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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN the shadow-game of politics it is more important that one's opponent should be wrong than that oneself should be right; and with his usual instinct for playing the game Mr. Lloyd George is defining the Labour policy with the maximum amount of disadvantage to the Labour Party. "Private enterprise can produce more," he said at Manchester last week; and this left it to be inferred, not only that the Labour Party is indifferent to greater production, but that it is indissolubly and monogamically married to anti-Private Enterprise. No individual and certainly no party, however, can really subsist on a negative of this kind; and, in fact, if the labels be taken off, there would be found to be just as much support for proper Private Enterprise among the Labour Party, both leaders and rank and file, as for proper Public Enterprise among the other parties. The antithesis, in short, is utterly superficial and false. But, as Mr. Lloyd George has contrived to put it, and as, we have little doubt, the Labour Party will hasten to accept the position thus assigned to it, the Labour Party will in future be exclusively regarded and will come to regard itself as the exclusive advocate of anti-Private Enterprise everywhere and always. No more than the Unionists refrain from supporting Public Enterprise when it suits their purpose will the Labour Party *in fact* refrain from occasionally supporting Private Enterprise; but in theory, by definition, on the platform and during elections, the label of anti-Private Enterprise will be hung round the neck of the Labour Party to its perpetual disadvantage. It is a cunning move on the part of Mr. Lloyd George, since at a single stroke it secures him at least three advantages. It confirms the Labour Party in a false and unpopular trail; it consolidates all the conservative, capitalist, and unthinking elements of his own party; and it leaves Mr. Asquith's little group without a platform to stand on. Mr. Asquith dare not appear as the declared enemy of Private Enterprise, for that would be to apply for the affiliation of the "Liberal" Party with the Labour Party; on the other hand, he cannot declare himself an advocate of Private Enterprise sans phrase, since that would leave him without a shred of excuse for declining to co-operate with the new Unionist Party—in other words, with Mr. Lloyd George. Thus by a slight turn of phrase Mr. Lloyd George has consolidated his friends and confused his political enemies.

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The "New Statesman" apparently shares Mr. Asquith's "conviction" (months after even the "Nation" has become sceptical) that "the Liberal Party is perfectly capable of undertaking the task of governing the country"; and, moreover, that since the Coalition is as good as "dead," it is about time that Mr. Asquith was permitted a "fresh start." Notions such as these may form topics for conversation in Liberal holes and corners, but we doubt whether they have any more basis in reality than parlour games for aspiring politicians. In the first place, not only is the Coalition not dead, but we shall be very much surprised if the prolonged working association of the Unionist and Liberal wings does not result in a permanent New Unionist Party having for its economic and political basis the maintenance of Private Enterprise. Such a party, given the acceptance of the Labour Party of the rôle for which Mr. Lloyd George has cast it, would undoubtedly rally to itself the most powerful elements in the two historic parties. In the second place, it is wilful flattery to pretend that, even if the Liberal Party can be revived, Mr. Asquith is any longer the man to breathe fresh life into it. For better or worse, for good or bad reasons, Mr. Asquith is an extinct volcano; and a miraculous change would be needed in public opinion to persuade the nation to enable him to make a "fresh start." Finally, as we were saying last week, there is no room for a new party (not even for a successful Labour Party) on either of the two grounds of pro and con between which the false issues of politics are now being fought. The ground of Production is fully occupied; and only the field of Distribution is at present without a political occupant. If the "New Statesman" can assure us that the Liberal Party is preparing to take up the cause of Distribution; if, that is to say, the Liberal Party is prepared to support the policy of delivering the goods that are produced to the people who need them—in that event, we might agree that a fresh start and a new future are open to the Liberal Party. But no such assurance, of course, can be given; and in its absence it is not the Coalition that is dead, but the Liberal Party.

We apologise for introducing politics into these Notes and especially in the circumstances of to-day; for the truth is that, outside the holes and corners already mentioned, nobody either in this country or anywhere else is concerned with what used to be called politics. In Italy, scarcely half the electors could be dragged to the poll at the recent General Election; and in the General Election now taking place in Australia we are told that political issues, even with "Australia, Hughes, and Empire" as their rallying-cry, are frozen mutton. What all the world is thinking of is something of rather more concern than the amour propre of politicians or the shades of opinion that divide one party from another. On the evidence of good observers everywhere, "there is really only one outstanding issue—the high cost of living"; and this is an issue which, we are told, will determine the result in Australia as it has already determined the result in Italy—not to mention Russia. It is difficult to bring home to well-to-do political leaders how serious this question of the cost of living really is, or how small in comparison with it appear the fancy issues of Free Trade, Empire and the like. For the majority—the *majority*—of the electors, however, the issue of the cost of living is paramount, for the simple reason that until it is settled nothing else *can* be of any concern. Doubtless it is very materialistic of people to wish to be able to live; and it is very apathetic of them to neglect politics merely because they are in danger of being cold and hungry. But human nature, outside political clubs, is constructed upon that plan; and thus the lamentable fact comes about that the "cost of living" is of more popular concern than the resuscitation of the Liberal or any other party. It will continue to be the same while the cost of living remains at its present altitude; and the indifference, slowly intensifying into opposition, will increase as the cost of living rises. In fact, the cost of living may be consulted as a barometer of the political weather that is about to prevail; and the higher the barometer, the more certainly will storms be indicated.

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The Special Trade Union Congress, whose doings we reported last week before they had occurred, provided us with one surprise in the form of detailed proposals for reducing the cost of living. So far so good; we cannot have too much attention paid to what is a matter of life and death. The detailed proposals put forward by the Miners' Federation and accepted by the Congress do not appear to us, however, to warrant the description applied to them by the expectant "Daily Herald" of "a real piece of constructive thinking" that has "gone to the root of the whole matter." For the root of the whole matter, as we have said on several occasions, is not to be found primarily in profiteering, nor even in the establishment of the principle that Price must equal Cost. Still less is it to be found in any device for reducing Costs or for increasing output. The root of the whole matter, on the contrary, is to be found in Credit—that cement of society, without which society (and, therefore, Production in the modern sense) cannot exist. Credit, in short, is at once the root of society and the root of the problem we are now discussing. But what, on the subject of Credit, had the "constructive thinkers" of the Trade Union Congress to say? In the list of its recommendations are to be found demands that the Government or, alternatively, the local authorities shall subsidise this, that and the other—presumably out of rates and taxes; shall "control" raw materials, organise transport, take off the present duties on imported foodstuffs, requisition shipping at Blue Book rates, etc., etc.; but in all the Table of Commandments we find one reference only to Credit, and that, unfortunately, takes the old familiar form of a demand for the "immediate nationalisation of the Banking system." It is something, no doubt, that the Labour movement has got so far in its study of economics as to recognise the existence of the Banking system as one of the concomitant circumstances, if not causes, of the high cost of living. Considering the contemptuous attitude of the intellectuals of the "Daily Herald" to questions of finance only a few weeks ago (perhaps when their own supplies of finance seemed secure), it is something, no doubt, to find the "Herald" referring to the proposed nationalisation of the Banking system as a "most fundamental and most revolutionary proposal." Considering, however, on the one hand, the wild impracticability of any such proposal; and, on the other hand, its infinite undesirability from the fact that the nationalisation of the Banking system would put the whole nation under the control of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—we cannot agree that the recommendation of the Congress is a contribution to the problem.

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A further examination of the "piece of constructive thinking" reveals the fact that once more the Labour movement is on its knees to the State. It will be observed that every item either demands or commands or urges or begs or recommends—the State to do something. The State is to subsidise milk and to supply it at sixpence a quart; the State is to purchase and control and distribute all imported raw materials; the State is to forgo the duties on tea, sugar, etc.; the State is to develop fishery; the State is to organise transport, by sea, land and air (?); finally, as we have seen, the State is to assume all the functions and authorities of the whole Banking system. Well, anybody can ask; there is no particular merit in prayer by Trade Union Congress resolution. What we are hoping to see one day is the assumption by the Labour movement of the more meritorious office of initiator and executor of definite plans of its own. It must be remembered that organised Labour is no longer an infant in the arms of the State, but, on its own claim, a grown and adult power. It numbers, we are constantly being reminded, five or six millions of workers organised in not quite as many powerful Unions, each of them officered by leaders whose statesmanship is one of the prides of the country. Is it not time that this power and this statesmanship were employed for some more appropriate purpose than alternately pleading with and threatening the Executive heads of the mere State? Is it absolutely necessary that every sheep of the whole flock of Labour reforms must jump through the State gap; and that not one can be saved except by the consent of Mr. Lloyd George? We put it once more to the Labour movement that what is expected of Labour, before it is entitled to the respect due to "constructive thinking," is a programme susceptible, for the most part at least, of being carried out by Labour itself. At present, it is plain, Labour can beg of the State and, when refused, can threaten to throw the house out of the window. That is all, so far, that it has done. But the moment has arrived when neither of these attitudes is any longer seemly for a grown-up movement, and when, in fact, real constructive work is demanded of it.

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The "Daily News" published last week an inspired account of some of the details of the Government's railway scheme. They include a considerable increase in railway rates, the creation of administrative areas of control, and the substitution of the zone for the company system of management. Thanks to our financial system, the increase of railway rates will in all certainty have the effect of raising prices by more than the addition to the cost of carriage, since it will be necessary to provide a margin of profit on the increased turn-over. The remaining provisions, on the other hand, are from our point of view unexceptionable; we shall consider them on another occasion. In return, we must suppose, for these and the parallel proposals for the representation of the Railwaymen's Unions on

the managing committees, the National Union of Railwaymen are preparing to surrender one of the sharpest of their weapons, or, rather, let us say, the sharpness of their one weapon; for, in consideration of the creation of a National Wages Board, consisting of four railway managers, four Union representatives, four nominees and a Government Chairman, the men's Unions agree that "no strike shall take place on account of a dispute arising on wages and conditions of service until one month after the question in dispute has been referred to the said National Wages Board." Without being enamoured of strikes on account of wages and conditions, it is still possible, we think, to doubt the wisdom of surrendering, for anything less than full partnership in the railway industry, any of the effective means for influencing the capitalist control which is still complete; and what is more effective than the possibility of a lightning strike? Time, as events have over and over again proved, is often of the very essence of power. A power that is restricted in point of time may easily be no power at all; and though, it is true, the abstract right to strike after a month of delay is explicitly reserved, the concession of a month's grace to the "other side" is, in view of the circumstances, a present which the Railwaymen can scarcely afford.

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The problem of Coal still remains unsolved, and we had another illustration last week of our statement that the two main parties are so nearly equal that each can effectively veto any scheme put forward by the other. A week or two ago it was the Nationalisation proposals of the Miners' Federation that were effectively vetoed by the Government and the coal-owners. Last week it was the turn of the Government scheme to be defeated by the action of the Miners' Federation. It is obvious, we must suppose, that matters cannot continue in this state of deadlock indefinitely; and, in fact, on neither side can there be any cessation in the effort to do something or other. By March 31 next, the present amorphous system of control will come to an end; and it must be the business of the Government before that date to devise a substitute for it. Otherwise, in the words of Mr. Hartshorn, there will be "chaos and a terrific eruption in the industry." Within the same period, however, the Miners' Federation appears to have made it their business to convert the country to Nationalisation, the penalty of their failure being, we are given to understand by Mr. Smillie, *not* the abandonment of the policy of Nationalisation, but the adoption of "direct action" over the heads of the political electorate. Neither policy, it appears to us, stands the least chance of success, if only for the reason that each assumes the continued antagonism of the two parties. On the one hand, no Government or coal-owners' scheme can possibly come into operation without the consent of the Miners' Federation—this year, next year, some time or ever; nor, on the other hand, without the consent of the Government or of the electorate at a special General Election, can the Miners force Nationalisation upon us. And since, as all the forecasts show, neither the Government nor the electorate is likely in any probable circumstances to consent to Nationalisation, the existing deadlock can be prophesied to recur in a still more acute form at the end of next March.

