NOTES OF THE WEEK.

HAMLET cannot be kept out of the play indefinitely, and last week the cost of living emerged as the chief figure of our contemporary social tragedy. There are those who, for various reasons, not all of them based upon ignorance, say that the present high level of prices and the continued rise in prices are natural phenomena equivalent to acts of God in legal agreements. After a war such as we have just experienced, nothing else, they say, was to be expected than an appreciation of prices; it has always happened and it always will happen. It is scarcely necessary to say that we are not of that opinion. On the contrary, it is not with us a matter of opinion at all, and still less of superstition, but a matter of fact; and the fact is this, that the present level of prices and the constant rise in the cost of living are phenomena man-made and deliberately designed. There is no mystery about the cause of high prices, however much the Press may pretend and even believe there is; nor is there any need be no doubt what the object of maximum export is: it is to maintain the commercial supremacy of this country. That the commercial supremacy of this country is worthless if it involves national starvation to maintain; that, in fact, it means nothing to the masses of the nation but an increasing obligation to no less that procedure put a premium upon inefficiency? Would things as they are than in altering them to the general advantage.

It may be asked what possible advantages could persuade a few men to impose on a whole nation the sufferings that are certain to be caused by a large increase in the cost of living. That, however, is not altogether the way in which the problem is regarded by those who have to deal with it; since from the financial point of view it is not a question of sentiment but of calculation and fact. The object to bear in mind as probably the key to the situation is the maintenance of the existing capitalist system and of England's supremacy in regard to it, both of which require (or may plausibly be said to require) the extrusion from this country during the next few years of an exceptionally enormous mass of commodities either in payment of foreign debt or upon credit. There cannot, we believe, be the least doubt what the object of keeping up prices at home really is: it is to reduce home consumption to the very minimum in order to raise our exports to the very maximum. And equally there need be no doubt what the object of maximum export is: it is to maintain the commercial supremacy of this country. That the commercial supremacy of this country is worthless if it involves national starvation to maintain; that, in fact, it means nothing to the masses of the nation but an increasing obligation to no less that procedure put a premium upon inefficiency? Would things as they are than in altering them to the general advantage.

The "Times," followed by several other journals, has at once thrown up the sponge. Now that the Profiteering Act has failed, the public, it declares, though rightly angry, is nevertheless quite helpless. Nothing can be done. Nor, indeed, is anything possible, we believe, in the way of a palliative, since the real causes of high prices are, as we have just suggested, matters of high policy as well. It is certain that direct attacks upon "profiteering" are worse than useless; and it must afford our supreme governors considerable amusement to watch the public wasting its energies on biting its own tail. Take the case of Coats, for example. The argument is unanswerable that it would merely penalise efficiency to confiscate the profits made by this firm; since, on the admission of their competitors, the price they charge is less than the price which the public would otherwise have to pay. Is it policy on the part of the public to object to profits being played. Precisely as Prussian militarism employed the German people in the interests of Prussianism, British finance is employing the British people in the interests of Capitalism. And precisely as it was necessary in the interests of Prussianism that the German people should have no liberty, it is necessary in the interests of Capitalism that the British people should have no reserve spending power. The re-absorption into Capitalism, as quickly as possible and for as few commodities as possible, of the spending power necessarily distributed in wages and salaries, is the real object of price-fixing; and when, as now, the sum of wages and salaries is comparatively high, prices must be raised and again raised in order to re-absorb them.

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proper, we must allow, that rewards should be proportionate to services, and hence that exceptional efficiency should be exceptionally recompensed; but in the case of Coats it will be observed that profits have risen as the services rendered by the firm have declined. On a smaller distribution of reels of cotton "the profit accruing to the firm has been greater. That is the anomaly of the existing system; and it is to this rather than to the feature of "profit" that the opprobrious term of profiteering ought to be applied. Let us say again that society can have no real objection to rewarding efficiency; but that the association with this of the power to levy a scarcity tax on the consumer is altogether bad. It is necessary to keep this distinction in mind when attacking "monopolies"; since the evil of monopoly is not its power to profit by efficiency, but its power to profit by scarcity.

We have seen that the "Times," has no remedy to offer for the prevailing high prices. These be thy gods, O Israel! And the "Daily News" is, if possible, even worse; for, without the smallest doubt, its policy is identical with that of the financiers themselves. What, in fact, does the "Daily News" recommend the public to do but precisely what is designed for them—namely, to produce more and to consume less? The "Daily News" cannot pretend that this procedure is in the interests of the people whom it calls upon to accept it; nor can it be argued that there is any permanent remedy for high prices in it. There is nothing to prevent the group that "makes" money from making more and requiring the workers to back it with still more goods; and the only conceivable end to the policy recommended by the "Daily News" is the permanent enslavement of the workers to the financiers. We shall be told, no doubt, that to charge the "Daily News" with supporting the financial régime in its efforts to impose slavery on the nation is absurd; but we can only judge by the results of their actions, and these results, it is obvious, are the same as if, in fact, the Cadburys were in the financial conspiracy. Submission to the present level of prices and to the degradation of the standard of life which it entails—are not these, what is sought is not a practical means to the removal of the evil of monopoly, such, for instance, as the financial control for the success of its policy? They are also, it cannot be denied, the real, if not the declared object, of the "Daily News." Why should we not then convict the "Daily News" of conspiring with Finance against the nation?

The Varsity Labour journal, the "Daily Herald," makes no pretence of thinking about the problem of prices at all. Thought is "academic," and such a fag, don't you know; it must be left to the "high-brows" and the local branches of the Trade Unions. The policy of Mr. Gerald Gould and his friends is to shout at the top of their voices Nationalisation, or some such meaningless word, and to protest that this is the voice of God. "Our cure for Coats," for example, is quite simple. All you have to do is to confiscate the Coats' property, "nationalise" it, continue to run it as it now runs, and pay over the self-proposed, present profits, and reimburse the former consumers all they have paid in excess of costs. And when you have done that, the problem is solved. It would be a waste of words to argue against such a "policy," for the truth is, of course, that it is not seriously meant. Neither Mr. Gerald Gould nor any of his friends cares in the least degree whether their nostrum would work out in practice or not. They are, in fact, in the strictest sense of the word, irresponsible. Their object is to kick up a sensation, to attract attention to the "Daily Herald" and themselves; in fact, to make a journalistic "success" à la Mr. Bottomley or Lord Northcliffe, without the smallest regard to the by-products of their career. If it were otherwise, surely they would not be content, at the present crisis in society, with repeating dead formulae as if they were living principles. Surely we should see some attempt made in the "Daily Herald" to get to the bottom of the price problem. But no—for that, again, would savour of the academic which they have left behind them.

We should be chary in criticising even the "Daily Herald" if we had no alternative to offer to the various "remedies" and "policies" now being recommended; and we should be chary again, if our alternative were only just discovered or were a patent concealed from the conductors of the Press. But not only have we an alternative which has borne the criticism of all the experts we have been able to induce to examine it, but it has been privately as well as publicly offered to a considerable number of the people who are now either saying that the problem of high prices is insoluble or are offering patently absurd solutions. Trade Union Executives, the editorial offices of Labour journals, Labour M.P.'s, Liberal M.P.'s, Coalition M.P.'s, unattached intellectuals—we have offered our scheme to every class only to be met with, with the one exception, that what is sought is not a practical means of reducing prices, but a means to the glorification of the possible instruments. It is in vain that we have staked our own public reputation on the effectiveness of the remedy we propose. Our "Guild ideas" of yesterday are all the rage in a number of progressive circles. But the means to the realisation of the Guild—the only means that exist—these neither Trade Union leaders nor Labour intellectuals appear to be prepared seriously to consider. In the hope that as prices continue to rise, some attention may one day be paid to the only confident remedy on the market, let us briefly recapitulate our claims. We say that the problem of prices is, at bottom, a financial problem; hence that only a financial solution can be expected to meet the case. We say that we have discovered that financial solution, and that it is open to be adopted and applied by any Trade Union possessing a virtual monopoly of its labour, such, for instance, as the Miners' Federation, practically immediately and with practically immediate and palpable results. We claim that by the adoption of our proposal we, the Miners' Federation, not only could the price of coal to the ultimate consumer be reduced by at least a half, but all the advantages promised by Guildsmen could be obtained by the Miners' Federation without doing an injustice to any section of the community. Finally we say that what is possible in the case of Coal is possible in all commodities; and that the general adoption of our scheme would result in bringing down the cost of living to a mere fraction of its present cost, and in the infinite advantage of the whole of society. There, for the present, we will leave it.

It may be as well to point out some of the certain consequences of the unchecked rise in prices. People are not going to be content to be "helpless"—as the "Times" hopes—nor are they going to submit quietly to a degradation of their pre-war standard of living. What they will do may be something very foolish, but that it will be something and not just nothing may be taken for granted. In the first place, we may expect that the big Trade Unions will take the lead, first, with demands that cannot be denied for further increases of wages to meet the increase of prices. It is true that not even a Trade Union official any longer believes that wages can ever catch up prices; but what, after all, have the Trade Unions to do? They may
not be able to catch up prices by striking for higher wages, but they, if not the rest of the community, may be certain that wage-demands sanctioned by strikes will very soon begin to be made. The effect of these upon prices is a foregone conclusion—prices will rise; and the subsequent effect of a further rise in prices will be to diminish still further the demand for goods in this country, and, consequently, to increase the amount available for export. Excellext, we can imagine our super-producers saying as we unfold a future so perfectly to their taste. Our Manchester cotton-kings, for example, whom we found last week urging people at home to dispense with cotton goods wages, but they, if not the rest of the community, may just be able by this means to keep prices somewhere.

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nonsense was exceedingly effective; nor did he, as the "Times" "Student of Political Affairs" says, "overprove his case." Professor Oman, as might be expected of an Oxford Professor, was under the impression that the Exchequer was "debas[ing]" silver currency as it had never been "debased" before; whereupon Mr. Chamberlain replied that not only had our silver coinage never been worth its face value, but really its token or nominal value was all that mattered. This undoubtedly raises the question, as the "Times" "Student" realises, of the purpose intended by the government in coinage whatever. If the token value of currency is all that matters, why waste good silver (or gold) in giving it a superfluous intrinsic value as well? Mr. Austen Chamberlain, it is perfectly clear, knows no good reason for the waste; or, at least, he did not produce it. On the contrary, on his own admission, he had prepared a paper currency to take the place of the silver he was about to withdraw. Why did he not, then, carry out his intention? That there is no economic objection to an all-paper currency, that is to say, to a currency like the "Sunday Times," is now defending on all fours with the case of Commons last week contained almost no errors of.

"Times," he said, "which raises prices, it is the currency," he said, "not coincided with more important objections, we can only question the thoroughness of Mr. Chamberlain's inquiry. Who are the "workpeople," who objected to paper crowns after having accepted paper sovereigns? Without going too far in our speculation, we may say that it is much more probable that the "unanimous" objection came from the silver merchants, who would naturally see in the demonetisation of silver a slump in their market. The use of gold and silver in coinage is a mere trick of the monopolists of these two metals. They ensure a constant demand at an artificial price.

