationalisation, in any form whatever, goes to show that a State-centralised control and cheapness are incompatible. The nationalisation of the coal industry is a gross piece of preference and with nationalisation is really pathological. Nationalisation appears to be the remedy for everything that is wrong. By no possible process of reasoning, however, can it be shown or even made plausible that the control of industry by people who really care nothing for it but to draw their salaries from it is likely to result in greater production than its control by people whose lives and money are in it. It is coal, we repeat, that we want—coal cheap and plentiful; and the best economic system is one that will give us the greatest amount of coal at the lowest possible price and at the smallest cost in labour. Since nationalisation is incapable of satisfying any of these demands, it is a desperate alternative to the existing system.

We have no desire to force our suggestions upon unwilling minds. Moreover, as our scheme is now on its way to America there to be laid before the American Railway and Mining Executives, we have no doubt that in course of time and without our further special exertions our own Trade Union officials will be compelled to consider it, if only as an "American idea." The British public, however, no less, and, perhaps, rather more, than the British Trade Union leaders, has a concern in the future organisation of industry; and it is quite certain that however gratifying any system of "control" may be to Labour, it cannot last long if it does not "deliver the goods" to the British consuming public. After all, not only the coal-mines, but the whole plant, the whole organisation of the production and distribution and use of coal, are communal assets long before they are either capitalist or Labour assets. Every one of us has as good a right to a share in them as the people who own and work them. We do not say that we have a share in them already, but we say that to the extent that the Miners are not Syndicalists equally with the Capitalists—the community, meaning each and all of us, has an inalienable right to a voice in the distribution of the product. The Miners will doubtless reply that this is precisely the claim they recognise and provide for in their demand for nationalisation. Can we do more, they suggest, than insist that the "nation" shall own the coal-mines, while we, the miners, work them? The point, however, is that the "nation" does not want to own the coal in that sense; and it does not believe that the maximum amount of coal at the minimum cost and price can be
produced by that means. Furthermore, the demand takes no account of the ill-will certain to be engendered by the means taken to satisfy it. Nationalisation in the form demanded by the miners would split the country into mutually hateful pieces.

Lord D'Abernon's speech in the House of Lords on Wednesday deserves to be read by everybody engaged in the search for the cause of high prices: that is to say, by everybody who has any concern for the maintenance of civilisation. For it is a fact, of which the appearance of Bolshevism in Italy is the latest and most dramatic evidence, that high prices together with fixed and low wages are incompatible with the existence of modern civilisation. There is no immediate need for alarm, we believe we can safely say; in short, we still have time to act. But nobody who is not fatally complacent can fail to be apprehensive of the peril of delay. Above all things, it is necessary that we should learn where to look for the origin of the high cost of living and for the origin of the causes that are continually making it higher: and as a precedent condition of the discovery, it is necessary to unlearn much that our institutions have taught us. Lord D'Abernon's speech, if it is read, may do something towards this latter condition; for in the course of his remarks he dismissed as false causes of high prices "scarcity in the world's production," "profiteering," and "the international financial system." None of these things, he said, was more, at most, than a minor contributory cause; and even if reforms in the desired direction were applied to them all, the present high level of prices would be comparatively unaffected. To what, then, is the present high level of prices due, in Lord D'Abernon's opinion? Unless Lord D'Abernon discovers the cause precisely where we have discovered it: in the inflation of the currency by the expansion of credit. Lord D'Abernon does not give to the factor the whole weight that belongs to it; since he confines his conception of the expansion of credit to the amount of paper-money issued by the State through the medium of the banks. But that is only a fraction of the actual expansion of credit (in other words, the increased purchasing-power without corresponding production) that has been brought about. Everybody knows that a Government Bond, for example, is not only credit itself, but that it creates credit upon credit. For every Government issue of credit, commercial credit has been "expanded" two, three or even four times. Even in its original form, however, the expansion of credit is enough to depreciate considerably the purchasing-power of our cash-tokens; and since, for the most part, wages and salaries are paid in cash—every expansion of mere credit is at the expense of the purchasing-power of wages and salaries. In other words, the price of necessities rises with the expansion of credit.

It is needless to say that the Government refused to appoint a committee to inquire into the situation. A Government that should venture to inquire too closely into the relation of currency to prices would find itself within an hour of its adventure inquiring into the relation of the banks to currency; and this, in another hour, would bring the Government up against the holders of financial control. In less than an hour thereafter, the Government would have fallen. For this reason, no doubt, Lord Peel, a purposeful ignoramus, was put up to reply to Lord D'Abernon; and his reply was equal to the man and the occasion. The reason, he said, that the Government had been compelled to "expand the currency" was that by no bonafide borrowing could the Government have got the money to carry on the war. The suggestion that "for the duration" the distributed purchasing-power of the nation (over and above the sum necessary to carry on) should be transferred, by loan or by gift or by levy, seems never to have been brought to the Government's attention. Finding it impossible by the offer of five or six per cent. on the public debt, and by a public subscription out of the pockets of the wealthy (who had a higher interest in view than five per cent.), the Government proceeded to "make money" and to issue O U's through the complacent medium of the Bank of England with the natural consequence, as Lord Peel admitted, that prices rose—and are still rising. As an explanation, of course, the analysis is correct; but the excuse is insufficient, since we know that "bona-fide borrowing" was not the only alternative to printing currency-notes. Moreover, if the excuse be genuine, how comes it that the Government has no better remedy to offer for a situation it has itself created than a remedy that would make things worse? "If everybody in the country," said Lord Peel, "were to turn out 10 or 15 per cent. more work, it is quite clear that more goods would be produced." Astonishing, but true. "And then there would be bound to be a fall in prices." Familiar, but false. But it is not Lord Peel's rôle to know that the expansion of credit arising from the increased production of luxuries has the same effect upon cash in relation to necessities as the expansion of credit arising from the production of munitions. For whilst guns and shells and motor-cars are one and the same thing in their effect upon the purchasing-power of wages and salaries: the more of one or the other, the greater the expansion of credit; the greater the expansion of credit, the lower the purchasing-power of cash.

The particular formula now being employed as a whip to extract more energy from Labour in return for a decreasing purchasing-power is the "foreign exchanges." Unless we produce and export more, the "foreign exchanges" will continue against us, with fearful and unmentionable consequences. Lord D'Abernon's reply to this was quite explicit, if somewhat prolix. "To talk of correcting the exchange by increasing exports or diminishing imports is to try to stem a surging tide"—we will condense the rest—"by blowing against it." The reason may not appear obvious; but it resides in the remark made by a millionaire that he received more credit for what he did not spend than for what he did. National credit, upon the estimate formed of their capacity to deliver the goods and services that he received more credit for what he did not spend than for what he did. National credit, upon the Government, therefore, is not created by the amount of paper-money issued by the State through the medium of the banks. But that is only a fraction of the actual expansion of credit (in other words, the increased purchasing-power without corresponding production) that has been brought about. Everybody knows that a Government Bond, for example, is not only credit itself, but that it creates credit upon credit. For every Government issue of credit, commercial credit has been called "expanded" two, three or even four times. Even in its original form, however, the expansion of credit is enough to depreciate considerably the purchasing-power of our cash-tokens; and since, for the most part, wages and salaries are paid in cash—every expansion of mere credit is at the expense of the purchasing-power of wages and salaries. In other words, the price of necessities rises with the expansion of credit.

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Towards National Guilds.

In the present series of Notes we have in mind the scheme already proposed for bridging over the gap without social catastrophe, the interregnum between Capitalism and Economic Democracy.

We left off last week after having arrived safely at two or three important conclusions regarding the nature of Credit. In the first place, we defined Credit in its two aspects: as the estimate formed of an ability to produce, and as the consequence transferred to or claimed by the person so credited or believed of an amount of spending-power proportionate to the estimate formed of his ability to "repay." And, in the second place, we pointed out the obvious fact that, compared with the wage-earner, the Capitalist (by virtue of his ownership of the tools and plant of industry, and his control of Labour) has practically all the Credit that exists. Credit being based on an estimate of ability to produce, and ability to produce and deliver the goods being largely dependent on the control of tools or capital, the Capitalist is naturally the main subject of Credit. He can get his motives pre-empted to repel the simple reason that he commands the resources with which to make his word good. All he needs to do, in order to "raise credit" (that is, in order to acquire spending-power on a mere promise to repay), is to point to his plant and to invite anybody to estimate its ability to deliver the goods in such and such a time. The extent of his ability is before the public: he has the plant and can control Labour.

