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**NOTES OF THE WEEK.**

We have observed before that wars only accelerate tendencies already in existence; and we are glad to have Mr. McCurdy's confirmation that this is no less the case with high prices than with, let us say, the Russian Revolution. Both are at the rapids of a stream that was already on its way to the sea. In the case of high prices, however, as in the case of the Russian Revolution, there are not wanting superstitious people who are prepared to think the phenomenon a miraculous act of God; and, to his own confusion and our surprise, Mr. McCurdy appears to be one of them. "People didn't realise," he said, "what destruction of wealth had taken place, and what a mortgage this had placed upon the wealth still to be created." We should think not indeed, since the sequence is truly unthinkable; for where is the rational obligation that a mortgage should be placed upon future wealth because old wealth has been destroyed? We can understand that owing to the war and during the normal operations of peace the cost of living was continuously rising. During that quarter of a century, as we know, invention, production, economy and all the rest of the aids to cheapness, were in full blast. If expanding production could ever reduce the cost of living, then was the period in which the demonstration should have been made. Instead of that, however, from 1890 to 1914 the cost of living continuously rose: it rose 40 points on the accepted index. We should much like to ask those who believe that the war is alone responsible for high prices or, again, those who preach increased production as a means to cheapness—what is their explanation of the continuous rise in prices during that period of peace and expanding production? There must be something wrong in the theory that flies to a catastrophe like the war for the explanation of a phenomenon exhibited during peace as well. And what, in fact, is wrong in it is precisely its supposition that war introduces new factors into the situation, instead of merely intensifying the old ones. To the disinterested economist there is nothing mysterious in the rise of prices either before the war, during the war, or since the war. The cause is the same in all three periods, namely, the expansion of credit (or purchasing power) beyond the expansion of the commodities enumerated on the index. The super-production of "luxuries," whether they be shells and machine-guns, or motor-scooters and silk stockings, has everywhere and always the effect of raising the cost of necessities.

Mr. Asquith's speech on the same occasion, which the "Times" described as "extremely valuable and statesmanlike," was, on the contrary, an empty pomp. Mr. Chamberlain was perfectly correct in remarking that it was such a speech as members of the Government had often made; for, indeed, it contained nothing that justifies Mr. Asquith's refusal to work with Mr. Lloyd George or with Mr. Chamberlain himself. "You must stop borrowing," he told the Government; as if borrowing by the Government were the fons et origo of the prevalent high prices. Mr. Chamberlain's reply was extremely effective, though it is more than doubtful whether it will penetrate the minds of the party politicians. Government borrowing, in other words, the creation of money, or credit, or spending power by the Government) has, he said in effect, no worse consequences than borrowing by private business. The ratio of money to goods (which is price) does not inquire whether the fresh money brought to market has been created on Government or private account; the ratio is no politician and no fool; and all it does is to measure the amount of goods in existence against the amount of "money" (credit and currency) in the market. It follows, in consequence, that if the cessation of Government borrowing is immediately to be followed by the expansion of private borrowing, the effect upon prices will continue to be the same: in other words, prices will tend to rise under the influence of private borrow-
That this is actually the case cannot be denied. Indeed, we are by no means convinced that the whole outcry against Government borrowing is not the deliberate propaganda of the financial interests that wish to lend and borrow on their own account. For it is remarkable, when one comes to think of it, how greatly they have changed their tune since the war. During the war, as our readers no doubt remember, no price was too high for the Government to pay—in other words, the Government could not possibly borrow too much. But since the war, the cry has been all the other way; and now, according to Mr. Asquith as well as the Banks, the Government "must stop borrowing." Is it only fancy that sees some connection between these apparently contrary policies; or is it true that the Banks encouraged the Government to borrow during the war because no other profitable outlet for their loans was then available, and are opposed to Government borrowing now, because they have a more profitable occupation for their loans? Without attempting to settle the psychological question involved, the facts are as described. As the Government ceases to be a borrower—nay, even much faster—the Banks are lending to "trade and private individuals." Quite fifteen millions of fresh capital are being invited daily for the promotion of companies, few of which will begin because no other profitable outlet for their loans was available, and are opposed to Government borrowing now, because they have a more profitable occupation for their loans.

Mr. Asquith must have been reading Sir Leo Money or one or other of the "Daily Herald" economists who cannot be bothered about finance. "There is no greater fallacy," he said, "than to suppose that high prices are due to the multiplication of currency. . . . It is the greatest nonsense, although it still finds favour in some imperfectly instructed quarters." There may be a "catch" in the use of the word "currency"—for, like Mr. Asquith, we also believe that it is a fallacy to attribute high prices to the multiplication of the mere tokens of exchange. But if by "currency" Mr. Asquith means spending-power, including credit, then not only is there no fallacy in the assertion that the expansion of spending-power is the cause of high prices, but it is the greatest nonsense to deny it. Indeed, the assertion is either implicit in Mr. Asquith's appeal to the Government to stop borrowing. "Stop borrowing!"—in other words, to cease multiplying spending-power—or his appeal is quite meaningless. Among the "imperfectly instructed quarters" where the assertion is viewed with favour is Sir Richard Horne, the new Member of the Board of Trade; and his reply to Mr. Asquith was so comprehensive that we cannot do better than print the "Times" report of it. We have only to remind our readers that the operation described by Sir Richard Horne as resulting from Government borrowing is identical with the sequel of commercial borrowing, and that the effect upon prices is also the same.

The chief argument urged in favour of the amendment related to Government extravagance, as it had been called, and was that if they spent less the cost of articles sold to the people would be reduced immediately. Mr. Asquith yesterday had remarked that increased currency was not truly the cause of high prices. He noted in some newspapers that morning that the statement was not entirely understood. When the Government borrowed money during the war, as they were compelled to do, they borrowed it in the Bank of England. It immediately followed upon that circumstance that cheques were drawn upon that account in favour of contractors who were doing Government work. The contractor paid his cheque into his bank. He was asked to borrow from the contractor then demanded currency, and the Government had to create a certain amount of currency, though not necessarily equal to the amount of the purchases. The result was that the Government borrowed from the Bank became distributed throughout the country, partly in the form of currency and partly, in the form of deposits. In the ordinary course of business a bank gave a loan to a customer against goods; but in the case of this money, borrowed by the Government, there was no goods to put against the loan for the reason that as soon as the goods were created they were destroyed. The result was that all this new credit was created by the Government's borrowing without any goods against it. When they got in the hands of the people of the country a certain amount of currency, which was a measure of deposits in the banks, against which no goods existed at all, the purchasing power of the people was enormously increased, while the goods had not increased, and prices rose. The result was inflation of currency, and higher prices for the commodities.

Mr. Will Thorne's little conversation with Mr. Lloyd George on Thursday was illuminating beyond the common degree of Labour leaders' remarks. Mr. Lloyd George had been attacking Bolshevism on the new ground (for him) that Bolshevism involved industrial compulsion, whereupon Mr. Thorne ineffectively inquired whether "if men and women were at work, why work they ought not to be compelled to?" Mr. Lloyd George's reply was that it would be very interesting to the Government to know that this was the view of the Trade Unions; upon which Mr. Thorne observed that "the Trade Unions had always laid down the principle that men and women who were fit for work ought to be compelled to work." Mr. Lloyd George's comment that "we will bear that in mind" was all that needed to be added to complete the occasion. The exhibition on the part of Mr. Thorne is not altogether to be wondered at, in spite of the fact that the Labour movement has hitherto professed to fear industrial compulsion above all things. Is it not the fact, for example, that military conscription during the war was accepted by Labour only under promise that it should not be extended to industrial conscription? Yet, in spite of the undoubtedly fact and of the equally certain fact that industrial compulsion has always been opposed by Labour, we repeat that Mr. Thorne's views are nevertheless perfectly natural. Labour does not want industrial compulsion applied to the proletariat alone; but, Labour is not only ready, it is anxious, to apply industrial compulsion to everybody. We have seen that this has been the case in the "Marxian" Revolution in Russia; everybody, and particularly the bourgeoisie, has been compelled to work. It will be the case wherever a Marxian Revolution occurs. The fact that compulsion is inferior to inducement as a motive of production; the fact that the extension of compulsion from some to all does not appear exactly to be an extension of liberty; the fact, above all, that work is not the only just title to life—all these, it seems to us, prove the mental strength of Marxian Socialists and Labour leaders inspired by Marx. The prospect, however, is another nail in Labour's coffin; for who, outside of the prison, would consciously assist in a movement to level down life and liberty to the plane of the wage-system? We aim ourselves at the abolition of the wage-system; but we would rather see it continued as it is than universalised.
On his way to Buckingham Palace to attend the King's tea-party, Mr. Clynes just looked in to the Conference of the National Federation of General Workers for the purpose of moving a resolution in favour of the system of "payment by results"—of course, "with proper safeguards." It is rather a pity that Mr. Clynes gave himself so little time for reflection upon what he was about to do, since two or three moments' serious thought might have saved the half-million or so General Workers, for whom Mr. Clynes is partly responsible, a considerable amount of trouble. "Payment by Results," in any other than the most proper sense, is an attempt to under the existing system; and for this reason, if for no other, that the full result is never and can never be paid for. The "result" paid for are at best the individual contributions made by the workers in any given industry; but the "full result," in the economic sense, is very much more than the sum of the individual results; it is much more nearly the product of the individual results. Let us assume, for example, that the individual output of ten men is worth £1 a piece; under the system of "payment by results," with all the "proper safeguards" specified by Mr. Clynes, their aggregate wage would be £12. It might, however, quite easily happen—in fact, it is of the very nature of capitalism that it should happen—that the worth of the collective product of these ten men's joint industry is more than the "full result," in the economic sense, is very much more than the product of association, since it is obvious that the demand for a system of "payment by results" that coolly omits the collective results is plainly unjust. When Mr. Clynes has more time to spare, he may consider the point.