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Without defending a Government which betrays a total lack of ideas it must nevertheless be said that the Miners are ill-advised in pressing a policy which is not only unpopular, but demonstrably inimical to every aim they themselves profess. It would be contrary to all the rules of "democratic" government if a section were to impose its will on the nation against the express wishes of the nation; and not the less culpable because, in fact, the example has often been set by capitalist and other sections. But when, in addition, the coercing section (in this case the Miners) are themselves to derive no benefit from the imposition, the coercion is indefensible on any ground whatever. It is possible, of course, that at one or other of the hundred meetings which Mr. Hodges tells us the Miners will address in as many towns on the subject of Nationalisation during the next two or three months we shall hear some conclusive arguments in favour of Nationalisation either as regards the public or as regards the Miners, or, perchance, as regards both. But we confess that we have no hope of any such thing. Nationalisation has now been examined, we think, from every possible point of view, and from every possible point of view, we believe, it has been demonstrated to be likely to be mischievous. Sooner or later, therefore, before or after the threatened "chaos and the terrific eruption in the industry," Nationalisation, we are convinced, will be realised for what it is—a theoretical cul-de-sac in Labour policy, from which there is no escape but to turn back. But to what to turn back—that is the question. With Mr. Brace we can certainly say that the restoration of the old system is impossible. It is true that Mr. Hodges himself confessed that he would prefer the old system to the new bureaucracy; and the confession does him credit. But the rhetoric cannot conceal the underlying implication that the return to the old system is only a little less intolerable to thought than submission to bureaucracy; it is plainly not regarded as a possible solution. But, then, Mr. Brace continues: Since we cannot return to the old system, and must go on—"where can we go but to Nationalisation?" And thus we are back at the deadlock once more.

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We profess to have a scheme which is neither the old system nor nationalisation; and we have described circles about it often enough, even if we have not yet published it in detail. Before it is likely to be seriously examined, however, certain preconceptions must be unlearned, certain admissions also, we may say, frankly made. The admissions must include, to begin with, the confession that no scheme at present before the public is likely to be of any effect, neither nationalisation, on the one side, nor the Government proposals on the other. They must also include the confession that no scheme that is likely to be of any effect can be based on the doctrinaire theories of the ancient schools of Socialism. Socialism, as we have hitherto known it, is definitely played out: it ends in Bolshevism or Capitalism. The unlearning, particularly by men already publicly committed to a "policy" and whose pride will naturally arm them against confessing themselves ever to have been wrong, is an even more difficult matter. We might well despair, if events were not on our side. Events, however, are certain in the near future to be sharp schoolmasters, and, late or soon, the unlearning will be done. As a single example of the effort to be made before these difficulties can be overcome, we refer our readers to Mr. Sidney Webb's article in last Monday's "Daily Herald." The doctrinaire is incarnate in it. Writing in opposition to the proposed re-grouping of the collieries in a series of geological areas, Mr. Webb says: "No doubt the merging of all the existing colliery ownerships . . . might enable the new Boards of Directors to remedy the extravagance and waste of the present system. . . . But who would get the benefit of this immense saving? . . . The Black Tiger (i.e., the Coal Trust) would swallow up all the gains." Undoubtedly, if the Miners' Federation permits it. *But it is not necessary!* Meanwhile, we may note Mr. Webb's argument that "immense savings" are not to be allowed, because the profits might go to the "Black Tiger." Our inability (our unwillingness rather) to cut the Tiger's claws by depriving it of the power to fix prices is to condemn society to uneconomic labour.

Towards National Guilds.

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

If we are carrying our readers along with us in our discussion of Credit, we should shortly be in a position to take and occupy the problem from which we started --namely, the problem of the proper relation of price to cost. As our readers all know by this time, our contention is that the Just Price is only a fraction of Cost --the same fraction, indeed, that our total Consumption is of our total Production; and we have been engaged in recent issues in attempting to indicate the *nature* of the Production which remains over after Consumption has been satisfied. For it would be a mistake to suppose that in general the excess of Production over Consumption in any given period (say, a year) must take the form of consumable products. That, indeed, is where many of our readers have been unnecessarily puzzled. Assuming, when Major Douglas and we affirm that the Production of any given year is vastly in excess of the Consumption of the same period, that we refer to actual commodities (that is, consumable products), our readers naturally ask whether, in fact, such a surplus of goods is habitually created. Are there, indeed, great stocks of goods *left over* every year after Consumption has taken place?

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The answer to this question must be that, in fact, only a *part* of the surplus of annual Production over annual Consumption is in the form of consumable goods. We do not say that this part is not considerable in amount; for, in fact, it is at least equal to the sum of our exports of consumable goods. Nevertheless, it is only a part; for a still greater amount of the excess of annual Production over annual Consumption takes the form, not of consumable goods, but of improvement in plant and raw material. On the assumption that our national capacity to produce is always increasing, it is clear that Labour applied to Tools is employed in two ways: in producing commodities for immediate use and for immediate consumption; and in producing or improving the means to further production. *Both* are forms of Production and both are entitled to be credited to the annual sum of our national Production. But whereas the first of the two forms consists of commodities for immediate use—in other words, for Consumption—the second form consists, not of such commodities, but of means to further production—in short, of Capital. Now, it is by taking into account *not only* the consumable commodities produced every year, but also the capital improvements, including raw materials, brought about, that we arrive at our conclusion that the annual Production is so vastly greater than the annual Consumption. Merely in terms of consumable goods, Production is considerably in excess of Consumption; but when, to the excess of consumable goods we add also the capital improvements produced during the same period, the surplus of annual Production over annual Consumption will be seen to be enormous.

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Back once more to our muttons. Let us remind our readers of what Credit consists. Credit we have defined as spending-power based on an estimate of capacity to produce. It follows that if, in any given year, the capacity to produce is increased, the Credit attaching to it is increased in the same proportion. Whether any actual production of consumable commodities has taken place is a matter, for the moment, of comparative unimportance. Such production may have taken place simultaneously with the improvement of the plant, or it may not. Provided, however, that there has been in the course of the year an improvement of the plant, the owner thereof, at the end of the year, has increased his credit or spending-power by the amount of the improvement. In short, he has had a good year.

* * *

Here is an example. The owner of a fruit-farm employs a certain amount of labour. Part of this labour he devotes to growing, gathering, packing, and dispatching fruit: in other words, to immediately productive purposes, production for immediate consumption. Another part, however, he devotes, let us say, to planting new trees, to more careful pruning, to organising better distribution, to improving science. At the end of the year he finds himself on the productive side with two items to his credit: (a) the cash received for the fruit actually sold, and (b) the "credit" inherent in the capital improvement brought about in the potential productivity of his fruit-farm. Not only, therefore, has he profited by the sales of the fruit he has produced—which sales are realised in immediate cash—but he has also profited by the increase in his "credit"—in other words, in his potential but not yet realised cash. He is better off, in fact, as the result of the year's work, in two respects: in cash derived from the sale of his produced fruit, and in the credit (or potential cash) represented by his increased capacity to produce.

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Let us suppose, as is usually the case after the first outlay of capital, that our fruit-farmer places the whole cost of the year's labour, etc., on the price charged for the fruit-crop of the year. He calls this equation of price with cost "making both ends meet"; and his natural object, having regard to the prevailing system, is to balance his cash-income for the year against his cash-disbursements. In that case (and it is usual) it will be seen that what he has done has been to charge the consumer of his apples, not only with the cost of their production, but with the cost of the improvement effected in the fruit-farm as a productive machine. Actually his production consists of two items: a crop of apples *and* a capital improvement in the "property" of the farm. But, also actually, he has charged to the account of the apples the whole cost of both items of production. This means, in effect, that the consumers of his apples have not only paid the cost of producing the apples, but the cost of improving the orchard. They have "paid for" the capital together with the product of the capital. By degrees, in fact, they are improving the capital value of the fruit-farmer out of their own pocket.

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If we may indulge ourselves in another repetition, the case we are presenting stands thus. Production takes two forms: consumable commodities and capital improvements. The former are realised in cash by sale; the latter, however, usually stand as increased credit only. But since credit is only deferred or potential cash (as distinct from actual cash), the capital improvements which form the basis of the increased credit are a kind of invisible import, an *addition* to the "wealth" of the plant owner. And that addition to his wealth, consisting of an increased capacity for production, is the whole object and meaning of capitalism.

* * *

The goose that lays golden eggs has often been allowed to waddle across the economic stage. Let us invite the mythical creature to perform us a similar service. Which would you rather have—the goose or the eggs? Think before you reply. The goose, you say; and you are right, for whereas the eggs are actual and, therefore, consumable products, the goose is the potential producer. Having the goose, you can always have eggs. But having only the eggs, if they are smashed, there is an end to your wealth. Very well. Now let us take the liberty with this creature of imagination of supposing it to be susceptible

of influences making for its increased productivity. We will suppose that by commanding it to lay only a dozen instead of a hundred eggs in the course of the year, and by feeding it on a special diet, its capacity to lay eggs in the future is increased from its former maximum of 100 to a maximum of 200. We shall, it is true, have lost on the current cash sales of eggs, in the course of the year, the difference in price between 12 and 100 eggs; but, in return for that "sacrifice," our goose at the end of the year will be worth as a potential producer double its former value. In other words, the "credit" we can raise on it in December will be double the "credit" we could have raised on it in January; so that, in spite of the fact that our cash sales during the year have declined from 100 to 12, our year's trading with the bird has resulted in a considerable profit. For we have 12 eggs in cash, *plus,* however, the doubling of our credit. Now *supposing* that we have charged the 12 eggs with the cost of the goose's special diet, etc., it will be seen that what we have done is to make the consumers of the eggs *pay for* the increased value of the goose. In short, the consumer has been made to pay for our increased credit.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Letters from Russia.

By P. Ouspensky

IV.—(*Continued.*)

ONLY after two years of humiliation and suffering has Russia succeeded in organising a Centre which does not consider it possible to compromise with Bolshevism. This Centre is for the present at the place where I am now writing, the headquarters of the Volunteer Army.

You surely do not know what this Volunteer Army really is. Its now enormous organisation has developed out of a little detachment of 3,000 men who in February, 1918, began their struggle under the leadership of General Kornilov. The legendary expedition of this detachment which came to an end at the death of General Kornilov near Ekaterinodar on March 31, 1918, laid the foundation of the struggle with Bolshevism. It is described in a book written by A. A. Savorine under the title "The Kornilov Expedition." It is almost the only book published in Russia during the last two years. In a later letter I hope to summarise its contents and to describe the origin of the Volunteer Army, whose history is also the history of the most recent years of Russia.

Even now it would be possible to fill many pages with an analysis of Volunteer activity. In many cases its energies are too much directed towards the restoration of the bad features of the old régime and developing them to a degree worse than they have ever been before. On the other hand, it is in many ways much too tolerant of events which are the heritage of the Provisional Government and the Bolshevik rule.

