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CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Miners' Federation have not let the grass grow under their feet. They have not even given themselves time for second thoughts. No sooner has their old time-table run its course to its inevitable conclusion in defeat and humiliation than they are ready with another of a similar if not of an even more calamitous character. Within the next week or two the Miners' Federation will wait upon Mr. Lloyd George with a request, in the form of a demand, for a three shilling increase of daily wages. On March 24 the present adjourned delegate conference will meet again to consider what steps to take to "compel" the Coal Control to concede what it is certainly expected the Coal Control will refuse. Finally, by April 12 or thereabouts, if the increase of wages is by that time not in prospect, the Miners' Federation will declare a strike, with or without the support of the rest of the Trade Union movement. Whatever else may be said of the Miners' Federation, punctuality in respect of their commitments cannot be denied them; and it is, therefore, in the highest degree probable that the programme here laid down will be adhered to.

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One of the worst features of the situation is that the Miners' Federation are under no illusion that their new campaign will be of the slightest use to them. Nationalisation had, after all, an element of novelty, but the pursuit of higher wages is foreknown to be an "endless and futile race after prices." Why, then, it may be asked, is the Miners' Federation about to re-embark on this policy? For himself, Mr. Hodges tells us, he not only wishes it could be otherwise, but he claims to have exhausted every possible alternative before consenting to it. The Miners' Federation, he says, have tried to "tackle fundamentally the whole problem of the relation of capitalism to production"; they have endeavoured to operate upon prices instead of upon wages; they have even been willing to sacrifice any immediate advantages for the sake of a great industrial experiment. But no, he says, neither the Government, the country, nor the Trade Union movement would support the Miners' Federation. And the Miners' Federation have, in consequence, been compelled to revert to the old bad policy of wages. It is a pathetic story; and it has the merit of being nearly true. Nevertheless, it is not true; and Mr. Hodges should be well aware of the fact. Months ago we approached Mr. Hodges with an offer to lay before him and the Miners' Federation a practical scheme for the future of the Mining industry, the essence of which lay in the control of prices—only to learn that Mr. Hodges had no inclination to consider any suggestion that had not already occurred to him. We urged upon him, as we have urged in these columns, the impracticability of the policy of Nationalisation to which the Miners' Federation was just committing itself. We predicted exactly what has occurred—the defeat of the attempt to "compel" the Government to adopt an unpopular measure; and the inevitable reaction of the defeat upon the Trade Union movement. Above all, we predicted the continued rise in the cost of living and the consequent increasing urgency of considering the whole problem from the point of view of prices rather than of wages. For our trouble we might have been applicants for Mr. Hodges' office instead of volunteers of anonymous assistance. Mr. Hodges not only failed to examine the scheme himself, he stood solidly between ourselves and the Executive of the Miners' Federation, so that to this day, as far as our knowledge goes, Mr. Hodges is the only member of the Miners' Executive who is even aware that an alternative exists both to the policy of Nationalisation and the policy of wage-strikes. After this experience of Mr. Hodges' thoroughness in exploring every alternative to "wages, wages, wages," we cannot take very seriously his cries of despair. The real despair, it seems to us, is with the miners and the nation.

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The conclusions of the special Trade Union Congress that completed the discomfiture of the Miners' Federation cannot be said to have been arrived at by reason, for the reasons offered were mostly bad. One of the most impressive appears to have been Mr. Thomas's plea that "political action had not failed, because it had never been fully tried": in other words, the movement could not be expected to know whether the political weapon was likely to be effective until over four hundred Labour members had been returned and a Labour Government had been created. It is a convenient argument in the mouths of political careerists permanently bent on using their trade unions as ladders to parliamentary notoriety; but it is manifestly

false. Long before four hundred Labour members are elected—indeed, while there are still only about sixty of the kind—it is perfectly easy to be certain that, if the rest should be up to specimen, the whole will be a complete failure. The ineffectiveness of Labour representation is not due to Labour's lack of numbers, in fact, but to Labour's lack of ideas; and four hundred members, all saying nothing and with nothing to say, would be of no more value than sixty. And this is to allow that the return of four hundred Labour members is possible, whereas it is certainly unthinkable. In this matter, people have allowed themselves to be misled by analogies. They have concluded that, because the Labour "Party" has grown, it will continue indefinitely to grow until it arrives at political power; and they have concluded again that the arrival of "Socialist" or "Labour" Governments elsewhere is the portent of their ultimate arrival here. We believe that the analogies are false, and that, in fact, there will never be a "Labour" Government—still less a Socialist Government—in this country. The Labour "Party" is not, indeed, in any real sense of the word, a political party at all, but a group; and, by the time it has arrived at power, it will need to have been so transformed that its present parents would have no right to claim it.

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It is not, however, the chief objection to political action as an alternative to industrial action that Labour would have to wait a long time before being able fully to try the political weapon—the intrinsic inferiority of political action was accurately indicated by Mr. Frank Hodges in his remark that "industrial development cannot wait." In fact, the tempo of political action is altogether different from the tempo of industrial action, and, of course, far slower. Industrial development is unceasing; every day sees some change in the industrial order, either for better or worse; it has taken enormous strides during the war, and it is taking enormous strides at this moment. Political action, on the other hand, is a process of marking time for as long as possible. It initiates nothing, and is, in the last resort, dependent on industrial action for its power. To rely for industrial development upon political action is, therefore, to rely upon a retarded effect for influence upon the swift cause. It is like trying to catch hold of lightning by its thunder. Assuming that "political action" as advocated by Mr. Thomas is the only weapon available, we can without further discussion be certain of the future of Labour: it is foredoomed to continual and continuous defeat.

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The vote against "direct action"—in other words, against a General Strike of the Trade Union movement—must not, however, be interpreted as a vote upon principle. If that had been the case, not only would Labour have forsworn the use of the only weapon that has the least chance of ever being effective against industrial capitalism, but even the ordinary wage-strike would have been included in the repudiation. It is obvious that the vote against direct action recorded last week was a vote against direct action only in the particular circumstances under discussion; it was, in fact, rather a criticism of the policy of the Miners' Federation than an out and out condemnation of direct action itself. We are glad that this is the case, since, as we have always said, the "direct action" of Labour is in general the only effective reply to the "direct action" of Capital; and, moreover, we are fully convinced that, given the proper circumstances, it may easily be found to be a democratic as well as an industrial instrument. Mr. Clynes' objection, which our readers have heard before, that a General Strike would be countered by a General Election is, of course, perfectly valid in the present case; since in the present case the *object* of the General Strike is in itself unpopular—in other words, would be certain to be defeated at a General Election. But suppose that the object of a General Strike were a popular object—let us say, the bringing down of the cost of living, as was last week the object of a General Strike in Portugal—the threat of a General Election would hold no terror in those circumstances, since it would merely confirm the action taken in the General Strike itself. We are still looking forward to the time, in fact, when Labour in this country shall have learned to take the lead in popular movements, and, if necessary, by industrial means. With this in view, we hope that "direct action" will be reserved for employment upon the proper occasion.

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The Economic Memorandum issued by the Supreme Council of the Allies is a superficial and misleading document altogether out of keeping with the circumstances that called it forth. Now that we are completely acquainted with the mechanics of the operation there is no longer any drug in the excuse that the rise in the cost of living is one of the inevitable consequences of a great war, that such has always been the sequel, and that such may always be expected to be the sequel of war. By just the degree, in fact, to which the causes of high prices are known they can or, at least, could have been controlled—war or no war. And by the same degree, moreover, they are susceptible of legislation at this moment. It suits the Allied Council, however, to pretend that the rise in the cost of living was "inevitable." By making it appear inevitable, it is no doubt hoped that not only will our statesmen escape responsibility, but the burden of the increase will be borne more resignedly.

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The Memorandum concludes, of course, with the usual exhortation to consume less and produce more; and, of course, with the usual absence of specification either as to individuals or kinds of commodities. It is, however, really important to be sure of what is intended; since a mistake may well prove fatal. Taking it for granted that the appeal is directed chiefly to the working masses (since a reduction of consumption by the wealthy would be about as "bad for trade" as their increased output would be miraculous), the old question which we have often asked and answered arises again: How does the increased production of A necessarily reduce the price of B? Price, it is assumed in every such appeal, is a matter of supply and demand. The greater the supply relatively to the demand the lower the price. Very good: and will somebody now tell us how the increased supply of motor-cars is going to make boots cheaper, and why the multiplication of golf courses should have the effect of reducing the price of clothing? Increased production is all very well; we are, in fact, enthusiastically in favour of it; but, as a means to reducing prices, it can, *at best,* only bring about that change in respect of the goods whose production is actually increased. Upon all other goods than those whose production is simultaneously increased, the effect of increased production is to raise their price. The effect, in short, of disproportionately increasing our output of motor-cars is to raise the cost of living of the class that cannot afford to buy them.

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The Allied Council has the complementary superstition of the belief that war inevitably raises prices in the superstition that peace and time will inevitably bring about a fall in prices. The truth, of course, is that just as the appropriate measures raise prices, war or no war, so only the appropriate measures will reduce prices, peace or no peace. We may affirm, moreover, that far from "time" being necessarily on the side of a reduction in the cost of living, it is likely to add to the cost both immediately and for as far as we can see. Immediately, the prospect is dark in the extreme, since we have by no means reached the highest level of prices which is to constitute the norm of the future; and pro-

spectively we can assert that so long as it is easier to make money than to make goods, so long will the tendency of prices be upwards. It is impossible that the production of goods, under the prevalent financial system, should keep pace with the production of money; and, even if this were possible, it must be remembered that "money" is relatively immortal while all goods are subject to consumption. It therefore follows that while the amount of money in existence is perpetually increasing, the goods originally represented by every addition to money, are undergoing perpetual destruction; and, unlike the money, they must therefore be perpetually renewed. The case of the war-debt is only a singularly vivid example of what is the normal working of the system. Thousands of millions of "money" were created simultaneously with thousands of millions of shells and the like. The shells have gone, but the "money" remains. Unless this "money" is immediately "backed" by goods—by fresh goods—it necessarily "dilutes" the value of the currency at large, by entering into competition with other money for the existing goods. On the other hand, it is inconceivable that increased production should repeat the miracle of our shell-manufacture, and provide every sovereign of war-credit with goods to take the place of the shells destroyed. From the terrible situation thus reached there is only one way of escape—a fundamental change in our financial system.

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The Government has withdrawn half the subsidy upon bread: and the sooner the other half is withdrawn, the sooner and the more clearly will our real situation be brought home to the "democracy" that claims to be fit to govern itself. Far too much concealment of the real facts of our economic plight has taken place already; and in consequence of the sums dispersed in charity, in tips, in subsidies and grants in aid, the working-classes are under the illusion—and the governing classes with them—that the wages paid to the proletariat are, at the very least, sufficient for subsistence. Never could there be a more complete misunderstanding; for the truth of the matter is that the bare wages of the working-classes (including the salariat) are insufficient, without the conditional additions named, to keep the class for more than three-quarters of their lives; and there is no doubt whatever that even this fraction of "earned independence" is undergoing reduction. The rise in the cost of living, hitherto partially veiled by subsidies upon bread and other commodities, will shortly, we imagine, put an end to the pretence that Capitalism is capable in itself of "keeping" its own servants.