Thanks to the consummately clever leadership of Mr. Frank Hodges, the Miners' Federation has once more been engineered into a position of maximum unpopularity and maximum disadvantage. The demand for an increased wage of three shillings a day, while mathematically justified in view of the cost of living, can be shown to be incompatible with the present selling-price of domestic and industrial coal; and to involve, therefore, if it be granted, another general rise in the cost of living. However this may appeal to the Miners (and we believe that for a long time to come they will be fed on fear or hatred), it is inevitable that the answer to the question should be equally negative. A political party cannot live on its past; nor can it strike the consumer (that is, the public) otherwise than as Mr. Lloyd George described it on Friday—"one of the gravest demands ever submitted by any industry." More and more it appears to us that Labour is forcing itself into an antagonism with the public from which the most unfortunate consequences are to be anticipated. It is true, of course, that, in the present case, the Miners are given the benefit of a relatively good case; they have been denied nationalisation and the cost of living has actually risen; but, all the same, if the only remedy the Miners can think of for their grievances is either something unpopular, like nationalisation, or something even more unpopular, like a big increase in the cost of coal, they must expect to be regarded as anything but the saviours of society Ruskin and Henry George would have Mr. Frank Hodges to be among them. We naturally exempt the rank and file from any censure, since they have as much or little control over the policy of Mr. Hodges as we have. All the greater, therefore, is the responsibility resting on Mr. Hodges himself.

Were there a Liberal leader at this moment, Mr. Lloyd George would pay dearly for his premature attempt to bring about a "fusion" between the Liberal and Unionist Parties. His situation is, of course, clear. His own political future and even his political existence depend on maintaining the Coalition; and to this end, in consequence, he must be prepared to adopt any policy that promises to effect a fusion. A positive policy, however, is impracticable, since at once it tends to draw the consequent bodies of the Coalition. (We have seen, in fact, that the Labour element has been completely extruded.) On the other hand, what is a party worth whose unity rests only on a common fear or a common hatred? Once let that fear or hatred die down, and the party is ruined. In short, a party bound by fear or hatred must ultimately be fed on fear or hatred. Mr. Lloyd George, however, has not hesitated to attempt to rest his new party on these precarious foundations; and of all the bogeys with which to frighten his Liberal and Tory colleagues into "fusion" he has chosen the Labour Party. It is, of course, irrelevant to the issue that the Labour Party was recently a factor in the Coalition, and that Mr. Lloyd George himself asserts that "it has come to stay." His policy of fusion (for the sake of his own future) requires a bogy; and if the Labour Party is scarcely better a bogy, it is inevitably that terror, Mr. Arthur Henderson, must be represented as aiming at playing Lenin in this country, and the worthy Trade Union officials who retire from life into Parliament must be all dressed up to persuade the Tory and Liberal electorate that they are secretly planning a Soviet constitution. That this bogy will last for some months; that it may appear to be opportunely "confirmed" by events here and in Germany—is quite possible; but, as we began by saying, a Liberal leader, if there were such a thing, would make short work of the myth—Lloyd George and all.

Mr. Asquith reiterates his "strong conviction that the Liberal Party is perfectly capable of undertaking the task of governing the country"; but the important and prior question is whether the country is prepared to entrust the task to the Liberal Party. About the answer there can, for the present, be no doubt. Since there is really nothing of a positive character to distinguish the Liberal Party (we mean Mr. Asquith's nucleus) from either the Coalition on the one hand or Labour on the other, it is inevitable that the answer to the question should be equally negative. A political party cannot live on its past; nor can it live on its negative attitude to other parties. It is useless to tell us what the Liberal Party proposes to stand for or does not stand for; it is not enough to tell us that it is neither Tory nor Labour. What the country wants to know is what the Liberal Party proposes to do in the circumstances immediately present, and how its policy differs from that of the Coalition or from Labour. On the most pressing matter of all, for instance, the problem of high prices, what has the Liberal Party to say that neither the Coalition nor Labour can say? It is by these realistic criteria that a political party is judged, especially when it is seeking office; and it appears to us that it is by these realistic criteria that the Liberal Party is at present condemned. Nobody in his senses would depose Mr. Lloyd George to put in Mr. Asquith on the problem of high prices, for instance. Better to bear those ills we have than fly back to the old from which we escaped.

Let us briefly define some of the conditions any Liberal policy must fulfill in order to serve as a sufficient motive for the return (in every sense) of the Liberal Party. It must be actual—in the sense that it must apply to an immediate and an important public problem; it must be sound in itself; capable of popular exposition; popular when understood; readily applicable and speedily justified in its results; not Unionist, nor Labour; and in the tradition of Liberalism, which we take to be the preservation and extension of in-
dividual liberty. The policy which answers to all these conditions would infallibly enable the Liberal Party to return to power; of that there can be no doubt; but can such a policy be devised? It will be asked. Not only, we reply, is such a policy conceiv-able, but it already exists in perfectly clear definition awaiting the consideration of those whom it so much concerns.

Mr. Henderson's reply on behalf of Labour to the challenge thrown down by Mr. Lloyd George is character-istic; it is to take the collection. Whether the public is prepared to subscribe a couple of million shillings to enable Mr. Henderson to preside over a couple of hun-dred Labour M.P.'s instead of over sixty, we do not know. The "public" is capable almost of anything. What, however, is increasingly clear with every fresh development of the Labour "Party" is that it is not, and is now never likely to be, of political dimensions. They have a phrase in America to describe a potential candidate for the Presidency; "he is of Presidential timber." Adapting the idea to the Labour group, we can definitely say after our experience of its policy, government, outlook, and general conduct, that it is "not of political timber." Politics is not, perhaps, the greatest pursuit of mankind, though opinions may differ even about that; but it is certainly one that calls for spaciousness of thought and temper. The most corrup-t of political parties must at least pay to the "politi-cal idea" the homage of hypocrisy. The Labour group is not even hypocritical; but its conception of politics is sentimental and materialistic. It follows, we believe, that the Labour "Party" will never arrive at political power save by an unfortunate accident. In the mean-while, the King's Government must be carried on.

FROM THE MAHABHARATA.

(Drona Parva, Sect. CV. Sanjaya describes the Bhishamarshana standards.)

Then Dritarashtra said, Describe me, Sanjaya, all the splendour of the flags And standards of the Parthas and our men In that great battle. And Sanjaya said, Hear then, O King, and listen as I speak The various standards of those high-souled ones. Indeed, O King, their cars were well bedecked And radiant, for golden, or adorned With gold, or trimmed with gold, and beautiful As that great golden mount of Meru, all The banners shone, and in the dancing wind Seemed like a choir of beauteous damsels there, In rainbow textures sporting. Partha's sign, O Bharata, the npe with lion's tail, Wrought fear within the Kuru host; again The lion flag of Drona's son shone forth As brilliant as the rising sun, and raised The hearts of all the Kuru host to joy. And Adhiratha's son displayed in gold A noose that seemed to fill the circling air. O'er Kara's head as well there swayed and glowed A flag of beauty vast. Gotama's son, That strict ascetic Kripa, flew a bull, Than Mahadeva's bull no less sublime. And Vrishasena had the brilliance And jewels of a peacock orgulous Like Skanda's own. The warlike Madras' King Showed for his sign a ploughshare brightly wrought That might have graced the harvest deities. A silver boar of crystal lucency, Such as of old, when war between the gods And demons was aflame, the Sun god held, The ruler of the Sinhudas now displayed, And Somadatta's son an altar showed For sacrifices worthy. Calf was born A stately, silvered elephant, begemmed With peacocks worked in gold, like Indra's sign. Also thy son, O King, an elephant With many bells resounding o'er his car, Showed with much splendour. So these banners nine Above these warriors shone: and tenth appeared Arjuna's wondrous ape, and Partha's self A blazing mound of energy and wrath.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.

Credit-Power and Democracy.

By Major C. H. Douglas.

CHAPTER VII.

Another of the cliches to which the official Labour Organisations have largely committed themselves is that which goes by the name of the Capital Levy, in its various forms. It is so superficially familiar to everyone interested in these matters that no extended description of it is necessary; with variations it may be described as a graduated and ostensibly non-recurring tax on the money-value of all individual property, real and personal, such value being estimated, not by its earning power, but on some basis such as market price or expert estimation.