Only the future can show what is to be the result of all this. At present one thing is of importance. The Volunteer Army is fighting the Bolsheviks and struggling for a united Russia. Accordingly, Russia and the Volunteer Army are now one and the same thing. Speaking of Russia you speak of the Volunteer Army and vice-versâ.

But during the first six or nine months of the Revolution no such Centre existed. Russia was then represented by Bolshevism "made in Germany," united with the "real Russian" profiteering, and fostered by the absurd idealism of the intelligentsia who quoted the text, "Do not overcome evil by evil." In face of the weakness of the intelligentsia, Bolshevism very soon showed its real face. It began openly to war on culture, to destroy all cultural values, and to annihilate the intelligentsia as the representative of culture. The "Nihilism" of former times was already well acquainted with contempt for culture, as if the only valuable results of the progress of humanity were high explosives. Bolshevism developed this idea to the utmost. Everything that did not help or foster the production of bombs was declared to be valueless, "bourgeois," and deserving only of destruction and contempt. This point of view was very acceptable to the imagination of the proletarians. The workmen were at once made equals with the intelligentsia, and were even declared superior to it. Everything in which they differed from the intelligentsia was now proclaimed unnecessary and even hostile to the interests of the people and the idea of freedom. The leaders of Bolshevism openly professed that all that they asked of culture was the means of fighting the bourgeoisie and to obtain power for the proletariat. Science, arts, literature, were put under suspicion and were handed over to the watchful control of illiterate bodies of workmen. The newspapers underwent a treatment which the chiefs of the gendarmes of Nicholas I never dreamt of. From the moment the Bolsheviks seized the power, all newspapers were shut down. Their place was taken by official or semi-official illiterate Bolshevik "Tsvtias" (News) or "Pravdas" (Truth). In indescribable forms these papers praised the Soviet power and poured out contempt on the "bourgeoisie." An unofficial paper—of course socialistic—was allowed to be printed on the condition that it formally supported Bolshevism, "recognised the Soviet power," as was the official expression. This meant the recognition of this power as democratic and the best in the world. It involved also the necessity of expressing the loyalty of the paper by publishing defamations and denouncements of the "bourgeoisie" and by vile criticism of everything that was not immediately connected with Bolshevism or the Soviets. With the object of preserving the papers from any kind of other influence they were subjected to the control of the workmen of the office where the paper was printed. Their representatives formed the majority of the "editorial body," which was empowered to dismiss old members of the staff, to appoint new ones, and generally to control the editorial administration. Even the most tolerant and unpretentious journalists had to cease their work, and very soon every journal became the prey of self-seeking people without knowledge of any kind of journalistic work.

Officially the struggle was directed against the "bourgeoisie." But this term in its Bolshevik interpretation embraced the whole of the intelligentsia. All persons belonging to the professions, professors, artists, doctors, engineers, and generally all specialists were proclaimed indiscriminately bourgeois and subjected to the control of their own workmen and servants. In a way their position was worse than that of the journalists. The latter were left alone, but doctors, engineers, and civil servants were forced to work under the most incredible conditions. Workmen and guards controlled their engineers, doctors were superseded by councils of patients and porters. This is not a joke at all—it is real life and obtains to this moment in Soviet Russia. In the spring of 1919, notwithstanding the difficulties created by Bolshevism and the Soviets, the doctors of Soviet Russia assembled in the yearly "Girogov" meeting held in honour of the late well-known surgeon, Girogov. The evidence collected on that occasion showed that the doctors were quite helpless in combating epidemics owing to the control exercised over them by medical attendants who filled all the responsible offices.

War on the intelligentsia was inevitable on the part of Bolshevism. The intelligentsia could not be deceived for long. It would soon have discovered the underlying lies of Bolshevism. To render the intelligentsia harmless, to prevent its explaining the truth to the people, it was proclaimed bourgeois, its mem-

bers declared outlaws, and purposely confused with the bourgeois against whom the struggle was originally directed. This was logically inevitable. The intelligentsia, being inclined, generally speaking, to believe in revolutionary phrases, would have otherwise joined Bolshevism and driven it to another line of development. It would have insisted on meeting the debts to which Bolshevism had attached its signature without dreaming of paying anything. In other words, the intelligentsia would have insisted on the fulfilment of the promises given by the Bolsheviks to the people, which the Bolsheviks themselves consider only as a bait thrown to make fishing easier. Had the intelligentsia not been so decidedly denied participation in the revolution it would have spoiled the game of Bolshevism. The Bolsheviks would have never been able to humiliate Russia to the degree they have. The appropriateness of their measures—i.e., the ostracism of the intelligentsia—is so striking that it involuntarily evokes the thought of a German invention, so well did it fit the purpose of the new Bolshevik state.

As a general rule, Bolshevism based itself on the worst forces underlying Russian life. How far they have succeeded in bringing those forces into existence is a question with which I will deal separately. The provocation of the feelings of the people against the intelligentsia was a a thing easier to be achieved in Russia than anywhere else, for the Russian "people" are as a rule suspicious of every "gentleman." In Russia all epidemics of cholera are always connected with rumours of doctors poisoning wells or their patients in the hospitals and is usually followed by pogroms of doctors.

A special aspect of Bolshevism has not yet been sufficiently insisted on. I mean the participation in it of decidedly criminal elements. In former days the population of Russian prisons used to be divided into two classes, the minority of "comrade-politicals" and the vast majority of "comrade-criminals." I think that nobody of the "comrade-political" ever dreamt that the leading part in the Revolution would be played by the "comrade-criminals." But this is the truth. The future historian will have to think out a new definition for the Soviet power: some new word showing the prominent part played by the criminal element, something like "kakourgocracy" or "paranomocracy." Henry George said in "Progress and Poverty" that our civilisation does not require for its destruction any foreign barbarians. It carries in its very bosom the barbarians who will destroy it. Bolshevism consists just in the organisation and gathering of these barbarian forces existing inside contemporary society, hostile to culture and civilisation.

This is a vital point which you miss when you are speaking of Bolshevism in England. You will realise it only when it is too late.

Translated by Paul Leon.

Revolt of Intelligence.—III.

By Ezra Pound.

I HAVE been conversing with a Sinn Fein M.P., or, rather, let me say, with a delegate to the Daill Erin, a body in which I take no particular interest.

Let me say at once and before the visits of the British police and the gentleman with pamphlets and subscription lists, that I have no interest in Ireland *as a nation*; I have no interest in any country *as a nation*. The league of *nations* appears to me about as safe and as inviting for the individual as does a combine of large companies for the employee. The more I see of *nations* the more I loathe them; the more I learn of civilisation the more I desire that it exist and that such scraps of it as we have should be preserved for us and for our successors.

The Southern States of America probably had a legal right to secede in 1861; it is as well that they were not permitted to do so; and it was a great calamity that they should attempt by force to do so; that war was a calamity of American civilisation and possibly the doom of the Anglo-Saxon race in America. The extermination of the best human stock in any district advances nothing. The decline of human liberty in the States may quite possibly date from the year of the emancipation proclamation.

(This is not an elegy for plantation life, nor a plea for re-establishment of black slavery. In 1808 opinion against such slavery was, I believe, as prevalent in the American South as in the North. This is past history and aside from the present discussion.)

I object to secessions and to divisions of political units once formed. Even in the case of Germany, border territory which cannot be absorbed into adjacent large countries should remain part of the German republic, *for the good of civilisation*.

Secondly, Germany as a partially civilised country should be maintained against the barbarism of Russia, should contingency arise.

The province, Catalonia, Ireland, Arles should remain inside the large political unit. We do not want more inner walls, but a breakdown of walls between these larger units. This last is a very different thing from a conspiracy and union of cliques within separate citadels.

Permit me to present my specimen of Daill Erin, in wholly impartial manner. This man disappeared from my life in 1910; he returned into my orbit last week; he spent some hours with me before I discovered his present occupation. He showed himself more human, humane and intelligent, more generally interested in civilisation than any British M.P. I have met . . . but then he may be a rare exception, and I have not met many British M.P.s.

Comparing him, therefore, with an exceptional British "statesman" and member of the present Cabinet, popularly accepted as "brilliant," I am, nevertheless compelled to conclude that in all matters of internal government I should prefer to be "administered" by this Daill Erin *quality* of man than by the brilliant statesman.

I do not expect the electorate either in England or America to begin instanter the quest of *quality* in their chosen representatives. I merely wish to record a few personal data. I once heard the brilliant Minister "demolish" a lecturer. The lecturer had been rather inept, but was concerned with the search for a truth; the Minister contented himself with finding the flaws in the lecturer's presentation; he made no attempt to get at the true relation of things; he contented himself with the shallowest possible use of parliamentary technique; and built his argument on a fallacy which ought to have been apparent to an undergraduate. . . . I do not know whether by intention or from mental incapacity. In twenty minutes he made me certain that I would not trust his opinion on any book or on any idea. Affairs of State are, in the popular mind, vastly more important than "mere books and ideas"; still, the public entrusts its "public affairs" to men whom they would not trust in the realm of "mere books and ideas."

Secondly: comparing my sample of Daill Erin with a very clever gentleman who is no longer in the British Cabinet; I find that in a law case or in dealing by diplomacy with hostile foreign nations or nations of ill-will, I would rather entrust my affairs to a very clever gentlemen who by cleverness has forced his way from the British bourgeoisie into the British ruling caste.

In dealing with the "higher" or more specialised functions of civilisation, or, let us say, in dealing with

literature and literary taste; I perceive that the very clever gentleman would connive, and, indeed, has tacitly connived, at the school of criticism which says a book is good because Aunt Sally wrote it, and Aunt Sally is connected with Mr. Q. who was member for Schropps in 1880, and whose cousin George married into the Earl's family in Bobshire. I perceive that the member of Daill Erin would accept as literature a large number of books and poems despite their being rather badly written: he would be disposed to accept them on the ground of their being sincere, or being human documents, etc., without exercise of much critical or comparative inspection.

Of the two tendencies, the first leads nowhere save to atrophy and idiocy and snobbery-jobbery log-rolling; the second or Daill Erin weakness is but the weakness of all folk-literature. It *permits* the existence of excellence; and out of ten thousand uncriticised folk-ballads one gets an occasional Tam-Lin, or "County of Mayo," which is great and magnificent literature.

On the whole, there is not only room for, but a crying need for, the Daill Erin type in the political circles not only of English, but of all modern democracies. In fact, the only salvation of democracy lies in a depreciation of the shop-window and hustings-talent, and in an appreciation, a vastly greater appreciation, of the qualities which make a man possible company *in private*.

Ireland's error lies in taking up "nationalism," which is, on the plane of the intellect, a dead issue; just as German Imperialism is a dead issue, a thing every intelligent man has deemed evil. It is a misfortune that D'Annunzio has followed the same error, yelling "Italia" in Fiume, instead of standing simply for civilisation, by the contention, perfectly sustainable, that Italy represents a finer stage of civilisation than Jugo-Slavia.

It does not matter a curse whether one has a lion or an eagle or a harp or a unicorn engraved on one's passport. It matters a great deal that one is, at the whim of an intellectually incompetent or frivolous despot, exposed to the importunities of ignorant young men in a passport office. It matters a great deal that one can be interfered with by officials ignorant of the laws and careless in their execution. Spanish bureaucracy as apparent even to the chance traveller was enough to explain the bomb thrown in Madrid in 1906. The necessity of bribing Russian officials before the war if one was to transact ordinary business is sufficient explanation of the present status of Russia.

