# NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We should advise the Miners' Federation, whose critical meeting is to be held this week, to have in view in their deliberations the Coal Bill "specially designed by the Board of Trade" for presentation to Parliament within the next month or two. It is a formidable instrument for the capture of the unwary, and we should not be in the least surprised to see it as effective among the Miners as the recent Railway Bill, constructed on the same pattern, was amongst the railwaymen. From the summary of the proposed Bill which was published in the Press last week, it is clear that the bait to which the unwary are to be attracted is "representation" or, at least, carefully veiled, under a special Government Department of Mines of which the aforesaid body, consisting of Owners, Miners and Consumers, is to be the Advisory Council. And the first work of this Council, we are told, is to draw up "a scheme to give the Miners a more effective voice in the control of their industry." That this control must necessarily be illusory in the object of the Advisory Council or any lesser body is beyond the ordinary. Certainly he does little or nothing; and it is quite possible that, having raised-an objection, as we have pointed out, which the Board of Trade will unquestionably have examined and rejected, the Federation may, within a few weeks, fail to obtain Nationalisation, the Federation may have obtained Nationalisation, the Federation may have indicated their desire to go forward-the Government may, after animadverting on "the absolute and complete failure of the Government to stop the increase in the cost of living," have urged the "only remedy"-"they must produce more." What must be produced more abundantly Mr. Thomas did not specify; and it is probable that he is quite unaware of the fallacy of "super-production." But he ought to be aware, if of nothing else, of the self-contradiction contained in his speech; for how can that be "the absolute and complete failure of the Government" which actually succeeds in inducing a Labour leader like Mr. Thomas to call upon his members for "more production"? Without pretending to know more than we do,
it is probable that the fear of the Government when it undertook to raise the cost of living was lest the Trade Unions should demand a more equitable distribution of spending power. In their wildest dreams it is doubtful whether they imagined that Trade Union leaders would actually of themselves suggest that the Unions should demand a more equitable distribution—"more production." Yet we see, and we still see, that Labour leaders are capable of this unexpected feat of stupidity. Instead of saying that the increased cost of living necessitates a more equitable distribution of spending power, our Mr. Thomases most obligingly remark that the people who are consuming less and less must produce more and more. There can be no "absolute and complete failure" in a Government policy that produces such a reaction. On the contrary, its success is so complete that we expect the Government to continue to fail to stop the increase in the cost of living, so long as every turn of the screw squeezes "more production" out of Labour.

Surely against its judgment—which, we know, is that money questions are of no importance, the "Daily Herald" published on Wednesday some interesting financial proposals emanating from the Labour members of the West Bromwich Town Council. They include the establishment of a National Bank and, finally, the admission of "overdrafts," secured on the rateable powers of the borrowing local authorities. It will be seen that the West Bromwich councillors are not only on the right track, but that they are nearer the goal than any of the local authorities who have recently been engaged in the same problem; and that their solution is no accident the accompanying comments prove. "The Government debt," Councillor Backhouse says, "has caused trouble because it was incurred for destructive work. . . . Our scheme is sound because it proposes to draw on the national credit for constructive work. . . . Bankers will not approve it, because it stops them using the nation's credit and charging us 5 per cent, for using what is our property." It is perfectly clear from these remarks that Councillor Backhouse has got to the root of the problem—namely, an understanding of the nature of credit, as well as to the realisation that all credit is communal in origin. From that to "practical proposals for immediate use" is only a matter of good-will and intelligence; and in these respects West Bromwich may well be a pioneer. In view of the increasing financial difficulties encountered by local authorities, we hope it will not be long before a conference is called for the discussion of some practical scheme as Councillor Backhouse has published.

Confirmation of our view that the sequel of the Russian Revolution will prove to be the Americanisation of Russian industrial organisation may be found in Mr. Lincoln Eyre's account of Trotsky's plans, published in the "Daily News" last Saturday. Not only, it appears, is there a natural tendency, inherent in every dictatorship, towards centralisation, but in the case of Russia the tendency is under conscious direction, since Trotsky is being advised by Mr. Keeley, and Mr. Rudyard Kipling among others, calling for war against Bolshevism and, in a double sense, for not only are they on opposite sides relatively to each other, but they are on opposite sides relatively to their own convictions. Sir Rider Haggard and Mr. Kipling, and the rest can have no possible quarrel with the ultra-efficiency of a centralised Russian industrial autocracy; and equally the Socialist " comrades " should have no affinity with it.

Mr. Lincoln Eyre emphasises the "honesty of purpose" of the Bolshevist leaders; and it is this, no doubt, that has seduced both the parties to whom we have just referred. But is it not conceivable that honesty of purpose is not always a complete substitute for honesty of thought, and that the "moral" man may be under the obligation of proving his practical ideas elsewhere than on the bodies of millions of his fellow-men? We have nothing to say against the honesty of purpose of Lenin, Trotsky, and the rest. All we complain of is that they, like their dupes in this country, were ready to inaugurate a revolution before they were, or, at any rate, ought to have been, convinced that their ideas were equal to the morning after. It was not only a revolution in the dark that they were undertaking, but a revolution in a darkness in which they deliberately acquiesced; for even a little honest thought would have been sufficient to demonstrate the falsity of the assumption which in the Russian Revolution was brought about, and the inevitability of the consequences to be anticipated from it. The assumption is false that what is chiefly wrong in modern capitalist countries is the organisation of Production; what is chiefly wrong is the organisation of Distribution. The assumption is false that the way to liberty is a dictatorship of any kind, or, in the economic sphere, that centralisation of control is a prime or any other condition of a subsequent decentralisation; no centralised control can be decentralised save by something approximating to a revolution. Finally, the assumption is false that credit is subsidiary to the other instruments of society and can be relegated to a postscript of reform; it is, on the contrary, the preamble of every reform. These, however, were the assumptions upon which Lenin and Trotsky worked; and they are, we have no doubt, the assumptions upon which our Muscovites in this country intend to proceed.

A more respectable error, from which, however, the same consequences would in practice follow; is the assumption, which even Mr. Bernard Shaw is not too intelligent to make, in common with the Muscovites, that "work" is and must be the only just title to a share in the proceeds of social industry. "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat"—how often has this been repeated as a Socialist maxim? And how difficult it is to prove it wrong! Yet wrong it is, if not clearly in the light of theory, at any rate in the light of practice. In theory it might be disputed on the ground of the difficulty of defining "work." If that is "work" which actually adds to the productive efficiency of the community, then the work of the State must conceivably have more than "earned" his keep who has never done a hand's-turn of ordinary work. On the other hand, much less may be work in any real sense, since an individual may have "worked" incessantly, yet not only unprofitably to the community, but actually wastefully. Leaving the theory, however, it will be found that the doctrine involves the society that accepts it in conclusions of a practical and by no means pleasant kind. If work is the only just title to food, then it follows that the State must be servile; and, furthermore, that "work" must be "made" if it does not naturally exist—in other words, the State must become more
and more "material." Authoritarianism and materialism, in fact, are the necessary social consequences of the doctrine that only "work" entitles one to life; and they may be seen under rapid development in Russia to-day. Are those the gifts Mr. Lansbury means to bring home with him—the Servile State and the Work-State?

The proposal to pay off the Anglo-French American loan of 100 millions has been heralded in the Press as if it were almost equivalent to paying off our own debt of ten times that amount. It is something, no doubt, that England and France do not propose to renew their joint obligation to America; but it would be much more to the point of the embittered discussion between this country and America, and much better proof, incidentally, of the merits of our financial system, if, instead of merely terminating an obligation of 50 millions, we were to liquidate our debt of 1,000 millions to America. The carefully protected English reader cannot be expected to realise the irritation caused in America by our continued use of American capital for the purpose of competing with America. For that is naturally how our failure to pay our war debts shapes itself in the ordinary American mind. It is "you borrowing for the purposes of war," they say, "but you are employing it to reconstruct your trade and to recover your former financial supremacy." The American exchange has been much more than the automatic register of the "play of the market"; it has been the field of battle of opposing forces, and it is such an event as may be regarded as a shadow of events to come.