At first sight such a levy is an attractive expedient to a party concerned with the flagrant disparity in worldly circumstances to which "Capitalism" has at the moment brought us. If we can believe that there is a fixed amount of wealth in the world, and we see, as we do, that some have the good things of life while many have hardly the necessaries, it would appear an obvious and easy path to greater "justice" to take some of the "wealth" off the fortunate ones, even though you do not directly give it to the remainder. Let us examine the project more closely, therefore.

The law recognises two main classes of capital, "real," i.e., land, houses, etc., and "personal," i.e., stocks and shares, cash, etc., which latter are ultimately claims to some sort of "real" property. That is to say, ultimately all property of any kind or description is a claim on reality. Now, imagine all money values above, say, £5,000 held by individuals to be subjected to a capital levy. What actually happens? The levy, remember, is on individuals by the "State." The State has no concrete use for reality; it does not, broadly speaking, administer productive undertakings; consequently what it requires is a transfer of credit which it can apply, say, to the reduction of the National Debt, which in itself is simply an agency for distributing purchasing power.

Now, however steeply you graduate a tax it clearly must leave some men "richer" than others. Remembering this, consider the course of events when the tax is actually collected. The owner of land has to sell to "raise" the money for the tax. Who buys that land? Similarly, the owner of stocks and money parts with these. Who gets them? There are two possible answers.

If the titles to the land or shares are thrown on the market together there will be an immense slump in "values" which will affect not only those who are taxed but those who are not taxed, in so far as they have any possessions other than money. At first sight this seems a desirable result, but on further consideration it will be seen that as the National Debt is a money-debt, not a "reality" debt, such a slump in values increases the real weight of the debt, because it requires a larger transfer of property at the lower price to liquidate a unit quantity of it. Since, as we have agreed, this transfer of actual property cannot be to the State in propria persona, it must be from persons with less earning power to persons with more money, and the greater the fall in values, the greater would be this transfer of real wealth from the less rich to the more rich. That is one possible answer.

But there is a modification of this process possible. In order to avoid the tremendous fall in values that the
liquidation of large blocks of securities would entail the banks would be besieged for overdrafts with which to meet the calls of the levy. Which class of applicants would receive preference in this scramble for credit-issue? Most undoubtedly those whose prospect of re-payment seemed to rest on the surest foundation, and, unless the previous arguments have failed of their purpose, it will be plain that whatever costs may be incurred by a producer who controls a market can be recouped by him in prices from the consumer, consequently, the banks would extend credit most readily to those whose power of price-making gave assurance of their ability to collect the levy, so far as it affected them, from the public, together with the banks' interest on the loan. Such persons would not only not have to part with any property, but would most probably be found in a position of commanding advantage from which to acquire the property thrown on the market by their less fortunate neighbours, a result which, though differing slightly in method, results in exactly the same conclusion as in the previous case; that instead of such a levy being a transfer from the rich to the poor, it becomes a transfer from the consumer to the price-maker and the credit-issuer.

This is simply another way of stating the theorem on which stress has previously been laid in these pages. Under the existing economic arrangements, industry cannot be carried on unless the price of an article includes all the costs, i.e., dispensations of purchasing power, which have been incurred during its production. If a cost is not included in the price, then the price-maker becomes poorer, and eventually goes out of business. You cannot possibly tax a capitalist-producer effectively because his very existence as a producer depends on his ability to pass on any expense incurred, to the consumer. And it will be admitted by any unprejudiced observer that no excessive reluctance to avail himself of this privilege is noticeable in the behaviour of the average entrepreneur.

It is, however, possible to attack the Capital Levy on more general grounds also, if it be realised that the situation with which we are faced is only accentuated by and not fundamentally due to the destruction of war. If the economic system under which we are working is a sound system, then it is a flagrant "injustice" that such persons as do well out of it should be penalised; and if it is unsound, as it is, then the Labour Party, which clearly regards itself as the sole political concessionaire of Justice, should be too much high-minded to believe that an unjust system is improved by working it unjustly.

The Capitalist system is tottering to its fall, but, like the Bolshevik Government which (according to official communiqués) began to totter at its birth, and has continued to totter until it has infected half the world with its congenital instability, it may carry on for a very long while, if its opponents obliquely demonstrate at short intervals their inability to supplant it with something better. (To be continued.)

The House of Commons.

By Hilaire Belloc.

X.

I said in the last two sections that the peculiar characters which should mark the governing class of an aristocratic state had recently failed and that the instrument by which such a class worked, its central assembly—in this country the House of Commons—had failed with it. The first necessity of an aristocratic state—to wit, a governing class that could play this part—is no longer apparelled or weaponed for such a part.

But there is another essential factor in the aristocratic state and that is the appetite of the governed for government by the revered few. And this also has failed. England is ceasing to be an aristocratic state not only because, nor even perhaps chiefly because, the governing organism has lost its old character, but more because the desire for such an organism has largely disappeared and is further disappearing in the mass of the governed.

The tests of this now nearly accomplished process are many. The first we may note, and the most obvious, is the inability of the mass to distinguish the old type of command—if it still survives. Neither the accent nor gesture is recognised as a special thing. The great urban mass sees distinction of wealth, and sees that only. It has indeed no opportunity for observing more. You will still hear it commonly said that the populace distinguishes readily between what is called good and ill breeding in those who still propose to govern. The populace does nothing of the kind. Outside traditional rural society that power, for what it was worth, is gone. It is gone to a great extent among the wealthy who could and should have cherished it. It is gone altogether in the masses. It is not reflected in their literature or in the drama that they follow, and, a far better test, it is not reflected in their daily habits. It was so within living memory—within living memory they "knew a gentleman"—but it is so no longer.

But this is, as I say, a superficial and an obvious test; there is another more profound. The political objects which, though somewhat confusedly, are none the less strongly sought by the bulk of the urban population have no relation to the governing class. The whole of that society—the great majority of our fellow-citizens—have faced round, as it were. Their attention is no longer fixed upon a type which they once felt suitable to a vague, not unpopular, exercise of control. It has turned in a totally different direction—to certain formulae at the best, to mere necessit"ties at the worst. The political concern of those governed is for the most part either a concern for subsistence and security (imperative needs which neglect of their condition has bred) or it is a concern for the realisation of certain formulae, these also for the most part of an economic character, but some of them more distinctly political. To put it in concrete terms, the question of wages or the rights and privileges of trade organisations, the question of prices or the demand for the "nationalisation" of this or that, are the whole content of popular political thought.

That this phase may pass is probable. That the demagogue or the honest popular leader, or even the hero, or the bureaucrat, or (for such things are very possible) the religious innovator—that some human figure should take the place of the impersonal things is probable enough. My point is that the co-operation, the organisation, of many human beings regarded as one governing class, is no longer a thing within the vision of the governed. It no longer means anything to them. What may be left of such a class they merge in a general proposition of excessive, unjust, meaningless and indeed malignant wealth.

It is remarkable that in the stage through which we are present we are passing so positive direction is replacing this negation of the old aristocratic direction. The man who talks of modern popular feeling in the English town as "democratic" is either using that word in some special sense neither traditional nor derivative nor constant in any very definable meaning, or he is merely repeating a title without considering what he is saying, or he is suffering an illusion.

There is as yet no democratic nor indeed any egalitarian spirit at work. But (very clearly to be perceived) there is the void of the old organisation in a commanding group.
It is remarkable that expressions and experience belonging to cultures very different from our own are more familiar to us to-day than what used to be the old national expressions of political thought. For instance there is more in common in the expressed desires and in the very phrases used in the industrial quarrels in the great towns abroad, especially in the New World, and those used in our great towns to-day, than there is between either and the expressions of the immediate past. Describe in the papers a great strike anywhere abroad and our townsmen understand its motives, follow its phrases, feel a personal sympathy with its success or defeat. Describe in the same papers an aristocratic inheritance, the Whigs working for votes against the Conservatism of a once popular leader—and it means nothing. The great link between the present and the past in this direction is the link of popular patriotism. That has not yet declined. The names of the great national heroes, half legendary, still have their full effect. Pride in national achievement, the determination to maintain national greatness—all this part of the aristocratic legacy is still strong in the masses. But its aristocratic quality has disappeared. The conception that such a state was necessarily led by gentlemen no longer exists in the myriads of our great towns.

The thing need not be laboured: it is patent to all: the second great factor in aristocracy, the desire of the bulk for aristocratic government is as clean gone for good or ill as a lost religion.

With its passing and the passing at the same time of the aristocratic class belonging to it, the whole nature of the state has suffered transformation. And therefore it is that the central instrument which was apt to the old state of affairs, the little oligarchy that mirrored the greater oligarchy, the House of Commons, labours under greater and greater difficulty, functions with less and less regularity, loses daily a further portion of its moral authority and moves before our eyes towards that place where institutions lie after their souls have left them. It is a sort of tomb wherein survives, like a dead skeleton, the ritual alone of what were once actual things.

I have said that the causes of so great a change were of less practical importance than its recognition. Yet it may be of service briefly to mention these causes before we proceed to the chances of the future.