Whether by inadvertence or in ignorance of the importance of his statement, Mr. Austen Chamberlain did deliver himself in the course of his speech of a most illuminating definition. It contains everything of value on the whole subject of prices, compressed into a sentence that can be carried in the memory. "It is not the currency," he said, "which raises prices, it is the amount of credit which is created, and the relationship of that credit to the amount of commodities." We presume that a few, at least, of our readers are desirous of discovering bottom in the quicksands of financial theory. They are not all content to read and forget or read and never understand. For such as mean to grasp the subject and ultimately, let us hope, to convert its theory into practice, the sentence let fall by Mr. Austen Chamberlain is golden. The whole secret of increase and, also, how they can be made higher—or lower! Prices, Mr. Chamberlain says, are fixed by the relationship of credit to goods. Increase credit and you raise the price of goods. It follows that whoever is in a position to "create credit" is able at the same time to raise prices. Who is it, we ask, that is in this position? Who has the power to pledge the future and to make present purchasing power of it? Whoever or whatever it may be, it is the final agent of high prices.

Mr. Austen Chamberlain has undoubtedly been undergoing competent coaching in financial matters, and his speech on the Silver Coinage Bill in the House of Commons last week contained almost no errors of any magnitude. His criticism of Professor Oman's
CHAPTER III.

The estate of any society or community may always be considered as having two component parts—wealth and capital. If this statement is considered from a realistic physical point of view it means that the said estate consists not only of ultimate commodities, services, and amenities in esse, but the capacity for reproducing or enhancing them if destroyed. This latter component is essentially bound up with time—it involves a rate.

Finance, or, should be, a reflection in figures of physical facts, therefore we ought to and in fact do find that the physical facts of social estate are represented by two divisions in financial estate—cash and credit—cash being the instrument of retail transactions or transfers of ultimate commodities, and just as capital represents potential production of ultimate commodities, so financial credit is convertible into the cash which will buy them.

Now it has been universally recognised that the minting of money is a prerogative of the community, State, Government, or whatever name we choose for the moment to apply to the body politic, and the coining and counterfeiting of it has uniformly been heavily penalised; but the creation of financial credit which is convertible into money has become a lawful, recognised and highly respected occupation open to any association or even individual who can obtain the confidence of the community and is in possession of the necessary facilities and technique. Let me explain.

Imagine an individual possessed of the reputation of credit power and democracy.

Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

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The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

VI.

My last section was to show that the theory of parliament being necessarily aristocratic, it would fail under conditions not aristocratic. But I ended by saying that this, like all purely rational arguments however strong, must be submitted in a practical manner to practical test.

I next said that such an objection would naturally arise from the supposed presence of parliaments (I mean sovereign parliaments) in societies certainly not aristocratic working normally.

It is supposed that Parliaments are working normally, as the sovereigns of most, and especially of democratic, countries, after the fashion of the House of Commons in this country.

As a fact, there is nothing of the kind; and to appreciate this we must examine real conditions.

In the three examples the objection is, in order of importance, the Colonial Parliaments, the American Parliament, and lastly, governing the whole future of the Colonial Parliaments, the American Parliament, and lastly, governing the whole future of the Institution, the European Parliaments sprung from the French Revolution, and rising or failing with the success or failure of Parliamentarism in France.

This to the Colonial Parliaments, they need not long detain us. The Colonies naturally follow and develop the Institutions of the Mother Country. Their society may, for the most part, be called democratic, because when men have not yet established any other tradition a sort of negative democracy is the only possible political mood.

These new States change very rapidly, and have not yet crystallised. Their example, therefore, is little to the point; nor will it greatly affect the general attitude of the world in this matter, still less the fortunes of the English people.

Nevertheless, it is to be noted that even in the case of the Colonies the Parliamentary Institution has already, in the absence of aristocratic conditions, suffered heavily.

In the first place, it is limited by fixed Constitutions. In the second place, it is limited by local assemblies, and once local assemblies are small enough and sufficiently in touch with their people to reflect opinion they lose, in inverse proportion to the number of their subjects, the character of oligarchies. Further, the parliamentary experiment in these new experimenting countries is limited in practice by the independence of the Judiciary; for either these officers or officers, or, if nominated, are nominated with the necessary deference to an active opinion. The politicians are not one with the Courts as they are here and must always be where Parliament is sovereign, and that difference is vital.

The Colonial Parliaments are anything but sovereign; yet we all know that even in their limited case a complaint upon their personnel is continuous. It is not respected by those who are supposed to create it, that is, the mass of the electors; it is despised, and it is ridiculed; and that because, even under all the modifications just mentioned, it has something of the character of an oligarchy attached to it, and an oligarchy not aristocratic is always the most despised and disliked of Governments.*

So far has the Parliamentary Institution been modified in these new and yet imperfect communities that the practice of the referendum, that is of a popular mass vote, has already on matters of first importance begun to supersede it.

The *referendum* or *plebiscite* is, of course, the very negation of a Parliamentary oligarchy, and once established would destroy it. If the politicians are reduced to it in England it will be a sign that their profession is in jeopardy.

The objection from the case of the United States is more formidable. Many a European unacquainted with that country and judging in the rough and at a distance—many an Englishman especially used to Parliamentary sovereignty as a National Centre—imagines a hundred million people "represented by" a Parliament like his own and governing those hundred million subjects. But he is utterly mistaken. The various Colonies, which later formed the Union of States, began, of course, with assemblies upon the model of the Mother Country. That was inevitable. But they also developed the very widest form of local autonomy. Down to the last village this factor of local autonomy dominated the whole of their political lives. It has survived to the present day. Parliamentarism in the United States is modified out of all knowing by this peculiar power of self-government inherent in the smallest political unit of all that vast territory.

But there are many other factors of modification which make the situation utterly different from our own.

In the first place, we note that the Egalitarian feeling of America necessarily creates monarchy where great numbers are concerned. The powers of one person over the whole body of the Commonwealth are greater than those of most kings in the past, and this is a power not artificially conferred upon him by some political machinery devised for his election, but, on the contrary, arising from the temper of the people, although the original method of choice was designed to limit his power. In the great towns one executive officer expresses the same tendency. The Mayor of New York represents a power over the millions of that restricted area which could be compared to nothing in this country except the power of the Parliamentary politicians over the whole body politic. And the representative assemblies attached to these monarchic centres are quite over-shadowed by the personal power and personal responsibility of the man to whom they are attached.

Next, we observe the strong modification of fixed Constitutions. The United States have a fixed, written general Constitution for the whole Commonwealth, and it is regarded with religious awe. It is of far more effect upon the minds of men than any representative trick. Particular Constitutions exist for each of the States. And, again, we note the independence of the Judiciary.

The Supreme Court fulfils an admirable function, the very foundation of all permanent democracy, to wit, the moderation of public servants and the constraint of them to the rules of the Constitution. It is a creation of the monarchic centre, not of any representative Body. While the general rule of Magistracy is a personal election in the hands of the citizens. We have seen in the case of the Colonies what a profound breach this drives into the sovereignty of Parliament. It is, indeed, the capital test everywhere.

Wherever the Courts protect a private citizen against the Parliamentarians; wherever these run any serious risk of punishment at the hands of the Judges for corruption; wherever the Judges are indifferent to the Parliamentarians and are not connected with their body, nor nominated by them, nor of one set with them—there the Parliament is not sovereign. Possession of the Courts is the test of sovereignty. It was the breaking away of the Judiciary that gave the chief sign of decadence in the sovereignty of the British kings.

Lastly, you have, in the case of the United States, a peculiar feature, a reflection of the spirit of local autonomy; it is this—that Federal rights are at the base of all. The Senate is the chief expression of this spirit, and in it you have the negation of a numerical, mechanical, representative machine.

It is no wonder that under such limitations the Par-
liamentarians of that great Commonwealth should play so small a part. To compare them to the English House of Commons is to compare names instead of things. It was not the individual representative Body compared with all other forms of authority within it would be a sufficient answer to those who present it as an objection to the decline of the Parliamentary Institution here.

There remains what is the only really important objection—because Europe alone really concerns us or our future—and that is the Constitution of the Parliamentary Institution upon the Continent, where it arose in imitation of the French, and mainly depends upon the fortunes of the French experiment.

We cannot understand the French, nor the consequent European, Parliamentary experiment, now at its last and most perilous phase, without first tracing its history. That done we can note its limitations and the contrast it presents to the aristocratic British tradition of a sovereign House of Commons.

In Europe, then, a hundred and fifty years ago, the French Monarchy—an exact counterpart to the old English House of Commons, for it was a very mirror of the national temper—was manifestly failing. One might say that it had committed suicide and, though not dead, was bleeding to death at its own hands. The national consultative deputation (called in France the States General, and consisting of Clergy, Commons, and Nobles) was summoned.

Made as it was for crises, it had not been summoned for a century, but the crisis was imperative and summoned it now was. Vast reforms, strongly demanded by the popular temper, and potential revolution—that is, the difference between what was in society and what was desired—broke down barriers, led to something of a chaos, and put into the hands of this consultative body—the States General—a greater and greater executive power.

It had been elected in a very wide fashion. It could claim, as it had before claimed in similar moments of crisis, to speak for the nation. As there was recall-etratice in the least popular, the most privileged, and the most narrowly elected parts of it, these broke down, and the Commons (with those who joined them from the other two orders) became supreme for the moment and for the storm the monarchy disappeared—(that disappearance was an awful catastrophe for its own country and for Europe, but an unavoidable one)—and the ship of the State, plunging and in peril of total shipwreck, had but one hand left to guide it, this remaining assembly.

At the same time, with the break-down of the monarch an essentially Egalitarian people, whose directing executive power was formed by the popular temper, and potential revolution—"that is, the difference between what was in society and what was desired"—broke down barriers, led to something of a chaos, and put into the hands of this consultative body—the States General—a greater and greater executive power.

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neglected by, the Courts of Justice. (II) Secondly, in proportion to its attempt at power, the Parliament was either hated or despised.

In France—the leader of Continental thought and experiment—that issue was very soon decided. It was clear that the nation detested Parliament, and Parliament gave up the attempt at control. The magistracy, the army, the University, the Church, became great bodies in the State, each more respectable and more respected than the body which, by a mechanical fiction, pretended that it stood for the nation. Every other country, according to its varied genius, dealt with the problem in its own way, one by preferring the army or the crown as its true instrument, another by dependence upon local custom, a third by federalism. Nowhere did the fiction of deputies, nominally chosen by the people and really by a caucus, nominally recruited by popular vote and really by themselves, become real. Nor anywhere did the false plant take root.

In France there was revolt upon revolt against it in spite of its limited power. The revolt only stopped short of success upon three occasions because the national determination to avoid chaos in the presence of a conquering enemy was so strong. But it is impossible to exaggerate the violence or the profundity of the contempt which French people of every sort felt and feel for the claims, let alone the partial power, of the Parliamentary oligarchy imposed upon them by the misuse of the constitution of 1875.

Meanwhile, as time went on, relying upon this popular feeling the magistracy in particular, and to a less extent the army, became more and more independent of the Chamber of Deputies. The Church became completely independent and the University independent in a degree puzzling to English observers of the French experiment. For in England—at least until quite lately—the House of Commons and the Judiciary were all one social body recruited from and closely linked with the Universities.