The realisation may perhaps be arrived at by easy stages. Let us consider the case of the British Celulose Company and of the protest just signed by Sir Jesse Boot and others against the Company's proposed manufacture of cinema-films, aspirin, artificial silk, etc. That we cannot have too much production ought, we presume, to be taken for granted. Otherwise, the competition with tax-payers and with tax-payers' friends, protest against the proposed productivity of the British Celulose Company. The line of argument is quite the high-road of discussion: "We protest against the action of the Government in allowing the tax-payers' money to be used in competing directly with the industries of the country." Very good; what is sauce for our British eagle. Exactly what Sir Jesse Boot says of Government competition with tax-payers' money, America can say and does say of England's competition with America with American money. The ground for American irritation will thus be seen to be as business-like as our own.

Professor Pigou continues his campaign in favour of dearer money without troubling himself to deal with the objections that have been raised. No doubt he imagines himself to be always in Kings'. The objections, nevertheless, are serious, and we can only say that if Professor Pigou succeeds in ignoring them and in persuading the Bank of England to raise the discount rate to 8 or to 10 per cent., his disservice to this country will be considerable. It is perfectly true, as we have said before, that the evils which Professor Pigou has in mind are real and supremely important, since the unregulated, irresponsible and unrestricted issue of bank-

ing credit is the chief present determinant of high prices; but the remedy is not to be found in making credit inaccessible to the resources of the Government. Professor Pigou virtually recommends, but in complementing the free use of credit by a fixed price-ratio. The use of credit is obviously essential to production; and the mere fact that credit as now used has the effect of raising prices ought not to persuade the community to forgo the use of credit, unless it is proved impossible to employ credit without raising prices. No such attempt, however, has been made. Professor Pigou himself appears to have no notion that the dissociation of credit from price is even thinkable. Hence his desperate remedy for the misuse of credit—the disuse of credit.

Major C. H. Douglas' criticism of modern industrial organisation that it inevitably tends to produce more and more means to production and fewer and fewer products (more machinery, that is to say, and fewer consumable goods), was illustrated by the deputation of the National Union of Manufacturers that waited on the Coal Controller on Friday to urge the superior claims of industry over the household. In the distribution of coal, they said, both as to amount and quality, "industry should come first, even before the requirements of domestic consumers." This putting of the cart before the horse, this preposterous conclusion, is not only characteristic of the mentality of our Manufacturers, but it is a necessary consequence of our modern system. Of course it is absurd to set the means above the end, to subordinate the requirements of the domestic consumer, for whose sake ultimately industry exists, to the demands of industry itself. But it is absurd not to be more absurd.

We have often remarked that the Labour Party will swallow insults from its enemies in preference to advice from its friends; and there appears to be little doubt that the Parliamentary Party are prepared to acquiesce in the revival of Mr. Asquith and, in the phrase of the "Times," "to accept the inevitable with a good grace." The position of official Opposition, however, is not one that can be abdicated by Labour in Parliament without inducing changes in public opinion at large; and, if we are not mistaken, the prestige of Labour has considerably fallen merely on the rumour that Labour M.P.'s were prepared to give Mr. Asquith the front seat. Moreover, it is a poor judgment that counts upon Mr. Asquith for any sympathy with Labour, or, what is more important, for any future in a political sense. Labour has nothing whatever to gain by tying itself to its chariot-wheels, since these are moving both slowly and in the wrong direction. Political calculations, far from being the things politicians try to make them, are the easiest in the world; and we claim no merit for seldom having made a mistake in them. The present situation, furthermore, is simple to the point of obviousness. That Labour fails to see that it must remain in opposition in order to be a Government; hence, that its business is Opposition, Opposition all the time; still further, that it must allow no party to dispute the leadership of the Opposition with it—this betrays woeful political ignorance on the part of the alleged "astute" wirepullers of the party. Working always like moles, they are probably as blind.

CHAPTER V.
While the fact that the working of the existing economic system is breaking down is plain to any but the willfully blind, there is astonishing diversity of opinion as to the cause of the trouble, even amongst those who have made the subject their special study; or perhaps it would be fair to say, especially amongst such persons as have considered the particular body of opinion that has committed itself to the belief that the root of the trouble lies in the private "ownership" of the means of production, by which presumably is meant the plant, raw material, etc., and that in consequence the remedy is to be found in Nationalisation.

The prescription follows quite logically from the diagnosis, but unfortunately the diagnosis is defective, or, rather, superficial. Before considering the prescription, therefore, it may be valuable to consider what can be conveyed by the term "ownership" in connection with such a concern as a large boot factory, at the present time. Taking the simplest case of a one-man ownership, the owner might live in the factory, if he wanted to, or he might possibly burn it down, if it was not insured, or otherwise destroy it, in all of which cases it would cease to be a boot factory; or consider how the owner might sell it, in which case he would cease to own it. The essential point is that, considered as a boot factory, it is not of any direct use to its owner after he has had half a dozen pairs of boots out of it each year. What, however, is of value is, firstly, the money-value (i.e., credit-value) of it, which is entirely based on his power to make prices for its product in excess of its costs, and, secondly, the pleasure which the control of it may give him.

Take away his power to make prices for its product in excess of its costs, and you have taken away all its property value, leaving only the administration value. Such a state of affairs can be brought about very nearly without legislation by selective financing. However it is brought about, the fact that it is possible proves indisputably that it is the credit, and not the physical property, which has in any ownership "ownership" so powerful a grip on the community.

But since the blessed word Nationalisation is said to be the only alternative to chaos, let us consider what meaning can be given to it, when we leave the plane of broad generalities so beloved of its advocates, and come down to the region where things are actually done—a region in which generalities lose all value and detail reigns supreme.

As its exponents would be the first to admit, the Nationalisation policy cannot be fairly judged by its first-fruits—e.g., the Post Office telephone service, etc. To get to the millennium by this route, it is necessary to nationalise everything tangible either by expropriation or buying out at a valuation. Passing over the appalling problems raised by either course, let us imagine them to be surmounted and the object achieved and the community to be in the position existing in the twelfth century—i.e., all legal ownership to be vested in a central authority, now, however, to be called the nation, or the people, instead of the king. It is perfectly obvious that some human beings must be in this centralised power, and it is for the detailed desires of any other man, or body of men, however elected, can represent the detailed desires of any other man, or body of men.

The really vital question, however, is not one of administration; it is one of policy. There are only two Great Policies in the world to-day—compulsion and inducement; and whatever the original policy of Russia under M. Lenin may have been, it is quite clear that it has become one of pure compulsion, since the first steps taken by the Soviet Republic were directed to the destruction of financial credit, which is essentially the instrument, however perverted, of a policy of inducement. Now, compulsion simplifies a good many things; it uses simple and direct methods. Having obtained control of the machinery of compulsion, the productive process resolves itself into deciding what is to be produced, ordering someone to do the necessary work, and shooting or starving them if they do not. Similarly, economic distribution resolves itself into the decision by a central body as to what it is good for people to have, issuing it to them by means of a form, and seeing that they do not get anything else. We attained quite a high efficiency along these lines in England during the Great War, and, as a matter of personal opinion, I have no doubt whatever that a Labour Government, elected on a policy of Nationalisation, would quite automatically find itself committed to such methods, just as a Capitalist Government uses them naturally to conserve the partial centralisation it has already achieved.

But imagining for a moment that, under the test of circumstances, a Labour Administration of a Nationalised State would remember all the hard things it said about wage-slavery, and determined at all costs against compulsion, and for inducement, it would be faced with a curious and interesting financial problem. Let it be borne in mind that, as we have said before, the control of policy, which is the vital issue, is not resident either in personnel or administration; it is resident in finance—i.e., credit.

Nationalisation, then, means nothing more than the transfer of ultimate control of the machinery of compulsion to the centralised control of credit, the identical objective for which High Finance in every country is striving, with just as plausible a motive as, say, the Miners' Federation, and far more technical capacity.

As its name implies, Nationalisation means nothing more than centralisation of control of credit, the identical objective for which High Finance in every country is striving, with just as plausible a motive as, say, the Miners' Federation, and far more technical capacity. But centralisation of credit implies nothing more than nationalisation of credit, and centralisation of credit is an instrument, but centralised real credit assumes that the desires and aspirations of humanity can be standardised, and ought to be standardised. Since financial credit derives its power from its nexus with real credit (a correct estimate or belief of the individual that something desired will be the consequence of the expenditure), then centralised real credit will break up this civilisation, since no man, or body of men, however elected, can represent the detailed desires of any other man, or body of men.