Furthermore, we may now observe that this plant of his is perpetually undergoing improvement or betterment, as a means of production, partly by the Capitalist's own exertions and skill in directing labour, and partly (and considerably more) by the improvements brought about in social organisation as a whole. It is true, for instance, that a man like the late Lord Lister left his plant in an infinitely better condition than that in which he found it, by "inventing" a considerable number of improvements in machinery and such like. Superior organisation is also a means of improving plant. At the same time, the improvements in plant which any single individual can effect are only a fraction of the total credit (or spending-power based on the tools, means of production, methods of organisation etc.) is perpetually undergoing improvement, and only part of this improvement is due to individual Capitalists, the rest being due to society as a whole (possibly, even, to people like ourselves who think and read and write!)—why should individual Capitalists or the Capitalist class appropriate all the fruits of the improvements so brought about? To every improvement of plant society is by much the most important contributor. As we have seen, the individual by his own efforts, and partly (and considerably more) by the improvements out of his own inner consciousness and by fiat. Is it not obvious that the "unearned increment" of credit to which he now successfully lays claim is, in the major part, not his by any conceivable right, but society's? Are we not all as much entitled to share in the increment of value as the Capitalist himself? Could he have effected much without the help of society? And is he entitled to charge society with the cost of the improvement which society has largely brought about? It will be replied, no doubt, that he does share his increment of value with society, by the obvious method of increasing the size of the gains of society's all may enjoy the credit of (or contribute to this plausible statement is that he really does nothing of the kind; for (once more to return to our original muttons), the Credit or spending-power inherent in his possession of the means of production, however much it may be increased by the exertions of society, remains his and comparatively trifling; even Lord Lister without the aid of society would have been little more than a superior Robinson Crusoe. Nevertheless, as we have also seen, the Capitalist "takes the lot," for all the world as if he alone, like another Jehovah, had created all the improvements out of his own inner consciousness and by fiat. It is not obvious that the "unearned increment" of credit to which he now successfully lays claim is, in the major part, not his by any conceivable right, but society's? Are we not all as much entitled to share in the increment of value as the Capitalist himself? Could he have effected much without the help of society? And is he entitled to charge society with the cost of the improvement which society has largely brought about? It will be replied, no doubt, that he does share his increment of value with society, by the obvious method of increasing the size of the gains of society's all may enjoy the credit of (or contribute to this plausible statement is that he really does nothing of the kind; for (once more to return to our original muttons), the Credit or spending-power inherent in his possession of the means of production, however much it may be increased by the exertions of society, remains his and comparatively trifling; even Lord Lister without the aid of society would have been little more than a superior Robinson Crusoe. Nevertheless, as we have also seen, the Capitalist "takes the lot," for all the world as if he alone, like another Jehovah, had created all the improvements out of his own inner consciousness and by fiat. It is not obvious that the "unearned increment" of credit to which he now successfully lays claim is, in the major part, not his by any conceivable right, but society's? Are we not all as much entitled to share in the increment of value as the Capitalist himself? Could he have effected much without the help of society? And is he entitled to charge society with the cost of the improvement which society has largely brought about? It will be replied, no doubt, that he does share his increment of value with society, by the obvious method of increasing the size of the gains of society's all may enjoy the credit of (or contribute to this plausible statement is that he really does nothing of the kind; for (once more to return to our original muttons), the Credit or spending-power inherent in his possession of the means of production, however much it may be increased by the exertions of society, remains his and comparatively trifling; even Lord Lister without the aid of society would have been little more than a superior Robinson Crusoe.
of production, is also in equity the proper and the only proper receiver and dispenser of national credit. (Note that we are not saying the State.) National credit, like credit in a factory, is based on an estimate of the ability of the nation to produce. This ability is national: that is to say, it depends less upon individuals than upon the community as a whole. It follows that the national credit is the property of the nation as a whole; and, hence, that instead of borrowing credit, the nation should really create it. We may thus, as a matter of convenience, disregard the bearings of this conclusion on matters like the National Debt.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Psycho-Analysis in Industry.

Although it is said that the psychology of a crowd is not the sum of the psychologies of the units composing it, the crowd has an unconscious mind. Sir Martin Conway tells us that the crowd has no head, that it has only emotion, and psycho-analysis deals primarily with emotion. It is likely, therefore, that the next step in analysis is the dissolving of crowd complexes. And this is a task for the statesman Guildsman. The crowd, says Conway, is the dwelling-place of ideals, but when the brilliant economists of The New Age write about costs and overhead charges, they are very much in the position of the man who sets out to convince a psychotic patient that snakes are not following him; in other words, they are attempting to get at the conscious mind. The lunatic cannot be persuaded that there are no snakes following him, because the snakes are the visual product of his unconscious, and the adviser cannot reach the unconscious. So is it with an economic question. Psychology should precede economics. All the intellectual force of argument about costs and prices will fail to make, say, the Labour leaders believe in National Guilds. The first appeal must be to the emotions. Psycho-analysis must precede what we might term economic synthesis.

To the extreme Freudian the analysis of a factory crowd may well appear to be difficult. A crowd undoubtedly dreams, but it is impossible to get the dream-associations. Again, it would be a hard task to convict a crowd of neurosis. It would seem that an analysis according to Freud is out of the question.

An important point in analysis of an individual is to determine whether he is an introvert or an extrovert. The student of analysis early arrives at this difficulty. Jung tells us that an introvert should be analysed according to Freud, while an extrovert should be analysed according to Adler. The student heaves a sigh of relief. Then he goes to be analysed, and during the interpretation of his first dream realises with dismay that he is both introverted and extroverted. However, calm comes to him when he thinks of the fact that he had handed over his doubts to the specialist.

The crowd, I think, must be analysed according to the Adler doctrine. It is introverted. Major Douglas recently pointed out that the railwaymen lost the strike because they struck for higher wages instead of for lower fares and freights. A crowd is ego-centric; selfish. Is it not the strongest instinct that of self-preservation? Altruism is foreign to the crowd, whether it be the national crowd or the Trade Union crowd, or the crowd in the nearest public-house, although the last-named is nearer to altruism than bigger and more respectable crowds.

Adler looks for the cause of a neurosis in the inferiority complex. He states that the psychic feeling of inferiority usually results from an early somatic or physical inferiority. The neurotic flees from reality and seeks salvation in his guiding fiction. Appalled by his sense of inferiority he indulges in his compensation by "masculine protest." Now, it is evident to the observer that the industrial crowd is suffering very badly from an inferiority complex. Nietzsche's phrase for the inferiority complex was slave morality. The poor are always reminded of their inferiority. Every first-class compartment on the railway, every theatre stall, every Rolls-Royce touches the poor man on the raw, that is, it touches his inferiority complex. Naturally, we have compensations, over-compensations... the class-war, the I. W. W., "rebels." The class-war may consciously be an economic war, but in the crowd's unconscious it is a psychological war. The class-war is the crowd.

Whence comes the inferiority complex of the industrial crowd? It is social rather than economic... hence the readiness of Labour leaders to become respectable when they lunch in the House with Army colonels. The complex dates back to the elementary school. It has long been recognised that the function of State education is to turn out obedient, and, if possible, efficient wage-slaves. The manner was by means of authority, which is in the last resort fear. Now, in the workshop, we have a reproduction of the early atmosphere of the crowd. When the worker enters the factory gate in the morning, he is automatically regressing to the infantile; he is re-entering school. The foreman is the schoolmaster surrogate. Every workshop, like every school, is ruled by fear; the infantile fear of the cane becomes fear of the sulk.

The Guildsman must begin at the elementary school, for it is the key to the crowd. In a small room in Regent's Park, Mr. Homer Lane talks nightly to a small group of enthusiasts. His subject is always authority. He contends that every child is born good; if he becomes bad the blame lies at the door of Authority. And those of us who knew the Little Commonwealth will assuredly come from some employers. The class-war may consciously be a war of the workers, but in the crowds unconscious it is a war of the employers; the factory gate in the morning, he is automatically regressing to the infantile; he is re-entering school. The foreman is the schoolmaster surrogate. Every workshop, like every school, is ruled by fear; the infantile fear of the cane becomes fear of the sulk.

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I am afraid that I have mixed up individual and crowd psychology in this article, but I am not convinced that the crowd psychologists are right in saying that the psychology of a crowd is not the sum of the psychologies of its parts. In the Bottomley cross, perhaps yes; in the small group, perhaps, no. The Bottomley crowd is all emotion, but the school crowd and the factory crowd are partly emotion, partly intellect. The fear in a school crowd is the sum of the fears in the boys, and so with the factory crowd. The inferiority complex of the factory crowd may be a composite of the inferiority complexes of its units. I do not think it matters either way. We must analyse the workers as a crowd; rather, we must continually dwell on the fact that the only way to rid a crowd of its inferiority complex is to give it complete self-government.

I have often had this question fired at me:—What is to prevent, say, the miners' Guild bettering its financial position at the expense of the spinners' Guild? I am hazy about the economical answer, but I think that the psychological answer is of greater moment. And it is this: Self-government breeds solidarity. What proof have I? Only the proof that every schoolmaster who tries self-government discovers in the process.

A. S. Neill.
Letters from Russia—III.

By P. Ouspensky

Ekaterinodar, September 25, 1919.

In the meantime the state of Russia, even in parts long liberated from the Bolshevists, remains difficult, and, strange to say, is becoming worse compared with what it was immediately after the Bolshevists were expelled. Prices rise above all possible count. In the average they are one hundred times, and in many cases two, three, or even many more hundred times, higher than before. I quote several instances to give you a better idea of the position, and give the prices in pounds at the rate of pre-war time. Ordinary writing paper costs £3 10s. for 27 sheets; a newspaper of small format is sold at 6s. There are no books to be bought. Old school books are valued almost at their weight in gold. A steel pen is bought for two or three shillings, tea for £16 to £20, coffee for £6 a pound. Bread in Ekaterinodar, which is supposed to be the cheapest place in Russia today, costs 58s. or 6s. a pound. In other places, e.g., Novorossijsk, or in the Terek district, it is sold at 10s. to 12s., a pound.

How people manage to live at such a cost is a riddle to me. The pay of the workmen or the small office-holders has increased, if not as much as prices, at least in a certain proportion to them; but the pay of brain-workers has often decreased compared with what it was before the revolution, and in several instances has disappeared altogether owing to unemployment. And, God knows why, it is considered that a "brain-worker" has no right to protest or claim any improvement of his position.

I spent the winter in a small town of the Terek district. There the teachers of public schools (gymnasia) did not receive their salaries, i.e., they got neither the full amount nor when it was due. For some sort of reason, however, this is considered to be quite natural, and nobody takes any notice of it.

The Government does something for the military and its own immediate workers. But people not engaged in either military or other Government work are left to themselves, deprived of all assistance and of their elementary rights. It sounds like a jibe, but it is reality; if you are not on military service you cannot get a railway ticket, unless you are prepared to pay an enormous bribe. Many towns are closed to you, nor are you allowed to rent a room or a flat.

The right to live, i.e., a written certificate authorising you to reside in any particular place—a measure which used to be applied before to Jews—is now a rule for everybody. I do not know whom we have to thank for such a brilliant solution of the problem of personal rights, but facts remain facts.

Speaking broadly, the Russia that existed before is gone, and gone long ago. There is a bewildered and hungry country; where people are thrown out of the command of somebody or other is continually increasing. And the sole aim of these commanding persons is to improve their own position at the expense of those who are deprived of all rights.

Bolshevism is a poisonous plant; it poisons even if extirpated or trampled on the very soil in which it grew, and everybody who gets in touch with it. Perhaps those who fight it are poisoned more strongly by it than anybody else.

If you would talk with a simple Russian peasant about the essence of Bolshevism, this is probably the plain and open-hearted description you would hear:

"Everybody is either for or against you, and nothing for the others." Unhappily, this is the most poisonous seed in Bolshevism.