The fact that Parliament was, in practice, not a deputation at all, but a clique—a thing suspected by wise men and its origins clearly apparent to all after a generation of experiment—was at last taken for granted by the whole French people. And to-day in that radiating centre which is also the focus of the European mind, you may see the pretence judged with such severity and such finality that it leaves no doubt as to its extinction. Nor does anything prevent its physical disappearance save the profound religious feeling which cleaves the nation and the absence for the moment of any positive supplanter. But that supplanter must inevitably come.

Meanwhile the nation lives by and through its great independent bodies, particularly the Judiciary and the Army: either of which organs are always ready to deal faithfully with a Parliamentary exceeding in corruption and to support national feeling against the professional politicians.

I do not mean that the Parliamentarians have no power in this democratic country. Far from it. They have and exercise a measure of power which is also the cause of the public contempt and hatred of them. Here, as elsewhere, they blackmail, they use their influence to cause false arrests and false judgments, especially if the trial is long. Morally, it is dead. Nor does anything prevent its physical disappearance save the profound religious feeling which cleaves the nation and the absence for the moment of any positive supplanter. But that supplanter must inevitably come.

But what I mean is that their system does not dominate the State. A particular magistrate may help a particular Parliamentarian in some dirty trick, but the Parliamentarians do not control the great departments of State. If one looks at the odds against them. They become amenable to the criminal law, and, above all, the Courts do not prevent the publication of their actions in the public Press. This is an exceedingly important point, for the full exposition of the Parliamentary system which takes place in the Press of a democratic country is at the present moment the chief factor in the breakdown of the Parliamentary system, and I think we may safely say that when a similar freedom is accorded to criticism and exposure in this country (it is already beginning) the same consequences will follow.

I have given, in this section, at what may seem too great a length, a rough suggestion of the pitiable condition into which the institution has fallen abroad. My subject is the far more grave and serious decline in this country, to which Parliament is native, of which the House of Commons was for so long the great and secure national organ, and in which, as an aristocratic thing, it played the same part as did for a century the rival Capetian monarchy in France.

But it was necessary to deal in a sort of digression with the deadlock into which the hypocritical attempt to reconcile Parliaments with democracy has fallen upon the Continent, in order to refute what is often called the "newspaper objection" that Parliaments and democracy are reconcilable, because they are still to be discovered in the modern democratic countries of Europe. They are so to be discovered; but increasingly unstable and remote from the national life. They do not fit in with the temper of modern men. Mr. Cram would have small factories for weaving, but in other respects the factory system is to be abolished. In Beaulieu steam is not to be admitted, but electricity, hydraulically generated, is to furnish the motive power of industry. Generally speaking, however, hand power is to supersede machine production. Mr. Cram deals with the problems of industrial organisation and formation of the crafts, of education, of civic functions and the arts, and on these he has many wise things to say. He paints a fascinating picture of life as it might be:

All society is organised under the guild system, and every man must be a registered member of one guild or another. The farm of the large States is usually it is to this that those citizens belong who are officials or professional men. Then there are guilds of metal-workers of all kinds, cloth-makers, building-artists, etc. . . . In the walled town the division between Capital and Labour does not and cannot exist, since production is for use and not for profit, since competition is impossible under the guild system, and since no adver-

* A very striking instance, the Insurance Act; as unpopular in France as in England: but in France destroyed by the Judges, who supported the citizens in their refusal to accept that Capitalist Imposition.

tising is permitted beyond a signboard (and they are sometimes most notable works of art, these painted and gilded and carven signs). One of the fundamental points in the town charters is the definite prohibition of "uncontrolled increase or decay may not be taken or paid for, nor used, except for the use of money except within each guild, and here only under what are practically emergency conditions, the rate of interest never exceeding three per cent.

The guild society of the walled towns, Mr. Cram tells us, is to rest on a basis of monasticism, though the word monasticism is misleading, for celibacy is not a condition of sharing in the monastic life. What Mr. Cram appears to desire to restore is the communal life of the past and as it still exists in various places on the Continent, and so well described in Kropotkin's "Mutual Aid." He appears to construe such a life monastic in order that it may not be confused with the "communistic" life of the "Shakers, the Concord enthusiasts and their ilk." Mr. Cram gives a chart comparing the curves of civilization and monasticism which is interesting. But it is, perhaps, the idea of renunciation that prompts him to call his communalism monasticism, for to Mr. Cram the salvation of society is dependent upon an act of renunciation. We must renounce our industrial civilization:

As long ago, when the world became too gross or the terror of its downfall too ominous, cell and hermitage, grew up now here, now there, in secluded valleys, on inaccessible mountains, in the barren and forgotten wilderness; as the solitary drew around him first a handful, then a horde; as the damp cave or walled hut gave way to multiudios buildings and spacious cloisters and the tall towers of enormous churches; so now, when time has come full circle again, it is all to be done over once more, though after a different fashion.

Men have despaired of redeeming a crumbling or recalcitrant world, and have gone out into the desert for the saving of their own souls, and lo! the world followed and by them was saved. From each centre of righteousness and beauty and salvation radiated circle after circle of ever-widening influence; the desert and the waste became orchard and garden; the ribald and the lawless and the insolent come knocking at the gates; soldier and brave and king humbled their heads before tonsured monks and mitred abbots. They spread the increasing circles, until they touched, merged—and the wonder was accomplished; ill had come to an end and good had come into being.

The walled towns, now when the need is clamorous again. Evil imperial in scale cannot be blotted out by the walled towns, now when the need is clamorous again. Evil imperial in scale cannot be blotted out by any except the most generalised issues, the short six months it takes to get any book published, even on the most urgent matters, the apparent impossibility of ever getting ahead of the event, I often incline to the thought that it may follow Bolshevism, the form which the reaction against it may take. For the great need is a change in the heart and mind of man. The guild propaganda is changing the mind, but there is yet no change of heart. Perhaps that can only follow suffering. If so, Mr. Cram is right.

A. J. Penty.

Music.

By William Atheling.

We may add Douglas Marshall to our brief list of enjoyable singers. He has a pleasing manner and is to be heard with some respect. On January 27 (Æolian) he gave the best presentation of Poldowski's songs I have yet heard. There is much excellent accompaniment of "Circumspetion." In "Dans une Musette" the composer employs the modern French method with no inconsiderable technique, though the thing is not quite finished, and the singer exaggerated "des cris," etc., in the middle of it. There is excellent melodic accomodation of the words and verbal quality in the first half of "Fantoches." There are good spots in the accompaniment of "Impression Fausse." "Spleen" begins with sentimentalism and ends with a yell. The best of the recital was the Bassani; the singer gargled a little over "sguardo," but the "Che dolente," etc., and the "E, ad alto," etc., were delightfully sung, also the Minuet. One is grateful for someone who will sing music of this quality and who can sing it.

There is not much to be said for Louis Aubert as a composer if the four songs by him were illustrative. The first was a bore, the second showed no compositorial intelligence—tenuous Debussyism and no recommendable features. The songs with accompaniments reconstructed from Dowland's lute tablature were of uneven merit. The first was included presumably out of respect to the period, the second had the aroma in the third the singer shifted words like "Care" and "Pain" without much altering the sense of the poem. "Rest Awhile" was sung rather too slowly. "Wilt thou unkind" is well written, and "Away with these self-loving lads" is billed for an encore every time. So also the extra Dowland given as the second encore.

Mr. Marshall should count on very solid support if he will go on giving us Bel Canto and Dowland. We suppose Aubert is a personal friend of the singer's, and in gratitude for the Bassani we should perhaps be willing to waive the matter.

Jessie Snow (Queen's Hall, January 22) was preceded by the London Symphony Orchestra, which discouraged a light and not unpleasing description of "Fippa Passes" by Hamilton Harty. Mr. Harty had got the general date of Pippa; the music can in no sense be called creative. Wieniawski, rather like Harty, but more florid, provided the score for Miss Snow's stilt-arm violining. She has no very remarkable sense of rhythm, and one fled at the first pause in the music.

Arriving at the Æolian, one found Miss Gwennhilda Birkett playing a girdled cello with even tone, with a fine time sense, and no mess whatsoever. She put a vitality into Grieg that one does not habitually associate with that composer. She had even galvanised her conductor if the four songs by him were illustrative. The best of the recital was the Bassani; the singer gargled a little over "sguardo," but the "Che dolente," etc., and the "E, ad alto," etc., were delightfully sung, also the Minuet. One is grateful for someone who will sing music of this quality and who can sing it.

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pressed in rather copy-book style; but for all that it is of interest that the performer, this performer, any performer, should give the public evidence of being just this much more than a reciter of other men's themes when the performer can do so. One hopes that Miss Birkett will have composed another item and that she will play it at her next recital. In her third number she attempted to be accompanied by both piano and organ simultaneously. By some utterly unforeseen and probably unrepeatable miracle these two instruments were mutually in tune, but the effect was rather that of a stunt.

The concert was shared with Mr. Hubert Eisdell: attar of roses and Twickenham—oh, very, very Twickenham manner. Even more so than Mr. Ivor Foster. Pale, saccharescent, lily pronounced "lee," playful Vaughan Williams on Stevenson (great success with the audience). Jacound pronounced "julk-und." Sort of singing called English" by hostile nation.

LADDA, the Russian art society, burst upon a Beardsleyised world at the Wigmore, dance and song, organ simultaneously. By some utterly unforeseen and probably unrepeatable miracle these two instruments were mutually in tune, but the effect was rather that of a stunt.

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THE UKRAINIAN NATIONAL CHOIR (Queen’s Hall, February 3) gave us the best part-singing I have heard in London. It is like a huge organ with human pipes, and upon it Alexander Koshitz plays with incomparable skill. Technically there seems nothing it cannot perform, and perform with all the subtleties of graduation and of approach and recession. The music of the Ukraine, as exhibited at the Tuesday recital, was not, however, of very great interest either rhythmically or thematically. "Saint Barbara" was just the same old hymn-tune germane to all countries whose music has been watered by Churchianity. Our “Lady of Potchay” was the real thing, and the fine solo voice magnificent. The trail of the church was over “Guardian Angel.” So also with the Xmas Carols.

We suppose the Gladstonian policy has impressed these Ukrainian and that they think it necessary to prove conformity religio-sentimental modalities and Moody and Sankey inventions. Even the find "God Save the King" was hardly a musical anti-climax—all of which simply means that an incomparable instrument and a vast amount of performing energy are being more or less wasted. Given better subject-matter this choir would be one of the delights of the world. Their present repertoire is perhaps only one more of the crimes of the nationalist fallacy. We suppose they must sing Ukrainian music, that is to say, commission a "choir," but the sooner they internationalise the better we shall be, musically, pleased. No praise is too high for their actual singing.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

ANY performance of "Hamlet" is worth an article, and I devote this article to Sir Frank Benson's production of it at the St. Martin's Theatre. Sir Frank Benson's failure to give any intelligible idea of the part and the play is of more significance than that of Mr. Martin Harvey, precisely because he has specialised in Shakespeare. I begin to sympathise with the commonly expressed opinion of playgoers that they cannot make head or tail of "Hamlet"; I have seen so many Hamlets myself, but only one who had any understanding of the character, and the skill to make his conception clear to the audience. But even the late H. B. Irving, although he could play Hamlet, did not produce the play; "Hamlet"; his own virtuosity in the expression of morbid psychology was not effectively contrasted with, supported by, re-acted to, by the rest of the company. Hamlet, it cannot too often be said, is not a sympathetic figure; he punishes everybody, alienates everybody, in the play by the apparent perversity of his behaviour. Polonius says to his mother at the beginning of the closet scene:

Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him.