(To be continued.)
The Revolt of Intelligence.

By Ezra Pound.

IX.

The function of civilisation is to depreciate material values and to build up values of intelligence. It is a misconception of this which leads to the proletarian hatred of "culture" and to the "democratic" jealousy of learning, to friction between proletariat and intelligentsia. An intelligentsia, as a class, is a nuisance and can only arise, as such, under a very bad general state of things.

The function of the intelligentsia, i.e., it serves as a fair or market of goods; but, better than this, it serves or should serve as a centre into which thought may be gathered, in which different ideas may meet, blend, become fecund, and from which they should radiate. From the Athenian agora, the spoken word, from the Roman scriptoria, the written word, from the modern city, the printed word have gone; and thus radiate whatever "blessings of enlightenment" a none too enlightened world can possess.

The counter-force, the destruction of civilisations, has presumably been the effort of "rulers" to levy taxes to build up values of intelligence. It is a modern city. The printed word have gone; and thus radiate whatever "blessings of enlightenment" a none too enlightened world can possess.

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for the first time, were encored at each performance (I have forgotten to say that I went all the four days), especially one representative "Compagnie Gargantua," a study of the monstrous infant, amusing and pathetic.

Then comes the "Bœuf sur le toit"—"The Ox on the Roof"—"The Golden Calf," if you like to see it that way and feel a need of putting a meaning to things. I have heard so many versions of what Cocteau means, and even that he has no meaning at all, that I would for nothing venture to say what I think myself, or very little, and in describing the spectacle, which passes in pantomime, without a word throughout.

In the Nothing-Happens Bar, where everything is fresh-coloured as new paper-money, the Carmen, a little white figure in an enormous mask of the whole head, rosy and flaxen-haired, arranges his place for the night customers, who enter, in order, with slow movements to a rapid music which declares all the unconstricting air and volatilité of modern life. They fit and start at everything, our efforts to outdo the ape as well as to outrun him, to be still contained in a form. A negro boxer; a dwarf, or baby, negro; a tall woman, genre chic, in a cirese evening frock and a discreet hat; a short word, variety, a kind of ballet-dance until the electric fan knocks his head off. The women step over his body as if they had learned the trick in the trenches, and the company, with two corsets now in corners, step about in time to the sudden ramparted music. The barman ties up the head on a tray and leaves it in the middle of the floor. And here, by a single gesture of his tiny hand to his chin, the Baby, a dwarf Othello, seems to say, "The pity of it! The pity of it!" and runs off between whiffs at her cigarette, until Uncle Sam, or an officer of the Society of Nations, who wants to be funnier than all the rest, and executes a kind of ballet-dance until the electric fan knocks his head off. The two women dance together, and you must have seen two Parisian cocottes do it to appreciate the fathomless boredom. But the negro boxer mistakes his place in the sun and pays court to the sportswoman, for which Uncle Sam taps him on the head from behind and knocks him out. This little incident is worth the attention of nobody but the Baby, who drags him to a corner and distractedly fans him from time to time.

Uncle Sam, after some atrocious gestures of triumph, plays dice with the man-about-town while the ladies cajole the prey, awaiting their turn. A representative of law and order enters—what you will, a policeman or an officer of the Society of Nations, a giant in blue with a goat's beard and a white baton. Naturally, he wants to be funnier than all the rest, and executes a kind of ballet-dance until the electric fan knocks his head off. The men step over his body as if they had learned the trick in the trenches, and the company, with two corsets now in corners, step about in time to the sudden ramparted music. The barman ties up the head on a tray and leaves it in the middle of the floor. And here, by a single gesture of his tiny hand to his chin, the Baby, a dwarf Othello, seems to say, "The pity of it! The pity of it!" and runs off to fan his brother, the boxer. It is the one single gleam of art and culture in all this scene of gilded savagery, where every movement is stained by one or other of the human matters which brew the vices. A tear seems to fall in the witches' pot.

The sight of the head on the tray suggests Salomé to the sportswoman, sports variety, in a mounting but unseizable music, an abominable, blasé motion, between whiffs at her cigarette, until Uncle Sam, enchanted, leads her off. All vanish like phantoms. The barman gives a parting kick to the Baby (who has suddenly revived) and Fote, or somebody, runs off to fetch a bottle of champagne into the neck, sets the head on again, to join the้าง citizenship's dancers, our French society passes, and there is Authority, a little shaky on its legs, but in condition to foot the bill.

The curtain falls. The cynical yellow face of the man-about-town appears behind the bar.
Psycho-Synthesis.

In the Mahabharata, when the fighting is ended, and the Pandavas have defeated the Kurus, Yudhisthira, the foremost of the Pandava brothers, manifests a degree of shock. He is overwhelmed with uncomfortable conditions. He had also had a mild attack of trench-fever. He had also been neurotic. Nor does it require too intolerable a strain that the crowd only laughed three times in all, sat as if hypnotised. It will seem so simple to a lot of little men that there will crop up imitations like weeds. But this spectacle might be produced anywhere; you may possibly see it in London, and be able to judge it for yourselves.

Here is the narcissistic state of complete introversion, called "Death's self," ma-ma, psychologically mother. There is no need to demonstrate this after "Psychology of the Unconscious," where Jung by a most ingenious examination. Again borrowing from "Psychology of the Unconscious," Freud says, "Having made the Soul advance towards itself, which is the spring of every kind of blessedness, having restrained all desires of the mind, and having cast off all kinds of action, one may become perfectly independent and happy." Whereupon Krishna takes them all to Bhishma upon his bed of arrows to be "psycho-analysed."

There is meditation and sacrifice or self-expression and reproduction. But it may possibly be understood if man is to know right action.

This takes us on to what we may, perhaps, be permitted to describe as a psycho-synthesis. How is the sea-monster, the all-enveloping pull of sloth, slain? The ways are various. The hero strikes its heart, kindles a fire in it, dances in it. What he always does is to act vigorously. We may, if we wish, analyse this right down with Jung to the destruction of the "incest-barrier." But this is not necessary again, and it is doubtful if it ever was, except as a step forward from Freud. The incest-barrier should, I think, be understood as the urge to individuality. Any other method of regarding would be a taking of symbols as literal, dogmatic. The point now is the performance of action, the avoidance of sloth. And the next point is the performance of the right action. It is not wise to lick envelopes if our libido desires song. Right action varies with our respective psychology, and can only be discovered by Jung's "return to the mother" —that is, by a deliberate introversion, a self-examination. Again borrowing from "Psychology of the Unconscious," Faust went on the path with a key in his hand, a key given by Mephistopheles, the devil, desire as opposed to reason. Well, the phallus symbolises creative energy. As "R. H. C." has already pointed out, we may turn to the arts in a broad sense. Or we may dance with Dalcroze, or practise a relaxation after "M. B. Oxo." The point to be remembered is, that such activities are not to be considered as ends in themselves. And no definite general rule can, under the conditions, be laid down. The extrovers looks to train his thought, the introvert his emotion, and not a few of us both. There is meditation and sacrifice or self-expression and art. We are all called to one or other of these paths, and the libido will know no rest until one or the other is followed actively. What particular activity is taken will symbolise the end to be attained. The negative appearance of the end is a "liberation from the mother," a transcending of the personality. The "bridges" are not few, but are potentials in everyone. For some they are play and art, for others work and meditation. I would also like rather to suggest a combination of the two, a practice of the art; draw-
ing, say, as the spirit may prompt, and a subsequent meditation on the results thereof. For it is by meditation alone that the final step will be taken or come to pass. "It is said that the senses are great; greater than the senses is the mind; greater than the mind is the Reason; but what is greater than the Reason is HE." J. A. M. Alcock.

Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

That London is full of curious theatrical ventures at the present time is obvious to everybody, and among them the revival of the Afternoon Theatre idea is not the least noteworthy. Both Miss Viola Tree and Mr. Basil Dean have made arrangements to produce new or unusual works at afternoon performances; and on all grounds, except those of financial prosperity, the idea is worthy of encouragement. It will provide opportunities for the actors to keep themselves alive in training, and also of training audiences in the subtle art of appreciation. Theatrical success does undoubtedly exercise an injurious effect on the psychology of the audience; is anyone capable of criticizing "Chu Chin Chow," for example? But a series of plays of sufficient importance to attract an audience without practicing the art of alchemy upon it will, providing that there is sufficient variety in the selection, give the playgoer the opportunity to rise from the ranks of the worshipers of success to that of the judicious person whom Shakespeare preferred. Chiefly for this reason, I am not so enamoured of the repertory theatre idea as are some people; it is practically impossible to have a varied repertoire to which a repertory theatre company can do artistic justice. Just as English opera companies range from mediocrity to sheer incompetence in the performance of the various items of their repertoire, so a repertory theatre, unless it specializes in one type of play, has too restricted a selection of actors to do justice to every item in its repertoire. There are limits even to the versatility of the actor, and it is sometimes necessary for the good of the play to extend the range of selection of the players beyond those immediately connected with the particular management.

Something of the kind will, I think, be necessary if what I may call the Afternoon Theatre at the Holborn Empire is to be something more than a curious venture. To offer Euripides' "The Trojan Women" one week, Shaw's "Candida" the next, Euripides' "Medea" the third week, and a new North Country comedy, "Tom Trouble," the week after, and to have "other plays in preparation," is to show enterprise, at least; and Mr. Menelaus, to give him Miss Muriel Hope as his Helen, and to leave the pair of them to miss all the chances of a glorious piece of acting, was certainly very bad production on the part of Mr. Casson. Either the parts should have been differently cast, or better produced. Helen of Troy was one of the wonders of the world; her beauty was such that Hecuba warned Menelaus: "Only fear to see her visage, lest she snare thee and thou fall!" After her speech the Leader of the men implored Hecuba: O Queen, think of thy children and thy land, And break her spell! The sweet, soft speech, the hand
And heart so fell; it maketh me afraid.
And Menelaus, come to slaughter, reacting against her spell with a crude violence, ordering her out to be stoned, wavering again, and bidding the soldiers:
March on before,
Ye ministers, and tend her to the shore...
And have some chambered galley set for her,
Where she may sail the seas,
having to be reminded by Hecuba to see her on some ship other than his own, and finally postponing his vengeance until they get back to Argos—what a chance for an actor capable of expressing emotional states! But the scene was not "made" at the Holborn Empire: Miss Muriel Hope was as alluring as and no more than an advertisement of dentifrice, while Mr. Hannen stuck to the text instead of translating it into terms of personality. That curious convention that makes English actors regard poetry as unreal, undramatic, instead of being the very essence of reality, the very stuff of drama, kept this scene about on the level of a recitation on a pupil's day or a prize distribution.

Professor Gilbert Murray says in a preface to his translation of the play that "the most usual condemnation...is not that it is dull, but that it is too harrowing." But the performance at the Holborn Empire was not free from dullness. Miss Sybil Thorndike worked like a Trojan to lift Menelaus: "Only fear to see her visage, lest she snare thee and thou fall!" But the performance at the Holborn Empire was not free from dullness. Miss Sybil Thorndike worked like a Trojan to lift Menelaus: "Only fear to see her visage, lest she snare thee and thou fall!" But the performance at the Holborn Empire was not free from dullness. Miss Sybil Thorndike worked like a Trojan to lift Menelaus: "Only fear to see her visage, lest she snare thee and thou fall!" But the performance at the Holborn Empire was not free from dullness. Miss Sybil Thorndike worked like a Trojan to lift Menelaus: "Only fear to see her visage, lest she snare thee and thou fall!" But the performance at the Holborn Empire was not free from dullness. Miss Sybil Thorndike worked like a Trojan to lift Menelaus: "Only fear to see her visage, lest she snare thee and thou fall!"
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sandra was really mad, and said terrible things in a
terrible manner even in "The Trojan Women.""

I shall kill him, mother; I

Shall kill him, and lay waste his house with fire
As he laid ours.

Things like that cannot be rendered in a style appropriate
to "O, that we two were maying." One wonders how there can ever be a revival of tragic
acting in this country when our young actresses betray
such an utter lack of understanding of the simple
meaning of a poetic text. Hecuba and Andromache
showed us how these things should be done; and if the whole performance was
on the time of understanding I venture to think that the audience
would not have been the mere handful that I saw sitting
enthralled for nearly two hours without a break.

For the tragic quality of the play cannot be disguised
by any acting, however bad; it can only be revealed
by any acting, however good; and if it could be
produced as well as, say, "Julius Caesar" is produced at the
St. James', I think that it would possibly repeat
that success.

Readers and Writers.

A PLEASANT reminder that the war is really over is the
resumption by Messrs. Constable of the publication of their "Standard Edition" of the works of George Meredith.
I have often remarked, I think, on the excellent
taste of our leading publishers in the matter of format;
and this present edition of Meredith is a perfect speci-
men. The type, the margins, the paper, the binding-
everything is just right. The edition is worthy of Mered-
dith and of the firm that first and will probably last
publish him. * * *

The famous "Essay on Comedy" does not make a
volume uniform in size with the novels, but I approve
of the decision to issue it by itself. It is quite unique.
First delivered as a lecture to the London Institution,
afterwards published in the "New Quarterly Maga-
azine," and subsequently in book-form, the essay has now
had going on for half a century in which to
effect its object—the instruction of the English mind in the
meaning and importance of Comedy. With the
exception, however, of Mr. Max Beerbohm and of two
writers for The New Age who shall be here nameless,
I cannot think of anybody who has been visibly and
unmistakably educated by it. Comedy still remains a
secret hid from the English mind and not all the efforts of Mr. John Francis Hope to bring it to popularity
will succeed, I think, where the prior efforts of Mered-
dith have failed. The reason, as Mr. Hope has often
explained it, even more clearly than Meredith, is not only
that the spirit of Comedy demands "a society of
cultivated hops to women, wherein ideas are to be per-
soned and perceptions quick"—a condition certainly not now
existing—but the absence of three qualities, each of
which, unfortunately, blooms luxuriantly among us—
"sentimentalism, puritanism, and bacchanalianism."

Comedy, the play of mind—is quite incompatible
with any one of these three vices. If you sentimentalize, play is over; and equally it is over if
you are shocked or if you carry the suggested humour
of the situation too far. But one of these things the
ordinary Englishman or woman is almost bound to do; and this it comes about that "play"—the "sparkle"
of common sense—is so rare among us.

* * *

Meredith certainly worked very hard to instil Comedy
into the English mind. His essay, here re-printed, is,
of course, a classic, our only classic, on the subject.
And, in addition, he may be said to have written the
whole of his novels in order to illustrate his idea. For
Meredith's novels, it is obvious, are much more than
a mirror held up to Nature: they are a model held up
to human Nature; and, from this point of view, they
may be said to be a continuation of the "Essay on
Comedy." The serious way in which Meredith's novels are read, however, is an evidence of his failure; and I
should like to hear his secret comment on the critics
who acclaim him as the grand portrait-painter of women.
Did Meredith even set himself to draw a woman? Was his art not rather to "draw out" a woman from the imperfect society his times provided him? Were not his "portraits," in fact, constructive
criticisms of the women he knew? I put these opinions
into interrogation out of mere courtesy, for there is
really no doubt whatever about them. Meredith drew
women still to be: as he hoped they would become.

