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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We hope that the Miners will not be misled by the Press into under-rating the significance of the Parliamentary vote against Nationalisation. The adverse majority of 265 may not arithmetically measure the strength of the electorate on the question, but most assuredly it measures the strength of the general resolutions not to adopt Nationalisation at the demand of the Miners. And the applause which greeted Mr. Lloyd George's clap-trap in which he, as it were, invited the "Bolshevists" to come on, was a no less certain indication of the popularity of the Commons' vote. Never in our generation has the doctrine of Nationalisation been so thoroughly unpopular as it is to-day. The Miners may pretend to have had a successful campaign in favour of Nationalisation—they were bound, in fact, to claim success—and they may point to the official support of the whole of the Trade Union movement. But in a psychological sense—in other words, in the only effective sense—the urge in the direction of Nationalisation is less to-day than it ever was, and nowhere, we believe, is it less than in the Trade Union movement itself. False pride, of which there is rather more in the Labour Party than elsewhere, may impel Mr. Brace and Mr. Lunn to affirm either that the Miners "mean to have" Nationalisation, merely because they have asked for it, or that Nationalisation is "inevitable," merely because they do not like to contemplate their own implied defeat; but events will compel them to admit before very long that neither by fate nor by any possible execution of the Miners' leaders is Nationalisation now possible. By fate alone—in the sense of the drift of things—Nationalisation is certainly now more improbable than ever. The world is no longer "making for Fabianism." And, on the other hand, the attempt of the Miners to "force" Nationalisation from the Government, so far from requiring to be defeated by a General Election fought on the issue of Bolshevism, would first, we believe, be vetoed by the rank and file of the Miners themselves, or, if not by them, by an effective proportion of the Trade Union movement as a whole. Thanks to the "policy" of Mr. Smillie and Mr. Frank Hodges, the Miners have, in fact, been brought into a situation from which neither they nor their Trade Union colleagues can be extricated without a confession or an admission of grievous error. It is impossible that they should go forward to a General Strike without splitting the Labour movement from one end to the other. It is equally impossible to retreat without swallowing all their brave resolutions about "compelling" the Government. A "moral" victory is all that is possible; and we sincerely hope that Mr. Smillie and Mr. Hodges will be able to obtain it—over themselves.

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Our gratification at the fulfilment of our forecasts is, as usual, more than counterbalanced by regret for the circumstances that have brought it about. For the fact is that we are quite as desirous that the Miners should obtain what they are seeking as Mr. Smillie or Mr. Hodges can possibly be. We perfectly agree with them that a measure of Labour control is indispensable to the welfare of the industry, the Miners and the nation itself, and that "until this desire has secured adequate expression, the output will not materially increase." Indeed, we go further and we say that we believe that the output will continue to *decrease* so long as the Miners are excluded from an effective share in the control of their industry. But then, it is all a question of ways and means; and we are quite convinced that the Nationalisation which Mr. Smillie and Mr. Hodges have sought, and, still more certainly, the Nationalisation they very nearly obtained, would have prevented for ever the realisation of the Miners' real desires. There is no control of the kind the Miners have in view either in Nationalisation or in anything remotely resembling the centralised system of administration which the Miners' leaders were preparing to accept. Control, to be anything more than a word, implies, at the very least, local and even individual initiative; and where would local or individual initiative have been in a system governed, as it was proposed under the Sankey Report, by a merely "representative" Central Council? Have the Miners, has Mr. Smillie in particular (who does not mind being called a Bolshevist), learned absolutely nothing from Lenin? Have they not learned that the "representation system" is disastrously compatible with minority rule; and, above all, that, in the end, it is the economic

power that controls? Under Nationalisation, as conceived by Mr. Smillie and Mr. Hodges, it is absolutely certain that the Miners would be more abject tools of the centralised financial control than even they are today; and not even their *majority* representation on the administrative committees would have determined policy, let alone their *minority* representation, which is all that Mr. Smillie and Mr. Hodges demanded for them. We say again, therefore, that in being defeated in their attempt to obtain Nationalisation the Miners have really won a victory; or, at any rate, they have escaped penal servitude for life. At this moment, if only they have the revolutionary courage to forget all about Nationalisation, they can start afresh on a promising path to real control. We are anxious to show them the way—and the world with them. The control they seek is not Utopian merely because it is not to be arrived at via the State and Nationalisation; on the contrary, it is realisable because it is within their own power.

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A Miners' M.P. remarked after the debate that, if the Miners could not obtain Nationalisation, they would demand an increase of wages together with a reduction of the selling-price of coal, *both* at the expense of profits. The implicit hypothesis that it is possible to reduce profits and to divide the reduction between Labour and the Consumer has become so popular in the Labour movement that it necessitates examination. Even so able a person as Mr. Bevin is obviously under the influence of this hypothesis; for, underlying his evidence before the Dockers' Inquiry, and, in fact, completely colouring it, is the assumption that the creation of the "vicious circle" of wages and prices can be avoided by charging the increased wages, not to prices, but to profits. It is so simple, or so it would seem. All you have to do, in order to obtain an advantage for Labour *and* for the public at one and the same time, is to limit profits to a small percentage and divide the saving between the wage-earner and the consumer. Does the Cunard Company, for instance, make a profit of 30 per cent.? Compel it to pay higher wages and simultaneously to reduce freights, and there you are. You have raised wages without increasing prices; in fact, you have both raised wages and decreased prices. And the only people who suffer—and they suffer, of course, perfectly justly—are the profiteering shareholders of the Cunard or any similar company. But we should have thought that it might occur to the Labour leaders who are now unconsciously or consciously acting upon this hypothesis that it has taken a suspiciously long time, for so simple a device, to arrive at discovery. Why, in fact, has it never been adopted before, if it is as practicable as it is assumed to be? There is nothing "academic" about it, as we are told there is about our plans for recovering national credit from private hands. Even our 'Varsity friends of the "Daily Herald" might be expected to be able to make their readers understand a proposal to divide 30 per cent. into three parts, and to give one part each to Capital, Labour, and the Public. But no; in spite of the simplicity of the plan, it has only recently been taken up, and even now, we imagine, more as an argument against the vicious-circle theory than in the belief that as a plan it is in the least degree practicable. For the fact is—as every Labour leader must know when he seriously thinks of it—that precisely the control of profits which is implied in the hypothetical division of them is wanting to the practicability of the division itself. *If* profits could be controlled—*if* Labour or even the State had the economic power to determine profits—*if* the community had the disposal of industry and of the proceeds of industry—then, indeed, the new instrument would be well adapted to its work. Also, however, it would be unnecessary. But it is, as we have said, the control that is wanting; and while it is wanting we may be certain that no lesser means exist to diminish profits by so much as a fraction of one per cent. The vicious circle may be a giddy affair; it is, indeed, a whirlpool that may possibly prove to be our maelstrom. But there is no escape from it by way of an attempt to reduce profits while the present financial system remains intact. Profits are merely one of the by-products of financial control; and there is no means of controlling them short of controlling that which controls them.

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Mr. Bevin made an impressive protest against the attempt of the Shipping employers to fix upon the Dockers the sliding-scale which Mr. Thomas made a personal triumph of accepting for the railwaymen. "He would not go into a conference," he said, "that proposed even to discuss the proposition; and he would rather retire from his position as a Trade Union leader than consider such a settlement as the Railwaymen had made." When a Trade Union leader threatens or even suggests his own retirement, we may be certain that he is in earnest; and it is all the more creditable to Mr. Bevin that the occasion is one of principle and in no sense of personal vanity. We believe, in fact, that Mr. Bevin is one of the few Labour leaders who *would* retire rather than mislead the men who trust him.

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The high cost of living continues to be the chief subject of private debate, and now and then it contrives to make itself heard in public. Tuesday in the House of Commons was one of these comparatively rare occasions, when Mr. Lloyd George solemnly assured the House that "anybody who says that high prices are due to profiteering either does not know the facts or is misleading the public. . . ." "The real explanation of the high cost of living," he said, "is the de-valuation of money." The truth of Mr. Lloyd George's diagnosis is not impaired either by his subsequent contention, in regard to Russia, that the high cost of living is due to the absence of Russian products from the European market (in other words, not to the de-valuation of money, but to scarcity), or by the demonstrable and demonstrated inadequacy of his proposed remedies. His analysis, in fact, stands even his endorsement of it: "the real explanation of the high cost of living is the de-valuation of money." But if this is true, the folly of attempting to re-value money by increased production ought to be apparent even to the most carefully educated. The ease with which "money" is made has been demonstrated during the war, and, indeed, is under daily proof in the printing-presses on the Continent and at home. Thousands of millions of "money" have been brought into existence within the last five years, so that at this moment there is a positive glut of money. No real production of commodities can possibly be expected to "make good" (that is to say, to back with actual goods) all the "money" that has been made; and even if this were possible by an act of suicidal super-production, no real productive system in the future could ever hope to keep pace with the creation of money. Mr. Lloyd George's plea for increased production as a means of re-valuing the de-valued money now current is, therefore, an invitation to the world of real producers to make a perpetual sacrifice of themselves in the interests of the manufacturers of money-tokens. These latter, he says, have de-valued money by producing too much of it. Let the real producers of commodities increase production in order that the financiers shall not be compelled to destroy what they have over-produced. This, in short, is the real meaning of the demand for "increased production": increased production for the purpose of raising

the purchasing-power of the thousands of millions of "money" created during the war and now in the possession of the "wealthy" classes. It is no longer "your money" they want: even they have at last enough money; what they want is more goods for their money-tokens.

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The alternative, so Mr. Thomas tells us—and he is, of course, an authority on finance—is national bankruptcy; and "if that crash should come, nobody would suffer by it more than the working classes." Hence, if the working classes wish to avoid the greatest of evils, they must work harder than before; to be precise, in fact, they must work exactly one quarter harder than before, twenty-five per cent. being the balance against this country of the American exchange—about which, also, Mr. Thomas knows, he knows, everything there is to be known. Apart, however, from the question we have just discussed, whether it is proper that the money-counters recklessly created during the war and now appropriated in millions by the wealthy classes should be given a real value in terms of goods at the expense of the community and chiefly of Labour, manual and technical; apart, further, from the scarcely debatable question whether the "bankruptcy" of a financial system that necessitates ever harder and harder work on the part of the masses to maintain it, is not to be desired rather than avoided—the practical difficulty still remains, which Mr. Thomas has never yet faced, that increased production, unless it takes place in articles of necessity, is no remedy for the high cost of living. It seems almost offensive to point out such obvious facts; but it appears that it must be done even if they are ignored. The truism, then, is this: that increased production tends to lower the price of the goods whose production is increased, but that simultaneously it tends to raise the price of other commodities. Let us suppose, for instance, that the increased exertions which Mr. Thomas would have Labour make were to be directed to producing more motor-cars and yachts, or, as in France, to producing more silks, velvets, embroideries, brocades, tapestries and perfumeries (an exhibition of which has just been held in London), there is little doubt that the tendency of these commodities would be to fall in price. Your luxuries, in fact, would cost you less. But if, at the same time, no increase took place in the production of those commodities which the weekly wages must buy—in other words, in the common necessities of life—then not only would the increased production of luxuries fail to *cheapen* the latter class of goods, but, by adding to the purchasing power in existence, such increased production would *raise* the price of necessities. The question to ask, therefore, of the advocates of increased production is: What are you going to produce? If the answer is luxuries or, indeed, any goods not ordinarily consumable by the masses of the country, we can point out that the effect will be to raise rather than lower the cost of living. If the answer is necessities—but it could not truthfully be.