The whole of the external drama of the play, up to the end of the play-scene, turns on that apparent perversity of Hamlet's behaviour; Hamlet is not only "odd man out" of everything in the court, he is, so far as he dare be, a spoilsport, a plotter against the tranquillity of others, a wrecker of other people's happiness, a subtle but stinging insulter of the dignity of others. He puts "an antic disposition on," he is so determinedly singular that first Polonius, and then Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, attempt to find out the cause of his distemper; he is surrounded, with the best of intentions, by a set of friendly observers whom he1

1. The text here is incomplete and difficult to parse, possibly due to a transcription error.

...and regarded as a threat.
He does not attempt to attach anyone to his cause; he rejects all overtures of friendship or inquiry, his very companions on the battlements he only swears to secrecy; and to support of and allegiance to his purpose. The only person for whom he shows any respect or affection is his mother; and even her he flouts in the play-scene by his ostentatious preference for the girl he had discarded with contumely not twenty-four hours before. In the closet-scene, too, after he has expended the heat of his reproach, he subsides into a most lasciviously expressed mood of affection for his mother, and from that into an unfeeling and terrible alertness to the danger that he has brought upon himself. Hamlet is a man of violent passions, and a peculiarly supple mind that is obsessed by what looks like a mania of persecution; his very clarity of intelligence is paranoiac, and his flights of poetry end in suspicious observation.

All this is clear enough in the text; the difficulty is to get it on the stage, particularly in face of the tradition of Hamlet as poet, philosopher, anything as he is portrayed in the actual playing. Shakespeare's supreme merit as a playwright is that his text is explicit concerning his characters; one has only to read the play to find the answer to every ques-
tion that actor or audience could ask. It is absurd to play the King, for example, as the formal speech-maker that we usually see; he can make formal speeches, but this apparent madness of Hamlet, that “transformation, so I call it, since not the exterior nor the inward man resembles that it was” touches him to the quick. There is nothing very animus that he has as he turns Hamlet at first; on the contrary, he is ostentatiously gracious towards him, and is quite genuinely puzzled to know why Hamlet will not accept his position of “our chieuest courtier, cousin, and our son.”

What it should be

More than his father’s death, that thus hath put him
So much from the understanding of himself,
I cannot dream of.

So he says to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern; and when, in the same scene, Polonius declares that he has “found the very cause of Hamlet’s lunacy,” he replies: “O, speak of that; that do I long to hear.” The man is keen to know; so far, nothing has happened to make him fearful of his own safety, it is simply Hamlet’s per

versity, his deliberate affronts to the King, and repulsion of his friendly overtures, that offends his dignity—but he is genuinely concerned to find the cause, in the hope of also finding the cure, of Hamlet’s lunacy, because he wants a friend, a real friend, and a pleasant home life.

But this has got to be shown in performance; “Hamlet” cannot be walked through, it must be played, and played in every line—but I have never yet seen a pro

duction of “Hamlet” which had the symphonic intellig

cence of the text. It is a most intensely human play, vital in every detail of it; and we are foiled off with recitation, bits of “business,” anything except the drama of character that is “Hamlet.” The actors know their lines, but never seem to know the play; and whoever Mr. Harold V. Neilson may be (he presents Sir Frank Benson at the St. Martin’s), he seems to have no clear idea of what “Hamlet” is about, or how to produce it. Sir Frank Benson is a hopeless Hamlet; his peculiar ideas of elocution, his lack of emotional facility or of the technique of bodily expression of his emotions (he is as fond of strolling about the stage as is Martin Harvey), everything disqualifies him for the part. He has played too much in the provinces, where everything is left to the imagination; and the actor’s art is no more than posturing and vapouring, without any regard for the sense, the character, of the play. The whole condemnation of Sir Frank Benson’s Hamlet can be found in Hamlet’s advice to the players—and I can think of no severer condemnation than that. Sir Frank does everything that Hamlet says he ought not to do. “Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue”; Sir Frank’s vowels are as unending as the run of “Chu Chin Chow.” He certainly does not “saw the air too much with his hand”; but his power of gesture leads him unable to “suit the action to the word, the word to the action.” He cannot get that left hand of his away from the hilt of his sword or dirk. Hamlet’s advice that the actors should “speak no more than is set down for you,” you,” is a part of that.

But if I may sum up Mr. Lang’s Othello in a word, it is a good but not a great performance. There is a quality in Othello that Mr. Lang does not reveal; “he was great of heart,” said Cassio in a revealing phrase. How to reveal that is a matter of technique with which I shall deal in a moment; “the cause of this defect,” as Polonius would say, is to be sought in the fact that Mr. Lang has, very unwisely, produced the play himself. It is impossible for him to see his own response to Iago, and to judge whether it fully expresses his idea. I can tell him at once that it does not; he works too hardly for proportionately little effect. Those scenes with Iago have the technique of the bull-fight, with Iago as banderillo planting dart after dart in an amiable Alinay. I shall be too pleased. Horatio is not so grateful a part; these obvious “feeders” give little scope, and Horatio’s moods, too, are indicated only by Hamlet’s speeches to him. Perhaps Horatio expected Hamlet to keep his word, and to “requite his love”; certainly, Hamlet was lavish of protestation, and in the speech before the play-scene, seemed to anticipate a possible reproach of tardiness by a renewal of protestation. While, after the churchyard scene, Hamlet had to urge his proofs of the King’s villainy upon an obviously reluctant Horatio, one who no longer assumed that his friend was necessarily in the right. Mr. Randall made that growing aloofness of Horatio clear; and if he were not satisfactory in the first scene with the Ghost, if he did not seem bowed “with fear and wonder,” we must set against his preliminary un

certainty his development of the character. Perhaps it would be kinder to say of the others that they did not know what in a manner that expressed quite clearly their states of mind.

But if “Hamlet” demands intellectual gifts of the first order, “Othello” requires physical powers no less pre

eminent. Even a breath-taking performance from a good one, I verily believe, is dangerous to the life of the actor—and that belief makes me very dis

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hope of saving himself; with the result that he gets neither the under nor the over-tones of his voice to lend their force and suggestion to his elocution. It is the open larynx, the full throat, that he must use to get that swelling effect with its threatening under-tone that alone can electrify an audience. It is useless, I know, to tell him to go and see Asquith and study his voice-production. Mr. Carrington speaks and remains unconvinced by it because of divided duty: for all the world as though she were flagellating the brains of school-children into laughter unaffectedly at Othello's epilepsy, kicks him instead of suppressing, the full magnificence of fury to which the man is roused.

So much for his voice; but there is an equally grievous lapse in stage-craft after he has nearly strangled Iago. Mr. Lang draws his dagger on him, and horrified by his own vehemence, strides away to regain a little self-control. But he must be back in time for "honest Iago" to thrust his honesty in Othello's face again, to confront him with the resignation of his office. That resignation is one of the cleverest moves in all Iago's plotting, it reveals the skill with which he is making Desdemona dance to his tune; and Othello must hear it, face it, succumb to it. It would be better, too, if the symbol of office were a sash; at such a moment of decision, it is annoying to see Iago un buckling a sword and talking apparently to himself. While I am talking of detail, I may mention a mannerism that is not confined to Mr. Lang, but afflicts more than one of his company—that provincial mannerism of trying to secure emphasis by prolonging a word, and saying, as Mr. Lang does (to give one example) "that—dem—me—devil!" Language that is so passionately emphatic as is the text of Othello needs no exaggerated emphasis by breach of rhythm; Desdemona breaks her first (and not only her first) line in two: "I do perceive here a—di—vid—ed duty!" for all the world as though she were flagellating the brains of school-children into attention.

It speaks volumes for the power of a performance that it should focus so much attention even on its defects; it is obviously an intelligible rendering that reveals the ideal, at which it aims, that provides its own standard of criticism. There are mises en scène in it that are perfectly acted; the epileptic fits (I was glad to see, at the second performance, that Mr. Lang did not repeat them in detail) were rendered with astonishing skill, so also was the dying scene. Indeed, so far as the physical art of acting was concerned, Mr. Lang did not spare himself, nor fall short in technical expression. Mr. Arthur Bourchier's Iago one can understand, and argue about, and admire for its consistency of characterisation—and remain unconvinced by it because of a certain stiffness of manner, particularly in his soliloquies. That, to adapt the old phrase, "evil is wrought by too much thought as well as want of heart" is made plainly visible by Mr. Bourchier; his Iago delights in the exercise of his wits, delights too even in purposeless cruelty (such as catching flies, and pulling them to pieces), is not even satisfied with stealing the handkerchief from his wife by a trick, but must flaut it in her face and tease her with his victory. He laughs unaffectedly at Othello's epilepsy, kicks him contemptuously as he lies writhing; and his vow of silence at the end seemed to show, as Mr. Bourchier played it, that the collapse of all his plans had opened his eyes to the fact that more than cleverness; something like fair play, is necessary even for success.

Miss Hilda Bayley has hardly realised the possibilities of Shakespeare's Desdemona. There is a mix in her moathing, a shrew in her protesting; of gentle Desdemona, the woman so full of grace and virtue that Shakespeare had to raise her from the dead to add one last touch of perfection. Miss Bayley is, perhaps, too young to give us a study. She relies too obviously on her beauty of person, on an affected elocution, and a few stage-tricks (such as the last stretching-out of the arms to Othello before she sinks back on her pillow), to realise that grace and beauty require not only her first (and several others') had to leave The New Age because he was manoeuvred out or slandered out." I said that this was not only improbable on the face of it, but, in fact, untrue; whereupon Mr. W. L. George now replies to me in melodramatic italics in the "World" that he "asserts" that "following on our publication, not only I, but various other writers, were 'put through it' in the columns of the old clique that chooses to call itself the New Age." Though, as will be seen by anybody but Mr. W. L. George, this is a totally different statement from his last, which suggested "putting through it," occurred in Mr. Lang's production is the most considerable that I have seen for many years, and is worthy of the popularity that, I think, it will achieve.

Readers and Writers.

It is, perhaps, a waste of time to attempt to continue a controversy with a writer who cannot even remember what he himself has said. My readers know that the point I took against Mr. W. L. George was his statement that "he [" and several others"] had to leave The New Age because he was manoeuvred out or slandered out." I said that this was not only improbable on the face of it, but, in fact, untrue; whereupon Mr. W. L. George now replies to me in melodramatic italics in the "World" that he "asserts" that "following on our publication, not only I, but various other writers, were 'put through it' in the columns of the old clique that chooses to call itself the New Age." Though, as will be seen by anybody but Mr. W. L. George, this is a totally different statement from his last, which suggested "putting through it," occurred in Mr. Lang's production is the most considerable that I have seen for many years, and is worthy of the popularity that, I think, it will achieve.