* * *

"To love comedy you must know the real world,
and know men and women well enough not to expect
too much of them, though you may still hope for good."
That is an almost complete summary of the condition of
the comic spirit; but I must add the "sense of society,
"the social sense, which is quite as important.
This also introduces a considerable difficulty for us,
since if "our English school had not clearly imagined
society"—in 1877, when Meredith wrote, it is less than
ever probable to-day. In 1877, a certain people of intel-
ligence as were living in England were still more or less
homogeneous in their general views about life. They
were not, it is true, eighteenth century—the century
of our highest English social culture; but they were not
yet what we have subsequently become, discrete
and warring atoms of intellectuality. It was possible
when Meredith was alive for a group of people to meet
and to create something remotely resembling a salon.
The hope of realising a "salon spirit" was not entirely
dead. To-day, on the contrary, I should say that
nothing is more improbable than even an attempt to
restore a salon; not only would nobody undertake to
do it, but to nobody would it occur that its restoration
is highly desirable. But the salon is, as it were,
the foyer of the theatre of Comedy: as the theatre
remains authoritative for at least a century. Mr. Gregory
Smith's "Ben Jonson" in the "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan, 3s. net) is well done. It
takes its place with the rest of the series, which is
to say that its judgment upon Ben Jonson is likely to
remain authoritative for at least a century. Mr. Gregory
Smith defines very clearly and very fairly Jonson's
limitations: "There was no mystery in his craft or in
his personality . . . he had no real aptitude for tragedy, being rhetorical perhaps, had no
real life too well to make poetry of it." All this, how-
ever, was quite compatible, as we know, with a marvelous
"poetic vein," which yielded its purest results in
the famous series of Masques. Mr. Gregory
Smith might have been, I think, a little more subtle in his
treatment of Jonson's Masques, for not only do they
represent the high-water mark of Jonson's genius, but
I am inclined to think that they represent "intellectual
beauty"—if Shelley was right in believing there could be
such a thing. Let me put it another way: I believe
that Jonson's "Masques" were the products of a great
mind unendowed by any special gift for poetry. It was
great journeyman work, such as (may we hope) any
literary man should be able to do without calling upon
the Muses.

* * *

I am a little dubious about the sentence that Jonson
"knew life too much to make poetry of it." I am afraid
Recreations in Criticism.

By Edward Moore.

If you look at anything long enough it changes. This is the simple and incomprehensible secret of art. All great literature and all great art are the fruit of looking truthfully and long.

The impulse which finds expression in the beautiful and in the grotesque is the same; only in the one case it possesses proportion, while in the other it is without it. The grotesque lacks only one quality of beauty; yet that single defect is sufficient to create a difference which is fundamental. For the essential character of beauty, as I have said, is completeness. The sublime is an attempt—necessarily unsuccessful—to transcend beauty. In the sublime the imperfect is therefore an essential ingredient; in the beautiful it is perhaps not so.

In all works of art which satisfy there must be something satisfying; in all those which dissatisfy there must be something satisfying; otherwise we would not continually return to them. We are satisified by Greek art, and after satisfaction we pursue it; we know we shall never be satisfied by the "Monna Lisa" of Leonardo, and we do the same. In art, at any rate, if not in everything, to be perfect and to be satisfying are not the same.

The frost and the summer heat are both artists. The one is a little master; the other, a creator. Miniature art has its source in coldness and is decorative; great art springs from tropic warmth and is procreative. The former weaves patterns, the latter creates forms. In the history of art, too, winter follows summer, though with hardly the regularity of the seasons.

If one understands the emotions one cannot express them; in expression there is a certain necessary blindness. The lyric poet, like Love, is blind; or, to put it in modern phraseology, is not a psychologist. The emotions can be known in two ways and in no more; one sees them or one feels them. If one sees them one is a philosopher or a psychological novelist; if one feels them one is a lyric poet, a dramatist, a musician. Stendhal saw the emotions, and he could do nothing more than analyse them; Hugo felt them, and he has given them the most wonderful expression. The psychologist studies the emotions, the poet identifies himself with them. And each must of necessity appear to the philosopher, and, at the same time, the philosopher appears naïve to the poet. In their treatment of the feelings and the passions Shakespeare and Dostoevsky are the opposite poles in art. Shakespeare is the perfect master of expression, Dostoevsky the complete analyst.

So long as you are surprised to find that realities as plain as a barn door, which any ignoramus can see once they are pointed out to him, are omitted, forgotten, simply not seen, in the works of the most acute, profound, patient and just writers, you are not in a state to become a critic. An infallible way to demonstrate the weakness of an ideal is to write a Utopia upon it. If the humanitarians, for instance, were to divulge their Utopia, they would be confuted.

You can judge a man by the intonation with which he utters the word "strong." Does he say it bluntly? Indignantly? Peevishly? Quietly? Of course, you know what to think.

There are people who are more sensitive to the humiliations of others than to their own. That this should be so is not extraordinary, and the explanation is simple. The imagination in them is greater than the sense of amour propre. People who "put themselves in his place," a large proportion of imaginative people, are able at length to envisage only the misfortunes and griefs of their friends; they do not take into count the individual compensation. They experience it, however, in their own troubles, and suffer actually less than they expected.

Almost every man who lives long enough reaches a stage when he becomes the moral of his own story. The time to die is then over.

The Pioneer.—To keep on failing long enough is to succeed.

To know how to go a little too far or not quite far enough—in the relation of an indecent story and the practice of art these are the most effective things. The originality of an artist is very often nothing else than this.

Originality is shown in what a writer says. True: but it is shown also in what he does not say, in an entire obliviousness to the things which are almost invariably said.

Counsel to Those Who Would Be Successful "Serious Artists"—Be original, certainly—that is necessary if you are to be taken seriously; but, above all, be sure you are original in the same way as the others.

The path of wisdom is the exact opposite of that said to have been pursued by the Bourbons: to learn everything and to forget nothing.

Virtue has its seductions no less than vice. It is the custom, however, for people to talk as if attractions belonged only to the latter, and they leave to virtue nothing but rewards, which one thoroughly deserves, however, when one has gone through with the disagreeable business. It is no wonder if people are wicked? In reality, virtue seduces just as vice does; where the latter has the advantage is in its easiness. It is the path of least resistance; hence it is taken, however much all men admire virtue. To put goodness for everyone on equal terms with vice, two courses might be taken: the virtues might be reduced to such smallness that not even vice could be so easy, or they might be made so great and difficult that no one could resist the temptation of essaying them. These, however, would be merely temporary remedies at the best; and virtue can be served in reality only by developing men's ability to see results as well as experiences, by the increase of knowledge—one has to return to Socrates after all. For virtue is not only pleasurable in itself—it has rewards as well; but vice is its own reward. In brief, vice is short-sighted virtue.

The reason why the bulk of culture is so insipid is not obscure; it is because so much of it is mere gossip—the most etiolated, the most solemn, the most dull form of gossip—gossip not about persons, but about ideas. The average cultivated man does not think; he takes scandal about thought. Compared with this, ordinary gossip is a serious occupation; and the cultured are more frivolous—that is, ignore reality more completely—than Tom, Dick and Harry.

The woman-hater has given himself away in all ages, but in the present he gives himself away unblushingly and all. In our father's time, people said, "Cherchez la femme." But we are nowadays still more compromising; we say, "Cherchez la mère."
Contemporary Fragments.
By Janko Lavrin.

III.—THE COMING WAVE.

I.

Is it not strange that there are so few attempts to deal objectively with the psychology, or rather with the pathos, of our curious post-war epoch? We seem, in fact, to be afraid of looking upon our present little comfortable and less comforting reality straight in the face. There may be, indeed, a very good reason for postponing our final diagnosis and verdict: that we are beginning to suspect what the verdict will be. At any rate, as long as almost the whole population of Europe behaves like the inmates of a burning and crumbling madhouse, many a person will close his eyes on purpose, simply in order not to be himself driven to madness.

This may be in many cases a matter not so much of cowardice as of prudence and inner economy. For we have paid so dearly for the experiences of the last few years that we have very little capital left with which to meet further expenditure. Naturally, we did not regret paying as long as we hoped that a great general tragedy might be as well a good and radical social cure; but, together with many other hopes, this is withering away. Humanity has proved no longer great enough for a great tragedy, and still less capable of a great creative idea. Besides, the truth is that the catastrophe which has cost us so many million victims had for its basis not a great idea, but a great speculation. That is why we have had so much rather than regenerated by it: the conquerors have been crushed by their defeats, and the conquerors have been crushed still more—by their victories.