The intelligence of the clerk of the 1st Police arrondissement in Toulouse constituted me a law-abiding member of the French public for five months; the brute stupidity of the gentleman behind the partition in an American passport bureau in Paris, toward (a) myself, toward (b) another American who happened to be the head of his firm, and was, therefore, as unable as I was to produce a "letter from his employer," and toward (c) an American naval officer on leave, bred three anarchists in five minutes.

Our chief advantage over the Basuto is at the present moment (from the purely bureaucratic point of view) that we *are*, all of us, provided with little tags and labels; each time we move we get a new set of luggage cheques. I declare myself instantly in favour of a central bureau in Luxembourg. Let us all have one gross of photos taken at once; let us have one photo printed on the right shoulder, another deposited in Luxembourg, another in each of the main rogues' galleries in Europe as a sop to the "passion to govern," then let all the natural bureaucrats and instinctive filing clerks be confined in certain specified districts, and, then, Oh Diana of Ephesus, let the world proceed on its way toward a non-national future, in which no man will be compelled to fight for any other man, organisation or oil company.

A Reformer's Note-Book.

STYLE. If the English nation should last another thousand years and should progressively ripen throughout that period, in what "style" would the "classics" of the day be written; what "style" would characterise the most admired works of art? To answer such questions would be to establish a criterion for criticism today; for it is obvious that any given language, art, or even people is capable only of the perfection of what it essentially is; and, hence, that the perfect English style is already determined. What is called the "main stream" of English literature is, we may presume, the stem upon which eventually the blossom of the language will appear; in other words, the main stream represented by our literary classics should already begin to indicate the qualities of our possible perfection. And this it does, in fact, for there is little doubt what qualities must appear in a perfect English style, even if we are still in doubt what qualities are incongruous with it. What are these essential qualities? They are to be found either singly or in groups but never wholly, in the acknowledged masterpieces of English literature: Chaucer, Spenser, the English Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Sterne and Cobbett. *All* the qualities that must be contained in a perfect English style are to be found in one or other of these writers; and it must, therefore, be the work of the future to combine them in a single style. The question arises, however, whether the characteristic quality or qualities of each of the writers named can possibly be comprised within a single style. To produce a work—let us say, a novel or a drama—in which each stylistic quality is exemplified in a single passage, would be comparatively easy. There are writers living to-day who could produce you imitations of all these classics, indistinguishable from the originals. But the problem of the single all-embracing style would still be left unsolved, since, in fact, such a work would be a mere pastiche or medley. What, on the contrary, is required is a style that, in itself, and not by a succession of variations, possesses and reveals all the qualities of English literature. The whole of English literature, in fact, must be contained in every part of it—the humanism of Chaucer, the romance of Spenser, the dignity of the Bible, the imagination of Shakespeare, the power of Milton, the elevated reason of Dryden, the realism of Swift, the courtesy of Addison, the ease of Sterne, and the simplicity of Cobbett. It is possible, of course, that such a style can never be produced, though approximations, as in Cowper's Letters, have been made to it. On the other hand, isolated sentences, and, in some instances, whole passages, exist in almost all the writers named, and in many not named, in which nearly if not quite all the qualities actually do exist. If only such sentences or such passages, instead of being rare, were common and continuous, our perfect style would be no longer to seek. Despair may well set in upon even the best mind when faced with the task here defined; for it must needs seem impossible that any English writer should ever be able to write as well as Chaucer, Spenser and all the rest *put together*. But that the task is really *not* impossible the isolated sentences and stray passages just mentioned are witnesses; and, moreover, it is presumed that the nation has a thousand years of culture in which to make the attempt. In any case, possible or impossible, it is necessary to criticism that the ideal here proposed should be deliberately made the criterion of judgment, since the only alternative to the appeal to the perfect style of the future is the pedantic appeal to the imperfect past. It is necessary to progress that we should believe that the best is yet to be; and in the case of the perfect English style it is encouraging to know that nobody has yet continuously written in it.

PUBLIC HEALTH. Very few people have realised the public idea. Appreciation of the public idea carries with it the obligation of regarding public affairs in the same spirit in which private affairs are commonly regarded: not with more care, it will be observed, but with no less care. Suppose one were living in a house in which a number of rooms were common to the household. The obligation on a member of the group would certainly be to assist in keeping in order the common rooms as well as to look after his own private room; and the performance of this duty, while its omission would be dishonourable, would not in itself be meritorious. In the same sense, the obligation lies upon all citizens of a responsible age to be mindful, not only of their own, but of the common health. There is no positive merit in the discharge of this duty; but, as in the case above, the omission to discharge it is dishonourable. Usually, of course, the individual is not in a position to regard the public health as his own, though there are occasions when even this is particular to the individual. It goes without saying, for instance, that no more than a man suffering from an infectious disease would risk communicating it to his family by inconsiderately using the whole house, no citizen of public spirit would trespass abroad at the risk of the community when he knew himself to be a source of public danger—public, in this sense, being the merest chance person he might meet. Other instances will occur to the mind. Commonly, however, the services of public, as distinct from personal and private, health, are committed to the care of paid officials, whose work, however, can never entirely dispense the individual from his individual share. On the contrary, in so far as he has delegated a part of his duty to a paid official, he has now the double responsibility of performing the remnant of his own duty and of seeing that the part he has delegated is efficiently discharged. Unfortunately, the act of delegation is too often taken to mean that the delegator is thereby freed from responsibility. Because he has appointed and paid someone (for his own not their convenience) to carry out a part of his duty, he too often concludes that his delegate is now the responsible party, while he himself is discharged of liability. Such a misunderstanding is the very curse of the representative system, for it not only corrupts the individual, but it corrupts the representative as well. The latter, in view of the assumed transfer of responsibility to himself, proceeds to conduct himself for the maintenance and extension of the *power* of his office, and to regard less and less its *function*. In other words, he tends to become less and less a public representative and more and more a public dictator. To put an end to this state of affairs, it is necessary that the functional value of public authorities shall be reviewed and judged periodically by the citizens whose duties they have been delegated to discharge. And the test to be applied must always be that of the actual results. In the matter of public health, for instance, the actual health of the public must be made the measure of the efficiency of the public health service. If, as during recent epidemics, it has been positively dangerous for individuals to enter public places, the failure of the health authorities is not only implied, but punishment, in the form of dismissal, should be made to overtake them. They ought not to be allowed to escape on the plea of ignorance, for a plea of ignorance is an admission of their unsuitability to the office. Why should *their* ignorance be salaried? And admission of neglect is, of course, no less culpable. The absence, or, rather, the merely elementary conception of public duty which is prevalent, allows us, however, to "overlook" errors due both to ignorance and neglect. We are not nearly enough severe upon our public servants of every description; and we tolerate in them deficiencies and impertinences which no private person would tolerate an instant in a private servant.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The everlasting danger of a theatre that exists for any other than the sole purpose of drama was revealed by the third production of the Art Theatre at the Haymarket recently. The other arts intrude, clamour for recognition, overwhelm and finally banish drama. In the triple bill presented on December 7-8 we heard modern verse, saw Futurist scenery, were tickled by a "philosophic" ballet, and, as a final joy, were shown an ancient miracle play in the most modern of archaic settings. Drama had discreetly withdrawn to the commercial theatre, I suppose; it was certainly not to be seen on that memorable afternoon when the "dragons of the slime" that begin Mr. Wells' "Outline of History" exhibited themselves on a back-cloth in all the glory of geometrical pattern and symmetry. In the ballet there were comic and circular sections as a background, as though God did indeed geometrise in His creative efforts. In the verse-play there was a glorious moon-lit heaven as a background which rippled whenever the sentry passed presumably beneath it. But of drama there was only a remembrance.

Mr. John Drinkwater was responsible for a poem in three scenes, which showed that, even during the Trojan war, the combatants thought much of peace, were home-sick, deplored but obeyed the patriotic necessity of killing. These combatants probably qualified for impersonation at the Art Theatre by the fact that they were artists; we were shown that war destroys poets and sculptors, but we were not shown that the Art Theatre creates dramatists. The treatment of this obvious theme was most obvious; the young man in the Greek camp, just about to go out to slay a Trojan, remembers his home, hungers for the beauty and peace of it, declares that the cause of quarrel does not interest him, thinks that the Trojans are fine men with whom, had he been differently introduced to them, he could have been most friendly—and goes out to slay his Trojan. The next scene repeats the same sentiments on the Trojan side, with a corresponding conclusion; following upon it, the Greek murders the Trojan sentry, and the scene reverts to the Greek camp. Here the Trojan appears, does his deplorable duty, and escapes unheard; the Greek returns, washes himself, still expressing his war-weary sentiments, and at last discovers his dead comrade. As a final tableau we are shown the dead sentry on the Trojan wall, hear the whistle of the returning raider; and when we have realised that the poor Trojan will have to spend the night without the walls, because the sentry cannot throw him the rope, the curtain descends. Moral: people who live in besieged cities should not go prowling at night. However, as this charade enabled Mr. William Rea to use some of the fuller tones of his voice, and show a really pretty leg, it was not entirely without interest.

The ballet, I confess, puzzled me, but seemed to amuse the audience. The "philosophy" of Cæsar Franck's Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue is thus interpreted on the programme: "Thought was—then man—then love. Evil destroyed man and love. Thought alone survived." To illustrate this we had the cubic contents of the world exhibited on a back-cloth, a triangular staircase, and draped figures who seemed to be suffering some of the lesser penalties of pre-natal sin. Then M. Varda and Mdle. Rambert ran round the stage like children imitating high-stepping horses. Evil appeared in the form of what seemed to be a troupe of miniature K.C.s, and the man lay down and died. But Thought (I suppose that it was Thought, as it wore white) apparently raised the dead to complete the number necessary for a sort of square dance. The dancing was probably most philosophic: it was certainly unintelligible and had no beauty that we should desire it. I do not quite understand why spirits should

wear what look like trousers, or should habitually indulge in running and jumping competitions—but formal philosophy is not my province. "Callimachus," but for that dreadful back-cloth, had a quaint interest of its own. It was a translation by Arthur Waley from the Latin of Hroswitha, and as an example of the ideas of drama that a nun of the tenth century possessed it had an historical interest. Callimachus loves Drusiana, who is so devout a woman that she has not for years permitted her husband, Prince Andronicus, the customary intimacies. She is so affronted by the declaration of Callimachus that she obtains, by prayer, the permission of the Lord Jesus Christ to lie down and die. Callimachus, with a wicked servant of Drusiana, violates her grave; the servant is stung by a serpent, Callimachus is stricken by a celestial being. But Drusiana is raised from the dead by St. John, who performs the same service for Callimachus; Drusiana is given power to restore the servant to life, who, when he discovers that Callimachus has repented and become a Christian, declares that he would rather be dead than live in such a world, and promptly dies again. It is very naïf, but very pleasing in its quaintly simple piety; the curious contrast between the passionate nature of the material and its passionless handling being childlike in its directness. Apart from the dreadful scenery, which would probably have caused even the nuns for whom the play was written to think sinful thoughts, the production did realise the childlike quaintness that is the only quality that could possibly appeal to a modern audience. One smiled, but not contemptuously, at the simplicity of it, the child-like knowledge, the child-like ignorance, of the realities with which it dealt; it was like watching children playing at mothers and fathers—and the players, with really remarkable skill, stripped themselves of modern dramatic technique. Mr. Basil Rathbone seemed to know no more about guilty passion than a nun would confess, while Miss Dorothy Stuart looked and behaved like a mediæval portrait of a saint. Mr. Ernest Thesiger obviously enjoyed his part of St. John, who seemed to be a priest; and the others played with the "say—do" directness of the original.