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The unconvincing defence which Trade Unionism has been able to make against the charge of impeding the building of houses is certainly due to the contempt of its leaders for any intelligence but their own. The default is a misfortune for the nation, nevertheless; since it serves to cover the injustice of the present distribution of spending-power. It is perfectly obvious to anybody who cares to think about it *where* the building-labour that should be employed upon houses for heroes has actually gone, and *why*, in consequence, there is a shortage of labour for housing which Mr. Lloyd George demands shall be made good by "dilution"—that is, by the relaxation of the self-preservative rules of the Trade Unions. What has become of the labour is precisely what has become of a similar proportion of everything open to be purchased. The mass of it has been bought up by the class that possesses the spending-power—in other words, by the little minority of the wealthy who enjoy between them nine-tenths of the nation's income. Of the labour available for building it is calculated that 90 per cent. is bespoken either for luxury or for commercial building. The remaining 10 per cent. is all that is "free" for housing proper. Mr. Lloyd George says, however, that this luxury and commercial building is essential—in particular, of course, the commercial building, destined to produce more wealth and thus to bring down prices, provide employment, etc., etc. That is as it may be; but the question is, nevertheless, still one of priority of importance. Which is of the more immediate importance—houses for people to live in, or more factories for them to work in? The present system is in no doubt about the answer; by nine to one it declares that the means are more important than the end.

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Mr. Lansbury will shortly be back from his little trip to Russia, and in a few weeks' time another party of Labour leaders will be Moscow-bound, in search of ideas which they might discover more easily by looking at home. In fact, ideas are not to be found in Russia at this moment at all, unless it be ideas how *not* to inaugurate an economic revolution. The spectacle that "Communist" Russia presents to the unprejudiced eye is in essentials identical with that of the despised capitalist countries of the West. In both alike we hear the cry of the governing classes for more production, harder work, less extravagance, greater obedience to discipline—sanctioned, too, in Russia no less than here by martial law when the economic law fails. The distinction is drawn by our theorists that in the one case a minority is exercising a dictatorship in the interests of the masses, whereas in our own case the dictatorship of the plutocratic minority is in the interests of a small class. But apart from the doubt that must arise in the mind of the Bolshevist worker whether he is really on the road to prosperity because Trotsky is in control rather than the Tsar, we should like to remind our Muscovites of the adage about sauce. If, as it is frequently said in journals that call themselves advanced, a Communist minority is entitled to employ any kind of power in defence of "the Revolution," then a plutocratic minority, it appears to us, is entitled to employ any kind of power in resistance to the Revolution. Moreover, if we are only to exchange one dictatorship for another, give us the dictatorship of the class that is skilled at the business.

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The estimates for the Army and Navy are so high that the "Times" describes them as the "road to ruin." It is doubtful, however, whether they can safely be reduced without a more considerable change in our industrial system than appears to be probable. Speaking at the London Chamber of Commerce last week Lord Robert Cecil declared that "unless we had a new international system we should have to arm ourselves," and the more effectively "because we knew that a defeated country in the next war would be absolutely wiped out." We agree with Lord Robert Cecil as to the probable fate of the defeated party in the next great war; it has only to be imagined that the Bottomley type of mindlessness is in control (as it will be) to make it certain that "Væ victis" will be literally interpreted. But we do not agree that the primary means of avoiding the catastrophe is to be found in an attempt to create a new *international* system. Foreign policy, as we have frequently said, is an extension of domestic policy; and the Foreign Office, as Lord Robert Cecil ought to know, is merely an instrument for the solution of the practical problem of our domestic industrial system—how to obtain raw materials and markets for exports. *This* problem, however, is the direct creation of the capitalist system which limits home consumption while increasing production in order to export more and more. Obviously if the goods we made were consumed at home, there would be no need to find a foreign market for them. With no need to find a market, there would be even less need to *force* a market. But wars, in the main, are only means of forcing a market; from which it follows that the chief cause of war is to be found at home.

Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

[NOTE.—At the suggestion of the Editor it is proposed in the near future to devote some space in THE NEW AGE to the answers to various inquiries which are received from readers who are interested in the control of credit and its corollaries. Such inquiries will, when it is so desired, be treated confidentially, or, if not of general interest, answered individually. They should be addressed c/o THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4.]

VI.

ONE aspect of the problem of Credit, the side which has been exploited by the financier, is psychological, but its base is realistic. In order to induce, by means of money, a miner to hew more coal than he wants for his own use, you must make him believe that the money which he will get for so doing is a means, and a better means than any other available, to get the things he personally wants in addition to coal. While this belief is of the essence of the arrangement, it is only stable as it approximates to *knowledge* that he will get what he wants. Now, knowledge rests on facts, otherwise it is delusion, and unless the money he earns actually does get him what he wants, he will cease to work for a given sum of money. If what he wants is not there, then money will not get it for him, unless money controls production.

But there is another form of inducement which can be invoked, and that is fear. If you can imbue a man with the belief that it is more unpleasant not to do a thing than to do it, then he will do it, just to the extent necessary to balance the motives; consequently, if you have in existence a strong centralised organisation, or an absolute monarchy, which is very much the same thing, such an organisation or Monarch is a good, sound reason why certain things should be done (because unpleasant things happen to those who defy such institutions), and they are, therefore, bases of credit. But the important thing to notice is that you must have the basis of credit either in its positive or negative aspect of inducement or compulsion, irrespective of what forms the inducement and compulsion take; and that inducement derives from within, from the individual, while compulsion is from without, from the "machine." The whole problem of High Policy reduces to a consideration of this proposition; *what sort of a reason are we endeavouring to set up to convince men that certain things must be done first in order that more things may be done subsequently?*

Now, it has been the habit to regard money as being the root of all evil (what time the Churches and philanthropic institutions issue ever more insistent appeals for subscriptions of it), just as decent persons in America have explained that politics is too dirty a game for them to take a part in, and, in consequence, have let the Trusts run it and them. Money is essentially a mechanism, and can be used or misused like any other mechanism, and if the population of this or any other country is willing to allow the mechanism of money to be controlled by the few, then, so long as inducement by money is the basis of credit, so long will the few control the many.

M. Lenin saw that quite clearly; and he set to work at once to destroy money as a reason for doing things by taking away the realistic basis of credit—he made so much money that it would not buy anything. But he went further; *he made it impossible, by nationalising industry, so to employ this "money" that its holders had any control over production.* The producer ceased to regard money as a good exchange for his production; barter proved, as it was bound to prove, impracticable, and production fell to nearly zero. A new basis of credit was required, and M. Trotsky obligingly stepped in with an excellent machine-gun corps. Observe what happened. *As soon as the credit-basis shifted from the bank-note to the machine-gun, the control of policy shifted from finance to administration, and not before.* This is the major lesson of the Russian Revolution for those whose brains are not stupefied by catch phrases—that control by administration means absolute, not merely functional, militarisation, and under it no freedom in any Western sense can possibly exist. The personnel of such an administration follows the law which governs the selection of personnel in all power organisations (with the operation of which every country became sufficiently familiar during the Great War), and the Society which groans under it becomes riddled with intrigue, and breaks up from internal dissension.

The application of these considerations to the industrial situation in Great Britain and elsewhere must surely be obvious. At this time, the Labour movement, as a result of generations of Fabian and similar propaganda superimposed on economic injustice, is in effect demanding the replacement of finance by administration, under the delusion that Labour would supply the personnel of administration. Because inducement is inherently stronger than compulsion, or, as the older psychology would have it, because love is stronger than fear, such an arrangement is fundamentally unstable, but it may be necessary for us to undergo the experience in order to be thoroughly disillusioned. However that may be, the ultimate issue seems fairly clear—that either after a period of painful dissolution all co-operative industry will cease, and we shall revert to a period of isolated endeavour, or else the community will recognise that the mechanism of exchange is the life-blood of civilisation, and instead of foolishly endeavouring to abolish it will see that its circulation is controlled in the interests of the body politic.

Of course, to force the metaphor a little, there may be intermediate complications; the mal-distribution of this life-blood may cause another outbreak of the fever of war sufficient to kill the patient outright, and there are not wanting signs of this eventuality.

Short of this, the only visible agency which seems to have the fundamental capacity to ensure a decision one way or another is that of organised Labour, and organised Labour at this time shows considerable susceptibility to the Border gibe of being "strong i' th' arm and weak i' th' head."

(To be continued.)

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

IX.

I SAID in my last section that the breakdown of the aristocratic spirit was observable in the House of Commons in two points: the first was the breakdown of the aristocratic capacity in the governing portion of the nation, and the second the breakdown or disappearance of an appetite or desire for aristocracy in the mass of the nation.

The first of these symptoms has two aspects. There is the breakdown of the aristocratic spirit in the central aristocratic institution of the House of Commons and there is the breakdown of it in the governing class out of which the House of Commons used to proceed and of which it was, when it had strength, the reflection. This failure of the House of Commons to play the aristocratic part and the consequent necessary loss of power I described.

It remains to consider the loss of that power by the governing class in general before we pass to the corresponding loss of desire for it in the mass.

The loss of the aristocratic spirit in the class which until quite recently so strongly possessed it is chiefly observable in the decline of *principle.*

Let me explain what I mean. I mean by principle not a right or a good observable by the mind and

maintained by it as an ideal. I mean *any* standard observed by the mind and maintained as an ideal.

For instance, that man is a man of principle (in such a use of the word) who being engaged upon looting his neighbours has discovered that caution in speech is necessary to such a trade, sets up such caution for a standard and rigorously conforms to that standard. The principle here is not a good observed and followed. On the contrary it is an evil. But it is a principle none the less. It is an appreciated and sustained framework of conduct.

Now every governing class in every aristocratic state has had some such moral backbone differing with the particular colour of the state, the race, the religion, the climate and all the rest of it: rarely mentioned and always irrecoverable by its former adherents when once it had passed away. Thus there must have been something, some bunch of habits, some way of walking, and of speaking, some set of things to be done and not to be done, which gave the governing class of Venice its power. Yet, much as we know of Venice, no modern book that I know of can give one a picture of that. What was "the standard of a Venetian gentleman?"

The decay of principle in this sense of the word often comes from something good in those who allow it to decline. It often indicates a better character in those who have lost it than in those who maintain it. The humorous recognition of its limitations, the honest anger against its evil side, as for instance, against its pride, the cynical analysis of its hypocrisy, or at any rate of its make-belief—all these are good in the individual. The modern descendant of the gentry who prefers to tell the truth about what remains of his power, who is more pitiful to the poor than were his fathers, who is more ready to laugh at himself, is the better man for all these things. But he is the less fitted for governing in an aristocracy. Herein we may observe the truth of the old saying that aristocratic states admire a measure of stupidity in those who govern them. They do: for too keen a wit is solvent of many things that buttress principle.

This loss of principle, then, is observable in the good development of what was the governing class, in its greater humour, its greater kindness, its greater humility. But it is observable also in other and worse things. It is observable, for instance, in the weakening of contempt for certain things which were despised because they were unfitted to aristocratic government, but which also happened to be base. The men who, if England were still aristocratic, would govern, now tolerate an easy domestic equality with rapscallions whom their fathers would not have admitted beyond the doorstep, and with most of whom their fathers would not even have conversed in the street. The old reason for the gentleman's despising the rapscallion was not a particularly moral reason. It came rather from an instinct of self-preservation: the preservation of the aristocratic organism and of the aristocratic state as a whole. The weakening of that contempt, the new intimate companionship with power not only ephemeral but base, is mixed up no doubt with the growth of humility. And this we see in a process everywhere observable: which is, the admixture of apology and impotence with which the process is accompanied.