To those who try to savour the prevailing “spirit of the age,” without mixing with it sentimental lemonades, the situation seems at once queer and tragic. It seems queer because we still endeavour to conjure up by habit (or by inertia) the defunct pre-war “ideals,” well knowing all the time that they have been blown away for ever, leaving behind only their pale and grinning spectres which haunt us in our dreams, making our growing nightmare still more nightmare-like. And it seems tragic because those few who still want to have any faith in so-called humanity see in front of them nothing but a ghastly void relieved by a merry obscene cancan on the graveyard of our civilisation. The old world lies in ruins, and so far there is nothing new on the horizon—except some renovated garments for the old hypocrisies and a fresh stock of “idealistic” whitewash for our social sepulchres.

After the great Tragedy played on the battlefields of Europe and Asia there came the great Farce played in revolutionary Russia. We seem, apparently, to have forgotten the fact that our spiritual autopsies were needed in order to deal with our dangerous situations. The impulse of Russia towards a new world and a new humanity was, beyond any doubt, grand and sincere. In spite of the meddling of all the political midwives who assisted its birth, the impulse itself was, in its first phase, childishly naïve and unpractical—as most good impulses are. Unfortunately, this elemental impulse of a huge national organism could not find in time a new idea which would be adequate to its size and range. The great organism remained inarticulate, and still could not pronounce a great directing idea of its own. Hence the impulse was bound to degenerate into pathologic paroxysms with all their “bolshievist” horrors.

It is in this disproportion between the colossal impulse and its petty second-hand formule that lies the inner tragedy of the Russian revolution. Think only what could have happened if the impulse of Russia towards a new humanity had been directed, say, by a new Christ instead of by Lenin, with his worn-out Marxian dogmas and statistics—imported into Russia by post.

But that is again the “spirit of the age” which demands, not bread for the sake of justice, but justice for the sake of bread. Forgetting that the radical revolutions are those which inwardly regenerate individuals and nations, we are eager only for external reforms which easily may lead to new tyrannies with all their lust for revenge. And is there anything more horrible (and more natural) than the revenge of former slaves who have become externally free, while remaining at the same time inwardly as slavish as before? On the other hand, since all our culture with its art and science has degraded itself to the position of an obedient handmaid of the exploiting classes, each revolt of the “rejected and oppressed” against these classes is bound to become a revolt against culture as well; and since official religion is the Guardian Angel of capitalism, is it wonderful that so many do not make any substantial difference between them? But that is again a logical retribution, or, let us call it, a historical Karma.

However, if the wave of the coming democracy possessed enough vitality and inner potency to create a culture on new and profound lines, then its scornful ignoring of the existing “culture” would be sane and useful. But if instead of a new creative power it manifests in the long run only a capacity for parasitic imitation of that very “culture,” then each successful rising of the uncivilised masses must lead to a still greater cultural decay—in so far as the masses instinctively tend to replace the qualitative value of culture by the quantitative value of “general education” with all the shallowness, self-satisfied dilettantism and grossly utilitarian “common sense” which are its inseparable retinue.
III.

We see in truth a strange phenomenon in the history of modern times: namely, the fact that each so-called social advance results in a certain regression in the quality of culture for the sake of "general education."

As the new classes which come up to the surface rarely possess cultural traditions of their own, they naturally copy in a hurry the traditions, as well as the external customs, of the classes against which they have risen.

The worst point, however, is not the copying itself, but the fact that the copying is usually done very badly. So much so, that the more refined the culture which a people imitate the more distorted the caricature which results from the imitation. They pull everything down to the level of their own "freshness," replacing organic development by a superficial eclectic borrowing reminding one very much of the fable of the crow with the peacock's feathers.

It was in this way, for instance, that the rising bourgeoisie once began to ape the fallen aristocracy which, although already deprived of its content, its fascinating reality, still retained a fascinating exterior. Unfortunately, the worthy bourgeois-gentilhommes proved not fine enough to ape successfully even a refined exterior. In order to acquire it they were obliged to "popularise" it, i.e., to make it accessible to everybody. All the romance of life, all the capacity for adventure, for pride, for honour, for disinterested actions, were replaced by the cowardly respectability, the empty "seriousness" and the vulgar conceit of parvenus.

In other words, the "progress" of modern society in this respect meant an utter vulgarisation of life as a whole—vulgarisation of spirit, of intellect, of taste, of customs, of the classes against which they have risen. The fact that since the war, and especially since the Peace Conference, those cultured European intellectuals who still endeavour to hold together their shattered belief in a better future do not seek the road to "restoration" and the new bourgeoisie once aped the fallen aristocracy. In other words, the crux of the dilemma is whether the instinctive aim of the Labour movement is a "popularised" but improved, i.e., cast-trated, universal bourgeois or whether there is still any possibility of making out of this rough clay a New Humanity.

Without making any conjectures as to the answer, I should like to point out the curious and symptomatic fact that since the war, and especially since the Peace Conference, those cultured European intellectuals who still endeavour to hold together their shattered belief in a better future do not seek the road to this future through the worthy middle classes, but tend instinctively to come into a closer connection than ever with the labouring masses.

So far they have one point at least in common—disgust with the present state of things. But that is not enough; in order to achieve genuine co-operation there must be found such new creative values as will appeal equally to both and generate an atmosphere of complete mutual confidence. To say the truth, we are still in search of such values; and it is high time we found them, for only a close and intimate co-operation between the finest intellects and the struggling masses will still, perhaps, save humanity from the terrible danger of a plebeian, as distinct from a democratic, revolution.

PRAYER TO APOLLO.

Oh! I have need of thee, thou glorious one,
Need of the calm, glad beauty of thine eyes,
For, even as questing fingers mar the rose,
So have the urgent cities made their prize,
And I was gladder than a spotless fawn,
Prancing Arcadian glades and boks among,
For every thought in the shaded hall
I went in rapture
I thank thee for those days of crystal streams,
Of overhanging willows and the light
I who love the woods, the whispering shore.

I stand, deserted in the street,
Shimmering before me, where the pathway cleaves;
I who love the woods, the whispering shore.

Swift Miracle, O Lyre with roses bound,
I stand, deserted in the street,
Shimmering before me, where the pathway cleaves;
Cernikoff continued his argument for and against the piano, at the Aeolian Hall, February 14; the answer in so far as it concerns Chopin was, and always has been, in the affirmative. It is particularly in the affirmative when we get the real Chopin malely and firmly done. In the Variations we had romance, flowing water, colour of light in water, reflections on Venetian canals; delicacy in the valse, maintenance of the upper and lower strings. It was Cernikoff who asked us that he could Chopinize to a 1830, Cernikoff took the “Bolero” to a Derain-Matisse, Boutique-fantusque period; it was great fun and a definite Cernikoff creation. There was lucidity in his enunciation of the Etudes Op. 25. Then ill luck overtook him; in the Polonaise the intoxication of kinesis got the better of him. After a splendid opening he suddenly forgot where he was and what he was doing; there was a blank, the notes continued with nothing inside them, he “lost his audience,” he awoke to the fact several minutes too late. The greater accident was a sort of aphasia or arhythmodia or whatever the correct term may be, that might happen to anyone. Emphatically Cernikoff is coming into his own, the public is beginning to recognise his remarkable equipment, and one only hopes that persistent regret a contretemps in this gradual trend. There was no one in the hall, I think, who did not, during the first part of the programme, realise what magnificent music Cernikoff can produce.

The second half of the programme was Liszt, the interest largely historic; St. Francis and the birds is a bore, the Sonata was well interpreted, with emphasis on line, colours heavily defined as if by wide black circumferential lines, emphasis on the construction, the thing divided by a series of brick walls, dull thuds without resonance (presumably with intention), this in contrast with delicate reverie, an interesting reading, and the dead thuds allowed the finale to sink into the tone, for contrast.

As the programme preface stated, Liszt outlived the romantics; he wrote transcriptions of other men’s music. He did also a piano version of the Liebestod, and he was a rather heavy-minded individual. He had gifts, but it is questionable how far this is a matter for rejoicing.

Rosing was in form on February 7, interesting pianissimo in opening Korsakov, with great variety; in the Tyndall “Aeolian” is, as William Atheling said, a pleasant singer. The Cantata is merely a superstition, the first of the Greek “folk songs” has been fiddled up to drawing-room tone by Ravel, much as the 18th century put the classics into lace and silk breeches. It compares most unconvincingly with, for example, Stroesco’s Roumanian folk songs.