But is it the purpose of the Art Theatre merely to give us these quaint productions? These things have no relation to the drama of to-day; they are alien to our modes of thought and expression, and whatever opportunities they may afford for the vandalism of modern theatrical decorators, they contain nothing of dramatic inspiration. An Art Theatre that aims at singularity is obviously only an amusement of the dilettante; and what we really need is not a society that will produce things that nobody else will produce, but to produce things, whether ancient or modern, that ought to be produced, either because they have significance for us or remind us that our forefathers achieved a greatness that we are in danger of forgetting. The objection to noncomformity in religion, Matthew Arnold argued, was that it cut itself off from the stream of national culture, and degenerated into a stagnant dissent. In art, the penalty is no less obvious; we may collect the curios of the past, but, if we do, we neither express the present nor create the future. To appeal to singularity of taste is obviously not the way to correct vulgarity—and the modern theatre suffers most from vulgarity. It is drama that we need, not ballet and experiments in scenery and lighting, or mere excursions in antiquarianism—and Mme. Donnet has yet to show us that she understands what drama means. She tried to introduce a ballet technique into "The Beaux' Stratagem"; she made the "naturalism" of the Moscow Theatre drearily evident in her production of Tchekov's "The Sea-Gull," and will, I suppose, repeat it in her forthcoming production of Tchekov's "The Three Sisters." She has done nothing yet to show that the Art Theatre will be of service to English drama.

Readers and Writers.

I observe that Messrs. Blackwell, the well-known Oxford publishers of current verse, announce in their new catalogue that "even The New Age praised 'Dunch.'" So, indeed, we did; or, at least, Mr. Stephen Maguire did for us in one of his articles on "Recent Verse"; and I hasten to say that I agreed completely with him after having read Mrs. Susan Miles' clever and amusing "sinoems." It appears, however, from the form of Messrs. Blackwell's reference to The New Age that praise is a rare thing with our reviewers. "*Even* The New Age" undoubtedly implies that praise was not to be expected from The New Age as a matter of course. But quite as undoubtedly I, for one, am glad of it. Neither praise nor blame should be given as "a matter of course"; and only if it could be shown that blame is distributed by The New Age "as a matter of course" would any discredit attach to our reviewers. But can it be so shown; or is there, indeed, the smallest evidence whatever for it? Readers and writers, the material for judgment is before the House, as they say in Parliament. It is doubtless true that of the books, prose and verse, reviewed in The New Age the majority are more or less severely criticised; but a minority, and even a large minority, are not only praised, but now and then slightly over-praised, by reason of the pleasure afforded by the unwonted exercise. For it certainly may be taken "as a matter of course" that praise blesseth him that gives as well as him that receives; and, hence, that no opportunity is missed of indulging in the double delight. My respects to Messrs. Blackwell, therefore; and may they publish many volumes that "even The New Age" can praise.

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Dr. Oscar Levy's devoted attempt to reopen the discussion in this country of the problem of Nietzsche is not likely, I fear, to have much success. The English mind is easily "put off" a subject, and particularly easily off a subject as uncongenial as Nietzsche; and it has been known, I believe, to remain in this state for a century or more. In this way several of our own greatest thinkers and writers have had to wait a long period for their readers; and usually, by the time that the English mind has recovered itself, they are quite dead. It is likely to be the same with Nietzsche, I fear. Having the plausible excuse for being "off" Nietzsche which the war provided, the English intellectual classes—note that I do not say the intellectual English classes, for there are none—will continue to neglect Nietzsche until he has really been superseded, as I believe he will in all probability be before very long. Psycho-analysis has taken a good deal of Nietzsche in its stride; and it is quite possible that the re-reading of Indian philosophy in the light of psycho-analysis (of which, by the way, we have only as yet the ABC) will gather up most of the remainder. In a word, by the time Nietzsche comes to be read again in this country it will be unnecessary to read him—at any rate, for what he has previously been read.

* * *

Nevertheless, the remaining fragments will be worth preserving, since indubitably they will be the fragments of a giant of thought. As Heraclitus is represented by a small collection of aphorisms, each so precious that any one of them would serve for an ordinary man's equipment for intellectual life, the Nietzsche of the future may be contained in a very small volume, chiefly composed of aphorisms. He aimed, he said, at saying in a sentence what other writers say in a book; and he characteristically added that he aimed at saying in a sentence what other writers did *not* say in a book. And in my judgment he very often succeeded. These successes are his real contribution to his own immor-

tality, and they will, I think, ensure it. I should advise Dr. Oscar Levy to prepare such a volume without delay. It may be the case that Nietzsche will be read in his entirety again, though I doubt it; but, in any event, a volume such as I have in mind would serve either to reintroduce him or handsomely to bury the mortal part of him.

* * *

I cannot believe that Nietzsche is about to be read, as never before, in Germany. Dr. Levy, in one of his recent letters, assured us, on the report of a Berlin bookseller, that this was indicated in the sales of Nietzsche in Germany; but the wish, I fear, was father to the deduction from the very small fact. Nietzsche was, before anything else, a great culture-hero; as a critic of art he has been surpassed by no man. But is there any appeal in culture to a Germany situated as Germany is to-day? I am here only a literary causeur. With the dinosaurs and other monsters of international politics I cannot be supposed to be on familiar terms. My opinion, nevertheless, based upon my own material, is that Germany is most unlikely to resume the pursuit of culture where she interrupted it after 1870, or, indeed, to pursue culture at all. And the reason for my opinion is that Russia is too close at hand, too accessible and, above all, too tempting to German cupidity. Think what the proximity to Germany—to a Germany headed off from the Western world—of a commercially succulent country like Russia really means. Germans are human, even if they are not sub-human; and the temptation of an El Dorado at their doors will prove, I fear, to be more seductive than the cry from the muezzin to come to culture, come to culture. Nietzsche on the one side calling them to spiritual conquests will be met by the big bagmen calling them, on the other side, to commercial conquests. Who can doubt which appeal will be the stronger? Germany refused to attend to Nietzsche after 1870 when he spoke to them as one alive; they are less likely to listen to a voice from the dead after 1918. On second thoughts, I should advise Dr. Oscar Levy to publish his volume in Germany first. For there he would "show by one satiric touch no country needed it so much."

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As one of the thirty thousand who take in and occasionally read the "Times" Literary Supplement, I may draw attention to the danger to truth its composite character is always creating. As a journalist familiar with the backways of publishing, I am not taken in, of course, by the uniform use of the editorial "we" in a journal like the "Times" Literary Supplement. "We" represents a score of different people, all or most of whom are as much at intellectual sixes and sevens as any other score; and the editor-in-chief, whoever he may be, is just about as powerless as a sovereign is over its twenty shillings. That being granted, the situation is still a little strange from the fact that certain sentiments are allowed to appear in the Literary Supplement which, to say the least, are incongruous with the "Times" and all the "Times" stands for. Here, for instance, are three quotations from recent issues: "Whether you beat your neighbour by militarism or buy him by industrialism—the effect is the same." "That most false and nauseating of legends—'the happy warrior.'" "The organisation of trade is of secondary moment: what is of the first moment is the organisation of a humane enjoyment of its benefits." These sentiments, it is obvious, might have suitably appeared in THE NEW AGE. They are true and they are sufficiently strikingly put. But in the "Times" Literary Supplement they are not only incongruous, but they are, in a very subtle sense, actually lies, and the more dangerous lies from their identity with the truth. It is one of the paradoxes of truth that a statement is only true when it is in truthful company. As the corruption of the best is the worst, so evil communications corrupt good statements, and a truth in bad company is the worst of lies. I know I am touching a mystery which is not easily to be understood; but perhaps my readers will exercise their intuition on it. Is it not the fact in their own experience that the occurrence of statements like those just quoted in the "Times" Literary Supplement causes a feeling of nausea? I am distinctly aware of it. And on examining the cause it will be found to lie in the unconscious realisation that such statements are made in the "Times" Literary Supplement for no good purpose, but are only, as it were, decoy ducks for the better snaring of our suffrages for the real policy of the "Times" itself. R. H. C.

Spiritual Knowledge.

IN his discussion of the revival of Spiritualism, "A. E. R." has criticised in an able and well-justified manner the excessive efforts now made to explain certain psychic phenomena by the hypothesis of soul-survival. His opinion must be cordially shared by all those who deplore the errancy of some eminent minds in this unproductive field of research: for a hypothesis necessarily limits and specialises experiment—and often in useless directions, if it is a wrong hypothesis.

In these days, however, it is no less necessary to beware of clinging to a hypothesis as widely believed in, and with much less justification: namely, that inquiry into the nature of the properties of matter is the only possible source of knowledge. Upon this idea, unfortunately, "A. E. R." bases the greater part of his discussion, yet although it derives great prestige from the brilliant achievements of material science in the last century (and their perfect apotheosis in the last five years!) it is nevertheless a fallacy. It is very easy to show that the intellectual study of matter produces a knowledge of it which is *per se* utterly useless, and which does not even pretend to be more than provisionally true.

For what are the advantages of material knowledge? What sort of knowledge is it? It is knowledge of how certain portions of matter react to other portions of the same. By studying this, with good logical faculties, men are able to do astonishing things with matter in order to enjoy it; and it is called "useful." But how, then, do they know the enjoyment? *They know it directly*. That is spiritual knowledge, and one will not easily meet the scientist who applies a galvanometer to a certain brain-convolution to find out if he has a desire to eat an egg!

Nothing, moreover, is of the slightest use unless we want it. The most beautiful telegraphs and perfect steamships—even trinitrotoluol and tanks would waste their sweetness in deserted air until we had a direct consciousness of desire to use them. It follows of itself that knowledge of matter is of no vital use without knowledge of desire. For we may leave out of account the dear, dead belief that desire itself is a mechanical reaction of some electron in the brain which will one day be perfectly understood. It will be difficult at once to be and to observe that electron! Of course it may be the ultimate truth that thought is a mere emanation of matter: equally it may be true that matter is all woven out of thought—or both may be somehow true. It remains a practical fact that without direct knowledge of the will both matter and its sciences are valueless. To strive for a thing, or work for it, with a mistaken knowledge of what we desire (a common tragedy) is to work upon false spiritual knowledge. And how is the kuowledge of what we

desire derivable from the nature of matter—let us not say "in the present state of scientific knowledge," but in any conceivable state of it?

Moreover, even the truth of material science is confessedly pragmatical: it is sufficient to fulfil certain practical needs of men, but not their desire to possess the truth, which higher desire it only allures, titillates and exasperates. Though it continually discovers new relations between things it has never made any progress in the revelation of their ultimate nature, in terms which a psychological being can understand. And there is not the remotest likelihood that it will ever do so: indeed, in the present conflict of science as to the constitution of matter it is becoming evident that science culminates in deadlocks and antinomies no less than theology. Some profound modern thinkers have concluded that the intellect is a strictly limited instrument of knowledge, and it may well be suspected of some vast tautological tricks; as when it makes the molecule appear to be a solar or stellar system in miniature, and the galactic system a colossal molecule: suggesting something analogous to an arrangement of mirrors which can multiply one reality into an infinity of appearances. The inability of material science to provide any of the absolute truths which men most desire to know is another instance of its uselessness by itself.