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It is difficult to decide whether Professor Pigou is a man of ideas or just a Professor of Economics. Sometimes he appears to us to be the one, sometimes the other; and occasionally, as in his letter to the "Times" last week, he appears to be both in the short space of a thousand words. Professor Pigou's point against the Government critics is sound and important; and it deserves to be more widely known than we have hitherto succeeded in making it. "What is the use," Professor Pigou asks, "for the Government to squeeze out that part of the credit expansion for which public borrowing is responsible if money is kept so cheap that a reduction in credits created for Government is balanced by an increase in credit created for private persons? . . . Unless the aggregate value of credit creation is checked, it will prove impossible either to stop prices from rising still further, or to maintain the limit fixed for the fiduciary note issue or to raise the American exchange to a reasonable level." Paraphrasing Professor Pigou's somewhat involved phrases (though we appreciate the difficulty of arriving at simplicity in these matters), the question may be stated thus: What is the use of the *Government* ceasing to procure overdrafts from the banks if commercial men continue and even increase their borrowings? Such overdrafts being of the nature of credit—in other words, of expansion of present purchasing-power—they inflate the currency and thereby raise prices, whatever their origin. The mere fact that in the one case it is the Government and in the other it is private Business that does the borrowing makes no difference whatever to the effect upon prices, since every creation of credit has the immediate effect of raising prices. Professor Pigou, however, then goes on to suggest a remedy, and here we are of opinion that he is just a Professor of Economics again. The remedy, he suggests, is the discouragement of borrowing by increasing the bank-rate. If 6 per cent. has failed to reduce the volume of credit, let us try 8, he says; and if 8 should fail, let us raise the bank-rate again. An excellent notion if our *only* object were the reduction of the volume of credit; but when all is said and done, the world does not live to maintain the anomalies of an irrational banking system. We need production—much more of it than we are likely to get. The cheap supply of credit is certainly one of the conditions of cheap production. If the creation of credit under the existing system has the effect of raising prices (as it has), the remedy is not to curtail credit, which is one of the essential factors of production, but to *regulate prices*. A Professor of Economics cannot, of course, be expected to think of such a thing; but Professor Pigou in his other moments should be able to re-discover it.

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It cannot, however, be said that business men are much more intelligent than professors of economics. Indeed, some of them appear to be utterly incapable of realising the meaning of what they say. Take, for example, the presidential address of the chairman of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and inquire whether its author or the Manchester business men who applauded it could possibly be aware of its farcical character. It is inconceivable that men in their right senses could listen to such views without being overwhelmed by the nonsense contained in them. Deprecating the "irresponsible talk about profiteering in the cotton trade," the president went on to say that, since the great bulk of the cotton manufactured was exported and therefore paid for by the foreigner, it would not only be foolish to reduce prices to the foreigner, but it was "sound policy to urge the home consumer to economise further, and by so doing to enable a still larger percentage of cotton textiles to be exported." The meaning of this, we imagine, ought to be plain after sufficient reflection even to its author. It amounts to saying that the people of this country should be content with fewer and fewer cotton goods in order that more and more might be exported. If we ask *why* our people should be the last to be cotton-clad, the reply of the Manchester merchants would be, no doubt, that our exports pay for our imports, and that without exporting more we cannot expect to import more. True, but why export what we *need* in order to import something we can very well do without? Why export cotton in order to import lace? We shall leave the question to be thought over, adding only, by way of comment, this sentence from the "Times" report: "Manchester merchants are bluntly alleging that coal [not cotton] is going abroad that ought to be kept at home." What Manchester thinks to-day it is to be hoped that nobody will think to-morrow.

Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER II.

THE late Mr. H. L. Gantt, one of the most capable and enlightened industrial engineers that America has produced, is reported to have said that the industrial efficiency of the United States was about five per cent. in 1919. He was under no delusion as to the cause of this; it was because it did not pay those in control of the industrial process to make it any higher, not, be it noted, because those operating it did not know how.

This is a very remarkable statement, coming from such an authoritative source, and has a number of very important implications. If we assume that an overall industrial efficiency of 75 per cent. is reasonably attainable (by which we mean that 75 per cent. of the output possible with a given number of man-hours, working on a given plant, might be obtained and distributed), and we also assume, as is the case, that the United States is easily able to produce all she wants working at the low efficiency quoted by Mr. Gantt, then, without working any harder, she could, under proper conditions, produce the same amount by the same number of persons working one-fifteenth of the time they now work—i.e., about 30 minutes per day instead of about 8 hours, or by one-fifteenth of the present number of persons working the same hours. As the economic distribution system stands at present, such a condition of affairs is impossible of attainment, because, although the goods would be produced, the purchasing-power to buy them would not be distributed. The enormous increase of sabotage of all descriptions which is the outstanding feature of contemporary industry is solely due to the blind effort to equate purchasing-power to production without altering the principles of price-fixing.

Now the possibility of meeting the requirements of society for goods and services in a small and decreasing fraction of the man-hours, or time-energy units, which society has at its disposal comes from improvements in the industrial machine as a whole. If there is one thing more certain than any other in this uncertain world it is that the industrial machine is a common heritage, the result of the labours of untold generations of people whose names are for the most part forgotten, but whose efforts have made possible the triumphs of the past hundred years. Therefore, while society is justified—i.e., is judicious—in demanding that this machine shall be operated by those capable of obtaining the best results from it, irrespective of any other considerations whatever, society as a whole, not the operators—Labour—or any other function of society, has a "right" to the product, a "right" founded in the nature of things because, if it is denied, the machine begins to develop abnormal friction, with a consequent loss to every constituent member of society.

It must be borne steadily in mind in considering this question that the object of industry is *not* work for its own sake; the industrial system exists *firstly* because society has need of goods and services. The fact that the creative instinct of mankind can find satisfaction in craftsmanship is absolutely beside the point; *men associate togeiher in collective industry because they hope, and are justified in hoping, that there is an unearned increment in association;* that they will thereby obtain the required goods and services with less effort than by isolated endeavour.

Let me, if possible, make this point clear beyond any misunderstanding. It is a question of priority. *After* the fundamental requirements of humanity for food, clothing, housing, etc., have been met, any excess energy in the community must find an outlet—any man whose energy is in excess of that necessary to maintain his vital processes wants to work, in fact must work in some way, as an elemental proposition in dynamics. Therefore the more this maintenance of life can be shifted from the backs of men on to the backs of machines the more important it is to find a creative outlet for the human energy released, and the more certain is it that a considerable portion of this energy will, without compulsion, be devoted to the improvement of the industrial machine. That is to say, if a practical policy based on these considerations be pursued there will be a steady fall in the man-hours required for routine or operating work, and a consequent rise in the man-hours available for design and research work. The industrial machine is a lever, continuously being lengthened by progress, which enables the burden of Atlas to be lifted with ever-increasing ease. As the number of men required to work the lever decreases, so the number set free to lengthen it increases. It is true that, owing to the defective working of an outworn financial system, the lengthening of the lever has been largely offset by artificial obstacles to its beneficent employment, but these very obstacles, by raising up a world-wide unrest, will most assuredly secure a rectification of the means of distribution, which is the first step to a better state of things.

In order to see clearly that this is so it is necessary to restate in general terms an argument which has been dealt with elsewhere in detail (Economic Democracy). A factory or other productive organisation has, besides its economic function as a producer of goods, a purely financial aspect—it may be regarded on the one hand as a device for the distribution of purchasing-power to individuals through the media of wages, salaries, and dividends; and on the other hand as a manufactory of prices—financial values. From this standpoint its payments may be divided into two groups:

Group A—All payments made to individuals (wages salaries, and dividends).

Group B—All payments made to other organisations (raw materials, bank charges, and other external costs).

Now *the rate of flow of purchasing-power to individuals is represented by A, but since all payments go into prices, the rate of flow of prices cannot be less than A + B; and since A will not purchase A + B, a proportion of the product at least equivalent to B must be distributed by a form of purchasing-power which is not comprised in the descriptions grouped under A.* It will be necessary at a later stage to show that this additional purchasing-power is provided by loan-credit (bank overdrafts) or export credit.

In considering the above argument let not the patient reader allow himself to become confused by the fact that B has at some previous time been represented by payments of wages, salaries, and dividends. While this is of course true, it is quite irrelevant—it is the rate of flow which is vital. The whole economic system is in ceaseless motion—purchasing-power is constantly flowing back from individuals into the credit system from whence it came, and if the outflow is less than the inflow someone has to lose purchasing-power.

At the moment the point to be borne in mind is that B is the financial representation of the lever of capital, and is constantly increasing in comparison with A. So that, in order to keep A and the goods purchased with A at a constant value, A + B must expand with every improvement of process, while at the same time this increased production must, in the very nature of things, be of such a nature as will enable it to be paid for under Group B. It must not, therefore, be an ultimate product—something that human beings, as such, require for their personal use—but must take the form of factory buildings, machinery, etc., for the production of which bank overdrafts can be obtained, or else be production for export. A consideration of these matters will remove any difficulty in understanding why

the orthodox manufacturer is calling so loudly for increased production, increased exports, and economy of consumption by individuals without obtaining any very enthusiastic response from Labour; and why in consequence the cost of living rises daily.

(*To be continued.*)

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

V.

WE have seen how England became an Aristocracy, and how its institutions (especially its central institution) necessarily reflected that character.

The central institution of Aristocratic England, as the Reformation had made it, was the House of Commons; and for 300 years the Aristocratic House of Commons, the heart of Aristocratic England, was a Senate ruling and leading the nation through increasing grandeur and fortune. If we consider the greatness and strength of the State rather than the happiness and personal dignity of its individual members, we must call it the most successful governing body of the modern centuries.

This historical conception of an Aristocratic England need not be over-laboured here; for though its origins in the Reformation are discreetly concealed, yet is it familiar, even to the popular school history, that England was an Aristocratic State in the immediate past.

What may be less clear, is the truth that the Aristocratic central institution which this Aristocratic State developed in its own image—the House of Commons—cannot survive the decay of general Aristocratic conditions in the State. What needs particular emphasis and exposition—because it is an idea not yet sufficiently familiar—is the truth that anything like what has been so long known as the "House of Commons" must be Aristocratic, or lose its power.

But why should this be so?

Because such a body as the House of Commons, any highly limited supreme group of men in a great State, is necessarily an *oligarchy*, no matter what the machinery which called it into being.

It cannot but be an oligarchy; and it is universally true of oligarchies that they cannot govern unless they are Aristocracies.