Major C. H. Douglas' "Economic Democracy," mainly reprinted from the serial text published in The New Age, has now appeared in book-form (Cecil Palmer; 5s. net). I have no doubt that the book will sell—slowly at first in this country, and quickly at first in America, and afterwards in the reverse proportion; and I have as little doubt that in the end, it will mark a milestone on the road. "National Guilds," it is probably forgotten, first appeared serially in these columns. When it was published in book-form I wrote of it that it would make history. Well, has it made history? Even more certainly I affirm that Major Douglas' "Economic Democracy" will make history. It has lit a discussion that will never be put out.

It is a little unusual, even for The New Age, to have no fewer than five books reprinted from its pages in the course of a single moon. That, however, has occurred within the last few weeks. There was Mary
Moreover, the circulation itself showed signs of our weekly income to the level of our weekly expenditure. Readers in particular, our direct and hence less costly failure of the circulation to increase at the rate of a penny to the ordinary circulation had brought up our unfortunate career, in the way of paying our expenses. Thanks to the flattering response of my readers, I reply—unless it is always to be the personal devotion as opposed to the private ownership! This pleasant dream, however, failed to be realised in the Editorial feature. The cost of producing The New Age went up, has gone up, and may be about to rise again; but the circulation has ceased to increase rapidly, has begun to increase only very slowly, and may be about to cease to increase altogether. In other words, expenditure is beating incompetence more; and once again we are in a difficulty to know what to do. It is as well that I have an excellent temper; we are, indeed, fortunately all serene. Otherwise I might on behalf of the good cause very gently reproach some of our readers for their neglect to carry out the duties of the only staff The New Age possesses—its readers. Other journals with even more faults than The New Age abound in circulation; their readers see to it without invitation. The New Age, without a friend in the Press or in Parliament or in the Pulpit, appears sometimes to be also without friends amongst its readers. I do believe that they wish we were dead!

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R. H. C.

**Psycho-Egyptology.**

II.

Petrie points out how during the first Millennium B.C. there appears in all lands a change in religious outlook or, rather, the introduction of a new outlook which met with very varying response. Pianky in Egypt, Hasiod in Greece, Isaiah, Ezekiel, and later still, Buddha and Jesus, all preached Individualism, with personal devotion as opposed to a public worship. From my present point of view this should represent the beginning of some functional change in the Ego. As bearing on the inseparability of inner from outer changes, it is interesting to note that Petrie connects this movement with the abandonment of common field culture and the beginning of private ownership! This is a curious parallel to find drawn merely "on inspection" (so to speak) of the evidence—for one of the names of the higher Ego is "the owner of the field." One of the very obvious symbolisms has, I think, been quite unobserved, I mean the Uraeus on the forehead. Anyone who has any knowledge of the nonphysical organs of man is aware that there is one of considerable importance in the middle of the forehead, and the curious differences to be seen in the forms

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Beaton and Mary—. No, there were two volumes of poems, one by Miss Ruth Pitter and the other by Mr. J. A. M. Abbeok; and three volumes of prose—" London Venture" by Michael Arlen, the look already mentioned by Major C. H. Douglas, and the sequel to " National Guilds " entitled " National Guilds and the State," by Mr. S. G. Hobson (Bell; 1.2s. 6d. net). I am not good at instantaneous arithmetic; but it occurs to me that at the rate of reprinting works from The New Age our subscribers will be saving a lot of money. The total published price of the five works just named cannot be much less than twenty-five or thirty shillings, and they are, of course, only a fraction of the volume of volumes of The New Age in which they appeared serially. A volume of The New Age costs a direct subscriber—what is the amount?—fourteen shillings. Make it two volumes: twenty-eight shillings. Books valued at that amount included with material not yet valued—I cannot but think that, even commercially, a subscription to The New Age is an economy of expenditure.

Very penetrating readers may have surmised that I am blowing up the trumpet for something, and I will delay no longer in announcing what it is. There must be an improvement in the New Age! The "Spectator," I observe, has raised its price from sixpence to ninepence; the "New Witness" recently took the long jump of raising its price to a shilling. The New Age, as our readers have no doubt observed, was contented to make trial with the increase to sevensence; and only the "Nation," the "New Statesman," the "Saturday Review," and the "Outlook," subsidised journals all of them, I believe, are now published at the pre-war price of sixpence. And how long they can continue is doubtful. It is not as if the prospects were bright for a general decline in prices. The "Spectator," relying upon Mr. Lloyd George's prophecy that prices would be down twenty-five per cent. by the New Year, has hung on to sixpence until this moment. Relying upon even worse prophets (I suppose), the "Nation," etc., live in hope that prices will come down like a thief in the night or like a wolf on the fold—I mean to say, quite suddenly and without preliminary warning—and are slowly bleeding to death at sixpence in the meanwhile. The New Age, on the contrary, has never had any faith that prices were about to fall; and if they could possibly fall without the foreknowledge of our economic experts. And these latter, as we know, have been consistently gloomy, and, I gather, still are. It was, therefore, in the full expectation that prices would go on rising that the price of The New Age was raised to sevensence; and I may say at once that we do not regret having taken that step.

Then, what is the trouble? it may be asked. If we were seised of everything before the price of The New Age was raised to sevensence, what disappointment could have occurred? None that was foreseeable at that moment, I reply—unless it is always to be the fate of The New Age to collapse on the brink of success. The cause of our present difficulty is the failure of the circulation to increase at the rate promised by the circumstances of some months ago. We were then, as I told my readers, for the first time in our unfortunate career, in the way of paying our expenses. Thanks to the flattering response of my readers in particular, our direct and hence less costly subscribers had multiplied in number; and the addition of a penny to the ordinary circulation had brought up our weekly income to the level of our weekly expenditure. Moreover, the circulation itself showed signs of growing. The circulation had only to grow as fast as the cost of producing the journal to keep us on a level for as long as prices should continue to rise; and after they had begun to decline (if ever they should), The New Age would actually be able to begin to pay off its debts! This pleasant dream, however, failed to be realised in the Editorial feature. The cost of producing The New Age went up, has gone up, and may be about to rise again; but the circulation has ceased to increase rapidly, has begun to increase only very slowly, and may be about to cease to increase altogether. In other words, expenditure is beating incompetence more; and once again we are in a difficulty to know what to do. It is as well that I have an excellent temper; we are, indeed, fortunately all serene. Otherwise I might on behalf of the good cause very gently reproach some of our readers for their neglect to carry out the duties of the only staff The New Age possesses—its readers. Other journals with even more faults than The New Age abound in circulation; their readers see to it without invitation. The New Age, without a friend in the Press or in Parliament or in the Pulpit, appears sometimes to be also without friends amongst its readers. I do believe that they wish we were dead!

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given to the uraei in Egyptian paintings naturally attract attention. There are portraits of Amenhotep III, one as a child, in which his uraeus is serpentine; another, as "a youth," in which it has a further curl. This seems very probably connected with an initiation at puberty. Another of them is a Ka incensation shown by a third picture, where he is sitting on the throne, in which his uraeus is communing with the uraeus-disc in the sky in front of him, while other uraei in the region of his cerebellum are apparently having the knowledge passed on to them. The portrait on his tomb shows other changes. These are figured in Petrie's "History." Khu en Aten's change of name seems also to have taken place soon after puberty, and here a great change in uraeus is marked. The acceptance of this view of the case will, of course, put quite a different complexion on all that happened, and such searchings as those of Petrie (Hist., Vol. II, p. 211) as to the exact cause of the revolution will be unnecessary. In fact, the data will all fall into line. By accepting this view the usual Historical line of causality will not be interfered with, for they are but two different expressions of the same underlying idea. For example, it would be quite possible to write a psychological history of the present time, which would look quite different from the normal history of events, but would really be dealing with the same data.

Another subject of great interest is the many styles of names which were possible for a king. The most interesting, because the most comprehensible, is the Ka name, which pictures show is the name of a part of his make-up which exists before birth. My impression is that all the other names apply to similar divisions of his non-material anatomy. I have no clear ideas as to what they represent, but would mention that the "nub" is pretty clearly meant to represent the collar and shoulders of a man, so that the Horus, or other symbol, placed on it, might well represent the condition of the pharyngeal chacram. In fact, the nub, according as Horus or Set is above it, would differ in meaning, as does the 5-pointed star, according to whether one or two points are uppermost.

It is very noticeable how a type of Horus name runs through a series of kings, as, for example, in the 6th to 11th dynasties. In this case, it is also very remarkable that the new type actually began with the last king of the 5th dynasty, and that there was a link between the two.

And the same is, I think, observable in other cases. There also seems to be a sort of sequence in the designations, but this is not clear, and we are, of course, much hampered by ignorance of what the components of these names, such as hotep, pehti, etc., mean; for, clearly, the accepted translations are not right.

It is also noticeable that in the early days Ka names are never repeated, though very similar names do occur.

Also, there are few, if any, real examples in the early days, of kings with more than one Ka name. In the 18th dynasty, with its great religious energy, all this is changed. An increasing number of Ka names became for a while the rule, and among these there appear some which have occurred before. I am strongly of the belief that this represented what may be called "multiple incarnations," which, from the point of view that I employ, is by no means an impossible condition.

On the other hand, there seem to be not a few Ka names which have occurred before as nub or Nekhebit-Uatchit names, though I do not think that the contrary is found. I am by no means sure of this, as I had not got beyond looking at some supporting evidence which appeared a probable guess. Not that much material is available in Budge's "Book of Kings," it would be an interesting subject to follow. If these views be in general right, they explain many of the things which are a puzzle in Egyptology, and may prove better reasons for some occurrences than those usually given.

For example, the change of dynasty, frequently, I believe, so-called because the seat of "government" was changed, will merely mean that the last king of the earlier dynasty had accomplished something which entailed such a change.

It was a series of tremendous detail, and the slapdash methods which have usually been adopted cannot succeed. So far from it being possible to alter a letter for the improvement of sense, the very position which the letter occupies in the general inscription and picture is of importance, so even then the column in which it is painted. Also, the "obvious" is seldom right. For example, Maneso said that the Hyksos were so called from hyk, which was good Egyptian for king, and sos, which was vulgar Egyptian for flocks. That was not the way things were done then. Such barbarous journalese methods were not known in those days. A statement such as this almost certainly covers something deeper, something which the writer did not wish to make too clear. What the true translation is I do not know, but it is to be noted that Pieter gives ser as meaning to breathe and Lords of Breath (Hathayogis) is thus made more intelligible. For example, it would be quite possible to write a psychological history of the present time, which would look quite different from the normal history of events, but would really be dealing with the same data.

No competent Egyptologist ever seems to expect to find more in the trivial in the pictures. They are, as, for example, a picture of Thothmes II having his hand licked by a Hathor cow. This is figured by Petrie in his History, and his remarks would lead one to think that Thothmes and Hatshepsut kept a kind of Petit Trianon. All the details of the picture suggest an event of considerable greatness, and even the inscriptions if read with some sympathy show the same. Behind him, as "fanbearer," stands the symbol of Life, and a very difficult inscription, of which the ordinary translation would probably be "Protection of Ha Ankef," etc., but the word "protection" is questionable. Budge gives Ha Ankef as the name of the "divine father" and also of the son of Neferhotep. This may have something to do with this picture, but the names are not spelled quite the same, which always suggests caution. The real translation, either in addition to the above, or in place of it, is too elaborate and controversial to touch on here. I leave it to those who are interested to apply the contents of my first article to its elucidation.