So, now that the recent and valuable methods of material science are as established and secure in the world as Latin and Greek were lately at the Universities, it is worse than needless to countenance the superstitions that have grown up as to their millennial possibilities, and final supersession of religious and all other method. They cause people to live in a vague wish-world of scientific super-production, which will always remain in futurity: it is a mythical apocalypse when science shall have swallowed consciousness and all; but, until it is realised, knowledge of the will must continue to be as necessary as knowledge of material. The wise purpose of life in the world is to "manipulate its processes for our benefit," of course: we all want the scientific heaven, where every wish for a material object is gratified by pressing a button. Doubtless. But meanwhile—that is, for ever—it is wise to direct the will also to a more realisable end—namely, to its harmonious expression directly, in thought and feeling. This is called, "facing the facts." It involves a knowledge which is not material science, knowledge of how to give freedom to the purest forces of the will. In this direction all the really serious work that has been done as yet has been religious work.

At this last remark, of course, the scientifically superstitious feels miserable inside: or he begins to talk of Freud and "sublimation." Let it therefore be hastily admitted that psycho-analysis is beginning to provide material for some new commentaries upon the religious scriptures; which will be useful when the commentators realise that their phenomena of "transference" and "sublimation" have been practised religiously for ages, even quite as scientifically and more effectively. Also, realising what they already suspect, they will learn to read in the symbols and hierarchies of the world's greatest religions the spiritual forces which mould, contain, and colour all consciousness, knowing these directly and discriminately as realities only naturally, organically and rightly expressible *in* those symbols. At which time a man of science will realise, without redness of the ears, that for some direct inquiries into the will, an unusual mental cleanliness or sterilisation is a condition of perception: in short, that sainthood, however lately doubtful, is a state which has been frequently approached by human beings for its own sake and for its perceptivity. After which a clear distinction between spiritual and material science will pave the way to progress.

P. A. Mairet.

Three Fragments.

By William Kiddier.

(From "The Painter's Voice," shortly to be published by Mr. Fifield.)

THE PAINTER'S VOICE.

There are moments when the sound of my voice seems to go forth with what I write: then I write true. But the feeling is soon gone. Then I must put my pen away or else turn literary.

There are times when I paint with a free heart just what I feel: but the trend soon breaks. Then I must put the palette down or otherwise paint the tradition of paint. I can put the palette down: thank God!

If I had three disciples I would commit nothing to writing: I would talk in little spaces and be content. These odd moments would illuminate the hour: but they would not make a book.

Truth is a matter of few words.

Truth is the spiritual guest that never stays long at a time: because the mind cannot think thoughts apart from gain even in the little space of the Lord's prayer.

Be it so: intuition is swift winged: the moment contains the miracle, whilst the measure of long time may hold but innumerable details of small worth. Do I believe in the miracle? Ah, I have no faith besides!

The happy occasion that belongs to speech, like the fragrant air to the flowers, is lost to them that only read. As the butterfly pinned down in the case is no longer the spirit of summer, even so, the living word is beyond the book.

Truth fashioned for human lips is the pure flame that passes from one receptive soul to another: the makers of books but dabble in the ashes.

I talk from the heart.

If I write I write from reason—ah, reason! which begins as the alluring exercise of the brain, but ends as its rack.

In my heart I uphold the glory of intuition: I place sense before reason. Here is a difference. The *sense* of devotion makes me kneel: but *reason* slowly grinds devotion to pieces.

There is no *reason* in truth: there is no *reason* in beauty: the flowers have none in their perfume: the birds none in their song: God is not *reason*!

WHOM GOD FORGOT.

In a dream truer than the heart awake
May dream I saw the writing on the wall:
'Twas the same Hand that once foretold the fall
Of Belshazzar: him that for the devil's sake
And his own bade ten thousand people make
Songs to his praise. I felt the endless pall
Wherewith the vision in the banquet-hall
Decreed his death: the pause in which God spake.

O but to me the Hand that wrote with flame
Decreed not death: but *life without an end*!
Ah! then I knew the curse that would attend
Upon me evermore: myself the one
Forsaken being whom God forgot to claim
Wearied with life: forever living on.

BEFORE A PICTURE OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

Sweet saint, whom one great Church discards and one adores: whose image shines forth here but lies all broken there: Mary, I love thee!

I love thee like a child that holds thy story true: because it was written in my heart before I was born.

So now in solitude love cometh like a shroud to clothe my spirit.

I kneel in thy dear shade: I touch thy garment: lose all sense of body as in a beautiful somnambulism.

I offer thee a frankincense: I give thee a jewel distilled from the rainbow: I bring thee flowers: bodiless things with lips: born but to kiss thy brow and then dissolve to fragrances in the light around thee.

I see the star: the impossible star of Bethlehem!

My body is upon the ground: my spirit is above it: hence without burden I enter the drama of God.

Ah, it is all true: 'twas written in my heart before I was born!

Music.

By William Atheling.

MAGGIE TEYTE has what is usually, and can without irony be called a "divine voice"—fluidity, charm, ease, and notably the quality of seeming to fit snug into all the corners and crevices of the hall; whereas most voices, even quite good ones, seem to fill only a sort of amorphous area ending a yard or so from the edges of the room and leave the auditor with a sense of strain, or strained attention. Miss Teyte (Æolian, December 4) began with Mehul and Gretry, plausible archæology, and suitable for opening a programme if she had gone on to something more worth her metal. Unfortunately, Novello and Poldowski were about the height of the remainder of the performance. Debussy's Villon setting is interesting, but not wholly a triumph. Holbrooke's music to "Lake and Fairy Boat" is a prize example of how to spoil a poem in setting, by neglecting the author's climax. E. Martin (we apologise to Mr. Easthope Martin if some other homonymous person is here concealed) has set the utter serenity of Wordsworth's opening lines—

I wander'd lonely as a cloud

to a musical St. Vitus' dance, thereby displaying the typical mentality of the average and detestably incult "Younger British Composer." Two drops of horse-sense or a little use of the sjambok are the only suggestable remedies for this sort of botching. All whereof is all the more annoying as Miss Teyte is one of the exceedingly few singers who could give us a whole programme of masterwork without the least inconvenience to her greatly talented self. Meliora speramus.

There is no reason why anybody should go to the Picasso ballet called "Parade," save possibly that Karsavina is for once given a part she can fill. (Apologies due to her for her performance in "The Good Humoured Ladies," which succeeded the "Parade.") There is also no reason why Diaghileff should not withdraw the "Sylphides," which has become an utter bore, more especially as the present corps de ballet is either too fagged, jaded, aged and worn out to do it, or else too uninterested. They present but the dead shells of gestures which once had a meaning, most of them leaping about with a grim ferocity of expression not exactly in the original spirit of the piece. The "Good Humoured Ladies" is more to their talent, a pleasant show to see once.

Dorothea Webb (Æolian, November 26) gave a soggy, devitalised and thoroughly lady-like rendering of various unexceptionable songs. The substitution of depression for heart-break may be "true to life," but it is not stimulating to an audience. In the case of the "Croppy Boy," if one is going to be purely photographic, one must cease to trouble the imagination with the convention that the unfortunate lad expressed his dying emotions in any form of verse whatsoever. "The Lord of the Isles" was too suave.

We all owe Arnold Dolmetsch a great debt for his book on 16th and 17th century music, for his continued researches and labour for revival both of old music and of old instruments, but at his last concert (December 3), his zeal as archæologist had somewhat outrun his prudence as a performing artist; only the most faithful and enthusiastic inner circle of devotees can be expected to sit through a two-hour performance consisting of one hour and a quarter of "intervals." It is likewise an imposition on the strictly musical part of the audience to insert reconstructions of Old English dancing; these could be put at one end or the other of the programme, for however pleasantly they were done, they were not done with anything approaching maestria, and whatever use they might be as a basis for modern ballet they were not, as presented, of any great interest to any but a student of terpsichorean history. We would commend the viol playing of Miss Nathalie Dolmetsch, and the ensemble in Coperario's piece for five viols.

Miss Jelly d'Aranyi (Wigmore, November 26) showed considerable talent and accomplishment in execution, but less in analysis. In the Bach concerto she seemed somewhat confused and hampered by Miss Knocker's orchestra. In the first movement one got no impression of the fine joiner's-work which is distinctive of Bach; later, when the violin had a more separate part, the quality of the whole improved. The piano was distressing in the first part of the Mozart sonata; the violin charming in easy lift and fall. Later the piano became infuriating, the violin adequate, but hampered by increasing volume of piano noise. The limit of our interest in the violinist is not, I think, due anywhere to actual use of bow at the moment, but, we repeat, to lack of analytical power expended beforehand. Miss d'Aranyi probably gives considerable comfort to other musicians who play *with* her in ensembles; she is free from all, or very nearly all, the nameable faults of performance; and her limitations would not be perceptible to another musician actually thinking and playing the same piece of music, and subjectively sustained by his or her concept of it; at least, it is to this that I must attribute her considerable reputation among musicians. But for the listener who is only listener, the case is different. Each bar is correctly and spiritedly played; but each phrase and passage is not played as if it were a distinct statement, forming part in a series of distinct statements making in all the whole composition. The temperament is adequate, the concentration of intelligence might be, with advantage, augmented.

Rosing (Æolian, November 29) presented his Russian programme; which is the best of all his programmes save the all-Moussorgsky. Di Veroli was in good form, especially in the opening Gretchianinow. The "Weeping Herb" went best of the village songs collected by Philipoff; Di Veroli again scored in Kalinnikoff's "On an Ancient Mound," which Rosing delivered with suavity and with broad evenness of tone. It was good to hear again the "Foire de Sorotchinsky." Rosing made a good climax in the "Bleichmann," but in the "Onegin," I think, that the singing again betrayed the tendency which I remarked at his concert of two weeks before this, namely, that his constant singing of songs in very free rhythm has led him to carry freedom a little too far. A freedom of detail can only be durably effective if the sense of inner form is strong; one cannot hammer upon this too often; the musician or verse-writer who has the sense of form ingrained may take liberties in some safety, liberties which are fatal if the sense of form is not imminent, hovering, present without being obvious, but still present.

Again, Rosing's mimetic method is not free from danger; the songs he acts rather than sings lose their element of surprise, an element on which much of their initial effect depends; one would almost prescribe the drastic measure of having Rosing sing only formal music for, say, three or six months at a stretch; but popular favourites are not given to taking such strong purgatives on journalistic advice. The "Drunkard" was very well sung, the "Trepak" no better than last year; but, then, it couldn't be any better than it used to be, and the "Cui" encore was excellent.

I regret having missed the Coleridge-Taylor concert, Wigmore, December 7. The outlook for the rest of this month is not over exciting.

TINAYRE, Kent House, Knightsbridge, Friday, December 19th, at 3.15 p.m.

Views and Reviews.