We have come back again to Bolshevism as the cause of everything that happens now in Russia. Bolshevism begins with loud and fierce declamations. To pave its way it chooses the whole arsenal of extreme socialistic and political doctrines. It promises that all that they ever dreamt of, all they could dream of. Never for a moment does it think of what can or cannot be fulfilled.

These boundless promises form the outstanding feature of what I call the "first phase" of Bolshevism.

Hungry, weary, injured, scarcely rational people begin to believe. They always believe when something is promised to them.

The Russian Bolshevists promised peace. It was their chief card; their struggle against the tragicomic government of Kerensky in 1917.

The personal staff of the advocates of Bolshevism is also a peculiar thing. It consists in its greater part of neurasthenics. A little note I read in one of the English newspapers a week ago, informs me that Bolshevism literature was brought over to England by Mrs. Pankhurst. There are names that always mean a lot.

The first phase of Bolshevism is composed of words; first of all promises, then calls to vengeance, lies, defamations, and again promises and promises.

People with little culture, and thrown out of the usual course of their lives, are easily and deeply affected by such jumble of words. They believe and follow those madmen, or scoundrels, who lead them towards the precipice.

The change that occurred in the meaning of the word Bolshevism is also very peculiar. The word itself sounds very awkward and foreign in Russian. It is not a very exact and grammatical translation of the word "Maximalist." But the Russian people attached to it a meaning of their own. I personally overheard two years ago a conversation between two soldiers. One of them, who, judging by his appearance, was of very advanced ideas (they used to be called then comrade-deserters), gave a lesson to another, a naive village boy. "We are the greater number, do you understand," he was saying, "and, therefore, we are called Bolshevists."

For him, apparently, the word Bolshevist corresponded to the word majority, and this is the sense that is still very much spread among the public.

I overheard this conversation in one of the journeys I had to undertake in the summer of 1917. Several times I had to cross Russia from Petrograd to Transcaucasia and back again. On the first of these journeys I met with another "phase of Bolshevism," turning already from words to deeds, and using for its purpose different people and different arguments.

It took us five days to travel from Petrograd to Tiflis, where we arrived in the middle of the night. The railway station was crowded with soldiers—it was the Caucasian army leaving the front and dispersing under the influence of Bolshevick propaganda. We were told that it was unsafe to walk through the town at night, and we had to wait until the morning. I hardly slept at all during the journey, and now I was suddenly terrifying cries and shouts were heard on the platform, quickly followed by several shots. The company was, of course, panic-stricken; all jumped from their seats, fearing what was to come. Very soon, however, soldiers rushed into the buffet, shouting: "Comrades, do not trouble; we have only shot a thief." It appeared that they had seized somebody who had stolen three roubles out of somebody's pocket, and had therefore shot him on the spot. Over the body of the murdered man a meeting began to gather discuss what had been done or not. The meeting was so excited that it very nearly came to blows and shots. The clamour was

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terrifying; several of the passengers went to look at the
body of the deceased man lying on the platform.

An hour later there were again shots and cries—
another thief was shot and seized. Towards daybreak
a third thief was shot, but it appeared that he was
not a thief at all, but a militiaman—i.e., a policeman.
All this happened on the platform, separated from us
merely by a glass door. The general trouble was
great that nobody could understand anything. There
lay on the platform three bloodstained bodies.

Of course, this was only the beginning. The soldiers
were still friendly towards the public. The time had
not come yet; everybody was still getting bread and
shoes. But the destruction was at that time an
accomplished fact. Unhappily, only a few understood
how tragic their position was. The Bolshevists had no
constructive programme, and in order to make
matters worse, they succeeded in reaching their object.
But now they found themselves in a really tragic
situation. I would like to do clearly understood how tragic their position was. The
Bolshevists had no constructive programme, and in
fact, Russian life existed no more. All that has
been mentioned points to the destruction of any
cultural work. Possibility of achieving creative work was denied to
them—their work was destruction alone. They were
merely by a glass door. The general trouble was
great that nobody could understand anything. There
you could not sit quietly and not stir. Any move they made
rendered matters worse. It was enough to "nationalise"
and did no work. Life itself taught the
possibility of achieving any creative work was denied to
them—their work was destruction alone. They were
saved for some time by the struggle that started
against them.

But the destruction was at that time an accomplished
fact. Russian life existed no more. All that has
happened later is nearer to death than to life. In fact,
Russian life was brought to a standstill from the whole
moment of the revolution. This moment meant the
destruction of any possibility of cultural work. Un-
happily, only a few understood its real meaning.

The following is a personal opinion: The public,
the man in the street, had a deeper insight into the
revolution and understood the events much better than
the representatives of the Press, the literary men,
and especially the politicians. These had lost all power
of reasoning and were carried away by the whirlwind
of events. Unhappily, their opinion was estimated to be
Russian opinion, and, what is worse, they them-
selves mistook their views for the will of the nation.
It was considered at that time obligatory to profess
joy in regard to the revolution. All who did not feel
it had to remain silent. Many, of course, understood
that there was nothing to rejoice about, but they were
silenced, and even had they spoken, their voices would
not have been heard in the general chorus of delight.

I remember well one evening of the summer,
1917, in Petrograd. I had been on a late visit at General
A.'s and his wife, a well-known artist, and was
returning home at night with M., the editor of a large
artistic monthly. We took a stroll through the whole
town. The whole evening through we never mentioned
politics. Our host was right in the middle of political
life, but he realised plainly enough the hopelessness of
all efforts, and politics were in this house felt to be a
skeleton at the feast. Only when out in the street did
the topic of our conversation become politics.

"Do you know," said M., "there are idiots, even
among cultured people, who feel happy in the revolu-
tion, who believe it to be a liberation of something.
They do not understand, if liberation it means, it is
liberation from the possibility of eating, drinking,
working, walking, using tramways, reading books,
buying newspapers, etc."

"Just so," I said. "People don't understand that
if anything exists, it does so thanks to inertia. The
initial push from the past is still working; but it can-
not be renewed! There lies the horror. Sooner or
later its energy will be exhausted and all will stop,
to thing after another. Tramways, railways, posts—
all these are working, thanks to inertia alone. But
inertia cannot last for ever. You will realise that the
fact of our walking here and that nobody is assaulting
us is abnormal. It is made possible by inertia alone.
The man who very soon will be robbing and murdering
on this very spot has not yet realised the fact that he
can do it now without fear of punishment. In a few
months it won't be possible to walk here at night-time,
and some months later it will be unsafe to do it in the
day."

"Undoubtedly," added M., "but nobody sees it.
All are expecting something good to happen, although
nothing was expected last year, and there are so few
reasons to expect anything good to happen."

I have never seen M. since that evening, and do not
know what has happened to him. Nor do I know if
General A. and his wife are still alive, but I have often,
in the course of these two years, remembered this con-
versation. Everything has proved, unhappily, so
nearly the truth of our conclusions.

The next "phase of Bolshevism" proved to be a
touching community with another trait of Russian
war life, and very soon this trait became the outstanding
feature of Bolshevism. The original cause of the
destruction of Russia, what led to the revolution, was
robbery—i.e., what you as a polite and cultured people
call profiteering.

Marauding began with the first month of the war
and penetrated continuously farther and deeper, suck-
ing out the very spirit of life. No measures were taken
against it in Russia, and it grew quickly and im-
mensely and ate up all Russia. Bolshevism, as I have
pointed out, assimilated itself to robbery. The masses
wanted to have their share in the general plundering
of Russia. They brought the Bolshevists this plundering
and gave it the name of Socialism.

I remember a comic occurrence in Petrograd in
the same summer of 1917. A strike was called by the
employers in manufacturing and haberdashery shops.
A crowd of the employees, men and girls, walked in
procession along the Nevsky from one shop to another,
requiring them to be closed. I was on the Nevsky
with a friend of mine. He became interested in the
matter and inquired from a young man, obviously
very proud of his new role of a "striker," about the
causes and the aims of the strike. The lad began
hurriedly and excitedly an explanation.

"They," he said, "have profiteered since the begin-
ing of the war. We know very well how much was
paid for different articles and at what prices these
were sold. You cannot conceive what profits they made.

"Well," asked my friend as a joke, "you undoubtedly require now the reduction of prices and the return of unfairly made profits?"

"No-o," answered the young man, obviously
confused; "our claims are made according to the pro-
gramme."

"What programme?"

"I don't know. In fact, the Party advised us that
all salaries are to be raised by 100 per cent. (for 60 per-
cent—I do not remember), and they won't give us it.
So they are threatening us. They are saying that they want to
save the profits made for the two years passed. But
we won't leave them alone."

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The question was quite simple. Young men and girls had witnessed three years running a daylight plundering, and demanded now their share in the robbery. They were led by a Party—which Party it was I do not even know, but surely it was not the Bolshevist Party. This was busy with other questions. At that time, however, all parties were working for Bolshevism.

Translated by Paul Leon.

On the Translation of Poetry.

XII.

The general effect of translating a poem from one language into another is to produce a slight loss of vitality, as it were. A translator who is conscious of this tendency will naturally endeavour to reduce it to a minimum. In so doing, he will often be justified if he deliberately uses the tone of the original diction here and there, as this will enable him to compensate for other losses which cannot be retrieved. But such a proceeding must be accompanied by discrimination and restraint. In Dr. L. H. Allen's translations from Hebbel there are numerous passages which show the results of carrying this principle to excess. Here is a short list of such cases, the English translation in brackets indicating the style of the original:—

what aftermath it trammels up corresponds to the original was es für Folgen haben wird (what results it will have).

a coaxing deft—aem man das benutzt (if one uses that).

discwombs—liefert (supplies).

fia-Bick—Ruck (jerk).

drouthy—trocken (dry).

the goodliest leech—dér beste Arzt (the best doctor).

moullions (verb)—macht (works).

to gadfly—quälen (to torment).