It is the commonest of modern experiences to find a man or woman still of the governing type (they no longer possess the governing power) apologising for their frequentation of such and such a house, for their acceptation of such and such an insult, and accompanying the apology with a phrase which admits their incapacity to stand firm. It is an atmosphere of drift and of fatigue: the very contrary of that atmosphere of discipline which *all* governing organs, monarchic, democratic, or aristocratic, must maintain at the peril of extinction.

Next to this abandonment of principle, this loss of a stiffening standard, round which the governing body could rally and to which it would conform, we note the disintegration of the governing body. That process has not yet gone very far, but it is going very fast.

Under the old order the governing class maintained a certain hierarchy and had a regular process of digestion and of support. The best example of this function in the old aristocratic organism, the gentry, is its old attitude towards intelligence and creative power (intelligence and creative power between them are the mark of the arts). The painter, the writer, the builder, the scholar, were not for the most part of the gentry. Some of them might be, but that was an accident. Yet the close relations of the aristocratic organism and this important section of the state are very interesting to note—I mean their relations at the time when the aristocratic spirit was most vigorous. The scholar, the writer, the painter, and all that tribe aspired, though they were not of the governing class, to a permanent acquaintance with many members of it. Not only was that acquaintance granted by the superiors, but it was actively sought by them and at the same time its supporting value was instinctively recognised. One might compare the process, in a metaphor, to the need of a man possessing the strength for some operation, but insufficiently illumined. Such a man, if he is working in the dark, will be wise to take a lantern with him. His strength will blunder unless that upon which he operates is well lit.

There was, of course, more than this in the affair. The governing class fully revered the arts and fostered them. They made the arts worth a man's while through the respect that was paid to them. The gentry reflected upon the arts something of an aristocratic quality, and the artist, in the proper sense of that word, was an adjunct to the gentleman. Now the disintegration of the governing class destroyed that relation.

It was a mechanical destruction, not a deliberate or wilful one. You can still point to individual relations which are exactly those of the older times. But the corporate relation is different. It has become an affair of "sets." You get whole patches, as it were, of what would have been the governing class in past times, to which, to-day, the arts mean nothing. Conversely you get great bodies of the arts divorced from any intimate knowledge of what would have been the governing class a generation or two ago. The process is sometimes expressed rather crudely by the epigram that the man who would have been retained as a guest fifty or even thirty years ago is nowadays called in to a lunch as a buffoon. Another less crude and more accurate way of putting it is to say that the necessary connection between the aristocratic and the artistic function in the state has disappeared. Much of the ritual is still maintained, but it is only ritual. And of course the great objective test of the whole affair is the decline of taste.

In an aristocracy, while it still has vigour, the aristocratic organism recognises and selects (though itself is not for the most part creative) true creative power around it. It recognises above all *proportion* in creative power. It has an instinct against chaos in the arts.

When what remains of a governing class seeks only novelty and even absurdity, or what is worse still a mere label in its appraisement of creative power, it is a proof that the aristocratic spirit has declined.

The disintegration of the class that should govern is to be seen in another fashion: the substitution of simple, obvious, and few passions for a subtle congeries of appetites.

Consider for instance: the passion for money. The necessity for wealth, position through wealth, the digestion of new wealth, all these are indeed native

to the governing class of an aristocracy. But they are native only as part of a much larger whole. Wealth thus sought in a strong governing class is subject to many qualifications and the desire of it is balanced against many other desires. When the attitude towards wealth becomes at once a principal thing and an isolated thing it is a proof and a cause of disintegration in a governing class; for instance: when wealth is divorced from manners or is accepted at the expense of grave loss of dignity.

And what is true of the appetite for wealth is true of many other things, the appetite for physical enjoyment, the appetite for change, the appetite for new sensation (an appetite born of fatigue and accompanying not strength but weakness).

The processes of a governing class in an aristocratic state are deliberate and tenacious. The isolated processes which occur in its disintegration are rapid and at random.

Lastly, we note in the decline of the aristocratic spirit within the governing organism of an aristocracy an over-consciousness, or self-praise. What is still active works outwards: considers its material rather than itself: is absorbed in its task. But as any organism loses activity, that is, loses its own vital principle, it begins to look inward and to make itself the subject of its own apprehension.

All these marks of decay are clearly apparent in the society around us.

Separated from these marks of decay attaching to the governing body itself are the marks of decay apparent in its relation to the governed. The inheritors of the old aristocratic position would deny with indignation that they were separated from the mass. They would point with justice to their close relations with their tenants on the great landed estates, to the mass of public work upon which they engage, and to what is still their essentially necessary character. But they forget the change in numerical proportion that has come about within the memory of living Englishmen. There is not one that really knows the life of a great town, or if he knows it (as a rare exception) he never knows it from within. Most of the gentry are still at ease among the same sort of men that surrounded their fathers. They are not only not at ease among, they are quite alien to, the new millions of the towns. They cannot mix with them in such a fashion that the difference would seem one of degree rather than of quality. They cannot even tell you what these masses are thinking or saying. They are surprised at each new expression of that world. It is foreign to them.

What has happened might almost be compared to the results of an invasion, though the invasion has come up from within and has crossed no frontier. There has for many years been a large majority (it is to-day an immense majority—perhaps nine-tenths, certainly three-fourths of the whole national body), which is no longer reflected in the habit of the governing class: which can no longer say of any existing class—"This is what I would be were I more fortunate. This is myself upon a larger stage."

But it is of the very essence of aristocracy that such a spirit should be really present. A government alien to that which it governs, no longer what I have called "representative" of the mass, is the governing body of an aristocracy no longer. It fails in the first essential of such an organ.

Pathetically enough—the failure having come about—qualities equally essential to an aristocratic governing body and certainly retained in full vigour are quoted as though they were in themselves sufficient. For instance courage is thus quoted. And courage has not declined in them at all. The rules of conduct conformable to an older and similar society are still largely observed, and many other lesser elements in character are still clearly apparent.

But these are only half the business and it is the half that counts least. The other half, a mixing among, understanding of, appreciation for, and in general *communion* with the governed mass, is gone; and with it there has disappeared in what used to be the governing organism of an aristocratic state—the House of Commons—the vital principle of such an organism.

. . . . . .

Thus did the aristocratic spirit in those who govern disappear. It has clearly disappeared from the House of Commons. It has disappeared from the governing class in general of which the House of Commons was the organ and the product, since its institution in the 17th century. That aristocratic spirit has disappeared by a decline in principle, and, accompanying this, by the disintegration of what was once a strong and solid body.

Its disappearance may be tested by the attitude of what was once the governing class towards the arts and towards letters, towards its own self, and above all towards the masses which it has ceased to represent, with which it has ceased to be in communion, and which it has ceased to know.

There remains to be examined the second half of the process, the loss among the governed of an appetite for aristocratic government.

The Revolt of Intelligence.

By Ezra Pound.

X.

THE political issue is crystal clear. It consists in dividing the country just below the great financial rings, just below the *arrangers of credit*. The whole of "governmental" effort, all of Mr. Churchill's forays, etc., etc., are aimed at dividing the country just above the Trade Unions. By "political issue" I mean simply the affecting of existing machinery of government, i.e., getting a sufficient majority in the House of Commons to pass *and put into practice* effective legislation.

Even the ardent democrat no longer believes that a representative assembly needs of necessity represent the people who elected it. The present Lloyd George-Bonar Law amalgamation presumably represents the controllers of credit and the associated managements of trade and manufacturing subject thereto. The minority in the House shows at least that Labour, despite the lack of supermen to lead, is conscious of a different real interest. In just this consciousness of a difference of real interest "Labour" shows itself more alert and more intelligent than the great mass of the population existing between "labour" and the controllers of credit. I have pointed to one or two grades of super-labour whose real interest is not that of the present credit-controllers.

There is in England one lack which would, I suppose, appear glaring and obvious to a continental. There is no Young Man's party. The millions of the electorate between the ages of 21 and 40 or, let us say, between the ages of 21 and 38, have not one representative in the Commons, or if they have he is in the strict sense an "infant," one lacking the power of speech. It is not only the young ex-private and young ex-corporal, but also the young ex-major and young ex-colonel, who are without advocates in the House. In considering that many men die at fifty, in considering that the part of life

before fifty is the part most worth living, we believe that some attention could well be paid to the welfare of the first two decades of manhood.

I suggest not merely a stray "commander" Kenworthy or Wedgwood, or a dissentient Devlin; I suggest the possibility of a considerable organised *bloc*. I suggest that in many matters this *bloc* would find its interests if not identical with the real interests of "Labour," at any rate not incompatible with those of "Labour" in the state of enlightenment to which Labour may soon attain, and certainly unifiable with Labour on the common ground of opposition to the present credit-control.

The interests of Ireland are certainly not vested in credit-control at present, though Ireland is perhaps rather slow to perceive that her oppression is largely economic; that she as a nation is oppressed in very much the same way that Labour and Youth are here oppressed as a class—and an age—division. The present Irish Bill, with its very clever proposition to cut down Irish representation in the Commons, is obviously intended to minimise the danger of Ireland's possible cognizance of her community of interest with labour and the exploited classes. If Lloyd George succeeds in doing away forever with the possibility of Ireland's sending eighty members to oppose the banks at Westminster, he will have deserved very well indeed of his employers, up to a point; i.e., in so far as the ramshackle system may hold out for the lifetimes of the present personnel.

On the other hand, every man who wants to preserve civilisation for more than a decade or two must hope either overtly or in secret for some solution which will not be fecund in later explosions. It is reported to us that Lord French hopes to deport 200,000 young men from Ireland in order to establish quiet. (Ref. Tacitus on the subject of deserts.) It is reported that Sir John somebody else of Dublin Castle recently told a continental journalist that another rising was just what "we" (Dublin Castle) want.

It was openly stated in the Albert Hall meeting that a leading official now in Dublin Castle had actually been concerned in the Parnell forgeries. This statement was not widely circulated in the London Press. One of the speakers at that meeting also noted that the "Chronicle," and, if I remember rightly, the "Express," had complimented a town in Ireland on establishing a vigilance committee, but said no word when the same committee was suppressed a few weeks later. I think no London paper took or takes any count of the fact that Ireland has very nearly thought herself into a Republic.

If the ice is thin in one quarter what must we say of it in another? Messrs. Coats say they are going to increase their capital. Surely this ice is almost transparent. We do not wonder that the physique of various financiers is giving way under the strain. The process of "increasing the capital of a company" may very easily consist in the company's right hand paying a certain sum to the company's left hand in order that it may pay itself a larger sum of money for the same or reduced services to the public while showing a *lower percentage* of profits on its books (escape war-profits tax, etc., etc.). (Ref. case cited to me last week of a man who had made half a million during the war, had got a new factory for an old one, cost nil to himself, and had paid no excess profits tax.) Of course, Messrs. Coats may not be intending this sort of an increase in capital.

The second transparency comes from the very reverend Professor Pigou. Money is too cheap; all our troubles come from money's being too cheap. The very learned Pigou (column letter in the very respectable "Times") says we should increase the bank-rate in order to make money more expensive. Now, it has not been my habit to read Pigou. This column, however, is sufficient to show one that Pigou is retained (either by temperament or reward) in the service of the credit-rings; just as Carson was retained by Wootton in the Turf Case. He, Pigou, is obviously no more than an advocate.