Two main causes are clear enough: the first, the industrial system; the second, the French Revolution. Each has supplanted the other. The French Revolution arising in a society utterly unlike that of this country, already egalitarian, based upon a different religion and upon a different national temperament, not only enunciated, but planted by force of arms the egalitarian theory which profoundly affected the whole world. It affected it as a theory, but it affected it also by the reaction of the institutions which it created. And though Britain felt these effects but partially and felt them late, she could not but receive, however partially and however late, a mood which has spread throughout the world. It was a mood solvent of aristocratic government.

No one sufficiently acquainted with the temper of rural England (and England was mainly rural at the time of the revolutionary wars) would believe that these things alone could have destroyed the aristocratic character of the state. It is true they have weakened it, but it has not been so much as to modify that character. It would neither have weakened nor modified it in any very great degree. Great Britain might to this day, had it remained in the main agricultural, present the exceptional spectacle of a singular aristocratic state in the midst of modern Europe. It has grown in a more potent influence—the very rapid development of the great towns, due in its turn to the industrial system which the 18th century had originated and which not till the 19th, and even the late 19th, was apparent in its full effect.

Even so late as the Crimean War something like half the population of Wales, Scotland, and Ireland was living under conditions other than those of the great towns. Where it was not the national it was gathered in market towns and county centres. Thirty years later in the early 'eighties it was still true that the majority of the population—and the large majority—was now urban though most men and women then living had been born in the older condition is consonant with the old aristocratic spirit. It was our own generation that saw the great change. To-day the vast majority of the younger men and women, probably the large majority of the middle-aged, and a large minority even of the old have been born and have lived their whole lives in, have received their whole experience from those vast aggregates of industrial wage-earning townsfolk moulded by, the creation of, the industrial machine.

It is a portentous change! No other country has seen the like. The future historian will (if he writes with knowledge) see in it one of the capital revolutions of European history, though it is a revolution confined to this island.

These great masses have been born and have lived their lives utterly divorced from the remnants and even the tradition of the old aristocratic organism. London may preserve some trace of it, at least in some few districts out of its huge amorphous population of seven millions. But the industrial towns of the Midlands of the North which now give the tone to the whole country have lost it altogether. The new wealthy class which might have imitated the squires of an older time and which at first were largely assimilated into the governing class do not live with their workmen. They have fled the towns. They have established colonies as it were ("residential" is the strange term for them!) of luxurious houses standing well apart, commonly to the westward, and the proletariat lived, grew, formed, or half formed its political desires, nourished its bitterness apart. No social condition more directly contrary to that of aristocracy can be imagined. And that is the immediate as well as the major cause of the phenomenon we are studying. That transformed the political condition of England and of the Lowlands of Scotland. It was not indeed anything material that transformed them. It was not social or mechanical, it was a spirit, the religion and philosophy of Capitalism.

But the outward effects of that religion acted as I have said. The great mass of the populace was left with no bonds attaching it any longer to the form of an aristocratic state. . . .

There you have the final condemnation to death of aristocracy as a principle in this country and with it a similar condemnation to death of the House of Commons. Side by side with the loss of the aristocratic spirit in those who should have governed there has gone the loss of the desire for, and even the mere knowledge of, aristocratic government in the mass who are governed.

It is this loss of the desire for aristocratic government on the part of the mass which has left the House of Commons to-day bereft of moral authority. Even though the House of Commons were to become as clean as it is now corrupt, as nice as it is nasty, as noble as it is now mean and petty, or as dignified as it is now contemptible, this second factor alone, the loss of the desire to be ruled by a few, would be fatal to its continued power.

What remains to be considered? It remains to be considered what may or should supplant the organ of government which has now clearly lost control. It
remains to be considered what may or should fall heir to the dying House of Commons.

And this enquiry, as I said at the outset, divided into two questions: the first whether by some reformation the House of Commons can be restored in another shape to vigour; the second—supposing it could not be restored—what institution or group of institutions may or should replace it. The first of these propositions is itself twofold. There are those who say that the House of Commons could be restored to authority and vigour by some internal reform. There are others who see well enough that it is now impossible to have such internal reform, but who hope that under some new form a House of Commons, as natural and respected, could be grafted on to or developed out of the old.

I propose next to examine both these suppositions and to begin with the idea that the House of Commons might by some internal reformation re-establish itself as the strong governing authority of the state.

The Dalcroze Eurythmics.*

Harmony, motion, inertia, these are the three qualities in or properties of "matter" to be found on each plane; that is, in each state of our present consciousness. The Bhagavad-Gita is sufficiently lucid over this, and the idea is found running all through Hindu philosophy, so that a further commentary would be a superfluity. They all "bind fast in the body," but "from Harmony wisdom is born," and wisdom is the doorway to other things. It is only "bending" when regarded as an end in itself. Plotinus on the Virtues should be read in this connection. If we are going to accept these qualities as the bases of existence, and if we accept a relativity theory and a libido theory, we must; then there is no need to stress the point that motion is an improvement on inertia, and that harmony, rhythm, is a better state again than motion. Rhythm is just that state of integration for which psycho-analysis, and indeed the whole age, is working. M. Dalcroze has arrived at this outlook, not through psychiatry, but via the teaching of music. He found among his pupils that, barring those with musical faculties already over-trodden, the most of them treated their training as a matter of formal routine, just like so much book-keeping. This is, of course, a direct consequence of modern educational methods. As a result of meditation upon the matter, he conceived and put into practice his scheme of eurythmic training.

I have no authority whatsoever to speak of musical affairs, and am going to confine myself as strictly as possible to the medical aspect of the question. The method of M. Dalcroze at its present point of growth consists of movement in rhythm, ear training and improvisation. The two first are the divisions that concern psycho-analysis most nearly. They develop respectively the feelings for rhythm and tone. Rhythmic training was started by an ordinary beating time to music, and has now become an exceedingly skilful and satisfying emotional-intellectual exercise of which the base is that "time-beat is shown by movements of the arms; the notes by movements of the lower limbs." Within the compass of this, variations are inexhaustible, for, as M. Dalcroze says, "rhythm is infinite, therefore the possibilities for physical representations of rhythm are infinite." The importance of this for psychology is the acquirement of co-ordination between body and psyche, a realisation of imagination, at once delicate and reliable. Morbid fantasy-forming should cease to bulk so large in psychological affairs when the psyche permitted an outlet of this nature. Also, the objection raised in the statement that music is merely a solvent can, I think, be dismissed in this present consider.ation. Music in itself indeed deserves all that Socrates said of it. But music reacted to by the integrated response of a rhythmic dance is another thing altogether. Anyone who has watched M. Dalcroze's pupils notices first their wide-awake attention. There is a mental alertness that positively radiates between them and the piano, and that is alone a sufficient justification for his training. Such an attitude practised regularly, is bound to lead to a general toning-up and integration. M. Dalcroze notes this, and notes also its bearing upon neurosis. For the introvert with a crude emotion tugging at the leash, or for the individual upon whom circumstance has forced a repression of the emotional life, such an attitude, practised regularly, is bound to lead to a general toning-up and integration. The question of sending such cases to a school for eurythmics must be considered.

It is the emotional life that suffers most from repression to-day, and eurythmics are a stepping-stone not to be neglected. And, again, among our war-neuroses exceedingly difficult cases are to be found with a generalised muscular tremor, and others with inco-ordinated gait. Eurythmic training, beginning with the simplest of exercises and carefully graduated, could not but assist these, particularly such as are not too intelligent and with whom psycho-analysis is a process of some sluggishness. But analytic treatment backed by eurythmic exercises would result in an improvement with ever more rapid strides. It is an experiment, at any rate, that must be tried. With tremor cases when the mind is eased by abreaction, there still remains the synthetic side, the taking hold of the body again. And this has to be done, not by a direct effort; that is as useless as the determination of a sufferer from insomnia to sleep. It is only by a round-the-corner process, by lifting the patient out of himself, by finding a mode for extraversion, in fact. Relaxation is the most commonly used method at present, but it is not particularly satisfactory. Pure psycho-analysis is not suitable for all cases, though it is wrong to suppose that slowness or sharpness of wit has much to do with the question. It rather depends upon the complete psychological composition of the patient, and the slow-coach is sometimes nearer the unconscious than the sharp-surfaced man. But this is beside the point, which is that in graduated eurythmics we may find a valuable adjunct to treatment.

A tremor case dreamed that he was driving a horse and cart, but the pin connecting shafts and body of the carriage was upside-down, not held by any nut, and in imminent danger of falling out altogether. It was a result of this dream that his driving was anything but rhythmical. Putting it compactly, he had a screw loose and needed harmonising badly. Another such dreamed that the analyst said to him, "I'll discharge you on the twelfth of the month previous to that of his dream four years ago he had been sent into a listening-post, and his next memory was coming to himself in hospital. He needed a reversal. He had a fixation in his unconscious to that listening-post, something to do with the horse and cart. He was in a state of tremulousness. There might have been worse methods of treating him than by reversing his listening for mines into a listening for music; and he was in fact always at his best during hospital concerts. A complete reversal was of course not intended, but with such cases that is not to be always attained by direct methods. A patient, again, who was making fair progress, dreamt that he was driving a motor-car with great skill except for a certain difficulty in managing corners. Faute de mieux at the moment, he was sent to ordinary dances to improve his driving. I have considered this as a parenthesis here that I have only sketched in these dream examples as lightly as possible. A full commentary on them would take too much space.
This is only to touch the fringes of the matter. M. Dalcroze's methods demand every attention from psycho-analysts. Their fruition lies, as does that of psycho-analysis itself, in the future. It is in the

There have been periods in the world's history of catch-words and symbols of quacks and charlatans. Such a period of confusion and value-sickness set in towards the end of the fifth century B.C. in Athens, such a period we are witnessing now. At such times men, discarding principles, traditions, high values and symbols to applaud. Thus men cease to look for meanings and look only for symbols and words.