If the matter be considered for a moment it will be clear that a small body—that is, a body small compared with the mass of the State—a group of a few score of men (the maximum working number, say, four or five hundred, the principal among these, say, a hundred, and the ultimate directors, say, thirty), a few score of men, I say, given supreme power over millions, no matter what the paper arrangement on which they are chosen, will act as an oligarchy.

You might—(it is conceivable, though quite opposed to all human action)—you might have, time after time, the individuals who were sent to those central committees chosen by great angry mobs of citizens all determined upon one plain policy, all determined to pin their representative down as a servant to their will, and, having the leisure, the acuteness, the civic sense, the courage, the solidarity and the clear thinking sufficient to enable them (all combined!) to watch their representative (or servant) closely hour by hour.

You might have a theoretical right of "recall." The member of Parliament, thus a servant of some supposed impossible body of active, permanently watching, interested, individually incorruptible citizens, might (in theory) have to render perpetually an account of his actions, and might be dispossessed of his powers at a moment's notice by reference to a popular vote. But no matter what your machinery of choice—and I have purposely given a most extreme example of democratic machinery—the representatives were gathered together as a central body to legislate, to appoint magistrates, to administer and execute the laws, to guide the general foreign policy of the country, and generally to act the Prince, would necessarily become an oligarchy.

They meet in one place. They are constant companions. They have to arrange a corporate life, and, indeed, that corporate life comes of itself from mere association. They are "members one of another"; their common point is not that they were vaguely voted for or against by obscure myriads, but that they are Chief Personages because they are the units of this central, small, governing thing.

For each particular member of Parliament, any other member is "one of us." It must be so in the nature of things and of men. The elected body forms a College, a sort of corporation. It must do so, even though its duration were to be very limited, and its membership fleeting and uncertain.

But its duration cannot in practice be very limited. Still less can its membership be fleeting and uncertain. On the contrary, a so-called "representative" body once formed, must, if it is to endure, be continuous.

It cannot exercise the enormous powers of sovereignty in its three aspects of the making, administering, executing the law, save as a Senate. Still less can it add to these the direction of foreign policy, and the hundred other lesser things which attach to the Prince, save as an organic and permanent body. It cannot work if it is made up of a few hundred men working together for a few days, and then of *another* few hundred men, working together for another short period, and so on.

The so-called "Representative" Assembly can only work (and in practice we have seen, not only in our own but in every other country, that it *does* only work) as a body slowly renewed, and renewed largely by its own volition; that is, largely co-opting new members as older members drop out through age, loot, fatigue, tedium, disgrace, or pension.

But an organism of this kind, an instrument of government of this kind, a body comparatively small, in the main permanent and continuous in action, is an OLIGARCHY by every definition of that term.

In practice, the "Representative Assembly" of a large State is an Oligarchy. There will be, in practice, no question but that it is an Oligarchy. It will act and think as an Oligarchy, and be regarded by all its fellow-citizens as an Oligarchy: hated and despised, if those fellow-citizens are of a democratic temper, but respected and followed if those citizens of their nature support Aristocracy, and (a most important condition), if the Oligarchy itself behaves in the sole fashion which permits Oligarchies to endure; and that fashion is the Aristocratic fashion.

For what is that temper in the citizens of a State which reveres, admires, and demands Oligarchy?

Why, it is the Aristocratic temper: it is, by every definition, the Aristocratic temper.

Men (as it has been said before, and must be said again in the course of this brief essay) would never tolerate an Oligarchy imposed without Aristocratic excuse and value.

Why should Tom, Dick and Harry, in no way distinguished from you and me and a million of the rest of us, have these extraordinary powers? The monarch, the flag, the Republic, or any other ideal of the State, can be clothed with reverence. Such symbolic central organs of government can receive adoration. But where you are dealing with a small number of living men much in touch with their fellows and recruiting themselves from their fellows, it is quite impossible that so concrete an organ of government and one so little remote from common life should be

venerated save as an Aristocracy: they must play a part.

The formula is simple and of universal admission. The only Oligarchy that works is an Aristocracy: the definition of an Aristocracy is, an Oligarchy enjoying the popular worship of its fellow-citizens.

And here we come to the second part of this essential proposition.

It is true that an Oligarchy can only work if it is Aristocratic, and that an Aristocracy means an Oligarchy subject to popular respect from its fellow-citizens. But it is necessary for the continued power of such an organ not only that the citizens should be ready to worship it, but that it should itself be worshipful.

This is true not only of Aristocracies, but of every form of government whatever. The commander of a military unit, the master of a school, the captain of a cricket eleven, or of a boat-club—anyone clothed with authority over others in any form—must co-operate with the instinct for authority. Passive in those he governs, it must be active in him.

It is not the general virtue which is essential to his position, but a particular virtue, or, rather, *quality*, necessary to his function.

The habit of tippling is not a very terrible vice, the soul of a man suffering from that weakness is, no doubt, in far better case than the soul of the avaricious man, or of the cruel man, or of the proud man. Nevertheless, a large measure of avarice, some of cruelty, much of pride, will not any one of them destroy the authority of one that is to govern. Most undoubtedly, the habit of tippling, or any other unseemly trick (not even vicious—a mere habit of buffoonery) would be enough to destroy his authority.

An Aristocratic body governing the State must conserve its dignity as much as an individual; otherwise it cannot govern. Further, an Aristocratic Body, as Gentry, can only govern so long as the mass are in a mood for such government. It will only retain its power so long as these two conditions are present:—

The first, the most obvious, is, as we have seen, the Aristocratic temper in the State. You cannot have an Aristocratic government in a Democratic State to which every form of government by privilege is alien and odious. But this condition does not stand alone, and is not in itself sufficient—no matter what the appetite of the populace be for Aristocratic government. The Governing Class must, also on its own part, observe, by its own instincts, certain rules of conduct, it must present a certain character which receives, nurtures and maintains the respect given it from below. Lacking this, the whole system fails.

The necessary combination of these two conditions has often been forgotten. Men have talked—sincerely in Democratic countries, superficially when Democratic phrases were everywhere popular—as though Aristocracies imposed themselves by force. Men have also talked (on the other side) as though the mere existence of an Aristocratic body were sufficient to the Aristocratic character of the State.

But the truth is that Aristocratic government—that powerful and most solid polity—requires both the desire for Aristocracy in the governed *and* the playing of the Aristocratic part by those who govern.

Now, these things being so, a Parliament set up by whatever machinery will fail, will fall into disrepute, will lose the power of governing (and, therefore, will weaken the State); will allow a divided sovereignty; will, in a single phrase, *break down*, if the two conditions of Aristocracy are lacking to it; the desire for Aristocracy in those who accept its rule; a response to this in those who exercise that rule.

It is the purpose of this book to show that these conditions are now lacking in England. The Aristocratic instinct in the people has failed: the response to it in those who chance to govern, and who are no longer natural leaders, is not attempted, and has become impossible. It is dead.

Therefore, the parliamentry régime is ending.

But at this point the objection will be raised which always rightly appears in the discussion of a practical matter.

The objector says: "Your reasons hold good. Your chain of cause and effect is convincing. But have we not perhaps to set against you that you reason from insufficient data?

"Have we not, as a fact, Parliamentary sovereignty accepted under conditions not Aristocratic?"

No, we have not. The sovereign Parliament abroad was in part copied from this country in its most Aristocratic days, was in part an attempt to use a traditional European machine for work quite unfitted to it, and was in part, and much the greater part, the product of a hopelessly, and now demonstrably, false theory. Wherever it has been attempted among nations not Aristocratic it has failed to be sovereign.

Women in Industry.

By Frances H. Low.

III.

My delay in continuing these papers is due to the fact that I thought it advisable to find out the attitude of some of the prominent Labour Officials on the following points: (1) whether the facts stated by me were correct; (2) how far the convictions I hold generally are to any great extent shared. I have now interviewed some twelve or fourteen men, all highly esteemed in the world of Labour, including men like Mr. Peter Doig, of the Society of Draughtsmen; Mr. Baker, of the Iron and Steels Confederation; Mr. Adamson, of the Amalgamated Engineers, etc., and I have been deeply gratified to find that, so far from my theories and principles being considered "reactionary" (the epithet conferred on me by certain women from various directions), the most progressive men—and, moreover, some of the *youngest* of the men—believe with me that the driving of large masses of women into Industry is a retrogressive step of the most serious kind. I shall speak of this in further detail in the course of this paper. But, before doing so, although I am quite aware it is hopeless to try to preserve oneself from being misrepresented and misinterpreted, I wish to make it absolutely clear that I neither attacked nor mentioned nor implied anything against Miss *Sylvia* Pankhurst. I am not in agreement with her as regards her faith in feminism; but, when anyone shows the steadfast courage and humanity she has shown during the war in her fight for internationalism, I care not how she labels herself. I esteem and admire her work: very different from the mischievous and pernicious activities of other people bearing her name.

As regards the accusation that I am injuring women and espousing the cause of men, as I can point to twenty years ceaseless work on behalf of genuine women bread-winners and helpless children (whose cause I took up in numberless articles pleading for the total abolition of State Institutions for orphan children, long before the champion self-advertiser of "Mothers' Pensions" came to England), I believe genuine bread-winners recognise that my point of view is far more likely to lessen the competition in the awful struggle-for-bread arena than are the activities sanctioned by Feminism.

I must here again emphasise the fact that, under this competition, whilst the well-to-do woman with the banker's balance to fall back upon undoubtedly scores to-day, whether in the profession or in industry, the self-dependent, penniless woman finds life more cruel,

more bitter, and, in middle age, more hopeless than ever before.

To come now to the point raised by the "Spectator": Are women required in any branches of engineering either highly skilled or partly skilled? I have had the greatest difficulty in discovering any process in which women are employed to any extent worth noticing, in the most highly skilled sections. Take, for instance, Designing. This kind of work would seem eminently fitted for women, yet no considerable body seems to have entered it; consequently no special measures have been taken in keeping them out. In the more mechanical work of Tracing they have always been employed, and, in so far as they are willing to conform to Trade Union regulations, they are perfectly acceptable. But here, as elsewhere, the supply is sufficient for the demand; consequently, there being no room for their services, the influx of any large number causes chaos and confusion. Take, again, Engineering. And here, again, I may remark that, wherever I have been, I have been amazed at what I can truly call the breadth of mind and the elevation of view of the men. So far from having shown any conspiracy to keep out the women, their attitude during the war has been most generous—whether far-seeing in their own interests, I do not know. I am perfectly convinced it is not a *cash* consideration, but one much higher, that influences them in the position they have taken up. One is their determination that the women and employers combining shall not destroy the Apprenticement movement. On this point Mr. Adamson expressed himself with sound sense. In his own practical way he said precisely what I indicated in an earlier paper, and what is the basic difference between man's and woman's work. Woman's connection in industry is shallow and transitional, and but a small percentage will undergo the arduous and sustained labour of the Apprenticeship. It is true that, in a variety of directions, the specialisation of one process will more and more become the rule; but, just in proportion to the completeness of a man's craftsmanship will be the standard of his efficiency; and, in fighting for all-round efficient Craftsmanship in place of learning to drive one machine or undertake what is known as "repetition," the Trade Unions are performing a great and enlightened service. Yet in the rebuking attitude taken up by the "Spectator" and Mrs. Kinnell, there is no recognition of this, nor that the attitude assumed by the Trade Unions is one that, so far from being selfish, shows an imaginative element we look in vain for in the champions of Women in Industry.