If these are compared with the previous list of Schlegel-Tieck's equivalents for Shakespearean words and phrases, it will be seen that the reverse tendency has been pursued. For while the Schlegel-Tieck version reproduces Shakespeare in a style which closely resembles that of Hebbel, Dr. Allen has translated Hebbel into something which is like an indistinct copy of Shakespearean diction. Mr. Latham's rendering of "Faust!" contains a few passages which are open to the same criticism. Thus I come across the following curious pair of lines:—

To hell with a wanion!

Why so hot-foot, thou ronyon?

You may remember the translation of Schopenhauer for which the original had to be used as a crib. Reverting to a similar method here, I turn to Goethe's text, and find:—

O, fahre zur Hölle!

Was reist'st du so schnelle?

(0, get thee to hell!

Why ridest thou so swiftly?)

For once in a way, Mr. Latham has been guilty of seeking midday at fourteen o'clock.

XIII.

The three requirements which I formulated as necessary for a good poetical translation have now been considered in their various aspects. When they are fulfilled, and not till then, the translator may attempt to proceed further in fidelity to his original by imitating even its actual sounds.

I do not need to demonstrate the close connection which brings the contents of a poem into harmony with the grouping of its consonants and the nature of its vowels. Apart from the more obvious effects produced by the device of onomatopoeia, there are subtler influences which emanate from particular arrangements of sound. Even without following the French symbolists in their interpretations of vowel colours, we can readily understand how the character of a poem can vary according to the character of the vowel sounds which it contains. Now the whole process of translation results in such an upheaval of words that these values will tend to disappear in the course of it. When order is at length restored, the new product will probably be found the poorer by one of the most effective, but also one of the most subtle elements in the composition of the poem. The most that can be demanded of the translator is that he should replace euphony of one sort by euphony of another sort. What he must certainly avoid is to follow the example of the German translator of Keats (the same one, by the way, who connected "drains" with sanitation) when he turned my heart aches into "mein Herz schmerzt." But, as a rule, he will be fully occupied in attending to the more tangible requirements of his craft, and he cannot be blamed, therefore, if he does not perform a miracle in addition.

It sometimes happens, however, that a slight vestige of this feature can be preserved, and if we assume that the poet chooses as his most significant sounds those which he intends to make conspicuous by repetition, we may conclude that by reproducing the vowels and consonants in the rhyme, the translator will do much towards achieving what seems almost an impossibility.

Language itself is sometimes accommodating enough to present special facilities for reproducing the exact rhymes in a poem. Where cognate words occur, for instance, the original needs only to be transcribed as it stands. Thus, when Francis Viedl-Griffin writes:—

Les doux soirs sont fêtris comme des fleurs d'octobre—Qu'irions-nous dire aux dunes?

Mon âme à tout jamais n'est faite grave et sobre:—

Qu'irions-nous dire aux dunes?

Mr. Bithell is freed from the mechanical burden of his task, and the English wording comes almost prompt:

Now the sweet eyes are withered like flowers of October

What should we tell the willow, and the reeds, and the lagoons?—

My soul forever has grown gray and sober:—

What shall we tell the dunes?

Or, again, when Albert Verwey, the Dutch poet, has a sonnet with the first, fourth, sixth and seventh lines respectively as follows:

Ais ein Ethiopisch vorst zijn gloënden stranden . . .

Ten groet en gave een vorst van vroomen landen . . .

En heel een bonte stoet gaut uit bij 't landen . . .

Slavinne' en slaven, met gebogen handen . . .

the translator's obvious course is to render them:—

E'en as an Ethiop lord from torrid sands . . .

Greeting and gift to a lord in foreign lands . . .

And a whole motley pageant from them lands . . .

Bondswomen, bondmen kneel with suppliant hands . . .

In other cases, ingenuity or chance will force language into directions which it would not have taken of its own accord. Take the following passage by Paul Zech, one of the most vigorous among recent German poets:

Im schwarzen Spiegel der Kanäle zuckt
die bunte Lichterette der Fabriken.

Die niedern Strassen sind bis zum Ersticken
mit Rauch geschwängert, den ein Windstoss niederduckt.

Here the harsh sound-effects in the second and third lines can be brought out almost identically:

As in the black mirror of canals, the links

Of garish lustre from the factories flicker:

To stifling-point in sunken streets grows thicker

The smoke that crowns beneath a gust, and earthward sinks.

By a combination of these two methods, the beginning of Verlaine's "Art Poétique," which engaged our attention earlier:

De la musique avant toute chose,

Et pour cela prèfère l'Impair

Plus vague et plus solide dans l'air,

Sans rien qui pese ou qui pose.
might be rendered:

See, before all, that music flows,
And choose its beats, not pair by pair,
But vague, more melting in the air,
Free from all burden, free from pose.

To prevent misunderstandings, let me add that the French and English vowel sounds in these rhymes are not submitted as being absolutely identical. But they are near enough.

XIV.

I have already pointed out that translated poetry has not yet acquired an honourable status in England, and before I conclude I should like to elaborate this bare statement with a few comments and suggestions. As a branch of literature, poetry can hardly be expected to arouse general interest in this country. English insularity, intensified by a deliberate preference for the banal and obvious, will probably always be careful to separate its reading-matter from what it suspiciously regards as literature. Even translated fiction is never really successful here, except for reasons with which literature has nothing in common. These are matters to which we must be resigned. At any rate, the remedies for them do not concern us now. But the progress of translated poetry has been barred by a combination of two formidable prejudices—one against post-translations, and one against poetry. Even quite intelligent readers are convinced that translated poetry is of no real value, since poetry cannot be translated. In this series of articles I have tried to show that this view is not justified.

But although it is not possible to arouse any general interest in translated poetry, there is no reason why the present restricted interest should not be considerably extended. If this were done, it would probably stimulate effort and raise the standard of achievement. Even now, I am convinced that the standard of translated poetry is higher than that of translated prose. The latter is generally commissioned and turned out mechanically as a routine duty, with the familiar results. The former nearly always has some trace of artistic merit, since it is produced by an enthusiast who works spontaneously for his own gratification. Indeed, it would be difficult to choose another branch of literature which combined such difficulties with so thankless a reception.

Another influence which tends to hinder the development of poetical translation is the under-estimate of the English language as a medium for this activity. Hayward, the very prose translator of "Faust," distinguished the general capability of translated poetry is higher than that of translated prose. Indeed, it would be difficult to choose another branch of literature which combined such difficulties with so thankless a reception.

The general terms of Hayward's assertion are true enough. A language may be rich, flexible, harmonious, and yet be an indifferent medium for translation. Thus, nobody will seriously dispute the brilliant qualities of French as a means of expression, and yet it does not submit with a good grace to the demands of translation. It is like a person trained in his native language, but who has no linguistic faculties and can scarcely learn to formulate the simplest sentence in a foreign language. I know the prevalent superstition that Russian novels "read better" in French than in English, but this view is held by people who are ignorant of Russian, and altogether must be lacking in any linguistic instinct. In the course of these articles I have quoted instances of good French translation, but in making my selection I was troubled by a great ear of poetry. Moreover, I have never yet found a translation in French which could not always be equaled and generally excelled in English. This, of course, is a controversial topic, and I am prepared to find myself opposed. But as far as poetry is concerned, I am persuaded that although English is capable of reproducing all that French has expressed, the converse will not hold. English can translate, and adequately translate, the essential features of such poets as Baudelaire, Swinburne, Shelley, d'Annunzio, and Pushkin. But this is no proof that it does not hold, English can translate, and adequately translate Chaucer, Keats or Tennyson.

I believe Italian to be similarly restricted in its resources. English can translate Dante; can Italian translate Milton? I wait for an answer; but, in the meantime, I offer an interesting parallel which helps to indicate the relative capacities of the two languages. Federico Olivo has published a volume of exceedingly competent translations from Anglo-Saxon poetry, and in his rendering, "The Seafarer" opens in this way:

To posso cantare della mia vita un verace canto
dire de' miei viaggi—come in dolorosi giorni
spesso io soffrì e acerbi disagi—
and yet ecco a sopportare amari affanni—
come sulla mia nave esplorai molte tetre plaghe,
fre from all burden, free from pose.

Now hear Mr. Pound:

May I for my own self song's truth reckon,
Journey's jargon, how I in harsh days
Hardship endured oft.
Bitter breast-cares have I abided,
Known on my keel many a care's hold,
And dive sea-surge, and there I oft spent
Narrow nightwatch nigh the ship's head
While she tossed closed to cliffs.

It will perhaps be urged that Mr. Pound had the advantage of using a language cognate with the original, and this is no doubt true. There is a difference between antonomastic Italian and consonantal Anglo-Saxon. But the adaptable character of English has enabled it to reproduce early Italian poets more effectively than Italian, in spite of the translator's care and skill, has here reproduced an early English one.

With German the case is different. It can show exquisite renderings of such diverse originals as Tennyson, Baudelaire, Swinburne, Shelley, d'Annunzio, and Pushkin. But this is no proof that it is superior to English as a medium for translating poetry. Also as far as my knowledge and judgment decide, I consider that many features of its grammatical structure place it in comparison, at a marked disadvantage. In fact, with the possible exception of the Slavonic languages, and more especially of Russian (although even here I feel an element of doubt) English excels any other medium with which I am acquainted for the purposes of poetical translation. Its only serious defect is a relative lack of feminine rhymes. But on the other hand it has a remarkable wealth of synonyms, a unique gradation in the varying length of its words (which permits an accumulation either of monosyllables, or of polysyllables, besides the normal blending of the two), a wide range of accentual resources—the outcome of its fluctuating stress, and then, a less palpable faculty, due, perhaps, to its large store of pithy and expressive words, which enables it to achieve all possible contrasts in its language.

Eulogies of the English language are nothing new, and all this has been said before. But the flexible qualities I have enumerated are precisely the ones which the translator of. poetry can use with the most effective results. In particular, they place at his disposal the greatest variety of devices to overcome the mechanical element in his task, and to reconcile it with the artistic impulse which must be the true origin of his activity.

And, as I have attempted to show, poetical translation cannot be successfully accomplished without complete harmony between these two conflicting influences.
Drama,

By John Francis Hope.