“La bas vers l’église” has an interesting accompaniment which was very well played, although Raymer is not a particularly satisfactory accompanist. Quel Galant had some of the real thing in it. The words of Ceulles de lentiues are not lyric, but the music has a beautiful melodic line. “Tout gai” was folk with bravura.

Renaud’s “Le Paon” emphasised once more, ah once, if it were only once more that we should have it emphasised, that the modus of the Séquaires is the illustrator. It is as uninteresting as a Paquin model for 1894; Le Paon is playful and has a circus accompaniment.

Then we were let in for a cantata. Now if it is impossible to sing ring-a-round-a-rosy words with a serious meaning, it is doubly imbecile to sing such words when they do not even give good, open vowel sounds for the auditory pleasure would be equal to that of hearing “There I too with Simeon the joy,” etc. If we were to respect tradition as some people understand that phrase we should have to preserve every idiocy of mankind. People have got used to Cantatas and therefore they are, for some people, “good.” They remind people of their lost youth. All right; but there is no reason why succeeding generations should not be reminded of different lost youths.

The stupid and customary traditionalist always stops at a set year, i.e., the year where his teacher taught him to stop. The customary traditionalist never goes to history when history is likely to trouble his stagnation. We presume that the Séquaire is the ancestor of the Cantata. Medieval choirs sang in descant on “amens” and “hallelujahs,” these descants got longer and longer, it became difficult to remember the long series of notes on mere vowel sounds, various writers, notably Godschalk, then wrote in words to fit the notes of the descant. This produced the Séquaire and the fruit was a justification. But after the lapse of seven centuries it is no justification of the English translation of “Ich habe genug,” which has no merits and does not fit the music. Marshall would have done better to sing do-re-mi. The statement that the protagonist “has enough” is doubly true of the auditor before the singer has forty-seven times bade him “soothing sleep.” As it is Bach there is naturally staunch melodic line and fine music.

Sounds and part songs are another matter altogether. In them the word phrase holds the musical phrase in the minds of the different groups of singers. The Cantata is merely a superstition, a keeping of structure after its function is gone.

Marshall followed Plunket Greene, at a distance in “seventeen come Sunday,” pleasantly in the third strophe. He succeeded in the Kennedy-Fraser Hebridean numbers and would do well to try some of the more ambitious pieces from that repertoire. “Royal Oak” was the real thing, folk song, not Coliseum, and not in danger of becoming so, as had been “I’m seventeen.” This was perhaps his best effort. Bear in mind * Three times, since last writing, people have said to me, “You know Stroesco was,” etc., and I have refrained from replying, “A qui le dites vous?”
that he is a delightful singer. He has little Italian, and got no meaning into the second strophe of "I pastori." Again we have heard singers walk into Stroescos's repertoire only to stir memories unfavourable to themselves. In San Basilo he showed the gap between singing, quite nice singing, and art. Fiaba has a bad setting.

On the whole we retain our first impression of Mr. Marshall, but he should house-clean his stock of music.

**Views and Reviews.**

**MR. SINCLAIR ON THE AMERICAN PRESS.**

America and Russia are two countries that have retained my astonished interest for years; they are like fairyland; everything is possible except the obvious. In those countries, if a man has a talent for the liberal arts or the exact sciences, we presently find him answering criminal charges; if, on the other hand, he has a positive genius for criminal practices, we presently find him endowing the liberal arts and the exact sciences, in addition to less obvious forms of generosity, which might, to those "unsifted arts and the exact sciences, in addition to less obvious forms of generosity, which might, to those "unsifted"

Mr. Sinclair began intelligent life, as so many of us have done, with a belief in Señor de Maestu's "functional principle"; he believed that the function of the Press was to publish news, to disseminate truth, to serve the public interest. Between that and the psychological definition of democracy is simplicity; anybody who has ever tried to discover the truth about anything knows that it is a most expensive process; but the democrat expects it to be given to him for two cents. We all know that he does not get it; we all know that the news service of any country is a highly organised work of art, which is true only to the intentions of those who perpetrate it. It presents "apparent pictures of unapparent natures," the said natures being those of the people who control policy, and they are often remote from the actual newspaper world itself, many of them, like Nicodemus, preferring to find the way of their salvation by night. What makes Mr. Sinclair's book so valuable is that he traces the ramifications of the control of policy to their sources, gives names and dates, times and places, quotes documents, and generally challenges "the American Press" (not excepting the news agencies) to sue him for libel. They will, of course, do nothing of the kind; on the contrary, his closing chapter suggests that they will lay him in the shallow, not by a fair trial of his charges, but by what is called a "frame-up" in the American language, a conspiracy of perjury in the more precise English language.

For the incongruity of which I have spoken before manifests itself in this simple fact—that the crudest forms of American fiction are the realistic studies of American life. I have on other occasions referred to the very efficient manner of dealing with labour disputes in America, such as running armoured cars at night-time through the tent villages of the strikers, firing on them while asleep, and then "suppressing disorder" by State or Federal troops. The deposition of sheriffs, the swearing-in of "thugs" as militia, the suspension of legal rights and authority by the employers—all these things are proven in the reports of governmental commissions of inquiry. Indeed, the technique of dealing with strikes in America is that employed by Joseph in Egypt with his brethren, to prepare the offence and the evidence before charging the other party with it—to have trains, for example, derailed or blown up by "thugs," and to make the strikers criminally liable for what they profess they did not have to do. Mr. Sinclair, by great good fortune, and by a matter of minutes, has escaped from one conspiracy of perjury which would have "proved" him to be in a German conspiracy against his country; whether he will succeed a second time has yet to be seen.

The upshot of it all is that Mr. Sinclair shows, in elaborate detail covering a period of about twenty years, that the American Press is an instrument of policy, linked up with the commercial and financial systems (not to mention the political system) by a few personalities. The object is to maintain in power those who now possess it, or those who may be able to attain to it by similar means (the said means constitute the whole history of "grant"), and to prevent not merely the realisation but the expression of the ideals that democrats cherish. To this end, everything that might tend to the public comprehension of the reasonableness, the goodwill, the possibility of any other economic system than that which now dominates the United States (and some other countries nearer home) is either suppressed or falsified. Labour is called "Socialism"; Socialism is defined as "the nationalisation of women," in addition, of course, to all the crimes in the calendar, which, if the Socialists cannot be provoked to commit, are kindly committed by other parties and attributed to them. That most people, except those who control policy, are sick of the whole

* "The Brass Check: A Study of American Journalism." By Upton Sinclair. (Published by the Author, Pasadena, California. 50c. post-paid.)
business, Mr. Sinclair has reason to believe; and his solution of the problem is the foundation of a weekly paper, which will have no advertisements and no editors, to be managed by a committee which will include a most heterogeneous collection of people and associations. The purpose of this paper will be to publish news and to expose lies, not to propagate opinions; and if it does not soon find itself in the Bankruptcy Court as a consequence of libel actions following its “exposures of lies” and “brings to the truth into the light of day,” I shall be much surprised. I do not believe that a committee which comprises “Socialists and anti-Socialists, pro-Bolsheviks and anti-Bolsheviks . . . the Federation of Catholic Societies, the Federation of Protestant Churches,” to take a few examples, could manage anything but a free fight. Those who may think otherwise are invited to communicate with Mr. Sinclair.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Sexual Ethics. By Robert Michels. (Walter Scott. 6s. net.)