Above is written, "a portion of Amen-Ra gateway of eternity, giving life, etc.," while above the cow's tongue are the words, "Feel the power of the purification balm of the tongue," probably "spoken" by the Initiator, who is represented by the two eyes above. They even go out of their way in search of the obvious. For example, the change of dynasty, frequently, I suppose. But this was not the way things were done then. Such barbarous journalese methods were not known in those days.
believe, unknown to science, so the acceptance of this view will in any case have to be postponed.

The symbolic crowns are recognised by some psychics as belonging to Great Beings and are of course of psychological import. These Great Beings are non-human, somewhat thus, to use a musical diagram. If M is, say, a common chord (not the common chord of the Tenor C, nor the common chord of C, but any common chord), then other beings are other chords—or, more probably still, only single or double notes. The human body by its spinal cord (i.e., the Lat or the Yupa) is in touch with its "stops" or chacra with the lower worlds, while (probably by his head chakra) man is in contact with the upper worlds. The fact that he is man depends on the power which he has to link these two octaves. It is probable that his head should be a regular dodecahedron, and there is, I believe, quite an interesting opening here for the craniologists. The least reason I can give for this suggestion is that I seem to observe evidences of it around me. But there is some theoretical reason too. (I hope that those to whom the following paragraphs are mere imbecility will pass on and forget it.) The five-pointed star in a pentagon is the projection on a surface of the third regular figure in the series triangle, tetrahedron. It is bounded by five tetrahedra, regularly disposed "in hyperspace" round its centre. Five tetrahedra if regularly disposed round a centre in our space mark out the angles of a regular dodecahedron.

By accepting the idea, which to-day is very difficult to do, that religion is a real and not an imaginary thing, and that religious observations have a real reason behind the fatuous meanings which we have attached to them, we throw light on many of the difficulties of ritual and rite. The apparent differences which we put down to carelessness are not necessarily to be so explained, except, perhaps, in the days of decadence.

Though at first sight it may appear esoteric knowledge, yet it is only a cloak for ignorance, when the Egyptologists claim that the difference in the formula composing the different copies of the Book of the Dead are owing to the scribe having "merely put together a more or less full series of those formulae which attracted him." In the decadent days this may have been the case, but in those when the religion was a living thing they may equally well have been chosen with care for their appropriateness to the conditions in each case. Even the later insertions in some of the copies may not be due to the causes usually invoked, but may have their parallel in the present Beatitude of the dead in the Roman Church. So, too, the use of the temples was possibly more utilitarian than now supposed. There is much in the decorations to suggest that they were imitation lodges. If this were so the replacing of the names of the original builders by those of their successors may not have been mere fanaticism or hatred, but the necessary preparation of the lodge for a subsequent initiation of the same kind.

Even if much in these articles were wrong, there remains enough to show that the idea underlying them is right, and that Religion in past days was a much less imaginary thing than we now consider it to be. Practical religion was then more nearly akin to what we now call psychology than it was to mysticism, and those who at the present time are interested in such activities would do well to see what is already recorded on the subject. But they must remember that the superficial is seldom the true meaning, and that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and hence hold their hand before imposing their "methods of salvation" on the world until they have some appreciation of the real meaning of the things of which they talk.

M. B. Oxon.

Preparing for Passengers.

By Rowland Kenney.

We were a gang of navvies. There was Yorky from Wakefield who had just come out of jail after doing ten years for killing his wife. She interfered with one right which he had, and he killed her. He was put in jail to fix moonbeams in a whisky bottle which he had just emptied, and he took an axe to her. There was Clinker, who had not taken the precaution of killing his first and second wives before he married the third and was consequently always kept on the move, dodging the lot of them. Taffy was the gentleman of the gang. His father was a rich old farmer in some outlandish place with an unpronounceable name—somewhere up in the mountains above Aberystwyth. Taffy had been educated at Bangor College and "spoke correctly." He took to the road and the shovel after tripping up a policeman who was running him in for laying open another policeman's skull during a students' rag. And there then was I.

Clinker was in charge, and we were working at a heading in the Drew Railway Company's new tunnel under the Hampshire hills.

In tunnelling long distances under mountains the method is, or perhaps I had better say was, to sink shafts at regular intervals, and from the bottom of these, along the future track, to burrow from one shaft to the other, meeting midway; then when the tunnel was finished and the trains traversed it with their human freightage, the shafts were used as vents to let out the smoke from the engine stacks.

At the bottom of the number three shaft there was a widening, a huge cavern as big as a warehouse. From each end of the widening were the tunnels running to the two and four shafts. The end of the cul-de-sac—before the two approaching gangs met—was called the "heading," and we were at the one driving to number four.

From the shaft-foot ran a narrow gauge rail track right up to the heading face, and fitted to this were metal trucks, called skips, about sixty inches long by thirty wide, and probably three feet deep.

In the widening were about fifty men—miners, navvies, bricklayers, and labourers, all working at fever heat in the semi-darkness. The place never was really light; each man had a candle which he stuck in a piece of wet clay, or, if he happened to be skip-running, fixed on the back of the skip, and the only illumination came from these and from the miners' "ducks"—tin vessels like coffee-kettles, filled with oil and with a length of wick stuck down the spout.

Number three shaft was eight hundred feet deep. We had already driven one thousand feet from the shaft, and most of the thousand feet had been blown out; for nearly the whole of that infernal hill was solid rock, blue stone as it was called locally, a substance as hard as granite.

Clinker and Yorky fixed the props when necessary and did most of the drilling, while Taffy and I filled and ran the skips and helped with the blasting operations when there was not enough muck to keep us on the run.

Blasting was the devil; we hated it. We were forced to swallow some of the dust which rose in clouds from the screwing, whining drill, and, as the day wore on, our breathing became difficult; the overcharged lungs felt as if they must burst our chests. We spat a dark, slimy substance, and we tried to counteract the evil effects of this by nightly swallowing ourselves full of bad beer. But as bad as the dust was the compressed air we had to breathe—the best loved and the most hated thing in the tunnel; hated because we infinitely preferred the clear air above, and loved because it was infinitely better than the foul air below. Down the air we had to breathe, down the dust which was pouring in from the tunnel and the smoke from the engine stacks, we had to breathe. And when the sun went down, we had the foul air to breathe at night in the tunnel.

The air we had in the tunnel was hot and mazy. A hot, mazy, dirty, foul air. A hot, mazy, dirty, foul air which made one want to breathe the clean air of the mountains above, and made one want to breathe the cold, clear air of the mountains above where the sun was shining and the flowers were blooming and the birds were singing. Where the sun was shining and the flowers were blooming and the birds were singing.

In the tunnel we had to breathe this air. And when the sun went down, we had the foul air to breathe at night in the tunnel.
a length of asbestos was used at the headings, so that they could be twisted and moved as required.

When the holes had been drilled in the rock-face and the charges inserted—before the fuse was lit—we had to unscrew the asbestos section, place it and the wooden parts of all tools in a skip and push the skip back down the track, so as to be out of the way of damage from flying pieces of rock. Three or four holes would be charged at once, and as soon as the fuses were touched we raced back into the tunnel and stood behind, or in, the skips, or sometimes lay flat on the wet, rocky tunnel-bed, and waited for the explosions, carefully counting the number so as not to go back before the last shot had roared. Sometimes three out of four shots would go off nearly together; then we would wait for the last; seconds would pass, a minute, many minutes—still no sign; we would discuss the advisability of going back, trusting that the fuse had failed, and positively aching for a draught of the sickly sweet air piped under our feet.

All navvies love drink—if they are real navvies, and not warehousemen or others seeking blisters, thrills and new swear words; but to our never-ceasing astonishment we discovered, when working below, that there was one thing we loved better—fresh air.

When we got back to where the smoke was slowly circling, the struggling ducks stiffly flickered and then gave up the battle in despair, leaving us to gape in our way to darkness to the pipe end. After a period of cursing and stumbling over each other, and barking our fingers and shins, we would eventually fix the loose section and throw ourselves down to the vent, taking deep draughts of the horribly sweet stuff and feeling that life was again worth living.

Or again, a short fuse would burn too rapidly, and, instead of getting out of the range of the throw of stuff, we would only have time to run a few yards and throw ourselves flat on the ground, or take cover behind some rough projection of rock in the tunnel side before the roar sounded.

We were always in too great a hurry to be frightened on these occasions—though I remember the first time I was caught, the muscles of my legs seemed to get out of control, my knees jerked up and down and my feet knocked on the ground like drumsticks. But, strangely enough, I had no thought of fear, only wonder. My shelter was a small angle of stone, like the point of a blacksmith's anvil; it merely sheltered my waist for the moment, and positively aching for a draught of the sickly sweet air piped under our feet.

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pump at the shaft foot hissed time for the fighters' feet.
No other sound could be heard.

The sides of the cavern were dark and distant as revealed by the ghostly glimmer from the ducks. The shaft boy, a child of twelve, who on no account was allowed to leave the bottom of the shaft, was crouched on hands and knees trying to get a glimpse of the proceedings by peering between the legs of the men around the ring.
The thing that was to happen happened as soon as the bout commenced. Yorky stepped up evidently determined to finish Taffy off. Taffy gave a peculiar gurgle as he feinted with his right, and then—before anyone dreamed of it—he planted a terrific kick on Yorky’s knee, following it up with one on the skull as Yorky crashed to the ground.

Then Hell was loose.

Those navvies loved fighting, but it must be fair fighting; kicking was for mules. The cavern rang with their growls, and in two seconds a score of fists fell on the crouching form of Taffy, live shore fingers closed over his naked flesh, he was flung aloft as a boy flings a ball, and crashed to the earth a shapeless, grisly mass. They would have torn him to bits if Big Walt had not been there.

Clinker beckoned me to give him a hand as Big Walt, with shouts of “up tools and turn to,” shouldered the mob apart.

A number of the saner men took Taffy out and drenched him with water, whilst Clinker and I laid hands on the inanimate Taffy and carried him into Big Walt’s cabin—a small wooden shed in the corner of the widening, containing a few sacks, some tools, and a locked cupboard full of candles and explosives.

We laid Taffy on the bench, closed his eyes, covered his wrecked body with sacking, shut the door and waited silently for Big Walt, who came in a few minutes later.

After a brief glance at the thing on the bench Big Walt turned to Clinker and asked, as he nodded his head in my direction: “Is he safe?” And Clinker replied slowly: “Safe as iron.”

“How’s he” better get the fool’s clodder and bring it here,” said Big Walt, and I picked up a duck and went out to the heading. To the many queries as to “how the swine stuck,” I replied that he was “badly rattled but would tool again.”

When I returned to the cabin Big Walt was just shoving Taffy under the bench, whilst Clinker was sorting out a number of sacks and some thick twine. As soon as Clinker had finished his preparations he took the clothes from me and stuffed them with sacks, then, bracing the dummy together with twine, he laid it on the bench and covered it with more sacking.