Some few weeks ago, I drew attention to the formation (under the auspices of the Incorporated Stage Society) of The Phoenix, an organisation formed for the purpose of producing the neglected classics of English dramatic literature. It has got to work quickly, and on November 23-24 gave a performance of Webster's "The Duchess of Malfi" at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith. The performance itself is the best justification for the existence of The Phoenix. As we have already shown, the tradition of acting in the grand manner has been forgotten by this generation, how uncertainly our younger players handle passion and character expressed in verse. It is a fact that we only get good ensemble playing in our modern drawing-room drama; our Shakespearean productions show every variety of style from the incompetent to the perfect, and in the same performance. A Mozlovitch makes a real man of Shylock, a Mary Grey makes a puppet of Portia; the very sense of dramatic reality seems to desert most of our actors so soon as they have to do something more than speak the banalities of modern prose.

The performance of "The Duchess of Malfi" suffered, as such performances usually do suffer, from the lack of sufficient rehearsal; that is a defect that can be remedied by the public, either in the form of subscriptions or donations to The Phoenix. Rehearsals cost money, no matter how frugally the artists may be treated; and in such a case as this, it becomes clear that the play has had to be produced just as the artists have begun to form a conception of the parts they have to play, but before they have had time to mature their conceptions. Some of them, like Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as the Duchess, reveal a perfect comprehension of the character at the moment of crisis; in one speech, she revealed a tragic power for which, I confess, I was not prepared. It was enough to indicate that, with a few more rehearsals, she would have seen the character and seen it whole; and given us a well-conceived and developed study of a woman greatly loving, greatly suffering, a memorable figure of tragedy. But she only had time for a glimpse of the tragic character, we only have a promise of Miss Nesbitt's powers.

There is, though, one thing that is certain; if The Phoenix is going to try to carry Mr. Robert Farquharson on its shoulders, the classical English drama will never arise from its ashes. The man is simply hopeless: he is like nothing on earth. Tragedy seems to give him the colic; he grimaces horribly, and vomits his verse in most ludicrous fashion. No man alive ever said "What — do you — think? Give me — your hand," and so forth. He is a marvel of incongruity; he roars for no apparent reason, switches from a roar to a sentimental slaver for no reason, hisses when he should roar, gasps and groans over the most ordinary phrases, and habitually stands like a moon-struck idiot when he should be asserting his power. God knows where he got his ideas of cadence, stress, and intonation; they are not to be found in the music nor in the intellectual meaning of the verse, they are certainly not in human nature. Duke Ferdinand may have been a monster (although there is a fairly common Italian Renaissance touch in Mr. Farquharson's Malfi), but Mr. Rea's Bosola is a marvellous monstrosity, and a ludicrous monstrosity at that. No sixteenth-century Italian Duchess would have hesitated for one moment to poignard or poison such a gibbering idiot of a brother if he had interfered with her love-affairs, his vowels would have laughed at him, as did the audience to the Lyric.

With most of the others, there was nothing to complain of but what was probably due to insufficient re-hearsal. Mr. Ion Swinley is a young and vigorous actor, with a good voice, but a too impatient manner. He did not give the Cardinal a sufficiently imposing deportment, a sufficiently suave manner; he has not yet learned, either, to act with his legs, to express in the mere walk of him the mood of the moment. He was restless, but he did not prate; he strode, but without any suggestion of the feline craft that the man exercised. Mr. Swinley did not vary the tempo of the man, and his wearing of his robes was a disgrace to the Catholic Church. The resemblance of the character to that of Caesar Borgia is unmistakable, and Borgia was a man of charming manners, who shuddered at a graceless speech or gesture. Mr. Swinley's Cardinal lacked subtlety, a fatal defect in a Catholic prelate—but as a vigorous, straightforward "walk-through" of the part, Mr. Swinley's performance was acceptable.

The most consistent performance was that of Mr. William Rea as Bosola. The reference to Iago is unmistakable, but Bosola has, as Iago had not, the soldier's excuse for his villainy. Assassination was his duty; he did his duty, with some compunction, in the hope of promotion. He was a good assassin: with his own hand, he killed three people on the stage, and superintended the killing of two others; but his psychology was not equal to his dexterity or his philosophy. He did the work of a villain for ten years, and expected them to treat him honestly—a naiveté that only Mr. Rea's melancholy solemnity preserved from being laughable.

Mr. Rea rendered with distinction the professional indifference to slaughter; he superintended the strangling of the Duchess (a badly arranged but well-acted scene, Miss Nesbitt's hands being (particularly eloquent) with the slightly bored manner of the connoisseur, and, in the last act, littered the stage with corpses without turning a hair. He even died with more skill than these amateurs whom he had slaughtered could. But the performance, as a whole, lacked the symphonic quality of a good production. There was no variation of mood or tempo or tension; the attempt to strike terror by cumulative effect failed, as it always must fail. The love scene between the Duchess and Antonio ought to have been played up to the very height of erotic passion, for the mere sake of contrast with the doom that overhangs it. With Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, a most lovable lover, it ought to have been easy; but Mr. Nicholas Hannen remembered only that he was the lady's steward, and made love like a serving-man. The scene with the madmen, too, ought to have been worked up to a passion of shrieking instead of a mere folk-song and dance of a set of grotesques. The scene was intended to be horrible (the man who kept walking backwards and forwards did his best to realise this), but it degenerated into something very like farce. Mr. Robert Farquharson would have been in his element in this scene, and it was a mistake to cast him for the Duke of Calabria. But most of all, the actors need a more definite training in the delivery of verse; cannot some of the old Bensonians give them the secret of expressing character in blank verse? Either they emphasise the rhythm to the exclusion of the meaning, or they ignore the rhythm as well as the meaning—and it becomes impossible to remember one single thing they say. They either talk or recite; but the analogy of blank verse is with music, and they should phrase, point, their speech with the infinite variability of a sound. Variations of mood and intensity cannot be properly rendered by racing through it in a mere effort of enumeration; the epithets themselves are of different qualities, tensions, meanings, and require not a "whole mood" rendering but a plastic elaboration of verbal detail within the limits of the mood. But until The Phoenix gives more than one rehearsal, I suppose that it is useless to expect the proper delivery of verse.
Readers and Writers.

Mr. W. L. George is a writer for whom I personally have no kind of respect, and the less so from the fact that he appears to have no kind of respect for the truth. After all, truth is the final judge in matters of opinion; and unless a writer is prepared to show respect for that court, he must be adjudged as outside the pale of the association withapiy. Mr. W. L. George entertains his readers (few of whom in all probability know the inside from the outside of a real book) with an account of his adventures among literary cliques. He once upon a time, he says, knew all about literary cliques, having been a member of several of them; and the rule he discovered for membership of a clique was “blin least to the faults of the other members, awareness of the faults of outsiders, and a professed admiration for one, at least, of the prominent members.” Getting out of a clique, it seems, was equally easy; you had only to reverse the process of getting in.

Such chatter passes, I suppose, for wit in illiterate circles; but Mr. W. L. George proceeds to illustrate his case by an example, the example of the “New Age clique.” “In 1910,” he writes, “I was what might be called an Associate Probationer of the "New Age clique." . . . There were also affiliated members; for a time Mr. Belloc, Mr. Wells, Mr. Chesterton flickered their intellectual rushlight under the protection of the New Age clique. Then they began to think differently from the clique and at once ceased to be entitled to membership. They disappeared. Once outside the clique their true value was realised by the clique: it wasn’t much. Such was my fate, too. In a recent issue of “The World,” to which journal he contributes, I gather, a weekly page of literary gossip under the appropriate heading of “Pages in Waiting,” Mr. W. L. George entertains his readers (few of whom in all probability know the inside from the outside of a real book) with an account of his adventures among literary cliques. He once upon a time, he says, knew all about literary cliques, having been a member of several of them; and the rule he discovered for membership of a clique was “blin least to the faults of the other members, awareness of the faults of outsiders, and a professed admiration for one, at least, of the prominent members.” Getting out of a clique, it seems, was equally easy; you had only to reverse the process of getting in.

It is to be presumed, even of Mr. W. L. George, that he believes that what he has written has some approximation to the truth—for what is the fun of inventing lies purporting to be the truth when the truth is really so much funnier? But in that event the best that can be said is that Mr. W. L. George has an uncommonly bad memory. I remember the circumstances of Mr. George’s brief association with The New Age perfectly well. For The New Age itself he wrote very little; but on the completion of his first novel (in which Mr. “Jacob Tonson” took a friendly interest, and which The New Age Press actually published), Mr. George not only left The New Age (which he had, of course, full right to do without any qualms of conscience), but frankly confessed to me his reasons for doing so. They were not as stated in his present column in “The World”; they had, in fact, nothing to do with the attitude of what he calls the clique either to himself or to his work. His naïve confession was that association with The New Age was likely to militate against his chances of making money; and since he intended to make money, even if he had to write bawdy in order to do it, he was regretfully compelled to go where the money was. I entirely agreed with his decision, and put it to Mr. W. L. George to make. But I am not in the least surprised to find that he, for his part, has completely forgotten it. We do not usually like to recall the occasions on which we acted with the candour of our human nature!

The rest of the note is equally distant from the truth. It is scarcely necessary to say that Mr. Belloc and the other writers mentioned were never members of the “New Age clique,” if only for the reason that there never was, never has been, and never will be any “New Age clique” in the imagination of penny-a-liner paragraphists. If everybody who has written for The New Age is presumed to have been a member of the “New Age clique,” that clique itself must cease by definition to be a clique at all; for, as I roughly reckon their numbers, at least four hundred writers have at one time or another contributed to The New Age. And at least four hundred new writers will, I hope, contribute to The New Age in the future. It is very romantic, moreover, of Mr. W. L. George to profess to believe that the clique of The New Age was or is or likely to be in any state of mutual admiration. Mr. W. L. George, if I may say so, was particularly well treated by the then directors of The New Age, largely, I imagine, from an access of pity for his astonishing naivete in confessing his vulgar intentions. As I have said, his first book was not only overlooked by Mr. “Jacob Tonson,” but it was published at the risk of The New Age Press. What other contributors of so little and of such small distinction were treated with this generosity? Mr. W. L. George cannot, I am sure, name another. However, there is little in citing against him a bad memory as Mr. George appears to possess. If it comforts him to believe that he was ejected from the “New Age clique” for ceasing to admire its members or for being about to be a paying author, the drug is cheap and can be allowed him without counting the cost. Let him lie easy by all means.