I asked Mr. Adamson whether, in engineering proper, there was any need for the services of women. He said it was somewhat difficult to give numbers at the moment owing to the Moulders' Strike; but in *one branch alone of a section at Gateshead registering 400 men, over 200 were receiving unemployment money*!

On the highly controversial question of equal pay; he said that it is one of the most complicated questions that had arisen, for this reason that, wherever men were employed in the war, a larger number of women were needed to do the same work. On every single occasion that this question has arisen this has been stated as an absolute fact. Everywhere it is held as a justification of the Labour Party adopting the principle of "equal pay" that, given the same wages, men will always be employed; a machine yielding more efficient labour in the hands of the average man than in the hands of a woman.

When I met this theory, put forward by Mr. Doig, with the example of the Bank which was retaining women and intended to do so (the advantages from their employment being no participation in strikes, no necessary promotion and higher progressive salaries as in the case of men) Mr. Doig thought that some weight should be given to these considerations, and that they might operate to the disadvantage of men in some directions, as, for instance, in clerical work.

I have said that Apprenticeship is one of the elements influencing men against the admission of women into industry. Another is the lack of fitness of women for large numbers of industries. It will be remembered that the "Spectator" desired that "such matters should settle themselves." It is good to find that the Trade Union leaders have not only a higher sense of propriety, but more humanity.

The Iron and Steels Confederation is a highly organised industry, and during the late war women were brought in, and the attempt made to give them work of a wholly improper kind. I have looked in vain to find that a single one of the various Advisory Boards of Ladies with which Mr. Lloyd George and the various Ministries provided themselves in such profusion, made one single protest with regard to selecting or restricting the work of women in certain directions. It was left to the Steel Plate Workers—no doubt some of those "perspiring men" to which the "Spectator" so gracefully referred—to protest that they would not allow women to undertake certain of the jobs that men did; for instance, whilst permitting women to drive the cranes (is this the type of work that Mrs. Kinnell and her friends consider gifted women should aspire to?) they would not allow the women to climb up to the top and do the necessary oiling! There were other jobs that they refused to put into the hands of women; and it seems strange that these men—and also the Miners on a similar occasion—should have shown a care for womanhood not displayed by the numberless Welfare Superintendents and so forth, of whom we have heard so much. I myself have seen young girls at the great railway junctions lifting and pushing enormous weights, and I myself brought to the attention of a Government Inspector the working by young girls of heavy tradesmen's bicycles. Yet, all such feats as these were regarded as triumphant proofs of woman's ability to do man's work; whereas, perhaps, those who thought so might have remembered that some years ago, at one of the music halls, there was a "Strong Woman" who overcame all her male rivals.

A thoughtful Labour official said to me, "In primitive barbaric States, men and women are not more widely differentiated than male and female animals: I cannot understand this claim of 'absolute equality'!" In a valuable work Dr. Ames points out, among the anatomical and physiological differences of man and woman, the knee joint, the incapacity of woman to stand as long as men; the female pelvis, etc.; and Professor Sharp says, "Woman, in the interest of the race, is dowered with a set of organs peculiar to herself, whose complexity, delicacy, sympathies and force are among the marvels of creation. If properly nurtured and cared for, they are a source of strength and power to her; if neglected or mismanaged, they retaliate with weakness and disease as well of the mind as of the body."

Whatever branch of industry is under consideration the answer is always the same. Even ruling out the inactivity caused by the Moulders' Strike, there is always a number of workmen *chronically unemployed*. Take, for instance, at this moment, the Iron and Steel Workers. Apart from those thrown out by the Moulders' strike there are *at this present moment 500 men out of work*. Yet this is the precise moment when the "Spectator" cannot restrain its anger and indignation that there should be an effort on the part of the Trade Unions to prevent women from entering Industry in a miscellaneous and unorganised mass.

In my last article I dealt with the ethical side. I believe that to be unanswerable. But is not the practical equally overwhelming? For, while it is impossible to find one single advantage that would justify the return of women to industry, there are numberless opportunities, and indeed activities, for woman's work, for which the lack of trained women is proving a most serious

injury to the nation, but which women have been encouraged by ambitious women to ignore.

Women, having made a most disastrous mess and muddle of the Domestic question, in place of being persuaded that it is their duty to deal with it efficiently, so that household efficiency should become the rule and not the exception, are invited to do the more spectacular man's work, and bring their superfluous energies into the more or less organised Labour World. The greatest service the well-to-do woman of to-day can do, both for the national welfare and for the penniless woman who *must* enter industry in any of its forms, is to direct woman's work into all those directions where her health suffers least, where her nerves suffer least, where brain and hand are trained and disciplined by all those intelligent arts and crafts that are an essential part of the organisation of the Home. That a few women are so robustly organised that they can do the heaviest man's jobs is no more reason for persuading them to throw themselves into industry with all its horrible conditions, heat, the roar and speed of machinery, the strain of mechanical processes, and so forth, than it would be to invite the great mass of men to abandon manual labour and take on the arts and services of the sick nurse, the organiser and worker in the Domestic Craft, the guardian of the child in its earliest years, because a few men have shown themselves fitted for the task. If we want to lessen the competition in the struggle-for-bread-and-life industrial arena; far from hurling into it an enormous mass of labour, according to the desire of the "Spectator," we ought at once to lessen the competition for both women and men (who are treated to-day with very scant courtesy and fairness compared to the exaggerated favour shown women) by insisting immediately that (1) no Married Woman is to enter the wage-earning world (her living, and that of her children, must be adequately insured to her by the State if she be a widow or have an invalid husband); and (2) by prohibiting the labour of any girl under the age of 16. As things are, for instance as in the case of the girl messengers (I do not often have the pleasure of agreeing with Mrs. Oliver Strachy, but in her protest against the way the Government is allowing the girl messenger to work, or, rather, mainly to "loaf," I can fully support every word she says), a womanhood is being created in which the work-sense is being absolutely destroyed.

Finally, everything ought to be done to make conditions for the woman who *must work* as easy as possible, and one of the first steps with regard to industry should be to select those branches which they can enter with least injury to themselves.

To sum up :—

1. Are women needed in enormous numbers in Labour, especially in any of the branches of engineering? The answer is that already there is scarcely one section in which there is not always chronic unemployment. The addition of women would add to the oversupply, the competition, and make the struggle for life even more intense and bitter. What answer, then, can the Editor of the "Spectator" and his friends make to justify their newspaper propaganda, the recklessness, ignorance or heartlessness of which on the grounds of "emancipating women," I have already referred to?

2. Is the work of man and woman to be regarded on precisely the same basis? Is not the labour of man permanent and progressive and stabilised and improved by marriage? Is not woman's connection with Labour transitory or shallow; and necessarily viewed from the standpoint of maternity (and this standpoint cannot be abstracted from any calculation concerning woman's labour; the function of maternity determining woman's economic office)? What, then, becomes of the absolute "equality" that is the claim of Feminism voiced by the "Spectator"?

3. Even if there were this equality, is it advantageous for women and for the world at large, that women, indifferently with men, should engage in any vast numbers in industry; more especially if, as my researches prove, an infinitesimal number of women only are engaged in the highest branches of skilled trade?

If, in industry, women are subject to all the injuries felt by men, such as early specialisation, with its narrowing and hardening effects; if, moreover, the physical side of modern industry with its intense strain on the nervous system and its poisonous atmosphere, which are attendant in numberless trades, is no less demoralising; if the work-sense is destroyed by, year in, year out, doing soulless, mechanical processes, such as the tending of machinery, of which a large part of woman's labour consists; are we who strenuously oppose this doing an injury to the penniless self-dependent women or not? Are there not large avenues of activity more creative and individual than that offered by the modern industrial world, which women have so systematically neglected during the last fifty years, largely owing to the teaching of Feminism? And the result is that household economics and household efficiency are so unorganised, so chaotic, that the average girl declines to equip herself; and that the Home is rapidly becoming a very inferior Boarding House, where people sleep and do little else. If the Home represents an element at the very core of the national life, where the relations, stabilised and sanified, are to be found as they are to be found nowhere else, ought not women to endeavour to recreate the Home and make Household Industries as efficient and highly skilled as possible, whether in the large house or the cottage? Why, in short, should we not insist on girls learning that the Household Crafts, the skilled craft of the dressmaker and so forth, offer as much scope to "creative" power as those of the typist and the factory girl? The organisation of a service fulfilling the specific and trained processes of the simplest home is such a crying need to-day that it is given up as hopeless. Right from end to end of the nation, trained, skilled household workers are needed. For the lack of them, thousands of women are losing their health; thousands of men are compelled to eat restaurant food; scores of children lack the home environment they ought to have if the wife and mother were not over-worked and over-harassed. Yet, in place of the "Spectator" and Mrs. Kinnell and Co. putting this before the educated women, they assure girls that their demand to add to machinery producing wealth is a highly laudatory one. As for the women from well-to-do homes who can find no finer expansion for their minds and souls than that offered by the mechanism of modern industry, I can only say, as I have said many times before, the modern education of girls, founded on that of boys, produces not a finer grade of women (in spite of the complacent, superficial Dr. Schofield), but an inferior type of average man!

AN OLD BURDEN.

He, my love, my wonder—
This carol-singers know—
Like any sunbeam yonder
Li'th in presepio.

And shattering as thunder
The treble voices go
The chancel arches under—
He, my love, my wonder,
Li'th in presepio.

It tears my heart in sunder,
Whether I will or no—
He, my love, my wonder,
Like any sunbeam yonder—
Sing out, sing high and low.

Sing till you rend asunder
The arch you sing below,
Sing with a mighty thunder
Till he, my love, my wonder,
Shall hear, and learn, and know.

M. BRIDGET MULLER.

Drama,

By John Francis Hope.

THE second production of The Phœnix has unfortunately been accompanied by a most singular attack on the freedom of dramatic criticism. Mr. William Archer said harsh things about The Phœnix before it began work; he said harsh things about its production of "The Duchess of Malfi"; and generally he has attempted to play the part of the Rev. Mr. Bowdler towards the classics of English drama. The subtlest punishment for such delinquency would be to induce or to make him undergo the torture of hearing unexpurgated performances of the classics; Mr. William Archer writhing at the sound of Elizabethan English would be a sight that would delight an inquisitor, or one of Lenin's "Chinese torturers." But instead of luring Mr. William Archer to his soul's destruction, The Phœnix took the stupid course of sending the usual ticket to his paper, and asking for another critic. If this unwarrantable interference with the freedom of dramatic criticism is part of the determined policy of The Phœnix, I may as well say at once that I refuse to countenance it. The question is not whether Mr. Archer's judgment is prejudiced or unprejudiced; the only possible attitude on that question is the one adopted by Voltaire towards Helvetius: "I wholly disapprove of what you say, and will defend to the death your right to say it." The question is whether The Phœnix claims the right to choose its critics, whether it intends to revive the institution of the claque. If it does, I may say at once that I shall be no longer interested in its proceedings. If a private society is so privately minded as to invite only those who will praise its efforts, there is no reason why its proceedings should be drawn to the notice of the public. In that case, we shall know that the published judgments of its performances are those of a packed jury. The wisest thing for The Phœnix to do is to offer a public apology to Mr. Archer for the insult offered to him, and through him, to the whole body of dramatic critics.