It was then five o’clock and in an hour the working day would be over, so before the full crowd left the bottom the deputy Taffy was hurried up the shaft and taken to Big Walt’s hut where the gang lodged, and the next day it was given out that he had gone away during the night.

So much for the gang.

With navvies it is come day, go day, God send pay-day. A man is working in Scotland one day and in a month, maybe, in America, and the old country sees him never again; and navvies do not have inquisitive relatives to worry about them—unless, like Clinker, they have been extravagant in the matter of wives.

In Taffy’s case no one at number three knew much about him; none of his people knew any thing about number three, so I accepted the ruling of Big Walt and Clinker and at midnight the three of us were let down the shaft by the night watchman.

I had never been in the widening without the full gang before, and for the first time it struck me what an enormous hole it was. Our three ducks only intensified the dank and miserable gloom. According to the swing of the lamps the arched roof seemed to move and twist, one moment it was as far above us as the sky and the next it descended almost on our heads.

Big Walt insisted that we must search the widening and both headings to see that no one was watching us—a most preposterous idea.

After the search we spent some time in discussing the best place for a grave, and finally decided on a spot about twenty yards from the widening, in the three-fourth heading. At this point there had been a quantity of loose, shaley stuff; a bricklayer had built up a wall to a height of four feet and omitted to fill in the cavity behind as was customary in such cases.

There we tombed Taffy.

Whilst Clinker and I fetched the body, Big Walt mixed a quantity of cement and water to form a coffin.

It had not been difficult for Big Walt to squeeze the body under the bench whilst it was warm and pliable, but to get it out when it was hard and cold out the mortar were the only human sounds that could be heard; and somehow these sounds did not break the preternatural silence, they were apart from it, for it was as if there were two silences; one of them we could hear, the other could not be broken, not even by the unhuman sounds from outside, neither the pattering of water-drops, the squeal of a rat, nor the occasional fall of small stones.

The cramped body was exceedingly difficult to carry, it slipped and twisted in our hands; the clamminess peculiar to corpses produced uncanny sensations, and it was with grunts of relief that we laid our burden on the ground outside the wall.

Big Walt was already in the tomb spreading the mortar when we arrived, and in a couple of minutes we had hoisted Taffy up and dropped him with a splash into his cemented grave. As the booted feet and bent limbs followed the formless head over the edge of the wall I took a duck and rearranged the disordered stuff in the cabin.

“I’ll be a big rat as worries through that lot,” said Big Walt as he and Clinker set to work with shovels and hurriedly filled in the remainder of the mortar.

Then we went home to supper.

Views and Reviews.

THEATRICAL TRADE UNIONISM.

The February number of “The Actor” (the organ of the Actors’ Association) contains, among other articles of interest, an important article on “Future Policy,” by Mr. Henry Oscar. When we remember that the Actors’ Association is only one year old in Trade Unionism, that it has secured “recognition” from most managers for example, that the Actors’ Association will be the type of interest, an important article on “Future Policy,” has lost its first President, and is really thinking of the proper place in the theatre of the actor, we must recognise in the Actors’ Association a very lively body indeed. The future policy of such a body is important from more points of view than one; it is quite possible, for example, that the Actors’ Association will be the first Trade Union to assume complete control of its productive activity, and in that case, its future policy will have considerable influence on the policy of Trade Unionism in general. The value of example depends mainly on the value of the example; if the Actors’ Association is going to lead the way, the type of organisa-
tion to which it intends to proceed becomes of great importance; and I hope that Mr. Henry Oscar's article will receive the notice and criticism that it deserves.

For he proposes, first and foremost, a demand in conjunction with the allied arts for the establishment of a Ministry of Fine Arts, one section of which will deal with the theatre. In other words, Mr. Oscar proposes a diversion of the activity of the Actors' Association to politics. Its Council will have to go lobbying to find members in support of the idea; to send deputations to Ministers to enlist their support, to go electioneering and lecturing all over the country to obtain public support—and all for what? To put some "organising genius" like Sir Auckland Geddes in a position to create more officials, to spite even the Actors' Trade Union with the jawbone of an ass, and to reduce the Fine Arts to the status of a propaganda department. We know enough of what happened to the Press and the Wireless Chamberlain's license as a first condition of reform of Souls film is an indication of the uses to which dubious of the necessity of adding another head to the house agency business of the stage without breaking down.

An instance that Mr. Oscar quotes in support of his contention does not, to my mind, support it, but controverts it. He reminds us that "Mr. Ben Greet has organised companies to play Shakespeare to scholars as part of the school curriculum. During the last few months there have been almost daily performances of Shakespeare in all parts of London. The plays are given in the best theatre in the district . . . . and these performances are subsidised by the London County Council. . . . It is not a long step from the financing of companies to the financing of theatres." We may agree, but from the financing of theatres to the creation of a Ministry of Fine Arts; a department of the Treasury could do all the house agency business of the stage without breaking down. I take it that Mr. Ben Greet is working according to an individual contract; if the Actors' Association adopted a similar method of working, they would adopt the principle of "collective contract"; but there is a marked difference between the position of a contractor, individual or collective, and that of a Government servant. The contractor need not contract, the Government servant must do as he is told on penalty of losing his status as a Government servant. There is simply no reason why we should assume that a Ministry of Fine Arts would "recognise" the Actors' Trade Union, and work with it, any more reasonably than the Home Secretary worked with the policemen's Trade Union. Ministries do not behave after this fashion; nationalisation means that power passes from the industry to the permanent officials of the Ministry. I imagine Henry Ainley, for example, wanting to play Prospero, and being cast for Caliban, and having his complaint rejected because it was made to the wrong official, or on the wrong form—and you have a fair idea of what would happen to the theatre under a Ministry of Fine Arts.

The idea of subsidised performances is more in keeping with the nature of the actors' profession. But if the Actors' Association intends, as it does, to become a productive organisation, it will obviously have to affiliate itself with all those other workers in the theatre, electricians, stage-hands, musicians, and so on, who make performance possible. Such affiliation is necessary, in the opinion of another writer, "Rob Rab," in the current number of "The Actor," for the purposes of ordinary Trade Union activity; it is no less necessary for the productive activity of the Actors' Association. Otherwise, the Actors' Association would only be able to contract for the actors, not for the performance. But subsidised performances, although promising as a beginning of productive activity, are not the best objective of the Actors' Association; he who pays the piper will call the tune, as do the Sunday Societies (whom I notice are advised by Mr. Ashley Dukes in this number "to cast all plays exclusively from members of the Actors' Association"), and obviously no one can call for a tune that he does not know. The discovery of new dramatists particularly would be difficult, I think, under a regime of subsidised performances; the actors must go into management, enter into a direct relation with the public, if they are to do for the drama what they desire to do.

In short, one may agree with what Mr. Oscar has to say about the advantages of "National ownership and control" without agreeing that a Ministry of Fine Arts is the means of obtaining them. A central organisation able to exchange the production of "the Republic of Rhy," in the theatres certain types of play, the planning of the country into circuits with interchange of programmes, all this machinery is best kept apart from Government control. A Ministry of Fine Arts would not be likely to send Galsworthy's "Strife," for example, to South Wales or Yorkshire at such a moment as this, although it would probably pay its way in those places; it would more probably send "Joy-Bells" or "Little Women" to disaffected areas, and manipulates amusements as Government departments manipulate news. The Actors' Association will certainly have to choose between becoming the servants of bureaucracy or the partners of what we may call vaguely democracy; and if Mr. Oscar really thinks that the Trade Union Congress will help the Actors' Association to the servile status of a National Theatre, I hope that he will be surprised by the result.

I should like to know the details of Mr. Norman McKinnel's plan for a Trade Union Theatre which will be considered this year by the Council of the Association. The Electrical Trade Union is considering a proposal for a Trade Union Cinema at Liverpool, to be conducted in a manner similar to that suggested by Mr. McKinnel, of whose plan I only remember an outline in the "Times." But it is enough to notice at this moment the trend of thought among the actors; and if, as I think, Mr. Oscar is wrong in demanding nationalisation of the theatrical profession, yet his ideals of the public service that can be rendered by an organised and autonomous body of artists are well worthy of consideration. There is perhaps too much of "the educative influence of drama" in his article, indeed, he reminds me of the Board of Education more often than of his proposed Ministry of Fine Arts; but whatever the actors want to do with drama, it will be better for them to do it themselves than to call upon the politicians to do it.

A. E. R.

EPILOGUE.

I write with trope and epithet
Use meh ofr at will;
But he remaineth lonely yet,
Unpeciable still.

No wayward arts I need devise,
All language might I spare
To tell the brightness of his eyes,
The glory of his hair.

M. Bridget Muller.
Reviews.

The Outlaw. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable. 6s. net.)

Mr. Hewlett's attempt to re-tell the sagas in a modern style produces a curious effect of incongruity. We know these people so well; they are the typical figures of modern romance; and we are not a little piqued to find the story of their lives barely related in a matter-of-fact style. The psychology attributed to them, particularly a certain lasciviousness of love, is so familiar that their local customs have, for us, the unreal air of masquerade. We know these people, but know not what they do. All the stark vigour and ruggedness of them seems to have mellowed into a woolly counterfeit of humanity; Thorkel, for example, is so like the gentlemen that we used to see at the St. James' Theatre that we expect him to wear evening dress. The tameness of him is amazing; when he sees his brother slay his friend, he says simply: "It was hateful—he was my friend," and stays away from home for six weeks. When he hears his wife confess a fondness for his brother's friend, he removes with his wife from his brother's to his brother-in-law's house. With such a man as this on which to pivot a story, the enthusiasm for war, if such a thing still exists, by sheer function of collectors, but, on the other hand, they are not trifling; on the contrary, they are of the utmost importance. The aphorisms here collected appeared first in "E. W. Howe's Monthly," a journal which, Mr. Mencken tells us, "has a truly amazing circulation . . . among bankers, manufacturers, and the heads of big trading organisations," and is also read by authors and editors, even by the "authors and editors." We can only conclude that the "authors and editors" read it because the manufacturers do. Any other reason they do not appear to have, for this volume, the cream, it is to be assumed, of the journal, is not only without merit as literature or thought, but it is not even amusing. A refusal of the "Daily Mail" from beginning to end, would, on the whole, be more intellectually stimulating. Among the 400 odd aphorisms in this volume there is not one, so far as we can discover, that possesses profundity, subtlety, or even point. These qualities, however, are the traditional and essential qualities of the aphorism. A remarkable exception is Mr. Howe's book is a collection of mere remarks. His "common sense," it is needless to say, is not that of Montaigne or of Johnson; it is not the common sense of man, but that of the business man. The distinction is important; for true common sense is concerned with how men may live, business common sense with how they may "get on." The former takes as its theme all the activities of men; the latter, only those which are utilitarian.

Ireland and the Church of Rome.

February 16, 1920.

SIR,—Please forgive my raising again the endless question of Ireland: my excuse is the active interest your contributors have lately been taking in the Church of Rome.