In order to increase the standard of living he proposes that the credit-ring should make your £1 notes and my £ notes more expensive, i.e., give them more purchasing power. If we, via the men who want to build factories and get credits for producing, will give the bank rings 8 per cent. instead of 6. It takes him a column to wrap up this transparency. The Holy Catholic theological system! With a few more endowed Chairs of Economics, we shall soon have the subject made much too complicated for the man in the street to grasp, which is exactly what every gang of exploiters, religious, despotic, economic, have always tried to do with their particular monopoly.

Truly, the real history of our time would be very interesting, though probably unhealthy for its aspiring author. We should here insert several footnotes. 1. An American bishop has discovered that the French (? Semitic Parisian circles) hold a great many Turkish securities. The bishop does not, however, suggest that earnest Christians should prevent Armenian massacres by taking over these securities, even at their present, and somewhat low, market value. We suggest to him this course if he wants to boom "practical Christianity."

Secondly, we should like a short homily on "holding companies." I personally think that if the owner of 51 per cent., say, of £21,000 of votes, in the fourth fifth, or sixth holding company were carefully registered as the holder of votes for £21,000 worth of stock in the ultimate concern, instead of voting for, say £551,000, on ultimate board of directors, finance might be easier for the layman to follow. At any rate, the public might be interested to know who runs all the "Shell" companies recently listed in the "Times." If, as some of my colleagues have said, real control is financial control, one of the phenomena of our time is the very retiring nature of our controllers. We scarcely know where to erect the shrines to Augustus, to Dominus et Deus Domitianus, etc.

There is a curious heat in the manner wherewith some men deny the very existence of a financial lining to present politics. Others talk of "the drift of events," with a very humanitarian accent. On the other hand, many appear to believe that even Cabinet Ministers are but shop-signs, but gables on the street for these business-houses, and that the House of Commons is a mere blow-hole, like Hyde Park Corner, or any other. Of one thing, however, we may be fairly certain, the "Press" has abandoned the blow-hole policy in favour of a censorship; there is no lèse-finance permitted. The harmlessness of Keynes, the utter sycophancy of Pigou are the open routes to publicity. Yet simple truth is very pervasive. And the tightness of the Press-owners' censorship is significant of their degree of alarm.

The hugeness and barefacedness of some of the current suppressings have already spread the modes of derision among the outer and less subsidised members. For the detached spectator the exorbitance of certain demands makes it seem as if the controllers felt it was their last chance, that they must get it all now, on the instant. Why, for instance, should Ireland give England £18,000,000 per year for something she (Ireland) does not want? Why should cotton increase in price? Mr. Mallaby-Deeley has more foresight. And the "Times" is possibly temperate in its hypothesis that the present show would go on for some time if aided by increasingly frequent shellings-out, say, of bread, cheap suits, and free circuses.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE suggestion made by a correspondent in another column, to the effect that dramatic critics should pay for their seats, is worth rather more consideration than its impertinent context would attract. Its impertinence leaves my withers unwrung; for, with the exception of the Sunday subscription societies, I have paid to see everything that I have noticed in these pages (and much more), at least, during the last six years, with the one notable and recent exception of Mr. Matheson Lang's "Othello." In the usual sense of the phrase, I am not a dramatic critic; and it would be truer to call my articles the "impressions of a play-goer," or something like that. I think it will be admitted that the courtesy of invitation does not moderate my critical habit; and it is, therefore, easy for me to believe that the professional critics are also not corrupted in their judgment by the courtesy of free tickets. But when it is suggested that critics ought to pay for their seats, that what is, in my case, an idiosyncrasy should become an established policy, I feel inclined to get back to first principles, and to ask: "Why?"

Let us consider the subscription societies first, concerning which Mr. Ashley Dukes wrote an interesting article in the February number of "The Actor." They are formed by a few enthusiasts, who dun their friends into paying a yearly subscription to enable this selected audience to see performances of plays which they could not otherwise see performed. They are primarily organisations for private pleasure; and they live on the generosity of other people. On most of their programmes, you will see expressions of thanks to Mr. or Messrs. So-and-So "for the loan of the theatre," sometimes also for the loan of scenery; and the actors frequently work for love, or, as Mr. Ashley Dukes says, pledge themselves "to three weeks' rehearsals, with a Sunday evening or a Monday afternoon performance, or both, for a fee which covers a few 'bus-fares, and, perhaps, a taxi-cab." That the lessees of theatres "ought" to lend their theatres, that the actors "ought" to work for nothing, are propositions that have only to be stated to be seen in their essential impertinence. Then why "ought" critics to pay for their seats?

I take it that no one bothers about criticism per se; if it is critical, it is resented as "abuse," and even if it is not critical, I doubt myself whether any except those immediately interested ever read it. I do not believe, for example, that the readers of THE NEW AGE would ever notice, or if they noticed, would ever regret not merely my disappearance from its pages but the disappearance of "Drama" as a feature. I happen to like writing about plays, and the Editor indulges the liking, and I naturally find the indulgence admirable—but I have no illusions concerning the value or importance of my articles. Unfortunately, most of those people who do public work have an almost pathetic belief in publicity. If a politician delivers a speech, he is not satisfied with the expressed approval of his immediate audience; he feels sad if he does not get "a good Press" for his speech. An actor likewise is not satisfied with the applause that he hears; he also wants "a good Press." I heard only a little while ago of an old actor who was disconsolate for days because not one paper mentioned his performance, although it was well received by the audience. The value of publicity is obviously determined more by those who want it than by those who purvey it—and the customary value set upon the publicity afforded by dramatic criticism is the gift of a seat. In the case of the subscription societies, who regard the publicity given to their performance as part payment of, or, at least, an inducement to the actors to work for the private pleasure of a handful of rich or comfortably circumstanced people, there is obviously no more moral compulsion on the critic to buy his seat than there is on the lessee to lend his theatre, or on the actors to work for nothing. In the sacred name of Art, the subscribers impose on the generosity of everybody; their Art is parasitic, not creative, and they call upon others to make the necessary sacrifices.

The professional or commercial theatres, of course, have no shadow of claim to superiority over the Press. They live by their art, just as the Press lives by its publicity; the theatres believe that they need the publicity that the Press can give, and on the purely commercial level, the Press makes a bad bargain in giving inches of space to notices of first performances in return for a free ticket. It is true, of course, that the theatres pay advertisement rates for their announcements; but the notice of the first performance (considering the salary of the critic, the cost of paper and printing, and the value of space) is sheer loss to the Press, even at the price of a stall ticket. Omit that courtesy, and there would be no inducement whatever for the Press to notice the theatres. Dramatic criticism does not affect sales of newspapers; I always read "A. B. W." in the "Times," for example, but I buy the "Times" for its essays in political fiction. Indeed, when we think of how little value to an editor is dramatic criticism, and of how much publicity value it seems to have to those who run theatres, we must marvel at the fact that editors have not charged theatrical managers for the services of the critics, in addition to charging for the value of space. An editor could always fill up with more profitable advertisements than those of the theatres; it is not the theatres, it is the drapers, the furnishers, the luxury trades generally, who use "display" advertisements, and company promoters also use considerable space in their advertisement of prospectuses or company reports. In the circumstances, it is an act of generosity on the part of the Press to retain dramatic critics, and to give theatrical managers the benefit of their services for the price of a stall.

There is something to be said for the contention that Art, precisely because it is invaluable, should be free—and the implications of that contention are revolutionary. But that is not the contention now under consideration, which is simply a contention that only those who pay shall have a right to an opinion—in other words, that possession, and not judgment, is the first condition of criticism. Hazlitt had no right to an opinion of pictures possessed by other people; the purchase of a book entitles the purchaser to express an opinion of it, and bargain and sale, hiring and letting, is to be regarded as the legitimate basis of judgment. The absurdity of the principle is apparent so soon as it is stated; private property cannot thus exorcise the right of private judgment. But in the world as it is now constituted, the critic does pay for his seat by his labour; he alone of the audience performs the intellectual labour entailed in forming a judgment (the average playgoer does not know what he thinks of a play, he only knows whether or not he "likes" it). Even on the commercial level, the critic has a private property in his judgment, which, let us say, he barters for the free opportunity to exercise it. If people do not want his judgment (and the publicity that, owing to the generosity of the Press, he is able to give to it), there is, so far as I know, nothing to compel them to have it; if the theatres did not send tickets, not many papers would regard their proceedings as of public interest. My own experience cannot be quoted against me, because THE NEW AGE is sui generis, the exception to all the rules of a world organised on a different principle. In this world, nothing for nothing is the rule; the theatres cannot have it both ways, cannot have both the money and the advertisement. After all, a money value can be attached (although the things themselves

are incommensurable) to the psychological effect of public notice on the sensitive temperament of the artist; not merely the artist's sense of power is enhanced, but his technical knowledge of its expression is illuminated, when he hears the echo of his effects. Criticism tells the artist what he does, and it is abominably cheap at the price that is now paid for it.

Epistles to the Provincials.

I.

WHEN I came up here a few months ago I did not dream that one of the first effects of my change would be a violent and romantic love of my native place. Yet I had not been in London a week before this embarrassing reaction set in. I discovered for the first time that the provinces can be loved. You can judge of my consternation on the realisation of this monstrous fact. For to one who thought that he had already known and suffered all the terrors of the provinces, it added one more, all the more terrifying because it was unexpected. It is the only disadvantage in leaving the provinces that one becomes sentimental about them.

Yet in London I feel as if I were in a foreign country; the people here are as alien to a provincial as the French. I mean, of course, the people in a mass, not as individuals. A Londoner is not beyond my comprehension; but a London crowd, on the other hand, is a perfect, an insoluble mystery. And that reminds me. If there is any possibility of internationalism, which you have always denied and I have occasionally believed, it can only be in our time (and it is frivolous to talk of any other) among the intelligentsia. The intellectuals of all countries are alike; the peoples are diverse. All crowds are national; all coteries, international. It matters not a straw what their opinions are. The important thing is that an Italian intellectual will be understood by an English intellectual, while an Italian workman will remain a mystery to an English workman. The matter is one of the degrees of consciousness. The workman lives in a tradition which is unconscious, which has never been formulated or expressed; and his way of life possesses, therefore, a character of incomprehensibility. The tradition of the intellectual, on the other hand, is expressed and even over-expressed; there is nothing mysterious about him. And he is, therefore, potentially an internationalist, a "good European."

This barrier of tradition is recognised by every one in language, in the persistence of dialect. Well, the characteristic I am trying to define is also a sort of dialect; but it is a dialect, not of language, but of life. What dialect is to speech this is to thought and conduct. Its subject matter, instead of words, is customs and superstitions. Now dialect is a thing, as you will agree, primitive, vigorous, picturesque, but at the same time limiting. And the dialects of life have the same qualities. The dialect of speech is, let us admit, a culture, and perhaps the foundation of every culture, but it is not culture. In the same way, the dialect of life is a form of life, the foundation, it may be, of every form of life, but it is not life at its most complete, life exploiting all its resources. The aim of culture as a merely literary process is to break asunder the bars of dialect, and to make men speak a language the most choice and the noblest of all. And its aim as a humanising thing is to burst open the dialect of custom and superstition and to make men act in accordance with the most universal canons.