AN AMBROSIAL NIGHTMARE.*

THERE are no friends like old friends, no controversies like old controversies; and the subject that here engages the attention of Mr. Reade is nearly as old as civilisation. In Greece, it was the revolt of the slaves; in Rome, the revolt of the plebs; in the Europe of the Middle Ages, the revolt of the peasants; now, revolt has taken all Labour for its province, and in the form of Bolshevism has roused Mr. Reade to protest. He asserts what is undoubtedly true, that "Russia, not Germany, has given the signal for the war of ideas; Russia, not Germany, has forced upon us the tremendous question whether civilisation is to survive or to perish." That civilisations do perish is undoubtedly true; archæology is so full of instances that it affords ground for belief that civilisation is Perisher-in-Chief to Mankind. Carpenter, we know, regarded it as a disease, and defined its cause and cure in a well-known book; Mr. Reade seems to regard it as a sort of mystery created by the professional classes. "The makers of civilisation," he says, "are philosophers, poets, painters, musicians, lawyers, clergymen, dons, schoolmasters—queer outlandish people for the most part, but none of them 'working-men.'" No actor, or novelist, or journalist, or politician, or doctor, or scientist, or inventor, no financier, no business man, not even a woman, ever took a hand in this parlour-game of civilisation. Our old, and our new, nobility alike did nothing to create this treasure of culture which Labour ought to maintain; it is a product of the studio, the forum, the temple, and the cloister, and "progress in civilisation does always and everywhere manifest the working of a single and fundamental law, which may be roughly expressed in this formula: the greater the necessity of things, the smaller their importance." Therefore, as Labour only produces the necessary things of life, food, clothing, shelter, transportation, and the materials and mechanisms necessary to the professional classes, it must, like the love that Hamlet prescribed as most suitable to his mother's age, be "tame, be humble, and wait upon the judgment" of those who cannot dispense with its services.

Unfortunately, Labour does not take this view; it asserts, on the contrary, that "the greater the necessity of things, the greater their importance." Mr. Reade apparently agrees with this proposition, for he denounces the labourer's claim to the whole of his product as monstrous, destructive of civilisation, and I know not what. He even resents the fact that "the workers are making things for themselves . . . a huge mass of cheap goods must be manufactured to satisfy the needs of the industrial population," the sneer at "cheap" goods being discounted on the same page by the assertion that "the necessity of certain things, such as food, fuel, and clothing is precisely the reason why they must be cheap." So far as I can understand Mr. Reade's incoherent denunciations, it is the duty of Labour to produce cheap necessities for civilisation, instead of cheap necessities and luxuries for itself. Luxuries should be dear, and confined to the civilised classes; the slaves ought not to have either the whole or the best of their produce.

But even if we grant, with Auerbach, that "leisure is diviner than labour, and the gods leave drudgery to mortals," how are we to induce rebellious Labour to maintain our leisure-State? "Nothing is so frail and delicate as civilisation," says Mr. Reade; and the antagonism between Labour and civilisation is apparently so fundamental that civilisation is endangered by the mere threat of combat. Labour has only to raise its shoulders, and the whole world of "philosophers, poets, painters, musicians, lawyers, clergymen, dons, schoolmasters," will collapse in ruins; what are we to do? Are we to educate our masters? "We dare not cynically avow that the masses must be kept in ignorance in order that servile tasks may be done; we shall not, if we are candid, deny that the spread of higher education will either make men too fine for the lower kinds of work or oblige them to confess themselves too coarse for refinement." The difficulty is entirely due to the existence of Labour, and the only way to remove the difficulty is to remove Labour. "The only cure for this distracted multitude is, I repeat, to get rid of it. . . . As a first step towards regeneration, I suggest, therefore, that a reduction of our population by some five or ten millions would increase our industrial efficiency, enlarge our material wealth, and make the pilgrimage of life a little smoother for those who at present find it most rough." A reduction of the population of the British Isles by forty-eight millions, I may add, would at once remove all our difficulties to the serener clime of Heaven.

The practical difficulty is to decide who shall die, and by what means. The human race does, most unphilosophically, cling to life; "skin for skin, yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life," said Satan, and when it comes to killing, the civilised man, as represented by Mr. Reade, is handicapped by his squeamishness. We cannot get rid of "this distracted multitude . . . by the rough benevolence of machine-guns, nor even by transportation to America. The forces which created it are 'science' and philosophy, and it is they alone that can undo their work." Unfortunately, Mr. Reade does not develop the "scientific" part of his argument; apparently, he is too good a philosopher, too much like Croce, to do more than recognise the existence of science and its usefulness as a handmaiden to metaphysics. But his "philosophy," curiously enough, prescribes the very course that it has itself repudiated; Education, which "will either make men too fine for the lower kinds of work or oblige them to confess themselves too coarse for refinement," is to "refine the intelligence of the worker, touch him with the spirit of the artist, fire him with the spark of invention, teach him, above all, that he is responsible for the welfare of himself and his children; and then he will turn, in due course, from querulous discontent with his wages to a wholesome appetite for his daily work, or to a not less wholesome disgust." Who, then, will do the dirty work of civilisation?

This fantastic essay will, I hope, set the bogey of Bolshevism gibbering. A civilisation that is entirely dependent on necessary services, and yet refuses to recognise the importance of those services, deserves to be badly scared before being abolished. The fact is that Mr. Reade is trying to maintain contrary propositions; on the one hand, the claim of Labour to the whole of its product is "selfishness," but the claim of "civilisation" not only to the whole of its own product, but to a share of and control of the product of Labour is the perfection of good taste and wisdom. Labour must be taught to be responsible for the welfare of itself and of its children, but any exercise of that responsibility is a revolt against civilisation. Somehow or other, Labour must be taught to maintain, or cajoled into maintaining, a civilisation that has nothing to offer to Labour but a willing acceptance of its services, and a hearty denial of the right of Labour to share the treasure of civilisation. Mr. Reade is perfectly correct in his supposition that such a proposal does not embody a final truth, and that "it remains to devise a philosophy which will save the treasure and atone for the cost." The philosophy, I may say, has already been devised; its axiom is: "What is yours is mine; what is mine, is my own," and its development into a theory of distribution is made

* "The Revolt of Labour against Civilisation." By W. H. V. Reade. (Blackwell. 3s. net.)

throughout the course of Mr. Reade's essay. But "the multitude," as Plato said, "is not philosophical," and civilisation, as Mr. Reade understands it, is at the point of dissolution. A. E. R.

Reviews.

Schools of To-morrow in England. By Josephine Ransome. (G. Bell & Sons. 1s. 6d.)

Our Philosophy of Education. (Theosophical Fraternity of Education. 6d.)

Some Ideals in Co-Education and an Attempt to Carry Them Out. By Armstrong Smith, M.R.C.S. (Theosophical Publishing House. 2s.)

A New Educational Era. By Alex. Devine. (E. J. Burrow, Cheltenham. 3d.)

We confess to have used this bunch of pamphlets chiefly to ruminate what real importance there may be in modern educational experiments—or "freak schools" —as they are less politely called by some critics. Miss Ransome's booklet, giving studies of some fifteen of them, enables one to re-survey the contentious field: not, perhaps, with the sharpest definition of vision, for she is more impressionistic than analytical: but she easily persuades us of the truth of which we were already convinced—that education, like religion, owes its renewal of life to dissentients with the "root of the matter" in them—that is, to those who do not only grumble at what exists, but work for something better.

And so far as the breath of life is in them, the reformers are moved towards the same general ends, since they are awake to the same present needs. It is easy to make a rough synthesis of ideas in which they generally agree; in three articles, perhaps, as follows:—

(1) Freedom, even at the risk of disorder. Punishment is not the right and duty of the educator, but at best a regrettable concession to his human limitations of temper and educative competence. As far as possible, pupils ought to choose their own governors, and maintain order in their own interest, leaving the teacher free to teach, instead of required to dragoon, them. But on the teacher's side the claim for freedom goes further, often to the extent of entire liberty as to matter and method also.

(2) Truth is required of pupils exactly as they see it, not the acceptance of surrounding opinion, nor what is objectively right to a maturer mind; truth comes by confessing it as we see it—the whole value of scientific method. To induce this sort of truthfulness in the young requires more than teaching: it requires to be lived and exemplified—that is the teacher's side of it.

(3) Differentiation of studies for individuals. Voluntary preferences for certain subjects ought to be allowed from an early stage—a principle not to be confused with any early compulsion or persuasion to specialise. Similarly, the best teacher is less a jack-of-all-subjects than a genuine lover of one or two.

These ideals are within talking distance of the kind of schools Miss Ransome visited; where the proportion of teachers to pupils is at least 1 : 20. But by the mere thought of such perfections we realise that education has not yet begun for the masses of England, who depend upon elementary schools; and cannot begin until we double or treble the number of teachers. However, this is not the occasion to be merely practical, nor the fitting time to remark that education ought to cost millions more than it now does. Instead, these "revolutionaries" should be congratulated for the ideals they have most in common, and which are the most needed. Some minor currents of idealism, which have introduced practical pig and poultry keeping, with pottery and other crafts (surely very amateurly done), result partly, we believe, from a confusion of thought. The truest work of reformers, and the hardest, is translating new values into new methods.

The Theosophical Fraternity for Education is cautiously approaching the task of providing a religious basis for these new values. Their caution is justified, for Theosophy is an occultism, drawn from various sources, which might restore and enrich understanding of the given religion, but could not be expected to replace it.

Mr. Devine is at least a more breezy and readable reformer than some better ones. His pamphlet goes off like a machine-gun, knocking down extremists on both sides, till at the end of it we cannot remember what he has left standing—except the vision of compulsory limitation of teaching to a superb now State Profession and (on another page) "no State interference with the schoolmaster." But this is only typical of his jolly violence on both sides of every question, and we feel sure he is a refreshing schoolmaster. Also, that he could be trusted anywhere to give cheers for King and Empire.

Benjy. By George Stevenson. (The Bodley Head. 7s. net.)

The life of a doctor's family in a Yorkshire village during the second half of last century is Mr. Stevenson's subject; and on the whole he renders it successfully, not always avoiding the tedium of simplicity inherent in his subject. He has chosen the narrative style which, while it serves to preserve the pastoral effect of his background, keeps his characters hovering uncertainly on the verge of real existence. They have the air and texture of memories, rather than of people; memories of placid and passionate people alike subscribing, for the most part, a set of conventions of the repressive kind. There are some neat little digs at the Church of England, but Mr. Stevenson avoids the difficulty of rendering Jo's mystical Catholicism by telling us that he was an inarticulate fellow. The story does not end; it just stops with Benjy's departure for the war; but not before we have gained a vivid impression of a family bursting into individuals, flying asunder and yet feeling the gravitational pull of their home. It is essentially a book for sentimental bachelors with marked filial attachments.

In the Prison City. By J. H. Twells, jun. (Melrose. 5s. net.)

Mrs. Twells had the misfortune to live in Brussels from 1914 to 1918, but with the advantage of being an American citizen, which perhaps saved her from some of the inconveniences of the German occupation. Anyhow, although she talks much of the inhumanity of the German occupation, she recounts nothing that happened to her personally that calls for that description; and she reveals far more of the Belgian cleverness in evading the German regulations than she does of German inhumanity. She mentions a few cases of military bullying and swagger; but as most of them seem to have had American citizens for their victims, at a time when America was still neutral, they did not proceed to the extremity that, perhaps, would have been reached if the victims had been enemies. The most deplorable of the effects of the occupation revealed by Mrs. Twells was the steady deterioration of Belgian character as a result of the privations suffered by the people; practically everybody resorted to stealing, and dishonesty in trading became a usual feature of Mrs. Twells' experience. There is undoubtedly something absurd in the German assumption that the Belgians ought to have accepted the occupation cheerfully, if not gratefully, as though Germany had honoured the country by occupying it; but one cannot avoid the suspicion that the Belgians wasted more time than was necessary in thinking out ways and means of making the Germans ridiculous. Mrs. Twells recounts one or two stories of successful spying, and many more of successful smuggling; and she reveals a number of tricks played by the German Government (such as flooding the market with German bicycles and then confiscating the

rubber tyres) which are as admirable examples of cunning as those she applauds when played by the Belgians, but for which she has nothing but outraged contempt when performed by the Germans. It is a personal, and partial, narrative, coloured throughout by a sense of grievance which is intelligible; but that same sense of grievance would find equally available material wherever an executive government acts, even in the United States during a coal strike.