If I had known of this incident, I should not have gone to the performance of Dryden's "Marriage à-la-Mode." As it was, I spent a most delightful afternoon at the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, on February 9. One of the chief advantages of these revivals is the demonstration they afford of the impossibility of rendering effectively in one play the double mood of comedy and tragedy. Dryden's play is distinctly two plays which are unrelated to each other; the two plots do not coalesce, they alternate, and according to which of the two moods captures us, we wish the other elsewhere. We are never more sure of the unity of artistic effect than when we witness a work that aims at a dual effect, that gives us poetry to redeem the triviality of comedy and comedy to lighten the deadly dullness of poetry. Even Shakespeare's genius was not capable of fusing the two moods into one effect, except perhaps in the gravedigger's scene in "Hamlet"; and "Marriage à-la-Mode" does not even attempt to relate the two stories to each other, as Shakespeare did in his "Merchant of Venice." Dryden as poet and Dryden as comedian were not synthesised in Dryden as dramatist; and the audience did not hesitate in its choice of his personalities.

It is probable that such a choice will always be decided by the skill of the players, but the skill of the players is largely inspired by the vitality and the dramatic quality of the text—and the comedic passages of the play were the vital ones. Dryden's imagination playing with reality resulted in wit; his imagination playing with imaginative reality resulted in poetry that was in the fashion. He really had no perception of the tragic motive, no sense of the power of emotion; he could only understand intelligence, and the villainous favourite Argaleon (played with most sinister subtlety by Mr. George Hayes) was the only person in his tragic play who seemed to be other than a theatrical puppet. The constant lovers, Leonidas and Palmyra, were such obvious creatures of theatrical necessity that Mr. Murray Kinnell and Miss Rita Thom had only to deliver their rhymed verse without interpreting it to produce the required effect of unreality. Miss Rita Thom, particularly, has such obvious genius for reciting poetry without feeling it that she would make a good fairy in a pantomime. She is a skilled exponent of the art of sing-song.

But the comic play, with its structure of the square dance, had all the freshness, the effect of modernity, that classic comedy always has. Indeed, I incline to the opinion that the proper definition of classical quality is perpetual youth, or perpetual reality. These comic scenes inspired one performance of superlative merit, that of Miss Athene Seyler as Melantha. Although we know what Miss Seyler can do, she always surprises us by what she does do; every character she plays has its fresh appeal, because it is freshly conceived and, if we may judge by her acting, freshly enjoyed. Perhaps the most delightful piece of comic acting was when, masquerading as a boy and slightly fuddled with wine, she drew her sword in a quarrel and declared that she "would die for French poetry." But throughout, whether she were merely learning her French words for the day or picking up her train to flutter about the stage like an agitated butterfly, she was alive in every gesture, every intonation, the very embodiment of comic genius.

Of the other three players, Mr. Tom Swinley as Rhodophil was nearest perfection. He delivered the epilogue with perfect understanding, perfect elocution, perfect point and finish of gesture; and if his whole performance had been on this level, criticism would have been dumb. But he is a very energetic young man, with a powerful voice of fine quality which he does not always use with sufficient subtlety. He might easily have made more, much more, of the turtle-dove scene with his wife, have contrasted more subtly his private and public manner towards her. But he was not tender enough before his witness, nor cantankerous enough after her departure; Rhodophil is bored to the point of annoyance by the presence of his wife, and as she nags in reply, the scene may well be worked up into a pretty quarrel. It must be so, if Rhodophil's cynical idea of marriage is to be perfectly expressed; and when Mr. Swinley has learned to control his vigour, he will develop more flexible, more variable expression of, his moods. As it was, he gave us a forth-right impersonation of a manly, upstanding Captain of the Guards whom we could hardly credit with any ideas, to say nothing of cynical ones, about marriage. Rhodophil is Captain and gallant, but Mr. Swinley was always on duty.

Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, as Doralice, would have been an equally effective foil to Melantha if she had not walked as though she were over-weighted by her train. She seemed a little undecided in her rendering of frigidity and charm, and tended towards a middle course that did not always produce the intended effect. She was not difficult enough to woo, nor easy enough to obtain; and with her as with Mr. Swinley, a less marked devotion to the via media would have produced more effect. But she made the most of her duel scene with Melantha, even if she did not lift Palamede to high comedy. For Mr. Nicholas Hannen too, like Mr. Swinley, tries too often to achieve by sheer energy effects that can only be obtained by variation of delivery. He is always letter-perfect, he worked tremendously hard, but he romps too much for his humour, and needs particularly to study the negative art of acting. The pause, the stance, the omitted gesture, all have their place in the art of acting; and when Mr. Hannen has learned their value, he will seem to be the characters that he now so obviously

plays, he will produce effects that he now strives to produce. This is super-subtle criticism, I know; the audience generally was perfectly well satisfied with those I have criticised; but when a performance is good, I like it to be better unto perfection, and these young players are well on the way to it.

Music.

By William Atheling.

CERNIKOFF.

WHILE various excited people have been throwing bricks at the commentator for his scepticism, Vladimir Cernikoff has brought the scholarship of a lifetime to the most ample discussion of the piano and of piano music that London has had for some decades. His series of six recitals present the whole argument. With his clear-headed demonstration, his technical finish, and, beyond all, his ability to sympathise with each composer, from the earliest writer for spinets to the last Russian, he is an ideal performer for just this historic survey. He is infinitely better as a demonstrator than a Beethoven specialist like Lamond, or a talent like Busoni, who gives one, often, a magnificent afternoon by displaying how he, Busoni, can utterly transform the notes of a composer into something of his own, wholly different and rather better.

On January 26 (Aeolian) Cernikoff had got to 1770. Hummel was shown still running on in the manner of the old writers for pre-piano; Field was shown as a fore-ambler of Chopin. Not even the best historic schematisation can infuse interest into the sentimental maunder of Mendelssohn. As a record of what things have existed, two or three pieces of Mendelssohn's should be played annually by Cernikoff at the Royal College of Music, for the enlightenment and warning of students. This would be quite enough Mendelssohn for one year, and even a demonstration in alternate years might be sufficient.

On the other hand, we are firmly of the opinion that Cernikoff ought to give his full course of six recitals every year, and, if not in connection with the Royal College, at least attendance should be required from all students contemplating the "piano as a career"; for, by the time he has completed his series, Cernikoff will have summarised the history and scope of the instrument. He is a very capacious anthologist, and there is little alteration to suggest in his schema, though Steibelt might be added. He would be pleasant to hear—pleasanter than Field or Mendelssohn, but not illustrative as the latter.

The Schumann "Carnaval" was given as literature, and it has the durability of literature. Here one forgot the history and settled in to solid enjoyment of Cernikoff's skill and intelligence. The Brahms B minor rhapsody has a sentimental start, and there is not a great deal of intelligence in it; this in contrast with the Schumann "Carnaval," where one definitely sees the "given concentration of knowledge on the given portion of surface." (Put aside quibbles on terms "knowledge," "intelligence," etc., one does not get the needful *concentration* of these without emotion or passion either present or foregoing.) There is a soft loveliness in the Brahms A major intermezzo, and Cernikoff gathered his very great skill into the rendering of Hungarian dance.

In estimating the piano (not as played by pyanists, but in its capacity) one must admit that it is the only modern instrument upon which the solo player can exercise so much musical knowledge and comprehension. It is louder than the spinet or clavicord, it has mechanical advantages over the harpsicord, and is probably less trouble to keep in order. It will reign supreme in the parlour until the pianola and the gramophone have democratised it out of existence. It is, from the auditor's point of hearing, inferior to the orchestra. Public demonstrations of the instrument are in great part incubatorial, designed for and attended by people who wish to pianise. A great artist can get music out of this instrument. So can some players from a brass string and a cigar-box. A few piano recitals each year are worth hearing. Cernikoff's Schumann was worth hearing—very much so. Further recitals, Saturdays, February 14 and March 13, Aeolian, at 3 p.m.

Returning to my archives, I find that Dorothy Robson (January 14, Aeolian) displayed some merit and insufficient technique, also considerable briskness; that she distorted words, and that in her Brahms songs she trotted out all the sentiment of all the German young ladies since Werther's tears first come into prominence and fell from vicarious eyelids. Mathilde Verne had taken the sub-title "Moonlight" very much to heart, also the direction "adagio" in the Beethoven sonata. I have no doubt that the Mendelssohn (Andante, etc.), announced for a later reach of the programme, was admirably suited to her equipment; but I decided, with no qualms whatsoever, that I had an engagement elsewhere.

Megan Foster showed herself (Aeolian, January 15, at 8.15) to be what is called on the Continent "très anglaise." C. V. Stanford has flattened the rhythm out of Byron's "There be none of Beauty's Daughters." The recital proceeded with cambric tea; one felt it was for an audience which "ought to have been in bed earlier." Then, when Miss Foster got to the air from Robert Jones, one knew that some music-hall manager was waiting, that some Revue was incomplete, and that fortune will certainly dump Exchequer bonds into her lap when once she appears in this milieu.

Of the French songs, the Chausson was beautiful, but requires more art than Miss Foster possesses. For the Debussy she needs three years' study; Moussorgsky has treated the theme to which Ravel has done Nicolette, and with much greater vigour. Rootham has made quite a good or goodish modern French accompaniment for "Noel."

Next arrived Mr. Ivor Foster with heavy sentiment, very male in manner. The music was such as Masefield deserves; also, the singer was the ideal singer to convey the inner inwardness of these "bold bad sailormen abaft the rahn' (round) pon' (pond)" in bashy the Bo'sun ballads. I am not sure that Mr. Foster did not attain a naïvete even a shade naïver than the author could have believed. "The chief" (to quote my colleague, Mr. Hope)—"the voice breaks at the word"! "I ain't never had no schoolin', nor read no books like you," sobs the bellowing Bo'sun, as no Bo'sun has ever sobbed, save when protected by a boiled shirt of immaculate whiteness.

Ethel Hobday and Felix Salmond gave a delightful piano-'cello recital, three sonatas, Wigmore, January 17. Miss Hobday began with good piano volley, and she had been fortunate enough to find a good instrument (Steinway); Salmond, as usual, brought clear amber tone from his 'cello, and one forgets to analyse when he plays, forgets as one only forgets a few times each season. The Ropartz sonata is pleasing, not remarkable, not "modern," probably a permanent part of 'cello-piano repertoire. The familiar Brahms F major, Op. 99, was finely done; one wonders just what vocabulary or superlatives one is expected to reserve for such work—expected, that is, by the reader who wants one to gush over every scraper of catgut. The piano may have been just a little soft (downy) in places; the 'cello just a little too submerged, like phosphorus under sea-water, or the course of a fish half-seen. In the Grieg I think the 'cello was definitely lost at moments where it should not have been, especially in the more rapid passages. But this sonata amply demonstrated the limitations of the Ropartz.