So I hold that internationalism is possible only with the intelligentsia, the aristocracy of mind. If these had power a united Europe should be possible now at any time. But power, as it happens, is gathering and preparing to articulate itself among another class; and the rise of democracy, on the eve of which we find ourselves to-day, will probably give birth to a new nationalism. For the working classes, who will to-morrow be in power, have a purely national language of action and thought, just as they have a purely national language of speech; and they follow the laws of the one as unconsciously as they follow those of the other. Their nationalism, in other words, is unconscious. But it is only in bringing the nationalism, "in which we live and move and have our being," to consciousness—it is only by understanding it—that we can become internationalists. And this only the intellectuals can do. Whether, after a few decades or a few centuries, the working classes will become conscious of their nationalism and will thus transcend it—that is one of these questions about the future which you have often said are frivolous. Meantime, however, to be democratic is not to be European, no, although all the countries in Europe are democracies.

Yet why I should be so warm in my praise of the intellectuals, of the "good Europeans," I really cannot tell you, for in London I have met in three months only one or two. On the other hand, I have, curiously enough, met a good many "bad Europeans"—I mean the gentlemen who gossip from morning to night about the latest intellectual fads. No doubt it is my bad luck; *in London* it can be nothing else! At all events, these gentlemen literally abound. If it were not that at my age I am rather ashamed of blushing, I should blush at observing for what slender reasons people here call themselves reformers, emancipated, anarchists, and so forth. If they were frivolous I should not mind, for frivolity is always admirable; it is the justification of the shallow and the ornament of the profound. But they are at the same time shallow and serious, cheap and superior, sincere and insincere. On our long walks over the moors you and I often gave an intellectual assent to Nietzsche's denunciations of the cultured. But one has to be in London before one can see the justification for it. Ah, the latest, the latest, even if it should happen to be condemnation of the latest. They care for nothing else.

Why this should be so, why in large centres culture should become so full of movement and so devoid of life, so earnest and so unreal, do not ask me. Is it because in London people are too near the centre of intellectual life, which is, after all, the printing press? Have books, in other words, increased to such an extent that the poor intellectul has no time left for anything else? I am afraid the supposition does not convince me, and for a reason simple and conclusive: I have met one or two men here to whom culture is a thing real, and they have been near the centre for decades. No, the mob of culture (I must hazard a guess after all) are of a different origin. They are a species ineradicable and eternal; they have existed in all ages; and they are so prolific in this simply because in this the opportunities of culture are unexampled. What do they seek in their hurrying from one clique to another, their incessant discussion of theories? An escape from reality, and at the same time the society of their like. And they get both! For culture as they know it is a realisation almost perfect of their desires. It gives dignity to their weakness; it gives seriousness to their shallowness. Above all, it gives them the society and esteem of their fellows. The sun of culture shines on the just and the unjust; and the latter, unfortunately, are in a numerical majority. It would be foolish, however, to waste indignation on the fact. Everything great in the world is the source of good to one out of a hundred; to the other ninety-nine it is a source of evil. For one man to whom culture is the expression of reality, there are a horde to whom it is the escape from reality. And to-day culture is so overgrown, so tropical, that a man may live his life in it and never bother about the truth. In London, of course, it is especially so; and *there*, so far as I am concerned, is the explanation why these gentlemen are in London.

These intellectual gossips are also, of course, Euro-

peans; c'est leur métier. They know all the European literatures, and especially, of course, what is decadent in them; but at the same time (it seems a necessity of limited minds) they have created dialects of their own: dialects sometimes cockney, the jargon of a local school; dialects sometimes European, the language of a cosmopolitan coterie. London in reality is not different from any other English town; it is simply the biggest of the provinces, and the most arrogant. Moreover, its provinciality is cosmopolitan, a provinciality not dictated by locality, but invented by cliques. And the cosmopolitan provincial is, of course, the "bad European" par excellence; and I cannot but imagine that it is of him you are thinking when you decry the "good European." As for me, I should expect to find "good Europeans" at John o' Groats or Land's End perhaps sooner than in London. The literary men here are so fond of provinciality, I tell you, that they have created their own dialects, less rich, it must be added, than Hodge's. But how do you distinguish your "good European" from the bad? you will ask. By the same test which you apply to anything: is he positive or negative? The cosmopolitan is a man who loves no country, not even his own. The "good European," on the other hand, is one who strives to understand every country, and who lives and speaks in such a way that every country may understand him.

HENGIST.

Ferenczi.*

FERENCZI, if one may be permitted to use the expression, appears to be more Freudian than Freud. This impression is not a little heightened by the fact that his English translator, Dr. Ernest Jones, has seen good to substitute the expression "sexual hunger" for libido all through his work. The best thing we can do under the circumstances is to tackle the subject at this level and see what the result may be.

The first point, then, that we can fix is that, however narrow a view the Freudians take of human psychology, there is no doubt that they have done useful work in the dissection of sexual instinct. And on the whole this is all to the good and in no way an excuse for sneers or calumniation. In the psychological world what dominates us is the unknown. As the myths have it, when a thing is named it is under control; to quote Ferenczi, "the unconscious (in Freud's sense) is only able to control the mental and bodily being of man until the analysis reveals the content of the thought-processes hidden in it." And in very many people it is just sexuality that contributes largely to the unknown factor that makes for disintegration. How the Freudians fail after this, is in two ways. They proclaim that the unknown factor is invariably "sexual hunger"; and they do nothing but analyse, leaving the processes of integration to the patient's own psychological powers of recuperation. But psycho-synthesis is an infinitely harder task than psycho-analysis, as anyone can find for himself by experiment; and it is very unfair to the patient to pull him to pieces and then stop without rebuilding him, especially when his dreams are obliging enough to show him how the building should be set about. In the matter of dreams, again, the Freudians are all at sea. For though Freud himself expresses doubt on the matter, yet the Freudians one and all interpret dreams historically. This does violence, however, to the dreams, let alone the growing-points of the patient. We are only just beginning to work seriously on dreams, but it may be said at once that there are probably different levels of apperception in the dream world. The ultimate *source* of all dreams is probably the same, but the manner in which they are to be understood perhaps varies with each dream. The only sure guiding line we have at present, in the psycho-analytic movement, is that given us by Jung in his demonstrations of symbolism and analogy. Just as a dreamer tames a wild elephant with a mahl-stick, even so will his specific response approach nearer to integration if he cares to paint when he is awake. But this method, among whose exponents are Jung and Dr. Nicoll, differs as much from Freudian analysis as does a live coal from a bucket of cinders. Each case, as he comes to the analyst, has to be taken entirely on his own merits. There is no dogma and no theory with which to encircle everyone. There is, however, dogma and theory to fit each case, but what it is can only be found out by actual exploration. The psycho-analyst must indeed be all things to all men.

But the Freudian method of treatment consists in making a patient aware of his personal sexual troubles and stopping there. That is to say, it relieves him of an *incubus* by a process of dissecting it. At the same time there is little sense in trying to resolve egocentricity into sexuality, or in reducing to sexual complexes a man who simply is out of touch with the psyche. Instinct is a big thing, and has an under and an upper aspect. I think that the basic trouble with the Freudians is that they never really touch the unconscious at all. Or, rather, what they deal with, is that entity classified by Jung as the personal unconscious, but which it would perhaps be a little more satisfactory to call the pre-conscious. The background psyche is, and is not, one thing. In Blake we find spectre and emanation, and, if we care to go to Hindu psychology, we shall find a full seven principles. The one thing is libido; its manifestations are the principles. This, I imagine, is the Platonic one and many again.

So far as the Freudian treatment goes, it is a good first step in the comprehension of instinct, and not the least able of its advocates is Ferenczi. As has been said, his discussions on the aberrations of "sexual hunger" are sound, and perhaps more lucid than Freud's own writings. As a result of a long period of dogmatic repression, instinct is to-day in a parlous state, and those who refuse to deal with it are unconscious abettors of the Bolsheviks. There is no via media in psychology. Either instinct is to be repressed until it bursts its bounds in all its crudity—there is no slaying the unconscious—or it must be faced and transmuted. It is not an easy task, and it is not a "pleasant" task, and cleansing the Augean stables is nothing to it; but those who refuse to deal with it are more short-sighted than any night-owl in sunlight. There is a deal of gossip among medical men in this country to the effect that psychiatry is simple. The more intelligent advocate suggestion, the less intelligent depend upon drugs. A few even profess to practise psycho-analysis, though one such told me with great superciliousness that he could not be bothered to read any books on the subject. Well, all I can say is that either medical men must learn, *and work at*, psychology, or the principles and practice of medicine will simply pass from them into more capable hands. For the general practitioner many excuses can be made, but for the worker in nervous diseases to ignore psycho-analysis is calculated incompetence.

It is interesting to note that Ferenczi comes very close to discovering the two types of extrovert and introvert. He speaks, however, of transference, or projection and introjection. Introjection is not a good word in English, nor would any good purpose be served by reverting to Ferenczi's terminology, when we can find far fuller and more satisfying description of the same things in Jung. Still, Ferenczi does demonstrate more clearly than is shown anywhere else, that the phenomenon of hypnotism, as now employed, is a projection by the patient of his root-complexes, that is, his habitual psychological attitude to the parents, on to the physician. That is to be taken as further proof

* Dr. S. Ferenczi. "Contributions to Psycho-analysis." (Stanley Phillips. 15s.)

that treatment by suggestion is not by any means such an ideal method as its sometimes spectacular results would seem to imply. The aim of any psychological treatment should be to set the patient on his own feet, not leave him with a gross transference to the psycho-therapeutist. "Therefore with the sword of the wisdom of the SELF cleaving asunder this ignorance-born doubt, dwelling in thy heart, be established in yoga. Stand up, O Bharata."

We may note where Ferenczi has again nearly approached the two types in his chapter on homo-erotism, in which he distinguishes very skilfully between subject and object homo-erotics; and makes some pertinent comments on how the repression of homo-erotism leads to an exaggeration of hetero-erotism—society, thanks to its latter-day churches, being so out of touch with all instinct as to be unable to transmute it. As regards symbolism he has nothing new to say, but exhibits all the Freudian shortcomings. We may, however, note a point he makes that has not been brought out in this country except by the writer of Notes of the Week, and Dr. Ernest Jones, and that is the parallel repression with sexuality, of money questions. When he traces interest in money from anal-erotism, and decides that "the capitalistic instinct thus contains, according to our conception, an egoistic and an anal-erotic component," we may see a still further justification for the Guilds. And we may also realise that capitalists swayed by such *incubi* are not amenable to any ordinary form of argument, but need touching through the unconscious. Would that Aristophanes were back again!

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

On the Translation of Poetry.

A FEW ADDENDA.

(1) A CASE OF THEORY AND PRACTICE.

SINCE completing my series of articles on the translation of poetry, I have come across "The Poets of Modern France" by Ludwig Lewisohn (New York: B. W. Huebsch, 1918). What the author says in his preface about the art of translation is so gratifyingly similar to my own ideas that I cannot refrain from quoting a specimen of his argument. Thus he observes: "What now should be the aim of the translator of poetry? . . . It should be clearly, first of all, to produce a beautiful poem. If he has not done that, he may have served the cause of information, of language study. In art he has committed a plain ineptitude. If he has produced a beautiful poem, much should be forgiven him, although a beautiful poem may not necessarily be a beautiful translation. To be that it must sustain certain relations to its original. It must, to begin with, be faithful—not pedantically, but essentially—not only to the general content of the original poem, but to its specific means of embodying that content. There should be as little definite alteration, addition, or omission as possible. In the translations in this volume there will not be found, I think, more than a dozen words that were not in the texts, or more than half a dozen actual verbal substitutions." There is more to the same effect, but I think I may suitably break off the quotation at this point, merely remarking that Dr. Lewisohn's opinions on the preservation of form are equally in accordance with my own. It is, of course, particularly agreeable for me to find the results of my work corroborated by an independent investigator. But the examples which Dr. Lewisohn then submits as practical illustrations of these excellent theories cause me considerably less delight. And here let me underline the claim which Dr. Lewisohn makes on behalf of his translations. It is not worded with ideal clearness, but its general meaning is, I think, fairly plain. From it we may conclude that out of a total of sixty translations there are not more than "a dozen words that were not in the texts or more than half a dozen actual verbal substitutions." The average for each poem is hence a matter of quite simple arithmetic. I turn to "Les Pauvres" by Verhaeren, the first and last stanzas of which are as follows:—

> Il est ainsi de pauvres cœurs
> avec, en eux, des lacs de pleurs,
> qui sont pâles, comme les pierres
> d'un cimetière.
>
> Il est ainsi de pauvres gens,
> aux gestes las et indulgents
> sur qui s'acharne la misère,
> au long des plaines de la terre.