Echo. By Sydney Tremayne. (The Bodley Head. 7s. net.)

One has to persevere to the end, and make allowances for the author's preference for violent melodramatic contrasts, before this full-length portrait of a modern woman is seen in perspective. She is afflicted throughout with a typical velleity of spirit which, even at the end, runs only into conventional moulds; but the final judgment of her is not that she coquetted with passion, but that she was intellectually curious concerning what she had been taught to regard as forbidden fruit. She never went beyond kissing in her flirtations, and she lacked the telepathic sympathy of a lover; so that her meditations on her experiments in osculation never included a perception of her effect on the men. Even in marriage, she retained the same chaste isolation of spirit; and when, at last, her husband deserted her, she was only surprised that "Jim, whose devotion she had always taken for granted, almost patronisingly accepted, was an unfaithful husband." The character is very faithfully portrayed, and does, at last, produce a feeling of pity for her incapability to respond to the passions she provokes, or to handle intelligently the various crises of her life. She is an unwilling woman troubled apparently by racial memories of the complete expression of her sex.

The Edge of Doom. By F. Prevost Battersby. (The Bodley Head. 7s. net.)

When a story goes to pieces, drag in the war, seems to be the prescription followed by Mr. Battersby. It begins well enough with the determination of Cyllene Moriston to go to the Congo and discover the truth concerning her lover's disgrace or death there, and her journey with Chaytor, his cousin, is handled very cleverly by Mr. Battersby. Chaytor's discovery of his cousin provides a dramatic scene, and the circumstances are such that Chaytor maintains the fiction that his cousin is dead. Cyllene, lying at the point of death with fever, marries Chaytor to preserve her name from scandal; and the rest of the story is chiefly concerned with the difficulties she encounters in trying to learn to love her husband. Not until he has been through scenes that Mr. Battersby describes vividly, and is finally smashed up, does she discover how to do it; meanwhile, we have had to wade through pages of commonplace moralisings about the effect of the war on various classes of society. Mr. Battersby writes so well that he is tempted to write long after he has anything individual to say, and we wish him more skill with the blue pencil.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

PSYCHO-EGYPTOLOGY!

Sir,—Will you permit me, as one who has wandered for years previous to the war amongst the monuments and people of Egypt, to suggest one or two wild ideas which perchance may be useful to "Student," who writes to ask whether the ancient name of the Egyptian king was "historical" *or* "psychological."

The name, to the ancient Egyptian, as to the modern, and also to the ancient Sumerian or Akkadian, meant actual existence. What was not named could not exist. Thus in an early poem imagining Creation the opening line reads: "When on high the Heavens were not named."

To the modern Egyptian (I speak particularly of the fellaheen) God can exist only as He is named. Thus "Allah" is "the essence of God." This essence is unintelligible; therefore, to make it intelligible, God must have other names, therefore He is "Rahman," "the merciful to those who do not deserve mercy," and "Rahim," "the merciful to those who deserve it."

There are many other names (99 in all), and one which is "hidden." This name was known to Solomon, hence his wisdom!

Now, every man's name is influenced by this idea. Almost invariably a male child is named according to one of the names of God—this applies both to Christians and Moslems. Thus we get "Abd-Allah," Slave or Son of God in His essential being; "Abd-Essaid," Slave or Son of God as the essence of Happiness, etc. It is believed that the essential spirit of these names or attributes becomes the being of the child so named.

These ideas are undoubtedly a survival of ancient ideas where the name implied existence, when the king was an incarnation or son of the god partaking of the particular essence of the attribute enshrined in the name he bore.

HERBERT ELTON.

* * *

"READERS AND WRITERS."

Sir,—I expect no friendship from THE NEW AGE, but I do expect veracity. In your issue of the 4th inst. you devote a page to comments on an article of mine in the "World," where I stated that, at the time of my association with your paper, it was run by a clique. Your contributor "R. H. C." chooses to call me a liar. The compliment is returned.

In these circumstances there is no point in my detailing at length the incidents that led to my leaving THE NEW AGE. They were not as "R. H. C." suggests, and they must be known to you, just as it is known to you that every writer of repute who gave his support to you in 1910 and 1911 has had to leave THE NEW AGE because he was manœuvred out or slandered out.

With regard to "R. H. C.'s" reference to "Jacob Tonson" (Arnold Bennett), I do not know what he means by suggesting that Mr. Bennett "overlooked" my book. If "R. H. C." means that he revised the spelling, he is once more departing from the truth. I have no doubt this will not worry him, nor Mr. Bennett, nor me.

W. L. GEORGE.

[" R. H. C." replies: The "You're another" argument doesn't carry us much further in the absence of those details in which Mr. W. L. George excusably sees "no point." I may add that the "writers of repute" who supported THE NEW AGE during 1910-11 (or at any other time) and afterwards "had to leave" because they were "manœuvred or slandered out" are a fresh work of Mr. George's fiction.]

* * *

WE NIETZSCHEANS.

Sir,—Zarathustra has stolen into the night. The yea-banquet is at its merriest. Suddenly a hush—Saint Anthony M. Ludovici has risen. "Brethren, I'll trill you a mirthful, simple, foolish lay!" The ass saith: "Ye-a!" We echo his wise word. Singeth Saint Anthony: "Too young for babes, too old for dolls." Uproariously rolls the chorus: "Too young for babes, too old for dolls." A toast to quipful old Saint Anthony. Then I, a brother-saint in Zarathustra, take up the joyous burden, the song of his last temptation. Is he yet drunk enough to laugh with it? Is he not too drunk to understand it? Let him listen to it.

Oh, chaste Saint Anthony, R.F.A.,
If you should meet the simple maid,
And she should blush, "Oh, Captain, stay!"
Would you her innocence upbraid?

You do not look the fearful man,
Though brave in spurs and swagger hue.
God made you on the simple plan,
She cannot be afraid of you.

Oh, take the dear child by the hand
And lead her down the shaded way,
And speak no word—she'll understand.
But what would Poppa Nietzsche say?

YEA-SAYER.

Pastiche.

CHILD'S DREAM.

Mother. Good-night. Fast sleeping. Shade the night-light—so.
I'm coming, Daddy.

Dream Child. Hullo! Hullo! Hullo!

Real Child. Who *are* you calling out to? What's the fuss?

Dream Child. I am a Dream Child. Won't you come with us?

Real Child. Oh, I should love to! Where is it to be?

Dream Child's Father. I am the Dream Child's father—as you see,
A fisherman, and this my dog. Watch me.
Stretch your hands—so, and we're in France, all three!

Children. Oh!
What lovely temples!

Dream Child's Father. Children, stay here and play at something nice,
While I catch fish—a minute will suffice
Me and my dog. (Vanishes in business-like manner with dog.)

Real Child. Dream Child, what's there to see?

Dream Child. Peep in this temple, it amuses me.

Real Child. Oh, Dream Child, oh! I'm frightened about *that!*

Dream Child. About that, stupid? Why, that's a dream cat,
Can't hurt, he's fluffy! See his button eyes?

Real Child. Yes, he *looks* fluffy—but his enormous size!

Dream Child. They don't have dangerous cats even in France.

Real Child. Oh, Dream Child, can you see the dream cat dance?
Look, look! Oh, dancing with that small dream mouse!

Dream Child's Father (re-appearing). They never hurt them. We all dance in this house.

Dream Child. Dance, look, and fly too! (They fly.)

Dream Child's Father (re-appearing after a good morning's work). Dream Child, and you too,
Are you for going? Tarrying here won't do.
I've gathered all my fish, my dog and I.
Stretch out your hands—and back immediately!

Both Children. England! England!

Real Child. Wasn't it wonderful? Dear, dear Dream Child, good-bye!

Dream Child. Good-bye! Good-bye!
(It appears that the Real Child's elder brother and sister have participated unsuspected in these adventures. They now appear irrelevantly from space.)

Grown-up Brother. A rotten lot of people, I do think.
A temple, where you couldn't get a drink!

Grown-up Sister. I'll never go to France again, that's flat.
Asked to a dance to dance with a dream cat!

Real Child (waking). Why, it's morning, Nanny!

KENNETH HARE.

FROM THE "ISA UPANISHAD."

All that exists in the world is ensouled by the Lord. Renounce the world and thou shalt save that soul that is in thee. Covet nothing.

. . . . .

He does not move, is swifter than the mind; not even the gods caught him, he was gone before; standing, he outstrips all other gods, however fast they run.

He moves, he does not move; he is far, he is near; he is within all things, he is beyond all things.

Whoso beholds all in the soul and the soul in all no longer despises anything.

He is all-pervading, brilliant, without body, invulnerable, without flesh, pure, untainted by sin. He is all-wise, the ruler of the mind, above all being, self-existent. He has distributed according to their natures the things in the ages.

. . . . .

To me, whose goal is the real, open, O Pushan, the gateway to the Real hidden in thy golden grail that I may see.

. . . . .

Let the spark of life in me obtain the immortal air; then let this body be consumed to ashes. O Mind, remember thy acts; remember Mind, remember thy acts, remember.

Guide us, O Agni, by the road of bliss to enjoyment, O god, who knowest all acts. Destroy our crooked sins that we may offer thee our best salutations.

FROM THE "KATHA UPANISHAD."

The soul which knows neither is born nor dies. Unborn, eternal, it is not slain if the body be slain.

It is subtler than the most subtle, greater than the greatest, and is seated in the hollow of all that is. He who is free from fear and desire, with tranquil mind, beholds this majesty of the soul.

Sitting it goes afar, sleeping it goes everywhere. Who then but My Self can comprehend the god who both rejoices and does not rejoice?

It cannot be found by knowledge, nor by understanding, nor by all the sciences, but by the soul by which it is desired. The soul reveals its own reality.

Who has not ceased from evil ways, nor subdued his senses, nor concentrated his mind, does not find it, not even by knowledge.

. . . . .

Know the soul as rider and the body as his chariot.

Whoever is unwise and uses not the reins has his senses unsubdued like wild horses, and does not reach his goal, but is born again.

But he whose charioteer is wise, and whose reins are used well, reaches the goal of his journey.

. . . . .

Arise, awake, get to the Great Ones and attend. The wise says that the road is to him as hard to go upon as is the sharp edge of a razor.

SONG.

When that thy spirit shall be master
Thy cheek like milk of kine
Shall change to a lamp of alabaster
That burneth in an holy shrine.

Thine eyes like pools of the gray water
Thereafter none shall name;
They shall be eyes of the king's daughter,
Fair and well worthy of the same.

Thine hair no more shall russet be
As is the plume of the wren;
And all thine imagery shall see
Full sweetness not to wane again;

Quick as the tawny tinct of harvest,
Deep as the murrey shade;
Never thou swinkest more, nor starvest,
But daughter of delight art made.

RUTH PITTER.

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