In each of these two periods of decay, anarchy and degeneration arose in the form of Socrates. In ancient Greece, Nietzsche in modern Europe. They used different methods, designed to produce different effects. Socrates and Nietzsche.

Socrates and Nietzsche.

There have been periods in the world's history of bewilderment and confusion, periods when men, ceasing to believe in principles which have their genesis in the slow growth and evolution of racial experience embodied in traditions shaped and amended by the great men of the ages, turn restlessly and frictionally to the catch-words and symbols of change and chaos. Such a period of confusion and value-sickness set in when women strive against men, and every house is divided against itself. The general confusion breeds obscurantism and symbolaty; meanings are lost sight of, catch-words only are now of any account.

The problem, then, is how to resolve this condition of self-destructive conflict? If we may borrow the jargon of psycho-analysts, we might say that this condition requires to be treated by "catharsis"—by the purging of the effects of pent-up destructive emotions by bringing them to the surface. And in the process, the maleficent power of certain symbols would be destroyed by the recovery or discovery of their meaning.

This was precisely the effect of the Socratic method. He resolutely refused to employ the demagogic methods of flattery and sophistry, but persistently inculcated the maxim "know thyself." His method was always to work his way towards an exact definition of the idea on which the discussion turned, baring its obscurity and confusion of thought with which he found each subject invested. In an age when all matters are discussed in the market-place, deception and decoy cries are the means whereby demagogues rise to power. In order to expose their deception Socrates enjoined accuracy of thought. Accurate thinking beguits accurate speech. Consequently, Socrates was always exposing the hollow phrasing of those who use and emphasise words whose meaning they ignore or obscure in order to conceal their own lack of clear thinking. So he constantly brought men to the test of definition.

In his dialogue with Euthydemus, a young man who prided himself upon his book-acquired knowledge, he calls on him to state his opinion as to the nature of "democracy," a subject, which, as a candidate for public office in a "democratic State," he might surely have been expected to have studied. His answers, however, very soon involved him in contradictions and absurdities which exposed his utter inability to give any meaning to the term. How much better could those acquit themselves who, to-day, still prate sententiously of "reaction" and "progress," "equality" and "liberty"—those blessed words that mystify the multitude? What do these phrases, not facts?

It is to demagogues and secret arbiters of public opinion on questions of politics or religion that thorough searching of the intellect is most dangerous; it is these people, therefore, who most hate and resent the intrusion of those who expose their fallacies. The outraged vanity of a mob exacts a terrible vengeance. The dungeon and the poisoned cup are kept for the Galileo or the Socrates who pursue their inquiries too far.

With the rest of the Socratic teaching, and with his
auditory hallucinations—his *daimonion*—his pathological instability which seems to bear an affinity to Swedenborg among the moderns, I am not here concerned. We must bear in mind, too, with regard to Nietzsche's indictment of Socrates, that he appears to be concerned chiefly with the Socrates of Plato, between whom and the historic Socrates (as the account of Aristotle showed) there was a wide gulf.

Socrates, at all events, was no mere iconoclast. He constantly enjoined respect for the laws and authority, and, cautiously against the attacks of their own judgment. "We must not think," he is made to say "so much of what the many will say of us; we must think of what the one man, who understands right and wrong, will say of us."

The Socratic dose, then, is in the nature of a purge to be administered regularly to the system. It is a preliminary voiding and cleansing of "democratic" impurities and obsessions (e.g., the "equality" complex). We must bear in mind, too, with regard to us; we must think of what the one man, who is indoctrinated by such teachers had better not read Nietzsche, at least, not before undergoing a long preparatory cure. But they should, at any rate, forbear to falsify and burlesque his work.

How long will it take the average Englishman to discover that the doctrines of Nietzsche are not incompatible with those of Treitschke or those which prevailed in Germany, as he has been bluffed into believing? How could the author of the following passage be said to "speak for Germany"?

> They are my enemies, I confess it, these Germans. In despising them I despise every kind of uncleanliness in concepts and valuations. . . . They have tangled and confused, for a thousand years almost, whatever they laid their fingers on . . . they have also on their conscience the foulest kind of Christianity, the most incurable that exists—Protestantism. . . .

Then we hear that other absurdity that Nietzsche preached a gospel of war for war's sake. As I ventured to point out in my letter to The New Age, February 12, the corollary to Nietzsche's system, "a good war halloweth every cause" was inevitably, "no cause halloweth a bad war."

This interpretation seems to be fully borne out by those fine opening words of his essay on David Strauss, written after Germany's triumphant war of 1870:

> Public opinion in Germany seems strictly to forbid any allusion to the evil and dangerous consequences of a war, more particularly when the war in question has been a victorious one. Those writers therefore command a more ready attention who, regarding this public opinion as final, proceed to vie with each other in great dialectics in dialect open another abyss below the pit. The besetting danger of "naturalism" in art is literalism, and Mr. John Burley does certainly mistake the literal for the natural. These people talk as thousands of people talk not only in Yorkshire; he gives us the isipissima verba in a vain hope of producing an illusion of reality. His motto is: "It is true," instead of: "It is dramatic"; his aim is the increase of knowledge instead of the simplification of the emotions, and "the that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." I have never seen before, and never wish to see again, a fat man bursting into a room, and shouting, "Where's my tea?" as the descending curtain cruelly reveals the author's incompetence in stage-craft. That is only one instance, but the play is full of similar inconsequences of structure; and it is no defence to argue that life is like that, that in real life, inconsequence, incongruity, destroys all dramatic effect—because Mr. John Burley is not living life in "Tom Trouble," he is writing a play. He has tried to do so by transporting life on to the stage, instead of translating it into the terms and forms of dramatic art.

Let us descend to real life for a moment. Mr. John Burley shows us that in Yorkshire (is it?) anyhow, in the North Country it is not uncommon for young lovers to anticipate marriage. The information is not startling to anyone who is at all acquainted with life; much nearer home the phenomenon has been observed, and abroad, in countries where marriage legitimises the children, it is not uncommon to see father, mother, and their offspring at the wedding. The Registrar-General tells us that "in relation to unmarried women of concep- tive ages, illegitimate births were most frequent in the rural districts and least so in London. They were also most frequent in Wales, and least so in the South of England." The custom of anticipating the ceremony is sufficiently common to rob Mr. John Burley's revelation of the effect of surprise. What is he going to make of the custom? is the question. It is a fact of life, certainly, but it is not necessarily a dramatic the current leads to a real crisis in the life of people who are themselves of some significance, an audience cannot be cx-

* Mr. Ludovici will observe I say "emotions," not "instincts."
pected to manifest much interest in the question whether Mary Hey's child will be one of the approximately forty thousand children born out of wedlock every year in England and Wales, or of the approximately eight hundred thousand born in it. It is precisely at that point that Mr. John Burley fails; beyond showing us the facts, he does not know what to do with them. He shows us a set of people to whom one would not, in real life, give a second thought, and on the stage manifests only an infinite capacity for avoiding dramatic situations.

The most obvious antagonist of the custom should be the Church; and if the two conceptions of natural and ecclesiastical marriage had been brought into bold and definite and dramatic contrast, "Tom Trouble" could have been a play. But the genre itself prevented this; nothing hangs on the clergyman's scruples on calling himself to play with is the question whether Mary can get married in time to be a reputable matron, or he cannot live with her; he must marry her. He is not surprised to hear that she is to become a mother, he hardly exclaims when he hears that she is the father; he wants her just as she is, and I, for one, have no objection to his having her. Such a man might well be licensed to keep a harem of such unmarried and unwanted mothers—and I offer the suggestion to Mr. Burley for his next play. Altogether, it was a dismal afternoon.

Music.

By William Atheling.

Anne Thursfield (Wigmore, March 2) again displayed her talents and the folly of not recognising the scope of one's personal aptitudes. Her lace-china effects are all that could be desired, but Doric severities and savage mood are not for her. In Handel and Scarlatti her grace and fine shading were effective, though the verbal sense was not exploited to the full. A credit mark must be given for accenting "Così" correctly and in contradistinction to usual warbler of Montevede.