As a result of applying his principles—*my* principles—of translation, Dr. Lewisohn produces this:

> With hearts of poor men it is so:
> That they are full of tears that flow,
> That they are pale as headstones white
> In the moonlight.
>
> Oh, it is so with the poor folk
> That under misery's iron yoke
> Have gestures weary and resigned
> On earth's far plains of sun and wind.

We will not stop to consider if this is one of those "beautiful poems" for which Dr. Lewisohn expresses such concern. The prosaic reality is, however, that in eight lines "headstones" are painted a tautological white, that the moon appears without invitation (I have drawn attention, by the way, to this phenomenon in an earlier example), that misery is provided with an "iron yoke," and the earth mysteriously produces plains of "sun and wind." Dr. Lewisohn is here making heavy demands upon his avowed average of "actual verbal substitutions" (I suppose that is what they can euphemistically be styled). Again, Camille Mauclair's

> Depuis longtemps leurs voix sont mortes,
> Depuis longtemps, au coin des seuils,
> Leurs mémoires, au coin des portes,
> Dorment fanées avec les feuilles.
>
> Ainsi qu'un pauvre, pour dormir,
> Fera lit de ses feuilles d'or,
> Couche-toi, mon souvenir,
> Sur ces mémoires, et t'endors,

is translated as

> Long dead the voices of all these—
> Beside some gate shadowy and tall,
> Or threshold dim their memories
> Dream with the riven leaves of fall.
>
> Even as a poor man makes his bed
> In golden Autumn foliage deep,
> Lie down my soul uncomforted,
> Amid their memories and sleep.

This is typical of Dr. Lewisohn's practical methods of translation as contrasted with his admirable theories. And just as here, the gate is made "shadowy and tall," leaves become the possession of "fall," "Autumn" foliage becomes "deep," a "soul" is obliged to be "uncomforted," so elsewhere tears become "benign," the morn becomes "frail," gables become "deep," leaves become "late," cattle become "dumb," a shoulder becomes "sweet," flowers are made to "glow," girls become "warm and slim," a grotto becomes "glittering fair," a lady is unnecessarily said to be "wearièd," evening becomes "sweet" (like the shoulder referred to above, and for the same reason), a daughter on the very next page becomes "sweet" (ditto), someone has to knock "loud and late," hands are made to beckon "like a star." All this is done merely to satisfy Dr. Lewisohn's personal arrangements, for reasons which are pretty obvious. I ought to mention also that, for reasons of a somewhat different nature, we are introduced to "White bodies" that

> . . . float for shelter into vases deep.

The French original of Henry Bataille says that they

Descendent s'abriter dans les vases profondes.

Altogether, what with one thing and another, I am inclined to assume that Dr. Lewisohn has exceeded his estimate of "actual verbal substitutions." But I begin to suspect that this estimate is for each poem, and not as a total for his sixty translations.

(2) THE NEW GERMAN SHAKESPEARE.

"Das Literarische Echo" for October 1, 1919, contains an article by Dr. Max Meyerfeld (whom, in the past, I have had reason to refer to with respect) which enables me to supplement my information about Friedrich Gundolf's new German edition of Shakespeare. The work was begun in 1908, and, although the ninth volume appeared in 1914, the publication of the tenth and final volume was retarded until 1918. By way of comparison, Dr. Meyerfeld points out that A. W. v. Schlegel was occupied from 1797 to 1810 with the seventeen plays which he translated. The actual work accomplished by Gundolf is as follows:—His edition consists of thirty-four plays ("Titus Andronicus" and "Henry VIII" are omitted), and of these "Coriolanus," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Othello," "Measure for Measure," "Troilus and Cressida," "Macbeth," and "King Lear," which Schlegel himself did not translate at all, are accordingly issued in quite new versions by Gundolf. In addition, ten of Tieck's translations have been "revised," and the same process has been applied to fifteen out of the seventeen plays translated by Schlegel, while the remaining two—"Romeo and Juliet" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—have been "translated on the basis of Schlegel's version." Dr. Meyerfeld explains the distinction between these two processes by adding that the second category involves very radical changes, as a result of which the rhyming passages have been improved.

With regard to the merits of Gundolf's achievement, Dr. Meyerfeld is not very committal. He refers to the extremes of acceptance and rejection by which, from the very beginning, the critics were divided. His own contribution bears a strong resemblance to faint praise. Gundolf, he says (like certain less worthy persons of old), has learnt nothing and forgotten nothing since the time when the advice of Dr. Meyerfeld was first placed at his disposal. However, I cannot pursue this problem to any great distance, as the advice in question is stored up where I cannot at present reach it. But, reading between the lines (and this is comparatively easy, as Dr. Meyerfeld often writes between them), I conclude that the features in Gundolf's method to which he objects are precisely those which I suggested as being likely to reduce the discrepancies between Shakespeare's English and his translator's German. Thus, Gundolf is censured for his frequent use of archaic or obsolete words, of which *Hiefhorn, gelzen*, and *durchleuchtige* are quoted as examples. In the same way, his bold newness in word-formations and the obscurity produced by some of his "heavily laden" lines also fail to meet with Dr. Meyerfeld's approval. Without the necessary examples, I must refrain from an opinion. But I suggest that Dr. Meyerfeld would find in Shakespeare the same peculiarities of style for which he blames Gundolf. Whether they occur in the same passages I cannot, of course, decide. But in a general way I am led to wonder whether Shakespeare's translator is to reproduce his obscurities or to gloss them over in a smooth paraphrase.

This brings us to another interesting point. Dr. Meyerfeld says that this verbal overburdening of the lines has led to Gundolf's worst defect—the harshness and "grittiness" of his verses. In this connection he relates an anecdote which I think worth while to reproduce verbatim:—

It was in 1910, two days before Josef Kainz went to Vienna to submit to the surgeon's knife. At a small private gathering Gundolf's new German version of Shakespeare came to be discussed. Kainz wanted to hear my opinion. I did not withhold my approval. He then asked our host to give him the second volume of the work, turned to Romeo, and the most trained and agile tongue on the German stage stumbled along through Gundolf's bumpy metrics. The unrivalled reciter vehemently rejected it.

The moral which Dr. Meyerfeld draws from this is that Gundolf should have shown more regard for the requirements of the stage. And he quotes his own criticism of ten years ago: "These closely packed, heavily laden verses, with their daring and remote imagery, confront the hearer with too many riddles. Shakespeare, the dramatist *par excellence* . . . is reduced to mere reading material." And he concludes by saying that, if Gundolf is to "reach the people," he must not shrink from a revision of his revision, otherwise his German Shakespeare will for ever remain a "precious hothouse product."

All this sets me thinking. The frequent performances of Shakespeare on the German stage are regretfully contrasted with English indifference. Now, without wishing to deprive the Germans of any credit due to them for their devotion to a great dramatist, or to provide the English with an excuse for their addiction to spectacular rubbish, I am inclined to suggest that the process of translating Shakespeare into German has made him more accessible to the popular taste. Perhaps if the Germans were acquainted with "these closely packed, heavily laden verses, with their daring and remote imagery," which "confront the hearer with too many riddles," their enthusiasm would receive a slight check. Why not retranslate the German Shakespeare into English, and use this text for performances here? But I am wandering from my subject.

(3) TYPES OF RHYME.

Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" opens with a series of shepherd-songs, which in Mr. A. G. Latham's translation begin thus:

The lake woos to bathe with its ripples of argent,
The lad fell asleep on the green grassy margent. . . .

The corresponding lines in the original are:

Es lächelt der See, er ladet zum Bade,
Der Knabe schlief ein am grünen Gestade. . .

Mr. Latham has evidently made a courageous attempt to reproduce feminine rhymes which, rightly enough, he considers an essential feature of these verses. But I suggest that the rhyme *argent-margent* recalls a somewhat flamboyantly decorative type of poetry, and is appropriate to parodies or weak imitations of Swinburne rather than to the limpid simplicity of Schiller's verses. And I briefly direct the attention of would-be translators to this aspect of the rhyme problem. I regard it as better to abandon feminine rhyme than to mar a translation with incongruity. That this can be avoided is demonstrated by Mr. Latham himself in his admirable translation of Walther's song, with which the third act of the same play is opened:

Thorough mount and valleys,
With his shaft and bow,
Forth the archer sallies
At the morn's first glow.

As the kite doth hover,
King in air's demesne,
He hath lordship over
Mountain and ravine.

Far as bolt can carry,
His are earth and sky;
All things are his quarry
There that creep and fly.

If I say that I do not care for the first word in these verses, and that I prefer to avoid sight-rhymes, I admit that these are purely personal objections which

will be shared by few. Hence I feel quite safe in repeating that this is an admirable translation, whether considered by itself or compared with Schiller's original.

(4) THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

Among the aphorisms of Jaroslav Vrchlicky, the Czech poet, whose work as a translator is probably unique in variety and extent, I find the following, headed, "While Translating Dante" :—

"As the result of long labours I have arrived at the conviction that the 'Paradiso' contains passages which with one stroke, in one stanza, sometimes even in a single line, ascend as if on an eagle's wings to the loftiest pitch attained by human utterance. And a passage of this kind so imbues the translator with strength, and radiantly suffuses the whole poem with a stream of such infinite grace, that for the sake of these passages the reader and translator gladly pass through whole Saharas of scholiasts' discussions" (27, I, 1881).

(5) THE PERSONALITY OF THE TRANSLATOR.

In an early article of this series I referred to the statement that it takes a poet to translate a poet. I called it a platitude, and, like most platitudes, it happens to be true. But what is rarely understood by those who circulate it is that the translator of poetry (I mean, of course, the one who produces poetical translations) is a poet, quite irrespective of whether he has written original poetry. By classifying the process of translating poetry as a type of artistic creation, I think I have made that clear. It is, however, an activity which demands great talent rather than great genius. I use the word genius here to denote the sub-conscious and spontaneous elements in artistic creation, which, though they may have much to do with initiating a poetical translation, are precisely the ones which will be of doubtful service in the subsequent and often crucial phases of the process when, as I have shown, so much deliberate and even mechanical manipulation of language is needed. This is the office of great talent, and genius as such, with its organic inability to subordinate itself, is an actual hindrance. And thus, where Shelley translates Goethe well, it is by virtue of his talent; where he breaks down as a translator, it is the work of his genius. For I believe that genius, like gold, rarely occurs in a pure state, but is alloyed in varying degrees with less precious, but more practically useful ingredients.