Perhaps one of my readers can provide me with a satisfactory explanation of a phenomenon I have several times observed in ex-writers for The New Age. (I do not, of course, refer to contributors of occasional articles, of whom it would be absurd to suppose that they ever thought of associating themselves or, still less, of identifying themselves with that pure abstraction.) The phenomenon is the complete change of attitude towards The New Age as between the before and after. While they have been more or less regularly contributing to The New Age this journal was all that could be desired; but no sooner have they transferred their work elsewhere (to the market-place, in short) than The New Age has become a journal to be denounced without a little or even a great deal of malice. I carefully guard myself against being supposed to be referring to the majority of ex-writers: I am referring only to a few. But in these few the procedure is so uniform that a common origin for the attitude must plainly be sought for. Well, what is it? Mr. W. L. George’s explanation will not, of course, hold water; for it is certainly the case that writers have become ex- as voluntarily as they have become or remained pro-; nor, again, gossip notwithstanding, is it due to any conspiracy of a non-existent clique; for there is no New Age clique. My own explanation, for what an unpremeditated guess is worth, is that the difference of feeling between writing for love and writing for money is intoxicating to writers who never expected to be paid for writing, and leads them to conclude that a non-commercial journal is either to be ignored or derided in the new world in which they now find themselves. Certain enough it is, at any rate, that commercially successful ex-writers for The New Age are often hostile to The New Age in proportion to their own commercial success. Perhaps they own such a grudge for having, as they may fancy, kept them poor when they might have been making money. Perhaps—but my readers are as tired of the subject as I am.

A new American monthly magazine is about to be published under the editorship of Dr. H. W. Laidler, formerly the editor of the American quarterly, “The
Music.

By William Atheling.

ROISING was again "magnificent," in his third recital of this season (AEolian, November 1). He took his old command of the audience in the firm and passionate declamation of the lines from "Manon"; the tone was rich and expressive. Puccini is stupid, and his stupidity is fully apparent when given thus after the finesses of Massenet; there are singable lines in Puccini, but his inferior mentality glares from every bar of the opera. In the Boris Godounoff "Fountain Scene" the piano rattled, and the absence of the orchestra was unpleasing; Mlle. Rosowsky was not made for the part of "Marina." Rosing sung well in his last two numbers, and the blessings of intelligence were distributed through his part of the programme. One had the sense of his being the character of the singer and meaning the words of his text, not merely being a section of tubing through which were poured variations of melodic sequence. Mlle. Rosowsky was a contrast, an antithesis, a black nadir to this zenith.

All last year's winners seem to be opening this season badly; the KENNEDY-FRASERS were no exception (AEolian, November 12). Certain family calamities, like the murders in classic drama, should take place off the stage; Mrs. K.-Fraser has discovered that infinite patience and determination can remove a treasure in the Hebrides, but treasure-trove is not legally the sole possession of the finder, and there is no reason why Margaret Kennedy should sing these songs publicly. There are plenty of people who would like to sing well, and who suffer, even acutely, from in-ability so to do. We admit that this elderly lady made most touching and gallant efforts, and in her first numbers succeeded better than heretofore, but the assassination of the Allite, one of the finest of all the Hebridean heroic pieces, was an exhaustion of all possible patience or toleration.

Some of Mrs. K.-Fraser's new reconstructions seemed rather as marginalia; they were interesting philologically, rather as foot-notes and by-forms to some of her earlier presentations, but did not add much to our knowledge of the scope of Hebridean song. The Tale of the Skir of St. Kenneth is an exception; here the island genius has succeeded in putting wild life into the dulness of Christian hymn-mode. Mrs. K.-Fraser herself succeeded in giving atmosphere "as never was on sea or land," and her voice was in better condition than usual. In the "Two Cranes" she gave genuine satire and matched Rosing at his own photographic game. It rained, and, with her usual driving power; she warmed up somewhat for the encore: "Ishy Reaper" and "Raasay Lilt."

It is refreshing to find four nice young men with good ears, who will ascend a platform and sing part-songs without the accompaniment of the distressful, perpetual, confounded, ubiquitous, iniquitous, unavoidable, unescapable, damnable, and ineluctable rattle of the py-ano forty; and there is, therefore, plenty of room for the Templars Quartet (AEolian, November 14), Messrs. Stone, Dixon, Haswell and Halford. The reception of Dixon's arrangement of Morley's "Month of Maying," and of the Vulga Boatman's song ought to convince the quartette that good music pays, and ought to divorce them from Elgar.

If there is any worse song-setter than Walford Davies, we are unaware of the fact, and if any such can be discovered he ought to be stuffed down a drain, and there held by the trousers until dead of the odour. Kipling's poems may not be very great literature, but the "Fighting Men" is at least broad and simple enough to be made into a good song. Davies' silly exaggerations of pitch-interval, etc., etc., banality, triviality, cheap musical rhetoric utterly destroy such merit of the poem as a sober and honest setting might have enhanced.

H. E. Darke should follow Waller's advice to poor musicians, and pretend himself with "'Ut, re, mi, Bridges' words being undistinguishable in his hurly-burly. On the other hand, we owe the quartette a distinct debt for introducing us to the work of Lieut. Paul Edmonds. At last we have a contemporary song-setter who fits notes to the words, who does not ruin poems by the affixture of melodic imbecilities. PAUL EDMONDS, let us print the name large, place it firmly in our memories, and then pray that Mr. Edmonds may go on; pray soberly and earnestly that he be really the musician awaited; the musician who will search out other poems as beautiful and as singable as Herrick's "Fair pledges of a fruitful tree," and put to them notes either for four voices or for one voice. We are sick to death of stunting and imbecile musicians; sick to death of "composers" who tack a little pseudo-Debussy to any words whatsoever, and then bleat about "Modern English Composers." There is a wealth of fine English poetry unset, there is crying need for a musician who can think more of the beauty of the poem than of his own pustulent egoism and of his desire to be the leading "modern British composer." Time was when a musician was content, like other true artists, to be the servant of beauty; a musician has made a good beginning; if he cannot find friends among the musicians who like a dabble of piano mist obscuring the words of a song, he will certainly find friends among men of letters, and they may be just as good company.

The idea that no poem becomes a song until you have some unrelated piano music in the offering is interred by Mr. Edmonds' setting of Herrick. This is really a cause for rejoicing. It is really a blessed thing that a living musician should set a good poem without spoiling it. Edmonds must develop his literary sense; "Land of Heart's Delight" is not really a very good poem; but the man does put one note under one syllable, and his quartette-writing does not obscure the meaning of his words. The singers gave both his songs with clear enunciation. They did an encore, "Bonnie Braes," in the "not a dry eye in the house" manner; they should notice, as they possibly did not, that their Irish folk tune was fitted to words less singable than the "Month of Maying." They need not become exclusively high-brow, they need not forsake the popular music; they should utterly eschew Walford Davies' Dailymallism, his PhillipGibbism in music; they should develop a critical sense; they should notice, as they possibly did not, that their Irish folk tune was fitted to words less singable than the "Month of Maying."
by itself instead of having it as accompaniment; more power to their throats and their elbows, renewed thanks for singing Paul Edmonds, and let them, in conclusion, develop selective power. The public will take the hybrid music they can find for it.

ROISING (Æolian) on November 15 stirred the usual enthusiasm with his Russian numbers. He sang "Lord Rendall" much too slowly, and in his zeal for realistic method he has overlooked the spirit of old English balladry: the sort of sardonic and gloomy gaiety with which folk-tales and children's fairy-tales present horrors; the force lying not in a Zolaesque photography but in the contrast between the subject and the aloof unfeeling motion of the telling. Rosing's present series of recitals profess to instruct us in the development of singing; but as few people in the audiences connect one concert with another this schematisation is not very effective. The fervour for actualism has carried him rather past the mark even in the Mussorgsky death songs; his acting of them was excellent, but in all arts one waries of the non-centric element, and Rosing in his realist programme reduced the singing element to a point where one cannot defend him against anyone who happens not to like the method. One felt he would do well to sing nothing but early and formal music for a time; one knew that the insouciance of rhythm in some of the dramatic numbers would have been more effective, would have been less of a strain on the auditor, had it been embedded in a different sort of programme, and given in contrast to distinctly measured songs.

There were fine moments; and also moments when no control or shaping power was evident; and, as he intended, a general impression of acting rather than singing. This is margin for your prudences," says our impulsive Russian. He sings or acts again on the Saturdays, November 29 and December 13 (Æolian, at 3 p.m.)

STROESCO returns Thursday, November 27, Æolian, 3.15.

DOLMETSCH, 6, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, December 3, at 5.15.

Practical Religion.

I have no qualifications for writing of Religion, but having criticised the Churches from the point of view of Things in General, I may perhaps make a few remarks on Religion from the same point of view. If I seem to write very dogmatically on what can only be a subject for speculation, it is simply to avoid the waste of space which would result from placing "I think" before each sentence. The definition of Religion is very difficult. One thing is certain, that it is not Ethics, though Ethics is an introductory gymnastic which makes Religion easier of attainment. There seems to be no satisfactory way of describing Religion from man's point of view. But from the point of view of the Cosmos it is apparently the process of turning vicious squealing ponies into willing polo players. The method is not by lectures, but by practice. Merely letting the ball about an empty field teaches nothing of the game, but only the easiest way of not falling over the stick. Real progress is only made in strife. Moreover, the Game consists neither of men, nor horses, nor balls, nor sticks, but of the interplay between them.

As the ancient philosophies have always taught, and as science is of late proving, there is nothing but Energy. It is the link and interaction between that Positive and Negative which are the first duality which we can conceive of as derived from the One which we cannot conceive, and in varied guises appear in all the worlds. So the object of Religion is not a matter of our acts and thoughts, but of the interplay between them, which is what we now call "Emotion," but which the Religions always speak of as Passion. And Emotion is the only real thing; as Krishna says of Himself in the Bhagavad Gita: "I am the fickleness of fortune in the dice." This interplay is the only common measure between all that is or exists, whether we look on it as the cause or the result; and to be emotionless is to be nothing. But Religion does not only aim at making us real, though clearly this is a necessary first step, and hence we need to discriminate among the emotions, and this not in any arbitrary, rational, or utilitarian way, except with reference to the object of our Religion. But it can hardly be questioned that of two emotions the one which makes us feel greater and happier is the better.