The second group of songs was by the Younger British School, a group of composers in whom one would willingly find some serious consideration of the art of music. A. Bax had chosen a rather good poem by J. H. Cousins, and set it to a simple air, but as the word-rhythm is not very interesting and the music uninspired the result is not memorable. Goossens' "Wild Geese" is trite, with worn pitch intervals, and derivative wash melody. The translation of Tagore chosen by J. A. Carpenter is not lyric; it is provided with pseudo-Debussy accompaniment, in the spirit of "In winter I get up at night," but even so it might be taken as an argument that free word cadences offer more to mediocre musicians than the habitual iambic and ecclesiastical marriage had been brought into

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epistles of Hebridean melodies is not
eternal hurry and slow-up, the continued waste of musical
value of harmonic colour, or of orchestral
Montrave with respect, and hope that at our next
opportunity she will take subjects worthy of her ability.
Beatrice Eveline, in the same concert, played the
"cello with clear, light, resonant tone; a fine strength and a
reality," with a sense that it is intelligent force
not mere muscular energy which makes music. There
was passionate love in the cello, and spirit in the Serenade Espagnol, and, although Cui
has not really attained the Arabic feeling in his "Ori-
teale," the work was delightfully rendered.
I wish to make it clear that both these women have
distinction. One might wish to alter Miss Montrave’s
programming (it is easily done), but one did not feel
that one was listening to a fool. Certain of her effects
cannot be produced without precise knowledge of emo-
tion; this is, perhaps, the basis of all distinction in the
arts. It is always "out of the common."
The Kennedy-Frasers (Aeolian, March 6) demonstrated
that their supply of Hebridean melodies is not
yet exhausted. Barra Sea-Moods, Skye Sea-bird, Eigg
Wind on the Moor were given for the first time, and all
worth giving. I have claimed, that whatever limita-
tions there may be in the details of performance, one
always has a correspondingly memorable moment in a Kennedy-
Frasers concert. The moment of ecstasy on Saturday
was in Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser’s rendering of the "Skir
of St. Kenneth."
Miss Kennedy-Fraser seemed to find her voice a little
"stiff in tow," like the ancient ox in the Saga; she
partially awoke for the labour lits; for the whirl, whirl
draw and out of the Spinning song, and was at, per-
haps, her best for the afternoon in "Dunvegan." She is
always enjoyable, but the wildness of the sea-wind
was not at its full in the Islay Reaper, and while her
Kishmulf is preferable to most renderings, it is not
really within the scope of her vocal energy, nor was
the harp quite vigorous enough for the accompaniment.
"Wind on the Moor" has got somewhat away from
the seaboard, and the kinship between these Hebridean
songs and Moussorgsky is all the more apparent in this
tune, with the sea absent, for it is very like Moussorg-
sky indeed.
The labour lits illustrate at each Kennedy-Fraser
concert the value of some rhythm-base more diversi-
fied than English accentual prosody made in not very
inspired imitations of Hebridean melos from a Latin
imitation of Greek quantitative metres. The Ori-
ental and African division of music into raga and tala,
i.e., rhythm-tune and pitch-tune, is probably more
fused in diversity. The churn, the loom, the spinning-
wheel, the oars, all give splendid bases for distinctive
rhythms which can never degenerate into the monotony
of mere iamb and trochees. They keep their essen-
tial difference as every dance tunes cannot. Even so,
the real feeling of moving feet which is so often the soul of
theatrical invention in Bach and Mozart, is increas-
ingly rare in music.
Words help thematic invention only so long as poetic
metres are truly alive, and so long as the musicians are
sensitive to shades of different verbal quantity. The
charm of Mozart, if one can analyse it, seems often to
lie in a rare combination of notes which have musical
structure, musical line, but which suggest, beyond
these and simultaneously, dance steps and language.
One is not attacking "modernity," one is not depre-
ciating the value of harmonic colour, or of orchestral
colour, when one declines to believe in the all-sufficing
power of smears of sound.
One would have a deal more patience with contem-
orary composers if they showed a little more sense of
these matters, and a little more seriousness in their
approach to design and the means of it.
Roscoe explains Moussorgsky’s incomparable
Death Cycle at the eight Russian matinees, Duke of
carelessness? And what, on the other hand, can be more serious than prudence? I say wisdom is a form of frivolity: the greatest thought has always in it a certain carelessness, it is called by the solemn disinterestedness. A philosopher is always a little hardy, a little irresponsible; he knows that it is the first condition of sincerity in thought to be indifferent to ideas, and especially to one's own ideas. When a man can discuss immortality and God with the same unconcern as he discusses the theatre—to name the greatest and the smallest things together—it is probable that he is a thinker. It has been the fanatics, of course, who have made ideas "prevail"—a term one uses to denote that they have become universally misunderstood. But no truth is so hard to grasp, so clear, so self-evident, that a people or an era becomes profound: when and how easy it is to take that step! To get back, to write simply, to express plain truths without falling over again. The great service of France to humanity is that she has always done that, and that she has done it sufficiently. One has only to observe the two; one has only to contrast the famous "Defendant"—though it would not be in the high style of a Cervantes—of which the original that it could not be obscured by the affectations of the translators, with the modern translation of which says: "In flat countries how glad the natives must be to see mountain-masses of cloud."
The expression of a familiar experience is to Chamberlain simply "a conceit which it must have cost the composer some trouble to excogitate." What would we have said of the old Surrey labourer who looked out one morning from his bedroom over the stable to the flowering plum-tree on the lawn: "When I saw that plum blossom, 'It's been snowing', I said, and then I tumbled to what it was." And yet he had not been perverted by Akahito's conceit: "The plum blossom I thought I would show to my Brother does not seem to be one (at all); it was (only) that snow had fallen! Or the image is one of the sound of a frog leaping in the water. "From a European point of view," says Chamberlain, "the mention of a frog spoils these lines completely, for we tacitly include frogs in the same category as monkeys and donkeys, absurd creatures scarcely to be named without turning verse into caricature." What wonder that, though he had evidently no direct knowledge of the original, Ezra Pound's fine renderings of a few incompletes Nō plays stand easily first of the few translations we possess from the classical literature of Japan? For Mr Pound possessed what Aston, Chamberlain, and others unfortunately lacked, a spirit so closely in correspondence with the spirit of his original that it could not be obscured by the affectations and inaccuracies which in certain respects mar his work.

Arthur Waley is not the Fitzgerald whom Aston sighed for to link the single poems of the old anthologies into a new Rubaiyat in some English metre; but he has done much better in introducing us directly to the original, of which, he maintains, the easy grammar and limited vocabulary may be mastered with several months' application. It is certainly worth while for any who are interested to read his current speeches. Waley's "Japanese Poetry." By Arthur Waley. (Clarendon Press. 1919.)

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Japanese Poetry.*

Japanese poetry has not fared well at the hands of its English interpreters. No matter how hitherto attempted a translation of the ancient Japanese anthologies. Verse translations there have been, which, while they bear no relation to poetry in English, are still more remote from anything which could possibly have been written between the sixth and twelfth century in Japan. Chamberlain, though an excellent scholar, did not bring to his task enough of the poet to understand the workings of the poetic imagination, much less to write poetry. There is a hokku which says: "In flat countries how glad the natives must be to see mountain-masses of cloud." This expression of a familiar experience is to Chamberlain simply "a conceit which it must have cost the composer some trouble to excogitate." What would we have said of the old Surrey labourer who looked out one morning from his bedroom over the stable to the flowering plum-tree on the lawn: "When I saw that plum blossom, 'It's been snowing', I said, and then I tumbled to what it was." And yet he had not been perverted by Akahito's conceit: "The plum blossom I thought I would show to my Brother does not seem to be one (at all); it was (only) that snow had fallen! Or the image is one of the sound of a frog leaping in the water. "From a European point of view," says Chamberlain, "the mention of a frog spoils these lines completely, for we tacitly include frogs in the same category as monkeys and donkeys, absurd creatures scarcely to be named without turning verse into caricature." What wonder that, though he had evidently no direct knowledge of the original, Ezra Pound's fine renderings of a few incomplete Nō plays stand easily first of the few translations we possess from the classical literature of Japan? For Mr Pound possessed what Aston, Chamberlain, and others unfortunately lacked, a spirit so closely in correspondence with the spirit of his original that it could not be obscured by the affectations and inaccuracies which in certain respects mar his work.

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anthologies, the Manyōshū, the Kokinshū and minor collections) reveal a lyric literature of intense beauty and variety, equal to and sometimes surpassing the Greek anthology, even including Sappho. There is a brief but sufficient grammar of the classical language, the transliterated text and literal translation of about 160 poems, a vocabulary and supplementary grammatical notes. The translations do not aim at verse form, nor have they the finity of the author's Chinese translations. They are primarily intended as a crib for those who want to read these poems in their native idiom. They never obscure the feeling of the Japanese, and sometimes render it so perfectly as to seem an original inspiration. A few are perhaps capable of a more delicate adjustment to the Japanese idiom, and one or two seem not quite to give its full force. But to learn Japanese from this book and make one's own translations is perhaps the best way to appreciate the excellence of Mr. Waley's. Some of the finest of the primitive poems, especially in the Manyō Shū, are impossible to render in English. Consisting solely of an image and its associations, they lose almost everything when they are cut off from the splendid sonority of the original. A good example of this is the superb eighth-century poem of Akahito on p. 33: 

Masu-naru wa  

Mi-kari ni tatashi  

Kiyoki hamabi wo.  