It is true that we can speak of a genius for poetical translation, but in this case we are really using a different terminology. And whether Carlyle meant it in this sense or not, this particular genius is certainly an infinite capacity for taking pains.

P. SELVER.

Views and Reviews.

DETERMINISM AND FREE-WILL.

IF we may judge by the volume and age of the controversy, I suppose that there never was a time during the period of civilisation when the words Determinism and Free-will did not mean something. What they meant, is another matter; at one time, Determinism, in the form of Pre-destination, was the theology of Salvation, at another stage in the controversy, it seems to have become, according to its opponents, the Science of Damnation. Free-will likewise has varied from the necessary condition of salvation to the denial of the Grace of God; and it is a little difficult for a modern reader, when confronted with such a re-statement of the controversy as this by Mr. Cohen,* to understand clearly what is the subject of dispute. The Determinist does not deny the existence or the action of Will, the Indeterminist does not deny that the Will is conditioned. The point of dispute seems to lie in the region of moral responsibility; and the Indeterminist declares that because the Will, like Habakkuk, is capable of anything, man is responsible for his actions, the Determinist declares that the Will, being causally related to the phenomena which condition its action, is the real origin of man's responsibility. A free Will, they argue, is obviously one that is not responsible to anybody or anything for its activity; while a Will that is causally related to every other activity of man, that is susceptible to influence of all kinds, and is conditioned in every one of its exercises (because the Will cannot act in vacuo), is the basis of responsibility. Man is responsible for his Will, precisely because he can influence it, and it can be influenced by other people —in other words, because it is not free. I remember that Croce argued in his "Philosophy of the Practical" that there were two moments in every volition, the moment of presentation and the moment of decision; the first was conditioned by everything, including previous volitions, that had led up to it, the second, the moment of choice, was free—and the act of Will immediately became a conditioning factor of the next act of Will. I doubt whether the controversy is worth any more subtle resolution than that.

For it seems clear that the debate is a legacy from the faculty psychology that obsesses everyone who does not correct his ideas by observation. These entities of The Will, The Memory, our old friend The Soul, to say nothing of The Entelechy (the monster of the Vitalists), continuously and successfully evade capture; of each one of them, we can say, as of the Ghost in "Hamlet": "'Tis here! 'Tis here! 'Tis gone!" Gone, at the very moment when it ought to, and seemed about to, speak. We are never confronted with The Will, we are only confronted with a volition; and instantly, the whole debate becomes psychological. The morbid psychological phenomena known as aboulia (lack of Will), its demonstrable reference to emotional and psychological states (Sir James Paget said of the hysterical paralytic: His friends say he cannot, his detractors say he will not, but the truth is that he cannot will), is immediately destructive of the very conception of The Will, to say nothing of The Free Will. Aboulias, like amnesias, are more often specific than general—and their causal antecedents can, with care, usually be traced.

Reduced to psychological terms, the subject of the debate is: Are volitions caused or uncaused? But even the conception of causation is a philosophical one which needs definition, What is a cause? Hume pointed out long ago that no copula had been detected between any cause and effect, that what we loosely called causal connection was simply invariable sequence or correlation of phenomena. But if we therefore ask: Are volitions sequential or non-sequential, are they correlated or not correlated with other phenomena? the question answers itself. It is lunacy to believe in non-sequential or uncorrelated volitions; for, as Ribot says: "Volition is always a state of consciousness—the affirmation that a thing must be done or prevented; it is the final and clear result of a great number of conscious, sub-conscious, and unconscious states." He also says: "When a physiological state has become a state of consciousness, through this very fact it has acquired a particular character. Instead of [I prefer to say, in addition to] occurring in space, that is, instead of being conceived as the setting into activity of a certain number of nervous elements, occupying a determined surface, it assumes a position in *time*; it has been produced after this, and before that other thing, while in the unconsciousness state, there was neither a before nor an after." We may say, then, that volition rises from correlated or associated states into sequential ones; and The Free Will obviously belongs only to the state of non-existence.

But at bottom, the controversy, I think, is really waged between the conceptions of Law and Miracle;

* "Determinism and Free-Will." By Chapman Cohen. (The Pioneer Press. 1s. 9d.)

and the conflict rages within each one of us. We all of us want to be prophets, and accurate prophecy is only possible on the basis of a knowledge of natural Law, of invariable sequence, of periodical revolution; but we also want to be mysteries. We want to know how other people will act, but we do not want them to be able to predict how we will act. What we call "wilfulness" is nothing but action contrary to reasonable expectation, and it is usually as deliberate as it is foolish. There is something in man that makes him resent the idea of being calculable, dependable, and that something is his ignorance of himself and the world he lives in. He may be, in Tennyson's phrase, "the heir of all the ages," but in his wilful moods, he is a spendthrift and an anarchist; like Polly Eccles, he will just show you his power, and the poor fool is amazed at the train of re-actions he has set in motion. For, after all, he is living in a realm of Law, and not in a vacuum—and whether he does something or nothing, things will happen inevitably. If Determinism insists that a man's action can be predicted, provided that all the relevant facts are known, it insists no less strongly that the consequences of his action can also be predicted; and prediction, of course, eliminates the very possibility of Freedom, indeed makes the conception unintelligible. As Mr. Cohen says: "Atoms of matter are not free to move in any direction, the planets are not free to move in any shaped orbit, the blood is not free to circulate, the muscles are not free to contract, the brain is not free to function." We are living in an ordered, not in a free, universe; and Determinism insists that we, being part of the universe, partake of its nature.

It is easy, of course, to fall into fatalism, to argue that because "what is to be, will be," we need not therefore trouble about what we will—which usually means that the fool smokes in a powder magazine, or pulls a trigger without bothering to discover whether the weapon is loaded. But volition is both a determined and a determining factor; "what is to be" is, to a considerable extent, the result of what we will to be. Whether we work for or against civilisation, we are bringing universal forces into play; if we simply sit still and do nothing, the invariable sequence of atrophy of function following upon disuse begins to operate. The tendency of the Determinists to speak in terms of physics instead of the terms of psychology does certainly encourage a fatalistic interpretation; but consciousness modifies the physical phenomena, "it becomes a new factor in the life of the individual," says Ribot, "and, in the assumed position, it marks a series, i.e., the possibility of being recommenced, modified, prevented." It is not always the physically stronger desire that moves to action; William James defined moral action as "action in the line of greatest resistance"—but psychologically it is action towards the clearest perceived consequence of which the man approves. That choice is determined by the very nature of intelligence; no man is free to choose what he himself believes to be the worst line of action to achieve his object, and if he does so choose he always enters a plea of non-responsibility, irresistible impulse, "sin that dwelleth in me." In either case he does not exemplify Free Will.

A. E. R

Reviews.

Some Personal Impressions. By Take Jonescu. (Nisbet. 9s. net.)

Whoever said "The great are only great because we are on our knees: let us rise": must have been as well acquainted with European diplomatists as is M. Take Jonescu. The men in whose hands lay the destiny of nations, not only Kings but Counts and plain Herren, are revealed by the Roumanian Minister as less considerable beings than those composing an ordinary board of directors. Apparently, the whole standard of judgment is lowered in the realm of international politics; even M. Jonescu's skill in portraiture, which Viscount Bryce praises in a preface, will not compare with that of, say, Brougham in his studies of the Statesmen of George III, and a novelist who could write no better than this would be unsaleable. We are introduced here to a world in which facts are known but not admitted; Sir Donald Mackenzie Wallace, for example, "suddenly asked me the great question: 'You have a treaty of alliance with Austria—you needn't deny it, I know it. But do you think that when the moment comes for you to put it into effect, you will be able to do it? Personally, I cannot see how you can.' 'I do not know whether we have a treaty of alliance with Austria or not,' I replied, for I was bound to absolute secrecy. 'If it exists, I agree with you, no one in the world could carry it into effect.'" That triviality of authority is apparent throughout the book; communications "from authoritative sources" are made "in absolute confidence," the penalty for breach of confidence being the diversion of the supply of information. The whole procedure is as intriguing as a schoolboy's game of "secrets," and requires about as much intelligence. Here were a number of men, none of whom would take anybody's word for anything, going about and saying to each other: "You can take my word for it": and solemnly pretending to each other that they were men of honour. When they became inspired, they prophesied that there would be a great European war one of these days, which would disarrange considerably the existing settlement of Europe. In this mood, everyone protested that he did not want war, everyone said: "My policy is peace": and divined that the other man really intended to provoke war at his own time and to suit his own purposes. In such a world, the only judgment is that of a man's sincerity; M. Jonescu believes that Prince Lichnowsky was sincere, and that the Kaiser was insincere, but insanely clever. Viscount Bryce says truly enough that the description of Count Berchtold, "given by M. Jonescu, successfully conveys to the reader that there was nothing to describe, at least on the intellectual side"; but the same might be said of every one of his sketches, even of those men whose force and ability he describes. Speaking of Sir Edward Grey, he says: "On that occasion he had spoken to me with austere gravity, saying that the situation gave cause for deep anxiety, but that in spite of it he hoped for peace; because for his part he could not imagine that the man existed who could shoulder the responsibility of provoking a calamity which would spell the bankruptcy of civilisation, and of which no one in the world could foresee the consequences." It is life-like only because the world of high politics is a world in which command of cliché is the chief test of ability, diplomatists who "cannot imagine" that anyone will do the thing they fear, and cannot foresee the consequences of the thing when done, deserve to be condemned to study psychology in the clinic, and political development in history. All that they seem to know in a crisis is that such-and-such a man is angry, and needs to be pacified, or wavering, and needs reassurance, or calculating, and open to a bargain—preferably at the expense of someone else. M. Jonescu gives his impressions of living statesmen of almost every European country, thinks that Kiderlin-Waechter was the ablest and Bulow the cleverest of German statesmen, that Aehrenthal and Tisza were men of force and ability, but that most of the other Austrian statesmen were nincompoops and ciphers, that "Talaat Pasha was the strongest man of the Young Turk Party," and so on—never forgetting that M. Jonescu had more insight and foresight than all the men to whom he was opposed. He reveals the fact that these "assurances" and "understandings" and "undertakings" are contrived at any odd time, in any odd place; the ball-room, the casino, the dinner-table, "walking in

a splendid forest"; apparently, the only places where they are not arranged are the Chancelleries of Europe. Two clichés and a nod of the head constitute an "understanding," three clichés, a handshake, and the investiture with a new decoration, make "a treaty." These "personal impressions" take us back to the nursery.

Democracy and the Press. By F. H. Hayward, D.Litt., B.Sc., and B. N. Langdon-Davies, M.A. (The National Labour Press, Ltd. Manchester. 1s. 6d.)

In this little book the authors describe some of the evils treated by Mr. Belloc in "The Free Press." They are not content, however, with his remedy—the development of the "free Press"—but suggest a host of others. Among these are "the destruction of editorial anonymity," the creation of a Guild of Journalists, legislation "to check untruthfulness on the part of the Press," and "a system of State rights over private hoardings." All these are evidently of equal value, or of no account, for the authors pass on to "More Vital Remedies." They are as follow: "A part of every daily paper should be taken out of the control of the proprietors and be placed under the control of responsible persons." These "would include not only Ministers and ex-Ministers of State, but presidents and secretaries of all societies, and any person who had achieved distinction, from a University degree to a Victoria Cross." In short, the interests which are already too strong would be given a free advertisement. After this it is not surprising to see that the authors countenance State provision of information, forgetting that the State in such a case would be simply the Government which happened to be in power. Their "more vital" remedies would certainly make the case worse, and the only promising remedy which they mention—the formation of a Guild of Journalists—they tacitly condemn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SIR LEO MONEY AND "THE NEW AGE."