These comments are merest marginalia; the whole recital was excellent.

Kennedy-Fraser recitals, Saturdays, March 6 and 20, Aeolian, at 3 p.m.

Rosing recitals, March 27 and April 17, Aeolian, Saturdays, at 3 p.m. Cernikoff as above.

Psycho-Egyptology.

I.

I FEAR that the task which I have been set is a very difficult one. In the first place the subject is vast and many-sided, and one for the treatment of which we have no reliable nomenclature or language. Secondly, it is many years since circumstances brought my rambles in Egyptology to a rather abrupt ending, leaving all the ends loose. Could I find all my notebooks of those days, much which they contain would be now unintelligible, as I should have forgotten the point which I was following at the moment. Hence these articles will have to consist of generalities, but on the whole, I think, of rather interesting generalities.

In order to avoid any misapprehension, I must emphasise, what is perhaps quite obvious, that I give no guarantee with anything which they contain. Anyone who wishes to stock himself with material of any guaranteed standard must go to the books which provide it. If anyone wishes to do some exploring on his own account it is to be presumed that he is prepared to judge the value of what he meets for himself, and it is for such that I am writing. One thing I do guarantee, that when I say that there is a drawing showing this or that, such drawing exists in reach of any reader. I have not in all cases the references to give, but the pictures can be found, probably in Lepsius, Prisse, Roselline and Lanzoni.

In order to be able to have a common language in which to talk it is necessary to get some idea of the universe which the ancients conceived around them since it differed in almost every way from that which we now observe. With this object I wrote a good many years ago in these pages some articles entitled "Theology." I do not feel that I can approach the subject better than I did then, so as few will be able to consult the articles I shall start by extracting some of the similitudes and diagrams which I then used.

The ancients regarded the Cosmos as an organism, made of Consciousness-Substance, and viewable from either aspect. In and of this all other entities were organs. In the same way all lesser entities were parts of greater entities, and for them these greater entities were "arks" which would carry them safely through a "deluge" when the age-long ebb of consciousness would otherwise have left them to destruction in the flood of non-existence.

It is possible that this subtle relationship between substance and consciousness may be vaguely symbolised by a crude and material diagram. Suppose a telegraph-wire singing in the wind. Is it taking in energy or giving it out? It is doing both, and if we have to say one or other, our answer will depend on the criterion to which we appeal. The telegraph-wire, which in this world is the most obvious part of the diagram, is non-"extant" in the "real" worlds, being, as it were, only a zero point (or zero line) through which the transformation of mode takes place, as, indeed, would be the case if we were only considering energy. As with all the diagrams that I am using, this must not be considered only with the "hard fact" mind. They are intended as attempts to convey meanings which can hardly pass in words. From this point of view the whole universe (including soul and mind) is only the crests on the waves of the sea, where opposing energies have "destroyed" (or transformed) each other and produced a no-"thing"-ness. It is this picture of an endless succession of white crests, which scarcely in any way represent the movements of the energy which has no "succession," that is the "Maya of my prakriti" of which Krishna speaks. But it is also possible to regard this zero point as the only reality, to look on it as the cause of the positive and negative activities, as the One who is the conceivable representative of The One of Whom nothing can be postulated and from Which everything conceivable and unconceivable comes forth.

Also, as a diagram, all entities could be looked on as chords produced by the interplay of the great vowels which at the beginning were sent forth into the egg of Cosmos, and their "true" or Mystery names consisted of the vowels of which they were composed. These vowels are the type of the different "modes" of energy in Cosmos, whether looked on as consciousness, or "substance," for the two are but opposite sides of the same thing.

If we take this musical analogy we can more easily understand how some entities are different yet interchangeable. Moreover, many of the god names which we are accustomed to look on as *names* are really, as it were, *titles* or badges of office. The actual holder of the office is sometimes recorded, as in the Vishnu Purana, where the "Indras" of the different periods are listed. The equivalent of this statement in music would be that *do* was represented by a certain note on the stave. If we had any clear idea of the whole this would give us the sequence of the modulations of the whole consciousness scheme through the ages, and would explain to us why certain gods drop out and are replaced by others, or are sometimes "sharpened" or "flattened" from their previous tone. One thing is pretty certain, that as long as we persist in thinking that we know more of the ancients' theology than the ancients did, and that we can detect obvious mistakes in their correlations and attributions to gods, so long shall we be entirely unable even to make a beginning at understanding things rightly.

We can have but little idea of what the primal modes can have been, but as time goes on we begin to have a chance of recognising what these Great Beings are represented by on our human scale. When, for example, we are told that the Surya Siddhanta was delivered by Surya (the Sun) to the Great Sages in each age, and, lastly, by Arca to Maya, about two million years ago, we are in danger of misunderstanding the whole matter, as, in fact, the orientalists do.

We may first decide that Surya is only "the Sun," worshipped as a bright body in the sky, and spoken of as a man in the childish ignorance of men. Arca, too, is something imaginary figured as a man and talking to an imaginary Maya. And as this is all "make-up" by early men, so also is the two million years. Therefore we may put the whole story aside and start to make a new one for ourselves. Which we do, with the date a few hundred years one or other side of A.D. 0.

But Surya is not "the Sun," but an "aspect" of Cosmos representing, or causing, or consisting of a certain type of consciousness and the corresponding type of "substance"; while Arca is his "rays," the "mode" by which a contact is produced with Maya the "thinking principle" in man. From another point of view it becomes Maya, illusion, in so far as it "causes the world to appear as really existent and distinct from the universal soul" (Dict.).

Hence we are not talking about men or phantasms, but of great types of energy which have existed and do and will exist behind all the details which devolve from their activities.

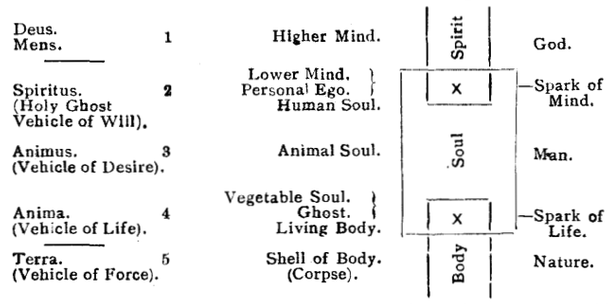
These are the types of things which eventually degrade, or devolve, or evolve, or differentiate into quasi-human entities, such as Methusalah, and Abraham, and the other god heros from whom in turn men are worked

out, to make a family or a nation, or a body formed of human cells through which these entities can function in the world. Superficially regarded, this is pure allegory, but what has most certainly to be comprehended before any progress can be made is that it is also hard fact, true even in minutest detail, and in minutest detail to be found in the psychology and physiology of man, and probably in a nerve-muscle preparation and a candle-flame as well.

Surya is not *only* the brilliant Sun's disc, which is but one of his attributes. *Su* suggests vivification and producing (as is more obvious in connection with Savitri, which is another aspect of Surya).

It is always most difficult, in our present state of ignorance, to translate these things onto the human scale. In the Isa Upanishad there is a prayer to Pushan, the Nourisher, to open the door (or mouth) to Reality, hidden behind his "golden grail" (hiranmaya patra). What the exact line of distinction between Pushan and Surya may be, I fear I do not know, but my impression is that it is the same as that between the parts of the "dumbbell," of which I was writing some months ago. I have always felt convinced that this golden grail is, in man, the grail of formal mind into which the wine of Spiritual inspiration is poured, making it the Holy Grail. If this is so, then the source of the Siddhanta is clear. In modern jargon, Maya, the formal mind as one being, raised his consciousness into communion with the Great Being of whom all formality is part, and received a detailed astronomical teaching. In Egypt the nomenclature was one which is more susceptible of analysis. Following this same Surya line we come to Amenhotep IV, who became Khu en Aten (not Ikenaten, which is a meaningless distortion of the Egyptologists). Aten is said to be the Sun disc. Khu is some portion of the human machine—probably what we call spirit—and the change of name signified that he had achieved a communion of his Khu with Aten. And the rays of "Arka" always surround him in the pictures.

Before proceeding I will try to produce some reasons for the connotations which I shall give to the parts of man, and for this purpose I will introduce them into a diagram. As regards the Egyptian parts of man the chief reason I can give is that the symbols seem so clear as to be unmistakable. The views of the ancients which I gave a few months ago may be diagrammatised thus, the Latin names being those which Guillaume Postel uses when speaking of similar things:



It can be elaborated by adding other links below if required. The overlaps represents the two ends of the dumbbells and the star on them is the link between them.

In the following diagram the same idea is amplified in the three columns under III. It is also expanded into the other columns to left and right, on the ancient assumption that the cosmos was able to be represented with truth, from one point of view, as a Great Man.

I. Cosmos.	II. Solar System.	III Man. Postel.	Modern.	Egypt.	IV.	V. Nature
1						
2						
3	1 Unmanifest. (? Amen Ra).	Deus.				
4	2 Manifest. (? Ra) God.					
	3 Son.	1 Mens. (Will, *vous*)	Individual Ego.	Bennu.		
	4 Holy Ghost. (Anima Mundi	2 Spiritus. (Vehicle of Will).	Personal Ego.	Khu.		
5	Vehicle of Life Æternal).	3 Animus. (Vehicle of Desire).	Soul.	Ba.	1	
		4 Anima. (Vehicle of Life).	Ghost.	Ka.	2	
	5 Shell. (The Worlds).				3	1
					4	2
		5 Terra. (Nature).	Corpse.	Khat.		3
					5	4
						5

I venture to think that these schemes are worthy of study, as they seem to clear up a good many theological and other difficulties. Since verb: sap: sat: and to a blind horse a nod is as good as a wink, I will not try to explain them beyond pointing out that things on the same line are not necessarily *identical* but only "generically or categorically the same." I will, however, draw attention to two points which seem prima facie evidence of the validity of their claims. Bennu is called Ba of Ra, and the scheme brings it into this place. Also the "Celestial Ka" (II. 4) is shown in pictures as embracing the Khu, from above, which it does in the diagram. Postel's list is perhaps to be looked on as a combination of Cols. II and III.

I do not feel prepared to place all the Egyptian gods in the scheme, as I have no pegs with which to fix them, but I will make a few suggestions. Ra is called Ba of Nut (unless my memory deceives me), in which case, Nut would be connected with Col. I. I. 4 would be the "super-celestial Ka," and I am strongly of the opinion that the *pet* with which Nut's name is written is a degenerate drawing of a Ka. This, at any rate, seems as

likely as the Egyptologist's shot, that it represents an iron girder. Thus, Nut would be the great waters on which Ra's "ark" of the solar system floats, for, from the point of view of the solar system, the Ka or Nut would be the only contactable portion of I, without which the whole system would only be a "shell." To make the smallest "complete" cosmos two more columns would be required. It is even possible that the Egyptians worked on a nine-column scheme, which would explain the Ennead. Though, of course, the "gods of the Ennead" would only be the vice-regents "in Annu."