These emotions are the sacrifice which can be offered either on the altar of generation or of regeneration, to multiplicity or unity. The choice is for each man, for this is democratic religion. But it is in preparing for the choice that our 'sins will find us out,' for evil associations are far worse than evil associates, which, in fact, do not exist! One of the evil associations which has to be cured is our sexual litiernia. It is a "nervous" disease, due to ignorant and careless "feeding," whereby 'the sacrifice' becomes unable to assimilate any emotional food and dies from starvation in the presence of plenty. And without a sacrifice there can be no offering. The cure does not lie in drugs, but in careful and wholesome nourishment. This our theatre-managers, publishers, and journalists may bear in mind, after considering Mr. Clutton-Brock's excellent remarks on the subject.

Sin is of the Devil—that is, of formal mind, for formal mind is the great Slanderer. To slander is to misrepresent, or make obstacles, and the misrepresentation in this case is that which makes the utilitarian and rational appear better than the non-rational, which can be perfect peace. For though rational happiness (so-called) seems a far more respectable thing than non-rational happiness, it is not really so, for few ever experiment with the latter, but mistake for it irrational attempts at happiness.

We have got everything wrong. How can a man find any emotional pleasure in walking when he loafs along on the flat of his feet, or a woman when she is tottering on the tips of her deformed toes. Occasionally you may hear some boys singing quite nicely in the street, but they seem soon to be ashamed of so unhealthy a break into a toneless howl. What chance is there of any true emotional love when each party is busy wondering what the chances are of seducing the other?

Our standards are all artificial, and are based on the judgment of other men, and we have not our own.

The object of Religion as I defined it above is, of course, open to question by anyone, and can hence be a valid criterion in the choice of emotions only for those to whom it makes an appeal. Hence it is fortunate that for practical purposes we can find another criterion which, whatever may be its ultimate validity, at least leads to results which can hardly be other than desirable.

If we analyse our own feelings, even superficially, we can all observe that our loves, our fears, our angers, all produce a commotion within us. However cool we may be by training, we feel the bubbling forth of love, the contraction of fear, and the stab of anger in us. And careful observation shows much more, but we are most of us so unaccustomed to such things and so in slavery to our "thoughts" that careful observation is very hard. There is, however, a way by which we can learn to observe if we have the patience. We all know the silent, peaceful moment on waking, before our thoughts have fully clutched on for the waking day. When I say all, I, of course, exclude those who go to bed so late that they only wake when thealarum rings, but all others will, at least, have noticed the state. It is possible to learn to prolong this state, and even to produce
Physiologically, it is advisable to avoid the stoppage breathing should be the index, not the instrument, of the youngest flapper are all the same. There is only one abdominal breathing, bearing in mind that change of expansion which they give, and the remembrance things of which I am talking are, of course, what in the Middle Ages were spoken of as alchemical transmutations, and the small child crooning to itself and dancing unknown dances in quiet delight that we should keep our bodies all our emotions and value them. We need a few samples from which to start, a well-versed love, a kindly word, a noble thought to show us the feeling of expansion which they give, and the remembrance of a dirty trick to shrivel us up again. If the thought of an "outgoing" does this, we may safely avoid doing it in future, but with "incoming"s we can gently turn them round and look at them from all sides till we find one view which expands us a little. Then, keeping to this view, we can by steady care enlarge the pleasurable feeling till even in our daily awakenings it is the only one which rises in that association.

The criterion is not "mental"; it is almost more bodily, and, in fact, a good sample to work with is to make actual physical pain, or cold, bless the Lord.

Music can do all this, too, and the musician must be a favoured man, for he can feel it all working within him, gripping him with ecstatic agony, and filling him with thrilling beauty. This does not happen, is unnoticed, by the intellectual musician; he only observes it all instead of being part of it. The same is true of the dancer. But for the emotion of which I am speaking it is the dancing, and not only the intellectual musician; or how to reach them.

This is, of course, only a little psychological experiment, the arranging of the wood, so to speak. It is, I believe, as described, without danger psychologically. Physiologically, it is advisable to avoid the stoppage of abdominal breathing, bearing in mind that change of breathing should be the index, not the instrument, of change of consciousness.

When the fire is laid it is for the individual to decide what he will do with it, what flame he will approach to light it, and to whom he will make the sacrifice—which means union—whether to struggle or peace. This final sacrifice is what we call salvation.

And with this scale of values for use he will find it possible to do likewise with the airs of emotion in hand, recollecting that the proof of wisdom in his attempts is that he shall feel a happier and a greater man.

This is such an unfamiliar point of view to most people that I may perhaps add a little more in elucidation. There are more ways of "thinking" than the few which we ordinarily use. Whether "better" or "worse" they are "different," and so, at least, tend towards amplification and completeness. It is impossible to describe them (for they are different from any that we use), or how to reach them.

But it is probable that most people experience passing "samples" of them, though they fail to notice them in the hurry. The experiment which I suggested gives a chance of so noticing them. One result of success, among an infinity of others, will be that when we really have "nothing to do" we shall not feel it incumbent on us to do something, even if it is only to reel off, over and over again, that annoying witticism in the evening paper. And we shall begin to recognise that wonderful Reality in everything and every act which, though despised of men, is the clue to lead us unfallingly to the "next step" in our daily lives, beyond which it is useless to look, since it moves as we approach it, like the end of the rainbow.

M. B. Oxon.
VIEWS AND REVIEWS.

HAPPINESS AND TRUTH.

It is not often that I am puzzled by Mr. Clutton-Brock; his meaning is usually clear, if not always acceptable; but the letter that he addressed to THE NEW AGE of November 23rd left me in doubt whether it has reference to me, as I am mentioned twice by name; but the relevance of the reference escapes me. The letter seems to be a protest against something which Mr. Clutton-Brock calls "science," and apparently dislikes; and expresses a general preference for agreeable ideas of the nature of reality. He says that "no belief can finally be pleasant which is not true"; but none the less, he asserts that "the only test of its truth is subject. It positively poisons the organism with adrenin; and unless the results of fear are worked into concrete cottages, and slag into fertiliser: and thereby became unfit for human food; and sought Nature to secure his daily bread, as a relative of mine did this year in Canada) and see the whole crop destroyed before his eyes by a hailstorm in less than fifteen minutes. These are facts equally as indicative of the nature of the universal order as are the more pleasant truths referred by Mr. Clutton-Brock; they call imperatively for interpretation in the terms of the hedonistic scheme of things—because they indicate, at the very least, a discontinuity between the processes of Nature and the purposes of man.

It is because of this apparent discontinuity that the religious interpretation of reality in the terms of human nature fails to explain it. To say, as Jesus is reported to have said, that "your Father which is in heaven . . . maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust," is to admit that the universal order is indifferent to the moral values, at least, of man; and the same rain that fecundates our fields will refresh innumerable forms of life inimical to our existence. We may, if we like, believe that the rain does more good to us than it does to other forms of existence, but the belief is not demonstrable as a fact; and its only possible value is the hygienic value of optimism; the belief has absolutely no value as an interpretation of the universal order. And, to turn to what Mr. Clutton-Brock would probably call the more "spiritual" aspect of the question, is not the belief in an after-life simply man's attempt to equate what we know of Nature's operations with what he thinks that they ought to do for him? Has there ever been either a Heaven or a Hell in which human nature was not the supreme reality, its capacity for enjoyment or suffering being the only measure of the meaning of that order of existence—contrary to the observed processes of Nature anywhere? But if this be so, is not the very fact of such imaginative creation an admission that this meaning of existence is not revealed in the real order of things that man has to impose himself upon the infinite as upon the finite world, upon the abstract as upon the concrete order of reality? But if we admit these assumptions, it is not necessary to believe, as apparently Mr. Clutton-Brock believes, that there is no meaning for man in a universe which does not exist for man, but simply contains him as well as other forms of life; its meaning quite obviously may be that what he wants he must make from the materials at hand, convert clinker into concrete cottages, and slag into fertiliser, and so forth. I do not know that this belief is any more pleasant than the belief in a "house not built with hands"; possibly my Lady Fancyfull would sniff at it as unworthy of her immortal soul—but it is demonstrably the truth, and all men act upon it, directly or indirectly.

But it does not seem to me that this belief has any such affinity with fear as Mr. Clutton-Brock pretends. When he declares that "men afraid of the universe, suffering from a nervous shock, either personal or racial, try to make their fear positive by disguising it as an heroic effort to face the ghastly truth. Their fear takes the form of talking scandal about the universe; it expresses itself as 'science,' the science of 'nothing but,'" he seems to me to be making psycho-analysis do the work of religious cant. That phrase, "the ghastly truth," only expresses Mr. Clutton-Brock's superstitious feeling concerning it; it admits that the truth of things is not pleasant to Mr. Clutton-Brock. But I cannot suppose that when Professor Biffen grafted the non-rusting quality on the fertile English wheat, and thereby increased the available food supply, he was performing any psychological feats worthy of Mr. Clutton-Brock's reprobation. He was simply facing "the ghastly truth" that English wheat was subject to rust, and thereby became unfit for human food; and sought for the means of preventing this calamity. He may have been afraid, for all that I know, that God would not remedy this defect, but if so, "the fear of God was..."
the beginning of wisdom." And the case is exactly similar with the science of psychology, which seems to be peculiarly the truth of Mr. Clutton-Brock's obtrusion; it faces "the ghastly truth" that "if we say that we have not conceived ourselves, and the truth is not in us"; and if it demonstrates that all our "wish-worlds" are but "sinful longings" for some other order of reality than that created by God, I am by no means sure that its truths, however personally unpleasant, are not more universally valid than any equally religious work that is not in accord with the universe they believe in which makes Mr. Clutton-Brock so charming a member of Society.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Story of a Lover. Anonymious. (Boni and Liveright. $1.50 net.)