Because we have never come to any kind of agreement as to the original cause for the incessant unrest in Ireland, there are as many suggestions for alloying it as there are political parties. Some are for driving the Ulsterman into the sea; some for subduing the Sinn Feiner by force of arms; some for placating nationalist aims with measures of self-government. Some hold that Ireland is the abode of a wicked and impish people, others that England is reaping the harvest of her sins. And as is the case in most human affairs, the real culprit, the cause of all the trouble, is overlooked. That cause is the case in most human affairs, the real culprit, the cause of all the trouble, is overlooked. That cause is the case in most human affairs, the real culprit, the cause of all the trouble, is overlooked. That cause is the case in most human affairs, the real culprit, the cause of all the trouble, is overlooked. That cause is the case in most human affairs, the real culprit, the cause of all the trouble, is overlooked. That cause is the case in most human affairs, the real culprit, the cause of all the trouble, is overlooked.

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as there is only one hope for the whole of the human race, and that is education—better education—and more of it. Education in Ireland is in an appalling way: ill-organized, ill-paid as a profession, ill-equipped, divided up always, in every small district, into Protestant and Roman Catholic; it is in fact, if not exactly in theory, in the hands of the clergy. When the English expect a weal through education—education is in this state? And can she hope for a successful experiment in self-government while she permits three-quarters of the population to be taught from the age of four that their chief authority, and in Italy, and whether the bishops and clergy of such control of the schools as is in fact, if not exactly in theory, in the hands of the English nor Ireland?

An attempt is being made with the present Education Bill, and here is what Cardinal Logue, in his official capacity as head of the Church in Ireland, has to say of it:—

"The Bill is an attempt on the part of the British Government to grip the mind of the people of Ireland, and form it according to its own wishes. We are convinced that the enactment of the measure would deprive the bishops and clergy of such control of the schools as is necessary for the training of the young which Leo XIII declared to be the chief end of soul.

It may be that Sinn Fein is stronger than the Church, but I doubt it. There is a sentimental idealism about the movement, which is a poor weapon against the cold realities of politics. I feel that the Church is able to extract the heart out of any movement in Ireland, and to render it subservient; to manipulate a "righted," self-governing Ireland to her own ends, just as she has the "wronged" Ireland. Nor of any sort. We, in the Church, can make any difference to Ireland while—to quote a quotation in "Readers and Writers," January 22, "she is caught in the grip of a system which is able to frustrate any attempt at self-liberation." No: education is the only hope; and though perhaps it is a pity that the minds of the people should be griped by any force, still, if it must be so, I think we can all agree, for no other reason than the geographical one, it is better, more appropriate, that in the case of the Irish, it should be by the authority of Westminster, rather than by that of Rome.

The present Capitalistic State is loathsome—so loathsome that in appearance at least, ecclesiastical medievalism seems preferable; and yet even so that it is the road down which the world must travel to whatever social goal we may hope to reach. You look to Industrialism for emancipation from Imperialism. I never see your prophetic speeches turned towards Devonshire or hot-touching Surrey, or any of the lovely southern counties. And so, too, I think your instinct should lead you to look in Ireland. The North is ugly; but she has that economic vitality which is the only weapon against the priest and sentimentality.

She is fighting for better educational facilities—whether from capitalist motives or not cannot be proved essential. It is a fight which has won fruitfully for youth against the opposition of Cardinal Logue and his predecessors at Armagh; and I feel that all friends of the British race should regard this as a real, and not merely a political, issue. For I know that education alone can dissolve the hatred in Ireland; and I believe Cardinal Logue is as aware of this as I. The difference between us is that, though we be both Irishmen, my centre of gravity is in these islands, whereas his is in the Mediterranean. Neither do I believe that Leo XIII was a good judge of what constitutes a proper care of British souls.

WOMEN IN INDUSTRY.

Siri,—The following is an extract from a paper by Lady Parsons, delivered at the "Victory" meeting of the North-East Coast Institute of Engineers and Ship builders in July last. The remarks of Lady Parsons, who is the first lady member of that institution, may interest Miss Frances Low...

"About 1,500 women had received a certain amount of training in schools that have cost the country over £25,000,000. All these prospective wealth-producers are scrapped; the country is much the poorer. . . . It has been a woman's affair—to make them work at producing the implements of war and destruction and to deny them the privilege of fashioning the munitions of peace. . . .

Even women who worked so hard to win the freedom of the world may not have freedom at home to engage in an industry where the wages are promising. It is fully acknowledged that men will not go back to pre-war conditions; they must have yet more hope to profit by it. But as for women, they are merely told to go back to what they were doing before, regardless of the fact that, like men, they have now a higher standard of life, that they also wish to wear an influence and freedom to make their way without any artificial restrictions." (Applause—chiefly by Lord Weir.)

W. LOWES.

THE NIEZSCHE CONTEST.

Sir,—I did not in my brief letter set out to prove the common philosophy of the two famous Germans; I assumed it. While this interesting couple differed slightly in detail from each other, they agreed perfectly in opposing the principles to which Mr. Benjamin Kidd has given admirable expression.

I suggest further:

That these principles are those upon which the policy of England is more or less unconsciously based.

That we derive these principles from the much-abused "international Jew.

That these are the principles of Christianity.

That Nietzsche's exasperation of Christianity in general, and of England and her policy in particular, is well known and will stand out luridly through any amount of whitewash.

That the German war policy was prompted by overwhelming ambition.

That ambition is one of the "monumental follies of humanity," and that Nietzsche has rarely been loth to encourage it.

W. MAXWELL ROGERS.

THE PHOENIX.

Sir,—Since your dramatic critic is one among the few of that trade who seem to take an intelligent interest in the doings of the Phoenix, the Committee would like, if possible, to clear up some misapprehension which appears to exist in his mind regarding their attitude to Mr. William Archer. The Phoenix is a society started by a few enthusiasts to give performances of certain plays which they wished to see. They managed to collect a little money from subscribers, and have been most generously helped by voluntary workers and by the players who give their services for love. In order that these artists should not go nicely unrewarded, save for great gratitude, the Committee invite a certain number of critics—or, rather, send tickets to a certain number of editors—who pass such tickets to whom they think fit. From criticism which is intelligent, however unfavourable, they are glad to learn. The notice of the "Duchess of Malfi" in one particular paper was almost a denunciation, yet they hope to profit by it. But Mr. Archer had gone out of his way to attack the Phoenix, root and branch, in writing and verbally—he dislikes and disapproves of its efforts. Why, then, in Heaven's name, should the Phoenix invite him to its performances, and how can a courteous request that he should delegate his pastorate duty to another be styled an attack on the freedom of the press? The Press is very well able to take care of itself, and Mr. Archer has not been and will not be refused admission if he cares to turn up. He might, of course, join the society—we need more members!

W. S. KENNEDY.

Chairman, Phoenix Committee.

36, Southwark Street, Strand, W.C.2.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.

Sir,—J. A. M. Alcock in his article on Jung says, "There can be no doubt, for instance, that quite a number of people take an interest in psycho-analysis as a 'moral' method of releasing their repressed sexuality. It need not be emphasised that such a course is worthless."

I want to ask him what he means by "worthless"—is it ever worthless to take an interest in spontaneous, in anything, and are not suppressed desires capable of sublimation? I am very ignorant of psycho-analysis, but I understood that that was one of its theories.

Again, do we not recognise, quite apart from psycho-analysis, that the human race is driven by very many most useful curiosities may be suppressed or thwarted desires?

I. L.
Poems by Dhan Gopal Mukerji.

AUTUMN TWILIGHT.

The tender shadows of autumn
Fall over vistas of russet and dun:
The blue sky bends on distances
Of strange echo-haunted silences
Where the receding hours of day
Hasten on golden wings into seas of grey;
As a voice that is hushed ere it sighs,
The winds die at the verge of the skies;
While from the tree-top a solitary raven
Preens his silken wings against the paling heaven,
And thus lets fall a shimmering feather of jet
Into the greying gloom of the dying sunset.

DENOUEMENT.
The evening's curtain of gold
Is lifted fold on fold
From the cold, hard, harsh
Sapphire waters of the marsh.

Like a vagrant soul that roams
Wander and echo the dying day-tones
In purple and red and russet
Over the ebbing tide of sunset.

Only an azure suspense
Towers, then sinks into silence
As the ashen blush of twilight
Deepens into the blackness of night.

SLEEP.
The penitent hours
Kneel at the feet of even,
Where two silent stars
Adorn the brow of heaven.

Two cloudlets golden,
In abandon exquisite,
Of the sunset beholden,
Butterfly-like flit.

A shiver tender and long
Runs through all things,
The shadows spread as a song
On silent silver wings.

The hours rise,
Pass into darkness deep,
Charged with lament sighs
And the healing wonders of sleep.

AN AUTUMN DAY.

Flames and ashes
This grey day of autumn,
Beating and palpitating,
Breaking wings of passion.

Tremulous and expectant,
Hopeful and fearful in turn,
The thirst-smitten hungering leaves
Glow and glimmer and burn.

Flame on flames,
Grey in grey,
Mid smarting silences
Rise the monotones of day!

SNOWFALL ON THE CITY.

In clawing lightness it falls
On the black roofs and grey, gaunt walls,
Over the ashen bier of twilight
Weaving its pall with dark threads of white.

Over the half-lit streets it pours,
Into the harbour and distant shores,
Whence the sea in leprous grey
Spreads into horizons where dies the day.

Over the half-frozen brackish water,
Where bridges ride distances to span the river,
Over their soot-coloured frames of steel,
The smothering snow falls reel on reel.

Between tall towers and o'er the park,
Where the blue hazes deepen into dark,
Threading their way through the crouching snow
The last flecks of daylight homeward go.

In choking anguish descends the night,
Unleashing on life its bounds of hunger and fright
That prey with the hours on dream and sleep,
While the desolate winds moan and keep
Their vigil of snow that silently beats
With mortal insistence on houses and streets
Till all life stands, held at bay,
Listening to its burrowing stillness and praying for day.

THE HARLOT WALKS.

O anklets, jingling in silver cadence,
Whither go ye, feet of mincing insolence,
When the sun is sinking, weary and old,
Into his western tomb of greying gold?
Now that the sun-eyes close, thine must open,
And thy red mouth—what a token
Of passions and vice unknown, unspoken!
Ah, flashing glances that lure the eyes
From star-gazing in the evening skies!

Hail, supine walk and swaying body,
Making on lust's lute a marvellous melody.

THE AUTUMN RAIN.

The rain weaves and unweaves
Its web of hush through autumn leaves,
Where the last long hours of day
Shiver in gold and crimson and grey.

While over the chalice-shaped valley
Travels the rain-sound as the lisping of a sea,
In soft elusive currents it flows
Into far spaces and their farthest hollows.

In the gathering stillness, grey and dark,
Pours the rain whose deepening monotones mark
The desolate reaches of terror and fright,
Borne on the wings of oncoming night.

MOONRISE.

Shadows milk-white
Bloom like flowers
In the pond of night,
As the twilight hours
Drop into peace and rest
Over the rim of the west.

Clouds sombre and grey,
Lost ships of the day,
Furl their sails and lie
In a far corner of the sky—
A tapestry of poignant gloom
Woven by twilight's loom.

Shadows on shadow
Deepen and grow
Under stellar glow
Till majestic and slow,
Silence, solemn and sweet,
On a moon-throne takes its seat.

All communications relative to The New Age should be addressed to The New Age, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.