Sir,—I see that in your issue of March 4 the following passage appears:—

"There are, we believe, journalists in Fleet Street who are competent to analyse the cause of high prices and to advise the public upon the remedies. But they will not be permitted to publish their knowledge. Worse even than that, their knowledge will be employed for the special purpose of edging public attention away from any discussion that promises to reveal the secret. Any observant reader can, if he have a mind, confirm this for himself. Let him note any sentence that suggests that 'finance' is at the bottom of high prices and mark its subsequent history. For a day or two, perhaps, nothing further will be printed on the subject, but the steam-engines of indignation will be turned on to the 'profiteer' or upon Trade Union restrictions on output. Before very long, however, a paragraph will surely appear—possibly in an article by Sir Leo Chiozza Money or some such stalking-horse—suggesting that 'finance' is either innocent or helpless, and that to look for the cause of high prices in finance is to waste time. The general reader—that is to say, the ninety and nine who expose their minds to print without criticism—will be unaware of the propagandist relation between the two statements. He will not realise that he has been carefully led away from an aspect of the subject in which he might have discovered the truth, or, in fact, that there was any design in the matter whatever."

You must give me leave to tell your readers that your reference to me in this statement is a shameful misrepresentation. I have never yet accepted editorial instructions upon the expression of opinion on any subject. As I have written a good deal, it is highly probable that much that I have written is in some degree erroneous or misleading. If you had said that, in any sort of terms, I should make no complaint. Your innuendo is, however, that I allow myself to be used as part of a system, or plan, to conceal what I know to be the truth. In this you are guilty of uttering a base falsehood.

LEO CHIOZZA MONEY.

[Sir Leo Money is advised to read our note as carefully as we wrote it.—ED. N.A.]

MR. POUND AND THE "DIAL."

Sir,—The following very open letter from Mr. Ezra Pound to "an American weekly called the 'Dial'" was printed in your January 1 issue:—

"Sir,—The identification of poetic genius with stupidity in the cutting of your issue of November 29, which you have so kindly sent me, will surprise no one who considers the source of the statement or the place where it appears."

The sentence in which Mr. Pound saw stupidity and poetic genius identified was quoted with ironical comment by our reviewer (who happens to admire Mr. Pound) as a piece of almost self-evident inanity. "Mr. Pound," ran the sentence, "is too clever to be a poet." One quite agrees with Mr. Pound that where his name is concerned poetic genius is at stake. And in America, where his impulsive nature is appreciated, we can perfectly understand how he might have gone off at half-cock without bothering to read more than a line of our review. Elsewhere we are afraid that his manœuvre will only have succeeded in a further identification of poetic genius, if not with stupidity, at any rate with certain (to interject his favourite language) rather *gaga* attributes.

The "Dial" never was a weekly, anyway.

THE PUBLISHER OF THE "DIAL."

[Mr. Pound replies: I withdraw the phrase "by your reviewer or critic," having failed to notice quotation marks.]

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THE PHŒNIX.

Sir,—Mr. Hope's letter calls for a rejoinder, but I shall not weary you after this. The Phœnix is, as Mr. Hope suggests, simply a society of enthusiasts. It uses such publicity as it can obtain solely in order to collect sufficient members to enable it to produce the plays it, and they, apparently like. Mr. Hope will always find it however, public enough to welcome him in a private capacity, should he care to come; but the Phœnix has no intention whatever of apologising to Mr. Archer and has made no attempt to suppress him. To talk about the freedom of the Press in this connection is absurd. If Mr. Archer feels a call to testify against the Phœnix, he can pay his subscription and become a member. It would not be a bad thing if all critics had to pay for seats—or their editors for them. W. S. KENNEDY.

[Mr. Hope replies: The issue of fact is clear. Because Mr. Archer had expressed disapproval of the objects and work of the Phœnix, that society suggested to his editor that another critic should be sent to its performances. I regard that, as the "Star" itself regarded it, as an attempt to curtail the freedom of dramatic criticism; the chairman of the Phœnix thinks that this judgment is "absurd." He can prove that the Phœnix is not trying to suppress unfavourable criticism by apologising to Mr. Archer; this he declares that he will not do, and thus he converts what I was willing to believe was originally a faux pas into a considered policy. As a method of recruiting members of the Phœnix, it seems to me singularly ill-considered—but that is not my affair. The Press, as Mr. Kennedy said in a previous letter, can look after itself; and it will probably ask itself why it should serve the interests of the Phœnix if, as its chairman now declares, "it uses such publicity as it can obtain solely in order to collect sufficient members to enable it to produce the plays it, and they, apparently like." Perhaps, too, the actors, of whom Mr. Kennedy said in his first letter that they "give their services for love," and on whose behalf, so "that these artists should not go utterly unrewarded, save for gratitude," Mr. Kennedy then claimed publicity—perhaps these artists may consider whether they love the Phœnix (which has not manners enough, nor policy enough, to apologise for an insult wantonly offered to an honest critic), or whether their love is for the classics of the English drama. If "it would not be a bad thing if all critics had to pay for their seats," it would also not be a bad thing if the Phœnix had to pay the actors at least the union rate for the pleasure of witnessing their performances. The attempt to pay them with Press publicity, and, at the same time, to attempt to exercise a censorship of the Press, is the most outrageous piece of impertinence that it has ever been my lot to encounter. If the Phœnix can do no better than this, it will soon be reduced to its original ashes.]

PRESS CUTTINGS.

CO-OPERATIVE BANKS FOR LABOUR.

By Dr. FREDERIC C. HOWE.

Credit is the life-blood of society. Credit brings Labour and his tools together. We think of credit as an agency of business, as something that only the railroads, the capitalists, the business men need. That is because these classes control banking and credit. They have taken them away from the farmer and the worker, who need them just as much as does the business.

Labour in America receives upwards of $30,000,000,000 a year in wages. The farmers receive half as much more. Workers and farmers form the production classes; they produce all the wealth of the world. It all comes ultimately from labour and land.

Why should not the workers and the farmers do their own banking? Why should not they control their own credit agencies? They do in other countries. And they have made a success of it wherever it has been tried. There are no failures and practically no losses in the banking activities of the workers of Europe, which have a turnover running into the billions of dollars each year.

The Commonwealth of Australia maintains a bank of its own. It was organised to reduce the cost of credit to the farmers. It has the credit of the Commonwealth of Australia behind it. The bank has a savings-bank department, and uses all the post-offices as branches. It competes with private banks. It has materially reduced interest rates. The Commonwealth Bank was founded by the Labour Government to assist the small and struggling farmer, the artisan, and the worker. It has performed a great service in this respect.

The State of North Dakota opened the first public bank in America in July, 1919. It already has resources of $17,000,000. It has reduced interest rates to the farmers from 8½ to 6 per cent. Even more important, it has made credit available to the farmers. In five and one-half months' time it made net profits of $76,000.

The co-operative store movement is spreading with great rapidity all over the country. Co-operative wholesale stores to supply the local stores are being founded. The Brotherhood of Maintenance of Way Employees has invested several hundred thousand dollars in factories and plants to supply railway employees with knit goods, gloves, and other clothing. All of these co-operative societies will need credit. They now have to go to private banks. Should they become so strong as to menace the capitalistic order, they may find credit closed to them. The only way to prevent this is for Labour and the farmer to have banks of their own. If they can supply themselves with credit, private institutions will not deny it to them.

The banks hold the life of the co-operative store movement in their hands. They can smother it as they have used their power in the past to exploit the farmers and the cattle-growers of the West. They not only exact usury; they deny credit altogether to those whom they do not like.

Co-operative banks managed by peasants and workers exist all over Europe. There are 65,000 such banks in Europe alone. There are 5,000 in Japan. They are organised by groups of farmers and by groups of workers. They place their savings in a common fund. A committee or board of directors lends this money back to the members at low rates of interest, to be repaid in instalments. These are known as credit unions. There were 16,000 of these credit unions in Germany in 1913, with a combined capital of $650,000,000. These were the farmers' banks. The workers also had banks which made loans to the working classes in 1911, amounting to $1,053,000,000.

The credit union is successful in Canada, where 150 such banks have been organised. Not one of them had lost a penny up to 1914. They had enabled the farmers to buy horses, cattle, machinery, to build houses and barns, to acquire more land as they needed it.

America almost alone among the countries of the world has no producers' banks. It has no agencies to help the man of talent and ability to get started. That should be the function of a bank. Nor have we any agencies except the loan shark to aid workers in distress. And the worker has to pay from 2 to 5 per cent. a month for this kind of assistance. The worker needs a bank. Why should not the farmers and the workers mobilise their resources? Why should not they mobilise their collective intelligence and do their own banking? Have our people less intelligence than the peasants of Germany, France, Italy, Austria-Hungary, and Russia, in which countries billions of dollars are deposited and loaned out again under the management of the peasants and workers, and the losses are negligible? In many communities they have never had any losses at all.

It is a myth of the bankers that banking is so difficult that no one except experts can perform it. That it is a simple operation, a safe operation, and an operation that the people themselves can control, has been demonstrated all over the world, covering a period of nearly 100 years. —Issued by the Press Bureau of the Plumb Plan League.

Sir George Paish, lecturing in the Memorial Hall, Manchester, forecasted revolutionary changes in the relations between capital and labour. He looked forward to the time when the working people would be their own masters, and when capital would be hired by labour and not labour by capital. Already, in some measure, experiments had been made in that direction. Given a high standard of education, of discipline, and of character amongst the workers, with the desire not to gain the last shilling, but to be of service to their fellow-men, he had no doubt that these experiments would be a great success.

It might be argued, the lecturer said, that as wealth had accumulated in the hands of capitalists the working men had got poorer. That was not true. Anyone who looked back a hundred years to the condition of Lancashire before the introduction of weaving and spinning machines would know that the standard of comfort among the great mass of the people had risen in a really extraordinary way. Obviously the present high wages and costs would stimulate the introduction of machinery and more effective methods of production. In the next two years the cost of living would fall, and if wages were maintained, as they could be, the high level of wages would be real and would buy a much larger quantity of goods than in the past. This meant that the working man, in many instances, would have a margin, which would give him the opportunity of subscribing very large sums in the aggregate to the capital fund. Experience showed that, as people had the opportunity to save, and, as education improved and people realised the value of prudence, they become prudent.

As working men became able to give security for capital, so in proportion would they be able to get capital at a low rate of interest. It was for them to decide whether they would hire capital and take the risk, and any profit that might accrue, or continue upon an agreed rate of wages. Personally he would prefer to take the risk, and he thought the working people of the world would prefer to do so too. That was the way of progress. In the past, wages had been the first charge on industry, but in the future capital would be the first charge. If the working people hired capital, the interest must be paid before the wages, otherwise they would not be able to get capital. That was assuming, of course, that the workmen would be the owners of the mills in which they worked. Even if the mills were nationalised, a heavy rent would be charged by the State to meet the interest on the purchase money. But if the working people were to do all this successfully, they must make an alliance with the professional classes, with men who were capable of direction, men who knew how to manage. At present the alliance was between capital and the professional classes. It seemed to him inevitable that the workers would gradually gain control over the industries in which they were engaged. But unless their ideals were high and their character was high, the idea would not work.—"Manchester Guardian."

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