A French metaphysician once declared that he preferred "solitude, and the company of women—that other solitude," and this autobiography of a lover confirms that opinion of women's company. It is a remarkably acute introspective study of the development of a passion more inspired by what Mr. Bertrand Russell called "possessive" than "creative" impulses. In this case passion did not unify the personality; on the contrary, it divided the personality so that the author could draw distinctions between soul and body in the sexual relation, and could argue that adultery did not imply unfaithfulness. He wanted to be spiritually at one with his wife (but he always felt lonely in spirit) and bodily at sixes and sevens. His "deepest pleasure was to give pleasure"; but apparently he could only behave as if he were at stud, and could not give these other women the spiritual satisfaction that he had always desired and never really enjoyed. His wife is to him "the key of existence that opens up the realm of the Infinite," but she does not need him "in the lover's relation." The autobiography has occasional touches of religiosity, and may be regarded as an eloquent but rather literal commentary on the text "God is Love."

The Golden Block. By Sophie Kerr. (Dent. Wayfarers' Library.)

We hoped that this was going to be a story about a "gold brick," with wicked financiers floating companies to enable the public to share in the prosperity; but we were disappointed. The Golden Block, so far as we understand, is a sort of paving-stone, which, of course, paves the heroine's way to matrimony. She is one of those wonderful secretaries who know more about the business than the master, more about local politics than the second-in-command, more about love than a married woman (but this is usual). She is not only an able business woman (able to tackle even the graver "Boss" successfully, and make him offer to finance her); but she is very kind to her mother and her father (another Micawber), she is also very kind to her younger sister, and arranges her marriage before she thinks about her own. A little excitement is made by the master's wife, who hints at things that are not done by female secretaries in the course of their duties; and she refuses the master's proposal of marriage with the same dexterity that she provokes one from the man she intends to marry. Of course, she becomes a partner in the firm, and secures entire management of the Golden Block Company.


This reprint of Merejkowski's work is a welcome addition to the Westminster Library. Merejkowski had the Slav genius for treating subjects on a large scale, and a closer affinity with the spirit of Western art than is usual with Russian novelists. He had also a more objective method, and the history in this story is in excess proportion to its psychology. Leonardo, with his impermanent or imperfect achievements, his almost purely mental life, his prophetic glimpses, a man born out of due time and subject, to the fatality of futurity, is a subject of peculiar appeal to a member of a race which shows itself not in literature, but in the incongruity between the real and the mental worlds. Merejkowski's "Julian the Apostate" was an epigone, born too late for success; his Leonardo was born too soon, with equally disastrous results to his work. Merejkowski preserves, success is a vivid description of the man while investing him with an intermittent natural appeal to the instinct of worship. He is never divine to himself, and is not always, nor quite, divine to his pupils. One knows not which to admire the most, the skill with which the tempter of this Leo

With the Black Watch: The Story of the Marne. By Joe Cassells. (Melrose. 5s. net.)

This personal narrative of one of the few survivors of the first rush to orange describes those tragic days until the tide turned at the Marne. It is emphatically not a book for the hyper-sensitive: Scout Joe Cassells was a "bonny fechter" when no one had the time to feel "cold feet," when, on the contrary, the fighting blood was up and there was need of fighting and marching, and little else. He repeats, on his own authority, the familiar but almost incredible stories of German atrocities committed in that first rush on Paris, and gives instances of those that he saw that are frankly appalling. He includes the narrative of one of his friends who had the misfortune to be taken prisoner while lying wounded, and suffered inconceivable brutalities at the hands of German doctors. It is hard to believe that such things can be true until we remember that the German attitude of mind towards the English was that of a government towards rebels, which usually expresses itself in denial of the rights of common humanity to the captured.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

"HOMAGE TO PROPERTIUS."

Sir,—Your reviewer has been so kind to my volume that I am moved to one or two protests. The gift of my "Homage to Propertius" is simply: "Have I portrayed more emotion than Bohn's literal version or any other extant or possible strict translation of Propertius does or could convey?"

Browning's character Sordello dies a death timely for the great Victorian author, who thereby eliminates the historic Sordello's later life in France. In Browning's paraphrase to that poem he says, if I remember rightly, that all he cares for is the soul, or the portrayal or study of the soul.

Permitted any metaphysics at all, a man's soul is that which he has and which no other man, god, or creature has; the unanalysable quality which makes possible the opinion that "God has need of every individual soul." Hence my development of a "theory of Properties," which I regard the "Ride to Laniuvium" and the juxtaposition of the words "tacta puella sono" and "Orphea delicissus feras" might have revealed to any sensitive reader. If that last turn is unintentional, then Propertius was the greatest uncomicsful humorist of the ages. But
given the “Ride to Lamiumm,” even Professor McKail might have suspected that there was something in Propertius apart from the smaragdites and chrysolite, and that this poet of later Rome was not steeped to the brim in Rossetti, Pater and Co., and that, whatever heavy sentimentality there was in Propertius’ juvenalia, it is not quite possible that horses are able to fly, other horses might possibly sing, and I think it as likely that Mt. Cithaeron played the flute as that the walls of Thebes rose to magic of Amphion’s solo on the barbitos. Also I am tired of reason and of lyres, whether of tortoise-shell or of some less brittle comestible. And there is a perfectly literal and, by the same token, perfectly lying and “spiritually” mendacious translation of “Vobiscum est lope;” etc., my earlier volume “Canzioni,” for whomsoever wants the humorless vein, which vein, in this particular poem, makes it utterly impossible to translate the “Votivas noctes et mihi” at all.

The quarell over “Punic” was started before your reviewer came upon it, and the ancient vestiges of my pedantry, which have not, I believe, been able to fill them. I figure to myself that there is a perfectly literal and, by the same token, perfectly lying and “spiritually” mendacious translation of “Vobiscum est lope;” etc., my earlier volume “Canzioni,” for whomsoever wants the humorless vein, which vein, in this particular poem, makes it utterly impossible to translate the “Votivas noctes et mihi” at all.

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Pastiche.

THE ENGLISH FLAPPER.

From Nature’s anvil, hot she hails,
The fire still upon her cheek.
Untamed as yet, Life still prevails
Within her breast and fain would speak.

But all the elfs upon the plain,
And in the arbour where she lolls,
Repeat the impudent refrain:
Too young for babes, too old for dolls.

Her fingers deft have guessed the knack
Of making each advantage tell:
Her hat, her hair still down her back,
Her frock and muff of mighty spell;
Her springtide “tailor-mades” quite plain:
In summer-time her parasols;
Each eloquent with the refrain:
Too young for babes, too old for dolls.

Behold with what grave interest
She looks at all, or hind or squire;
In truth more keenly than the best
Matriculation marks require.

She’s told to learn from all she sees;
To watch the seasons, how they go,
And note the burgeoning of trees,
Or bulbs and pansies, how they grow.

“Enough that they are fair!” she cries;
“Why should I learn how lilies blow?”
And, dropping botany, she sighs
For some new flounce or furbelow.

The murmur of the woodland wild,
The sound of courting birds that sing,
Than all piano practising.
She reads of love time and again,
And writes sad lays and barcarolles,
All emphasising the refrain:
Too young for babes, too old for dolls.

And, truth to tell, the world’s a thing
Of wonder for a life that’s new,
And tremblingly her passions sing
Beside her father’s in his pew.

Magnificats or credos sung,
And the man who’d live there merrily
Must pay for his drinks on the spot.

Against THE WINTER.

Fair temple of the season’s funeral,
Thou comely Hill,
That hast forgot thy summer festival,
And now dost fill
Even thine airs and all thy floors with gold,
And hangest all thy shades with purple fold:
When from thy lofty state thou lookest down
That the dun roofs with leaves about are sown,
And from the hidden hearth the smoke dost see
Mounting up through the broad light tranquilly:
Not to that tender quire, that earliest
Made thee thy hymn,
Thou beckonest, but to a single priest
Of vesture dim,
Whose wished prayer his eager heart is bringing
Home to thine altar with a quiet singing.

We have outlived the brazen summer’s breath:
Thy priest, and all the graciousness
Of leaves bright-vested, may the sweetness borrow,
Saved unto thy cold joy and thy rich sorrow.

Our brightness is poor tinsel, and our woe
Yet, ere the land be deep with silent snow,
Remember we, that through all time his years
Thy smile is golden: silver are thy tears.

ANCIENT ASSYRIAN SONG.

By J. V. von Scheffel (translated by P. Selver).

In the “Black Whale” at Ascalon
Three days a fellow drank,
Until as stiff as a broomstick he
By the marble table sank.

In the “Black Whale” at Ascalon
Then quoth the landlord: “Stay!
He’s drinking of my date-juice more
Than he can afford to pay.”

In the “Black Whale” at Ascalon
A troop of waiters pressed
In cuniform (six bricks of it)
Their bill upon the guest.

In the “Black Whale” at Ascalon
Then quoth the guest: “Oh, damn!
I got through all my ready cash
At Nineveh, in the ‘Lamb.’ ”

In the “Black Whale” at Ascalon
The clock struck half-past three,
And the boots, a man from Nubia,
Then made the stranger flee.

In the “Black Whale” at Ascalon
Prophets they honour not,
And the man who’d live there merrily
Must pay for his drinks on the spot.

AGAINST THE WINTER.

Fair temple of the season’s funeral,
Thou comely Hill,
That hast forgot thy summer festival,
And now dost fill
Even thine airs and all thy floors with gold,
And hangest all thy shades with purple fold:
When from thy lofty state thou lookest down
That the dun roofs with leaves about are sown,
And doors made fast,
And from the hidden hearth the smoke dost see
Mounting up through the broad light tranquilly:
Not to that tender quire, that earliest
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Thou beckonest, but to a single priest
Of vesture dim,
Whose wished prayer his eager heart is bringing
Home to thine altar with a quiet singing.

We have outlived the brazen summer’s breath:
So, with this ghost
Thy priest, and all the graciousness
Of leaves bright-vested, may the sweetness borrow,
Saved unto thy cold joy and thy rich sorrow.

Our brightness is poor tinsel, and our woe
Yet, ere the land be deep with silent snow,
And all sprites fled,
Remember we, that through all time his years
Thy smile is golden: silver are thy tears.

RUTH PITTER.