The attack “to reconcile youthful love with elder morals” has inspired a considerable literature, poetic and belletristic; it has been the stock subject of tragedy in prose and verse, one of the chief purposes of religion, a not unimportant portion of the legislative and administrative functions of government, and, finally, it has produced the most elaborate technique of psychological enquiry and adjustment that this age, at least, is acquainted with. That the subject is of some importance even the taboos of its public discussion that have only recently been lifted demonstrate; and if the solution of the problem has not been found in secrecy, a more public and necessarily impersonal treatment may indicate the solution. Mr. Michels is admirably equipped for his task; his acquaintance with belles-lettres is as extensive as is his acquaintance with the more scientific and technical literature of his vast subject, and he handles his material with the frankness of a pure mind. But in spite of the different range of facts, sexual ethics do not differ in principle from other ethics. There is the same need of “self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control” in love as in every other activity of life; there is the same recognition that “wrong” is fundamentally the denial or the invasion of the rights of others. All the various forms of fraud or force condemn themselves, because they do not issue in the thing aimed at; you cannot get something for nothing in a mutual relation, and love, which gives everything, demands everything. The ideal, of course, is monogamy—but monogamy, to be successful, must have the infinite diversity of unity. Marriage so often fails, except in appearance, to preserve its monogamic character because this passion process is denied protean expression. If unhappiness is born of inhibition, inhibition is born of ignorance; and Mr. Michels has much to say that is admirable on the question of sex education. Positive instruction, either in school or home, he thinks is harmful; even physiological explanation by medical men he rejects. He argues that children will grow normally into knowledge of themselves and their potenialites provided that they are not deliberately and repeatedly denied the knowledge. Mr. Michels is distinctly uncomplimentary. Most of the questions discussed in this volume are borderland questions, and Mr. Michels has been more concerned to state problems than to solve them. But he has stated them with a wealth of illustration from all sources so that the questions are perfectly clear; and the need of reform, not only in the law but in the customs pertaining to and the conceptions of marriage, is indicated no less clearly than the rather surreptitious alternatives to a happily married life.

The Soul of Ireland. By W. J. Lockington, S.J. (Harding and Marshall. 6s. net.)

Although Mr. Chesterton contributes a preface to this book, it is only one of those Catholic works of edification that makes unbelievers smile. If we were to accept Father Lockington’s rhapsodies, we should have to regard Ireland as a place where “all work, all play, all speech ceases, and the message of the Angelus rings out thrice daily over a land stilled in reverent silence, as the nation bows in prayer of thanking to God.” We have reason to believe that the picture lacks oscuro, is all high lights and no shadows. Certainly, Father Lockington only allows us to see the Irish at their devo-tions, which seem to be given to them without the least base. He gives us dozens of edifying illustrations of their piety, of the poor man and woman dying in dire poverty, but with the most appropriate ecclesiastical sentiments on their lips. We like particularly the story of the Irish washerwoman to a squire in the South of England, who used to walk sixty miles every week-end to hear Mass. The squire’s sisters, having failed to secure her dismissal, tried to convert her with arguments and tracts. She “met argument by argument, and false ideas with facts, threw all the tracts unread on the top of a tall cupboard, and prayed earnestly that her well-meaning employers would be given the grace to see the light. In the end both became Catholics. The squire . . . he, too, became a Catholic, and all his family.” We are not told that the squire married the washerwoman; but with that exception, the story has the quality of creative literature. Ireland, apparently, is a land where the people are always blessing, and counting their rosaries, a land where there are no disputes about anything, where nothing is done but worshipping God, honouring the priest, and suffering from the English. Lot could not find ten good men in Sodom; Father Lockington cannot find one bad man in Ireland, and the women are all Virgin Marys. The life of Ireland, evidently, is a vision of Ireland, obvious to the insight of faith, but hidden from the eyes of observers. Like the Kingdom of God to which it pertains, it “cometh not with observation”; and the Ireland shown in modern Irish literature, politics, and economics, is at once more obvious and more intelligible to the English reader.

Shepherd’s Warning. By Eric Leadbitter. (Allen and Unwin. 7s. net.)

Mr. Leadbitter’s story of the transformation of a rural into an urban community (period 1892-1910) is chiefly remarkable for its faithful study of the old ploughman Bob Garrett. With the younger generation, Mr. Leadbitter is by no means so successful; Sally, with her strain of gipsy blood, is too undeveloped to explain the glamour that, we are told, she threw over the young men in her neighbourhood, and her determination, at the end, to settle down to a more tranquil existence belief and literary curiosity. By reason of the fact that no radical alteration in her life. Her husband, Fred Garrett, is drawn as so inarticulate a genius of the countryside that we are no nearer an understanding of him at the end than at the beginning; and his one positive action, in marrying Sally when she was pregnant by another man, and later on, by running away with her, is one of the springs of his character. The emotional substratum of the story is tragic, and Mr. Leadbitter’s translation of it into the common-place gives a very effect to his naturalism. But for Bob Garrett, the story seems as unreal as a verbatim report.

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Pastiche.

THE CHURNING OF THE OCEAN.

EUROPE: 1919-20.
The bonds that surround thee,
The dull mists that shroud,
The crushed serpent 'vengeful,
The coiled worm proud;
The flashed flame of heaven,
The cloud-bolt, the thud
When earth shaketh shattered
And gaspeth; and scud
Wild demons terrific,
Fierce furies so swift
That eye cannot follow,
Sense swayeth adrift;
All strangling, all horror,
All terror, all pain
Now culminate fearful
To feast on all slain.

Thy doom and thy throes and thy bringing to birth
Come on thee with clamour and sinister mirth.

For the brand of Cain is on thy brow,
His hand astir to point
And show
Where all thy follies reel and dance
As wild as erst the fields of France
Shook under, to a rune.

The hand of Cain, the hand of death,
The stifled wish's cry,
Tormented to a giant pulse
Compelling from the sky;
Compelling and constraining thee,
Until thou feel the god,
Refreshed and born in verity
Through union with the clod.

To ride the whirlwind is a feat
Fitting for thy courage, meet
For the home of heroes hurled,
Extroverted, through the world.

Rise,
And rising, render
From thy lip the Circe cup.
Thou dost drink too deep, too deep!
Drugged and dulled and half-asleep,
What wilt thou on such a path
Save be seared in thine own wrath?
Face thyself, and facing,
Show
That thine offspring thou dost know.

Delving deep and rising high
Under earth and in the sky,
Cry that love is born again!
Cry that love is free from pain,
That the curse its potency
Hath no more; an argosy
Waiteth for thee radiant,
So thou follow but thy bent.
Cry that empty, dull and drear
Fadeth now that ancient fear;
Thou hast known him, thou hast marked
All his meshes, thou hast marked
To his ghostly gibbering,
And seen him but a phantom thin,
Perishing and undermined,
So thou cherish but thy find.

Churn and turn and plunge again
In thy deeps, and rise again.
Weave and interweave thy thought
To a flaming pattern wrought.
Cast and mould and break until
Sinketh the storm, and riseth still,
Ever new and ever thine
He that filleth thee with wine,
He, the healer, heavenly one,
Brilliant, as thy work is done!

J. A. M. Alcock.

KAREL DOSTAL-LUTINOV: SLOVAK RHAPSODY, 1919.
(Translated from the Czech by P. Selver.)

In Moravia's golden epoch
Beneath the sceptre of Swatpolak
We were of one body.

For centuries the half of our body
Shackled beneath the yoke was deadened.

Like cock-welded Promethens,
Thou, Slovakia, didst hang
Welded to thy heaven-reaching Tatra,
Crucified.

Accursed be our dissension!
Accursed be intolerance of sons
And fathers' unfaith!

Accursed be vikingry and unfaith of self,
Unfaith of kindred, of speech and of spirit!

Accursed be foreignness and vainglory
Of decking our raiment with foreign tinsels!

After centuries we are our own again—
But ever at war.

The untamed Mongol,
Who ages agone
Slaughtered and burned and shattered our realm
And with arrogant heel trampled on Metod's tomb,
To-day again slaughters and burns
Our Carpathian home!

And again we are severing hallowed stems,
Again are wrangling
And trampling upon our heritage
Which Cyril and Metod implanted
And we rend one the other
Sorer than foe and murderer can!

After centuries fused into one
By the grace of God who forgave us,
Wantonly we squander
destiny, life!

"O Slovakia, redeemed
By age-long serfdom and sorrow,
Let not thy dearest treasure be seized on:
Thine ancient faith, thy dulcet speech,
Christendom's courses!
Thou art not of Arpad, art not of Stepan—
Metod thy father!

Whatsoever they bring unto thee for thy jewels,
cast away as baubles, trumpery glass!

From sound roots of thy deep faith,
From the stock of Jesse, shall spring forth a stem,
Shall spring forth a tree full of golden fruits,
Beneath which we all shall rest.

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