Since Khu is "the brilliant one," Aten, who is the brilliant disc, would be 2 of II. Ra, I feel sure, is not just "The Sun," for the hieroglyph is a circle *with the dot in it*. This dot is the first germ of existence, the hole, or mouth, through which essence comes into being, the pinhole through which the Everywhere casts its image into the camera. The name Ra is also spelled with the sign of a mouth, the mouth of "the hidden," Amen (Pushan) behind the Aten disc. From this point of view Amen would be (?) *all* the columns beyond Ra (II).

That complex and very incomprehensible collection of deities, Thoth, Hermes (Trismegistus), Mercury, with the Cynocephalus and Hanuman, can with some certainty be connected with the star-links in the diagram, but in exactly what way I cannot tell.

Another example which can be partly placed with some certainty is Hathor, "the dwelling-place (or seat) of Horus." She represents that very incomprehensible side of the universe known as the "Substance side." Substance is not matter, it is the other aspect of consciousness, the other side of the shield, which is probably Horus. The cow has always represented this aspect of motherly care and nourishment, which idea, I fancy, if carried on into the Krishna story, makes it far less incomprehensible than it is usually held to be. In fact, Krishna and his gopis are connected with the preparation of the sacrifice of which I wrote some weeks ago. How far she is *identical* with the Great Waters, Mary, Maya, and the other mothers is not so clear, but that they are in some way connected is shown by the fact that Isis, who is almost undifferentiable from Mary, at times wears Hathor's horns. Hathor is probably the same idea on a "larger octave."

Set is probably lower animal mind, which entices the god into his tomb. In some ways the Set-Horus myth is a parallel with the story which makes Michael and Sataniel the Sons of God. Sataniel entrapped Adam into a contract to till the Earth. He was liberated by Michael who overcame Sataniel and cut off the "el in which his strength lay," thus making him Satan. Hence, Osiris, Horus and Set may be the parallel of God his Son (or Adam) and Satan of the Bible, or what may be called the human aspect of the cosmic powers, as contrasted with the more cosmic aspect (?) in which Ra figures; Ra-Osiris being, perhaps, the parallel of Vishnu-Purusha.

To some the idea of so many worlds (columns) in a cosmos, all, as it were, external to and above man, is very distasteful. I will, therefore, give a hint of what I believe to be another, and really equivalent, view, though, in some ways, far less comprehensible. The whole scheme may be "folded" along the line of I. 4, and all that comes above looked on as the "reflexion" of what is below. It is not outside or above, but inside, man and nature, and the appearance of being outside is the result of our point of view. (As a mere similitude, somewhat as a lemniscate is an external view of a distorted circle.) Animal evolution is the climb up to the top of the sphere of "matter," spiritual evolution the climb down again inside. The ladder up which man has climbed is his spinal cord, as is strongly suggested by comparative physiology. Now, the intellect sits on the outside of matter contemplating the inanity of infinity.

The observed facts are to be equated with the product of form and consciousness; by making either of these large the other becomes small. In the diagram form is predominant; at the other end of the series, if we make form negligible, we are back at the One which becomes two, between which It is again the interaction, the microscopic point within which all that ever was, or can be, resides, which was symbolised by the Great word Aum, and the vowel changes, which take place when the letters are brought together. This way of looking at things seems to me of interest, as it reconciles many very divergent views on the cosmos.

My impression is that the direction of evolution in those days was towards formality. The great King Priests of Egypt were laying the foundations of that which we now study under the name of psycho-physiology. Their people, of course, were very different. Their consciousness was of a type unknown to us, but occasionally met with in its degenerated state among the most dense of our illiterates. It is a mind which reaches its object by long circuitous routes, quite impossible to follow, or to expedite. The answer to an order comes eventually, rather as a penny in the slot eventually produces a ticket. It seems not impossible that this relationship between the rulers and the people may be the explanation of much—such as pyramid building—which is at present a difficulty. But the idea that "the people" had any popular voice in religious matters is, I feel sure, a delusion of the modern historians.

M. B. OXON.

(To be concluded.)

Views and Reviews.

"G. K. C." ON THE FAMILY.

I NEED no excuse for returning to "G. K. C.'s" book, "The Superstition of Divorce"; he is so generously constituted that he provides a second helping even in controversy, and what he has to say about the family as an institution is worth a little consideration. The Catholic view of life is perfectly consistent; it is that fact that makes its intellectual appeal so strong; and if it corresponded with the facts of life, it would be irresistible. But it is a definitely conservative view; it regards progress as an illusion, and can only prophesy woe to every change. And the prophecy of woe is always right, because it is impossible to make a change without disturbing something or somebody. If the family is the buttress of civilisation, then the destruction of the family, quite obviously, will cause the collapse of civilisation. But is the family the buttress of civilisation?

I think it may be admitted that the family is the buttress of one sort of civilisation, and "G. K. C.'s" insistence on peasantry, peasant proprietorship, and so on (he is Tolstoyan in his adoration of the peasant), indicates that sort of civilisation. But among the white races, at least, that civilisation is almost universally in process of decay, most noticeably among the Slavs. It may be true, as "G. K. C." says, that "the ideal for which (the family) stands in the State is liberty," but like most ideals, this one does not correspond with the facts. Tyranny begins at home, and liberty was only achieved by wresting from the family the powers that it exercised. However the State arose, it has certainly progressed by diminishing the power of the family, by offering an alternative to the natural tyranny that "G. K. C.," with customary romance, calls "voluntary loyalty." It is true, in a sense, that "the State consists of coercion"; but it coerced the family into relinquishing the patria potestas, into relinquishing the family feud, into relinquishing its claim to the property of its members. As a work of fiction, "G. K. C.'s"

ideal of "The Divine Family" is excellent; unfortunately, the Founder of the Christianity that "G. K. C." thinks that he is expounding repudiated the family tie ("who is My mother, and who are My brethren?"), declared that "a man's foes shall be they of his own household"—and, if it is true, as Mark says, that His kinsmen "went out to lay hold on Him; for they said, He is beside Himself," He had reason for His unfavourable opinion of family life. The assertion that the family "may be said strictly and not sentimentally to be founded on love instead of fear" has no warrant in the history of marriage; the family existed long before love, and fear was its bond, fear of Nature as well as of man. Indeed, the truth is that civilisation has developed only by revolting against the family. The "mutual attraction of the sexes" had nothing to do with the foundation of the family; and even in these days, in those countries where the family still is an institution of some power, it is a factor of minor importance in arranging marriage. The "mutual attraction" may coincide with the matrimonial alliances arranged by the family—but the fact shows us that there is no necessary connection between these two processes.

The "mutual attraction of the sexes" is a fact of the universal order; but marriage and the family are particular facts which are not necessarily related to the universal order. Mutual attraction, indeed, destroys the family much more surely than it perpetuates it; "this triangle of truisms, of father, mother, and child, cannot be destroyed," says "G. K. C." But the triangle of husband, wife, and lover will shatter it to bits; it is not marriage that is absolute and imperative, it is love, and we cannot, in face of the facts, make the romantic assumption that marriage and love are identical. But love, like all natural forces, is protean in expression; if we accept Tolstoy's definition of it, "the exclusive preference for one person," the question: "For how long?" indicates the range in time of its possibilities of expression. But the most significant fact of all is that love tends to become an end in itself, instead of being a means to the renewal of the family; some of the most famous lovers of this, as of any other, age are childless, and the decline in the birth-rate indicates that if fertility has its duties, sterility has its charms—and if the Catholic view of life has, as its crowning glory, a celibate priesthood, if the ideal of "the Divine Family" supports the facts of sterility, "G. K. C." can hardly make a case against childless marriages. Whether sterility is celibate or profligate does not matter from the point of view of society; in both cases, the family as an institution is superseded.

But perhaps the strongest argument against "G. K. C.'s" argument is the fact that he has to state it This "most ancient of human institutions," that is "bound to renew itself as eternally as the State," this bulwark against tyranny, has not been able to prevent one of the many changes that "G. K. C." deplores. Instead of the family being asked to save us, we are asked to save the family; it is the family, not the State, that is in danger. The family did not prevent the Reformation, indeed, some of Luther's ideas suggest that the idea of the family prompted the Reformation; the family did not prevent the spoliation of the monasteries, the destruction of the Guilds, the enclosure of the commons, the industrial revolution. The attempt to represent the modern movement for the extension of divorce as a capitalist conspiracy is fantastic; even in the old days, we read much more of the "rebellious apprentices" than of the rebellious married men, and quite recently we saw the married men not "checking or challenging the authority [of the State]" in the matter of conscription (which "G. K. C." unfortunately quotes as an instance), but actually demanding it for the single men. The "voluntary law and voluntary loyalty" of the family imposed compulsory military service in this country; in this instance, the tyranny of the State was based on the tyranny of the home, and the family was not able to protect itself against the subsequent extension of conscription to the married men. As a bulwark against tyranny, the family is not reliable; and perhaps St. Paul was wiser than "G. K. C." when he argued: "He that is unmarried careth for the things that belong to the Lord, how he may please the Lord: But he that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." "G. K. C." credits the family with the very things for which it claims exemption from the duties that he would impose on it.

The fact is, as I said at first, that the Catholic view of life is a conservative, not a progressive, one. It points to the quite obvious facts of the dissolution of the structure of a civilisation as evidence of the destruction of civilisation, confusing a form with a process. It is easy enough to predict "the coming slavery" (Herbert Spencer, neither a Catholic nor a Romantic, predicted it) as a result of the liquefaction of the old civilisation of the Three Estates; and enough slaves are born every year (in families) to make the prediction plausible. But as one bulwark after another collapses, we come nearer and nearer to the tyranny itself. The only forms of association that have ever been successful against tyranny have been those that had no other object. It was neither the Church nor the family that enabled the peasantry of this country to free itself from the feudal system; it was the system of economic organisation that was the prototype of Trade Unionism that took advantage of the Black Death to force up wages, and to inaugurate what Thorold Rogers called "the golden age of the English labourer." It was the very success of that movement that inspired the reprisal, what Thorold Rogers called "the conspiracy, concocted by the law and carried out by parties interested in its success, to cheat the English workman of his wages, to tie him to the soil, to deprive him of hope, and to degrade him into irremediable poverty." The family was no bulwark against this tyranny, but the Trade Unions are; and that form of association provides a more effective guarantee against tyranny than "the most ancient human institution." It is to the development of the Trade Unions, and not to the preservation of the family, that we have to look for succour; and if the family gets in the way of the Trade Unions, it will probably suffer as it has always suffered.

A. E. R.

CONFRERE.

Zagrus Horne, poet, bears himself proudly.
Faith, but you'd think he had never suffered the indignity of birth;
And as for the diurnal functions. . . .

With nervous, intertwining fingers, he dilates upon beauty;
His disquisitions anent sex and sunsets have an air all their own.

He promenades our provincial metropolis with emphasis, for he knows that he is known; that many people look up to him;
That many speak his name in their suburban fastnesses;
That a few have even read him.