Over the clean sea-beach.

(As regards stress, the accent is certainly far less strong than in English. The level stress of French probably comes nearest to it.) My illustrations are chosen with a view to showing the variety and vigour of the original (qualities in which Japanese poetry is supposed to be lacking), not because the translations are necessarily the best. The numbering of the lines shows which line in the text corresponds with a given line in the translation, e.g.:

1. As for this world
2. Amid the turmoil of the waves!
3. Of the seagull who has learnt to sleep alone
4. Of the superb eighth-century poem of Akahito in its Japanese order:
5. Would that I had the heart

This ingenious method of numbering, which is adopted throughout the book, gives a good idea of the shape of the original poem even to those who can only read the translation.

Here is another, which in English is turned quite upside down, and facing it, for comparison, the poem in its Japanese order:

5. The wild geese returning
4. Through the misty sky—
3. Behold they look like a letter written
2. A thing impossible to hide
1. In faint ink.

Perhaps this would hardly be clear unless one had seen first Mr. Waley's reconstruction, and he rightly makes clarity his first aim.

Here are two more strongly inverted ones, and a third which can keep its natural order without violence to the English:

3. The deer which lives by the craftsmen of Hida
4. Only by its own cry
5. Can know the (coming of) autumn

Here are two tenth-century poems of a most delicate fancy:

3. The deer which lives
4. On the evergreen mountain
5. Could I but know the heart

Here is another by Akahito, contemporary with Hitomaro and regarded as his equal:

5. Love, which is greater than oneself, is like
4. A thing impossible to hide
3. Even though you wrap it up.
2. Whose footfall resounds
1. A thing which fades

And one by the famous ninth-century poetess, Ono no Komachi, celebrated in legend and drama:

5. Is the flower
4. Of the heart of man
3. In this world!
2. A thing which fades
1. A thing which fades

Here are three anonymous poems from the Manyō Shū:

3. Can even the God of Thunder
2. Whose football resounds
1. In the plains of the sky

5. Put asunder
4. Those whom love joins?
3. When dawn comes
2. A thing impossible to hide
1. Even though you wrap it up.

...I will end my quotations with three characteristic poems from the Manyō Shū, which in the recent poetic revival in Japan has significantly been the chief inspiration of the younger literati and the object of their closest study:

2. O pine-tree standing
1. At (the side of) the stone house

3. When I look at you
5. It is like seeing face to face
4. The men of old time.

(7th C.)

3. With the flicker flicker
2. Riding at anchor
1. Of sunrise

4.5. Why is there none in the whirlpool of my love?

I will end my quotations with three characteristic poems from the Manyō Shū, which in the recent poetic revival in Japan has significantly been the chief inspiration of the younger literati and the object of their closest study:

2. O pine-tree standing
1. At (the side of) the stone house

3. When I look at you
5. It is like seeing face to face
4. The men of old time.

(7th C.)

3. With a rocking
2. Riding at anchor
1. (As) of great ships

4. I have at last become worn out with love
5. Because of a child of man.

1. The very frequent
2. City of Naniwa
3. Is so near the sea
4.5. That one can see the boats ridden in by the fisherwomen,
There is a fine though untranslatable love-poem in the Manyo Shu, not given in this book, which runs:

I, even I, have got Yasumiko! her of whom all men say she is hard to get, I have got Yasumiko!

Substitute Japanese poetry for the difficult lady Yasumiko, and that is how one feels after winning the first footing of intimacy with a thing by all men called so inaccessible.

B. de Z.

Views and Reviews.

I.—THE ACTORS' THEATRE.

My request for details of Mr. Norman McKinnel's scheme for a theatre owned and managed by actors in their corporate capacity has brought me a series of articles from "The Actor" for March, April, May, and June of last year, in which Mr. McKinnel, Mr. Athole Stewart, Mr. Frank Vernon, and a gentleman who signs himself "Hopeful," put forward their various suggestions. The subject is worth one or two articles at the present time, more particularly as the British Drama League were told by the Minister of Education on March 13 last that "the most natural course, if the Government were to aid the [National] Theatre, would be for the scheme to be initiated by local enterprise." That decision shelves the National Theatre scheme for a generation, and the actors need have no fear of being regarded "as an element in the curriculum in colleges and training schools." Drama for school-children, drama for pupil-teachers, drama for undergraduates, may be the motto of the British Drama League; but some of us want Drama for the Public, and look to the Actors' Theatre (my suggested name for it) to supply it. At a time when the Building Guild of the Manchester district has secured its first contract for the supply of labour and management (the experiment should interest the actors), the Actors' Theatre may well become a subject of public discussion and interest. Anyhow, I am willing to do what I can to make it so.

I do not intend to deal first of all with Mr. McKinnel's article; it is, in the main, a statement of general principles which will be better discussed when the ground is clear—and the ground will not be clear until Mr. Athole Stewart is removed. For Mr. Athole Stewart seems to me to be a follower of Senor de Maeztu; having defined the function of the Actors' Theatre in most admirable terms, he proceeds to develop an organisation based on Conscription, with appeals for exemption to a Tribunal. The details of the scheme are reasonable enough, if we accept Mr. Stewart's estimate of the human nature of the artist. He assumes that the Actors' Theatre will not be able to pay the salaries offered by other management, and therefore, "that competent artistes, in the nature of things, would succumb to more tempting offers from outside if engaged for a long period." He suggests, therefore, that membership of the Actors' Theatre should be by election from the Actors' Association, that the elected members should agree to the conscription of their services in any capacity at the standard rates of pay, the liability to service covering a period of not less than six or more than twelve consecutive weeks in each year. Exemption might be claimed on the ground of present or future engagements (in which case, the artist should pay a small fee to cover the standard salary to cover a period not exceeding four weeks); inability to appear owing to ill-health, urgent domestic reasons (which would be confidentially examined by a Central Board). The scheme is well thought out, and speaks volumes for the ability of the actors to manage; but I dissent from it because it is an organ of efficiency, not of enthusiasm, because it assumes that the service of the Actors' Theatre will entail sacrifice, and then tries to compel its members to perform that sacrifice.

Artistic human nature is not constructed on those lines; the artist will, if necessary, sacrifice everything, but for his art, not for anything else, not even for a democratic organisation. The assumption that "more tempting offers" would be those of higher salaries is an assumption fatal to the very idea of the Actors' Theatre. If the artists do not want to act, but to make money, the whole scheme collapses; the syndicated speculator will always be willing to pay more money for a Gaby Deslys show than the Actors' Theatre could, would, or should pay for a really fine piece of work in a fine production. But offer any capable (I stress that word "capable") actress £200 a week for showing her finger to millionaires and their pins, and £2 a week for playing Lady Macbeth, or Eliza Doolittle, or some part that calls for, and rewards instantly, the exercise of talent—and the "tempting offer" would not be the millionaires' in such a case. At the very least, the Actors' Theatre would serve to separate the artists from those of the artistic temperament (shall we call it?), who enter and leave the stage by way of the harem; and precisely for that reason I reject Mr. Stewart's assumption of the need of compulsory service in the Actors' Theatre.

It was the stone that the builders rejected that became the corner-stone of the temple; and the very thing that Mr. Stewart considers and rejects, enthusiasm, is the thing to organise. Artistic enthusiasm does not wear off, as Mr. Stewart supposes, so long as there is something to do that is worth doing; under present conditions, it is blunted, frustrated, and checked and abused at every turn. Talk even to the most hopeless of actors, those most permanent sufferers from economic pressure, and still one finds this crazy enthusiasm for the art. Their everlasting complaint is of "small parts"; they would go through fire and water, suffer and be humiliated, steal, borrow, for what they consider a real chance to show what they can do. On the other hand, those who can act are always fidgeting to do something else so soon as they have done anything successfully—and the chief difficulty of the Actors' Theatre will not be the compulsion of the actors, but the selection of them. The heart-burnings, the jealousies, will not be the lot of the chosen, but of the rejected; what shall it profit a man if he gets £200 a week, and has not the cordon bleu of the stage?

For the Actors' Theatre will provide at least a competence, and certainly an honour. There is the whole range of classic drama for it to work on, it has its copyright; and it need not, as Mr. Stewart, mingling bad politics with good art, suggests, confine itself to British plays. It could revive copyrights as easily as any other management could, and it could make terms for new plays quite as easily. It will need a reading Committee, and a selection Committee, when it is in full existence; but even at present, it could offer its members a greater range of parts, with better production, than any other management could guarantee. It does not need to call for sacrifices when it really provides an opportunity; it does not need to call for services when it really provides opportunities—it does not need to compel when it can entice. It need only prepare its plans for a production, and call for volunteers, to discover that its chief difficulty will be selection.

Finally, I fall foul of Mr. Stewart's suggestion that membership of the Actors' Theatre should be by election. A penal, or, at least, a sacrificial scheme such as he suggests, with election of victims, would smash the Actors' Association and smite elsewhere. Conscription on the basis of the Militia Ballot Acts was more than even the Government dared to propose; the Military Service Acts at least made universal the obligation to serve. But the analogy is useless to the theatre, for in art particularly, force is no remedy. All that the Actors' Association need is the Management Com-
Reviews.