Respect is his and an income.

So his carriage is debonnair, and his manner betokens a spirit perennially gravid with ecstasy.

Yet his mind is a plethora of twaddle;
Myself have seen him wear goloshes,
And we may be sure, of his thirty odd years, he has never lived an hour.

H. R. BARBOR.

Review.

The Making of Modern England. By Gilbert Slater, M.A., D.Sc. (Constable.)

In this volume Professor Slater covers the period from 1815 to 1912, arguing that the eighteenth century, the century of expansion (although we believe that the British Empire expanded more during the nineteenth century), ended in 1815, and the nineteenth century, the century of internal reform, began with the first year of peace. He presents the period as a period of accelerating change, the first step (which led up to the passage of the Reform Act) being the most difficult to take, the gathering momentum of the mass sweeping away obstacle after obstacle until, at last, we are where we are. But just as England could fight successfully for freedom against Napoleon, but did not know how to use that freedom when attained, except to deny it to the working classes, so the very diverse bearing of much of the development of the later periods suggests that we are simply going on going on, Imperialism, in Professor Slater's opinion, being simply a stage on the way to Internationalism. The book, unfortunately, was written before the war, and has not been brought up to date; and passages of the last two chapters, such as those relating to feminism and the education of children, and particularly those relating to the probable development of the Labour movement, need revision. Syndicalism, for example, is not quite the portent that it may have seemed in 1912; nor has the passage of a measure of female suffrage produced that direction of reforming energy that was expected. The "equal standard of sexual morality" seems to have been achieved by the women's adoption of the men's creed, and the principle of "equal pay for equal work" has proved to be easier of enunciation than understanding, to say nothing of enforcement. But the value of Professor Slater's book lies not in his opinions, but in his summary of the various historical movements of the nineteenth century; as a précis of, and as an introduction to, the political, industrial, and social history of the last century it is admirable. Professor Slater has the gifts of brevity and of clarity; and his references to authorities enable the reader to pursue the study in greater detail if he chooses. But we have something better to do than to enquire, as Professor Slater suggests, into the real causes of the South African War; the war just ended, and the one just beginning, provide more than enough material for study.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

READERS AND WRITERS.

Sir,—The follower of literature needs but little pride. This mustard-seed of mine has in thirteen years faded itself into a minus-grain, now beyond perception.

During that period I have received £35 besides sixty-five insults of no exchange value.

At the time I began, there were reviewer complacents all psalming, "Never hath the novel stood higher in Art" (instead of dry-cursing the journeymen). Believing this song, I struggled through seven years of no success, until at last I got a book published a short month before the war.

Since then I completed two and started yet another, but have been so daunted by these years of neglect that I have now ceased.

There appears, however, some plain reasons. The Publishers. They, after generations of procuring to the monkey-browed, have brought the novel to its present no-state . . . the contempt of good intelligence.

Congratulate Publishers for having so wrought the world, no taint of literature can rise unsmelled.

Felicitate best-sellers . . . Reservation, that grandfather's annual La-ave for a living is suspect by our respectable Printer-Bolshevik as a mode of especial corruption.

Louth, Lincs. W. L. CRIBB.

CROCE AND ART.

Sir,—I do not think that I have, as Mr. Jones says, missed the essential point of Croce's æsthetic. I am aware of that point, but disagree with it. Croce makes a distinction between the æsthetic vision and the externalising of it. The one, he says, is not willed; the other is willed, with the object of preserving or communicating to others the externalisation produced. I say, rightly or wrongly, that the æsthetic vision itself does not exist, for the artist himself, until it is, as Croce puts it, externalised, that is addressed to others. For instance, a painter does not "see" his picture and in that seeing complete the artistic process. His vision does not exist, for him, until he has painted his picture. His æsthetic experience is not consummated except in the act of address. Colour and form do not exist full-born in his mind; he makes them with his paint, just as poetry does not exist in the poet's mind until he has put it into words, or music in the musician's mind until he has put it into notes. So, for me, execution, externalisation, is an essential part of the æsthetic experience, without which it is incomplete; and this execution or externalisation is address to others. We are not satisfied with mere passive experience, with that "æsthetic vision" which we cannot will, with what comes to us. It does not fully come to us until we have communicated it; we make it our own only by communication. The exercise of the will is needed for the consummation of the experience, in art as in other things. Mr. Jones says: "Art can be made a means of address by the will, but then it ceases to be art and becomes a spoken word, a book or a statue." I say that it doesn't exist until it is the book or the statue. On one point I was wrong. I ought to have said, not that art is a means of address, but that it is address. And I agree with Mr. Jones that when the address is completed, the artist is often glad to be free of his work. A. CLUTTON-BROCK.

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"THE NEW AGE" IN GERMANY.

Sir,—In THE NEW AGE of January 22, "R. H. C.," commenting on Mr. Scheffauer's article, gives it as a significant fact that your paper is not read in Germany.

May I say that I have been a regular reader of THE NEW AGE for many years—in fact, ever since I discovered it in London as a tuppenny weekly? Only for a period during the war could I not manage to obtain it.

I may add that my copy is read by a considerable circle of friends.

Mannheim. F. R. MATTIS.

* * *

Sir,—In your issue of January 22, your contributor "R. H. C.," in commenting on an article by Mr. Scheffauer, asserts that the latter is the only reader of THE NEW AGE in Germany. I trust he will not long remain so. On December 21, 1919, a writer signing himself "K. W." (can it be Mr. Scheffauer under other initials?) contributes a leading article of considerable length to the "Frankfurter Zeitung" entitled "The Chief Tendencies of Present-Day Socialism in England." After touching on Socialism, Karl Marx, and the Fabian Society, the writer devotes considerable space to Syndicalism and especially Guild Socialism, for which he quotes THE NEW AGE. I translate the following paragraph:—

"Ever since the year 1912 we note that attempts are being made so to mould Syndicalism as to render it acceptable to the English mind. In the spring of that year a series of articles appeared in THE NEW AGE, which were the first to give a coherent account of the new doctrine, and in the year 1914 its followers formed themselves into the 'National Guilds League.'"

Then follows a succinct account of the tenets of Guild Socialism. The writer, in conclusion, advocates "Industrial State-Guilds which would give to each worker the right of self-determination and would tend to prevent strikes." There should be School Guilds, Medical Guilds, etc., and the "Congress of Guilds" should be entitled to representation in Parliament. He contends that Guild Socialism has introduced new points of view and even fertility into Socialistic thought, and that its most ardent exponents are the young, "to whom the future belongs."

I need not add that the "Frankfurter Zeitung" enjoys a very large circulation throughout South Germany and a deservedly great reputation for a moderate and intellectual radicalism. JOHANNA EDWARDS.

Pastiche.

SUNDAY MORNING.

Lines in the Modern Method.

Oh, bring me mushrooms in a dish
  Of porcelain that shames the snow,
And frizzled fantasies in fish
  From Hellespont or Callao,
And coffee in a golden urn
  Embossed with nymphs in some wild dance,
And set it by my bed and turn
  The maids the way the sun may chance
To light on them, and set their feet
  A'tripping down their golden glades
Where golden satyrs they may meet
  To talk of Sin in golden shades. . . .
And take a jewelled cord and tie
  The silken curtains up, and see
A flood of light like wine flash by
  In magic and in mystery. . . .
And whitest paper you shall bring,
  Ink, and a quill some rare bird gave
That I may write what I must sing
  Of Life and Sin and a Harlot's grave. . . .
An image of divinest grace
  I'll take and twist and punctuate,
Throw mud into the Muse's face,
  Eschew all metre, cultivate
A scorn for capitals and rhyme,
  Damn any line with measured tread,
Split up the rhythm every time,
  Until it hiccups like the dead. . . .

And then lean over me, that I
  May see the maid I found in you
The vision caught, I'll crucify
  The innocence that laughter knew,
And bring a troupe of painted things
  That once were men, to laugh and leer,
And vampires with enfolded wings
  And useless breasts . . . but of the smear
With which they try to paint in life
  I'll write embroidered lines that creep
To catch the sense, and leave the strife
  Of surging blood to bury deep
The ancient honesty of soul
  That would have withered it at birth. . . .
And finish with a Carmagnole,
  And search the corners of the earth
For metaphors the primitives
  Had garnered in a wild debauch,
And to the slime of primal lives
  My lines shall set a flaming torch. . . .

And then my friend shall garnish it
  With drawings in his own mad way,
The "Green Review" will publish it,
  And we shall strut when critics say:
"Uncommon strength," "a rugged power,"
  "In newest fields, the newest flower,"
". . . Imagist grapes will now be sour,"
  "*Undoubtedly* the poet of the hour." . . .

And now I think I may as well arise. . . .
  Clear all these baubles off, for I must dress:
Some woman with her green and painted eyes
  Is waiting for my latest bitterness. . . .

FRED KAY.

ALONE.

Along the west way of the wood
  When light doth gild its floor,
My spirit saith "O solitude!"
  And shuts her chamber door:

And doth a solemn silence keep;
  I think that she doth pray,
But whether she doth smile or weep
  I may not know nor say.

My body standeth still: mine eyes
  About the hills do range:
I shall not know her mysteries
  For they are passing strange:

But the eve falleth, quiet as death,
  Or as a faery's glance;
When from her door she issueth
  She is all radiance.

RUTH PITTER.

THE ICHTHYOSAURUS.

By J. V. von Scheffel. Translated by P. Selver.

The grassy thickets rustle,
  From the sea odd gleams arise,
And there the ichthyosaurus
  Swims up with tears in his eyes.

He bewails the age's corruption,
  For a tone far from sedate
Into the lias-stratum
  Had forced its way of late.

"That old rogue, the plesiosaurus,
  Leads a life that is giddy and gay,
And even the pterodactyl flew
  Home drunk the other day.

"The iguanodon is getting
  Worse daily, the yahoo!
Why, he's kissed the ichthyosaura,
  And in broad daylight, too!

"We're in for a huge disaster,
  This can't go on, it's clear;
Oh, what will become of the lias,
  With such things happening here?"

Thus the ichthyosaurus lamented,
  Then chalky he grew inside;
His final sob was muffled
  By the smoke and the hiss of the tide.

And at the same hour perished
  The saurians, every one;
Too deep in the chalk they wandered,
  So, of course, their day was done.

And he who sang this to us,
  This lay of a petrefact,
In the guise of a fossil album-leaf
  On a caprolith he tracked.

"IT VER IT VENUS."

Farewell to your bright head these golds adorn,
  These reds, with pæan of colour laughing low
  I' th' thick bronze, to the sheeny breasts that show
Through silk or tissue, to our loves new born
To fierce or drowsy rapture, when with morn
  We kissed how often! Cold time wills it so
  To whom no altar stands, nor pale lamps' glow
Is grateful, neither fruit, nor flower, nor corn
By shy hand proffered, nor the sacred, white,
  Aspiring incense. The red rose is hoar
    At his approach, and lo! beyond recall
Youth flies, the springtime flies and love's delight
  As the wing'd thistle and to me no more
    The laughing Aphrodite throws the ball.

KENNETH HARE.

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