Pagan and Christian Creeds: Their Origin and Meaning. By Edward Carpenter. (Geo. Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.)

We have often wondered what it is precisely that is wrong with the books which Mr. Carpenter writes. After perusing the present volume we have come to the conclusion that it is his habit of making his conceptions simple instead of exact. For his simplicity is not merely that simplicity of expression which is compatible with complexity of thought, it is a simplicity in thought itself. Properly speaking, in fact, it is not simplicity at all, but simplification. This is the defect which has made Mr. Carpenter, in spite of his tolerance, sense, and free temper, the prophet—and deservedly—of a few faddists and simpletons. His theory, elaborated in "The Art of Creation" and again stated in this book, of the evolution of consciousness from simple consciousness, through self-consciousness, to cosmic consciousness, is, we have no doubt, true; but, stated with his bald naïveté, how hollow, unreal and uninspiring it contrives to be! To turn from this volume to Jung's "Psychology of the Unconscious," where the problem is stated exactly, is to realise how far from reality Mr. Carpenter really is. The first part of the book, however, is more real than the second, and the free temper in which the author treats Christianity is something for which to be thankful. He demonstrates to the world, and to himself, that it is possible to write a work of admirable and unoffending selection from the myths of ancient religion, that all religions are, in certain essentials, the same; and that Christianity is, of course, no exception. The fundamental conception of religion, the author says, is the solidarity of the individual with all living things; and redemption is the living apprehension of this solidarity. What is even the first step towards redemption, this Third Empire, however, he fails to tell us. Instead, he takes refuge in platitudinous

What's Wrong with the Middle Classes? By R. Dimsdale Stocker. (C. Palmer and Hayward. 6d. net.)

A not very obvious tract full of obvious irony. "As the object of this book," says Mr. Dimsdale Stocker in his preface, "may be less obvious to the reader than it appears to the author, a prefatory word may be necessary." To a tract it should not be. The middle classes, he adds, "will probably regard it as an attempt to perpetrate a joke at their expense." We have no doubt that they will, and that they will be right. The bulk of the volume is a "rag," and a "rag" too garish to be amusing; it is only in the last few pages that the author hints what it is all about—too late, we fear, for all but the most persevering of his readers. His conclusion is that the middle classes should ally themselves with Labour; it is perhaps a pity that he did not write his book about it.

Committee of the Actors' Theatre, and that Committee should choose its players from the list of volunteers. The players must be free to serve, the Management Committee free to select; it is an artistic absurdity to throw the choice of materials open to election by a chance and compulsion, and exercises choice; and as any book on scientific management will tell you, you have to stimulate the creative impulse of the worker to obtain efficiency. When one thinks of the work that actors do for nothing for other people, there is no reason to fear that they will be unwilling to accept opportunities to display their powers to perfection, when their bread-and-butter and a bit of cheese is secured to them.

A. E. R.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

IMPERIAL SUICIDE.

Sir,—A portrait of Mustafa Kamil (the Egyptian Nationalist leader, who has been dead some years) figured in the "Daily Mail" of March 1st that Mustafa Kemal Pasha, the present dictator of Turkey, Marshal Izzet Pasha, a blameless individual, has been confused by almost every English journalistic writer with Arab Izzet Pasha, the detested son of Abdul Hamid II, and by many journalistic writers also with Essad Pasha, of Albanian notoriety. Reports with regard to events in the vilayet of Adana (at present isolated), emanating from Constantinople, are declared to be "authoritative," while telegrams from Armenians in Marash itself, who say that they are in security, are regarded as fictitious. Lies which every Englishman who knows the East detests. The "Times" lies with regard to population, customs, character—are circulated by extremely costly Press advertisement, while letters of protest and complaint go unprinted. No impartial international inquiry into the whole question of Armenian massacres has been instituted in the ample time which has elapsed since the conclusion of the Armistice with Turkey; the Turkish Government has asked for such inquiry, but the Armenian organisations and Armenian partisans refuse to hear of such a thing, declaring that the Bryce and Lepsins reports are quite sufficient to condemn the Turks—in other words, that the judgment should be given on the case for the prosecution alone. The inter-Allied Commission which investigated the unfortunate events in Smyrna last year made a report unfavourable to Great Britain. Therefore this report has not been published here in England, though in other countries it has long been public property. The Armenian patriarch and the Nestorians representative— not to speak of M. Venizelos, who would seem to be almost a member of the British Cabinet—are received with every honour and display of sympathy; while a delegation from the now united people of what was once called "British" India, charged with the most serious warning that can be sent from one nation to another, is insulted daily in the Press and treated as of slight importance by the Government of England. The "Times" refers to their mission as "the factitious and impudent agitation promoted by the so-called Caliphate Conference of Bengal. The Indian Mahomedans have the same right as other British subjects to full religious toleration. They have no right, as we have before declared, to dictate the foreign policy of the British Empire." Yet alien Greeks and Armenians, by weight of money and of power, dictate that policy! We all are witnesses of their fierce attempt to change the character of England into that of a "Christian Power," in the fanatical or medieval sense, on behalf of the ambitions and foreign policies of these so-called "Christians" and against the wishes of the great majority of British subjects.

This conjunction of dense ignorance and cunning falsehood is fraught with instant danger to the British realm. Enormous sums of money are being spent daily on utterly misleading propaganda, a propaganda of which the methods are so far from English as to suggest the presence here in England of the very soul of the Levant. Everything that apparently boundless wealth can do is being done to persuade the man in the street that Oriental sentiment is negligible, and that, far from being dangerous to England, the policy of supporting Eastern Christians, right or wrong, against non-Christians is the only way of future peace for humankind. This at the very moment when the new "Green Army" (the Moslem army of the Soviets) is fully mobilised, when war already rages in the Caucasus, Asia Minor, and Syria, and when our Indian Empire, not to speak of Egypt, feels estranged from us!

You have allowed me for so many years to make my protests in your columns against the ignorance, duplicity, and general claptrap tendency to obscure the issues of our Eastern policy that I dare to hope that you will publish my sincere opinion at this moment, which is that we are on the brink of an immense disaster, for which we have ourselves alone to blame. A man of the people which prefers propaganda to fact as the ground of policy—and foreign propaganda at that!—is self-condemned.

MARMADUKE PICKTHALL.
Pastiche.

"THE SWORD."

If ye would seek the birth place of this blade,
Toledo knows it not, nor whence it came,
Damascus too, with glory now Hath never wrought it, nor Samuria fame
That cleaves the air for Right or Wrong or Shame;
In Heaven or Hell no anvil was heard ring,
To forge the sword, that maketh men and devils sing.

One edge of this dread blade is keen; by Hate,
By Wrath, by Avarice, their cunning hands
Have sharpened it; the gloomy eyes of Fate
That see all hearts of men, all lands,
All motives, issues forth his dread commands
That Love shall sharpen 'tother glistering side.
It shall cleave through the thickest strands;
Both edges cut as long as men abide,
One for the true man's task; one for the dastard's pride.

Come ye, my true men, brethren, kinsmen all,
Have we not heard it cleaving the foul air,
Have we not lived within its fiery thrall,
That bulls may roar and pandars ply their trade?
    With rain, and all the day is gloom;
        And spells the maiden down did call
        And the knight stood like a stone.
    And the white steed went atone;
        And there stept forth a wildling maid,
        And whew he stood the knight did fall,
        Where that he fell, did die.
       And his old casque doth brim
        And the knight bethought him of his death,
        The morning lay fast lapt in gramarye.

Blood has been spilt, the sacrifice been made,
For this, my kinsmen's trench and town were ta'en
That bulls may roar and pandars ply their trade?
Then let the living lie down with the slain,
Never raise their craven heads again.
I see the sword now glittering in the air
True men, my brethren, all from fear refrain,
The dastards now shall have their rightful share,
Big-bellied pressmen, hirelings, windbags, have a care!

Now o'er the ramparts of the clanging press
The brazen bull is roaring all his might,
At youth and manhood, in their shoddy dress
With their arms doffed, they now renew their fight,
For bread; the muddy-minded beast, in fright
Lying among the yellow broom,
White are his bones among the broom,
With rain, and all the day is gloom;
And the knight stood like a stone.

Are you bold, my true men, brethren, kinsmen all?
For if we dare the world—but dared it with a pen.
Our one time gallant men this bull blasphemes,
And spells the maiden down did call
And whew he stood the knight did fall,
Where that he fell, did die.
And his old casque doth brim
And the knight bethought him of his death,
The morning lay fast lapt in gramarye.

The knight bethought him of his death,
The morning lay so still:
And he came to a savage heath
And a great broomy hill.

For it was written in his doom
That dark death he should see
Lying among the yellow broom
Past lapt in gramarye.
O and he lighted down and stayed,
And the white steed went alone;
And there stept forth a wildling maid,
And the knight stood like a stone.
And spells the maiden down did call
On the great hill and high;
And where lie stood the knight did fall,
Where that he fell, did die.
White are his bones among the broom,
And his old casque doth brim
With rain, and all the day is gloom;
Go, wind, and weep for him.

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