NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In the spring a livelier iris comes upon the cushat dove, and under the influence of the same season our business men are piping songs of reviving prosperity and building nests in fancy. But it is all in vain that prosperity is anticipated in the neglect of the means that alone can bring it about. Trade cannot revive until the consumers everywhere are given an effective demand more or less equivalent to the potential supply; and since during the last few years and particularly during the season than are their confiding victims. Barclays doubt whether the revival is likely to he sudden and be by a miracle performed in spite of them. The bankers, we observe, are a little less carried away by the season and a reduced Bank Rate, it lets a little more "water" into the existing purchasing-power; that is to say, it tends to raise prices at the expense of everybody on a fixed monetary income; on 90 per cent. of the population. Like every issue of credit, it is a tax on the major part of the population; and a reduced Bank Rate, so far from indicating, as we have been made under which American and British (British by courtesy) financiers have agreed to share the spoils of Empire while leaving their communities to foot the bill in taxes or in lives. Europe, impoverished and impoverished, is England's share of the liability. We are to be responsible for Europe and to get what little we can out of it. Asia, and, above all, China, is America's little recompense for the Great War. American financiers are to have a free hand in China as the price of allowing England to tie her hands in Europe. This is how the Washington and Genoa Conferences are to be read; and we need not repeat that they scarcely spell an immediate revival.

In addition to Europe, which as a security for credit is almost negligible, there are, it is true, our Colonial assets whose "development" may be worth undertaking for a consideration. And, surely enough, a great deal of "credit" is being manufactured in this country for export to the colonies, there to act as purchasing-power possibly, or possibly not, for English goods. Since last September nearly a hundred millions of such credit has been raised in this "poor" country and sent to Australia, Canada and New Zealand, with the consequence that wholesale prices here at home have now ceased to fall and are about to rise. The causation, we hope, is now as familiar to our readers as it is still mysterious to the economic pundits of the Labour Party. The creation of purchasing-power by the issue of credits, whether for home or Colonial or foreign distribution, affects prices by changing the ratio of Money to Goods. The more Money the higher the price; and the less the less. It follows as the night the day, therefore, that the recent effusion of 100 millions of credit for the colonial market, and the anticipated issue of millions more, must and will have the effect of diluting our home currency and thus of raising prices. There can be no doubt about this sequence of cause and effect; it is patent; and it is confirmed by the lowering of the Bank Rate. A lower Bank Rate simply opens a little wider the sluice-gates of credit; it lets a little more "water" into the existing purchasing-power; that is to say, it tends to raise prices at the expense of everybody on a fixed monetary income; on go per cent. of the population. Like every issue of credit, it is a tax on the major part of the population; and a reduced Bank Rate, so far from indicating, as our financial journalists are paid to say, a coming reduction of prices, is actually the means and the precursor of higher prices. In a century or so this fact will dawn upon a few minds; that every capital value created by a credit issue is created by a tax on the consumer. It is the exact truth to say that every citizen of England is an actual contributor (of purchasing-power) to the loans now being made by our bankers to the Colonies. The bankers make the loans, but we subscribe them. They get the resulting capital and interest, but we have paid it.

Without admitting the possibility of error in the foregoing plain arithmetic, we are nevertheless glad to have the conclusion confirmed by the "Times." Everybody knows that for months the demand of the "Times" has been for a reduction of prices. Our high prices, we were told, made it impossible for English manufacturers to compete in the international market. It was essential that they should be reduced; and, first and foremost, secondly, and all the time, it was essen-
tial that "the chief item of prices," namely, wages [though this is utterly erroneous] should be drastically cut. We invite our readers to recall their impression of the propaganda and to correct us if we are mistaken. How, then, if the sudden volte-face, it has been necessary to make, after the effort to reduce prices, in order to raise prices? Nothing could be simpler. The high prices of yesterday which hindered trade and produced unemployment were due to the war or to God or to little account; in reason. But on the other hand, the low prices, deliberately and intelligently brought about, have proved equally disastrous; in other words, they also have restricted trade and increased unemployment. Hence (observe the strictness of logic) there is now necessary to raise prices again, but this time without God's help, but in reliance upon the superior wisdom of the banks. "Merchants," the "Times" says, "were reluctant to purchase fresh supplies so long as the tendency of prices remained downward . . . but when prices rise to a point at which production can be profitably resumed, then trade will expand further and unemployment diminish." We hope that the reasoning is perfectly clear; it is not to us, we may confess; but the "Times" is responsible for it. The practical meaning, at any rate, is beyond dispute. Prices are about to rise again.

The economic pundits of the Labour Party are in the respectable company of Sir Josiah Stamp who, since his retirement from official service, has been doing better official service than ever. In his new work, "Wealth and Taxable Capacity," reviewed in the "Times" last week, this eminent statistician shows himself to be no mean thinker; in fact, no thinker at all; since he takes for granted, and as the fundamental basis of his crazy conclusions, the self-evidently silly proposition that wealth consists of marketable goods. The "Times" begins its summary of Sir Josiah Stamp's argument with these words: "Conceive wealth as a pile of goods ranging in variety from a grain of wheat to a luxurious Rolls-Royce motor car." But emphatically we cannot; nor can anybody capable of conception beyond that of a statistician or a journalist with his living to make. Wealth cannot be conceived as consisting of goods produced and perishable, any more than an orchard can be confused with its crop of fruit. Wealth is partly by the pile of goods ranging from wheat to motor cars; the other part, and the greater part, and the far more important part, is the potential capacity to produce not only the existing pile of perishable goods, but an endless series of similar piles. Fixing his gaze from the pile of goods only, Sir Josiah Stamp, like Professor Keynes and all the other carefully trained unobservers, arrives inevitably at the conclusion that our taxable capacity has about reached its limit. We are almost as poor as Germany. The taxes must be reduced. The truth is, on the contrary, that it is our actual production that is nearing the limit of our consumptive minimum, while our real wealth, that is, our potential production, is still being increased by credit issues totalling millions every week. The difference between potential and actual, however, is difficult to quantify for a statistician. Much unlearning of nonsense is necessary to the re-education of our economists.

Mr. Churchill has been sending out the fiery cross from Dundee to rouse the country to a crusade against Socialism. Up to a point we can heartily echo his trumpet-blast. By "Socialism" we mean, of course, Manchester, and Mr. Churchill was only speaking the cold truth when he declared, "There never was a Government yet erected that would own the people as a Socialist Government would. No Tsar, no Kaiser, no Oriental potentate has ever wielded powers like these." "No strikes," he continued, "have been tolerated. Workers who strike would have to be punished, and punished severely . . . in the last resort by death." The average, well-meaning Labour man will protest; and say that this is the last thing he means. But Mr. Bernard Shaw has repeatedly said just the same as Mr. Churchill. "Socialism is slavery"; on that point its most shameless champion confirms its National Liberal critic. We can equally support the counter-ideals which Mr. Churchill put forward in the name of Liberalism. "Liberalism attacks monopoly; Socialism attacks capital. The Liberal seeks to level up; the Socialist seeks to level down. Liberalism believes that Government must be based on the goodwill of the masses of the people; Socialism knows that it can only operate through the agency of a bureaucracy . . . through some form of minority power." These are paraphrases of the terms in which we have often formulated our own aims. But what in the name of Marlborough has "Liberalism," in the political party sense, to do with all this? What has the Liberal Party done to attack monopoly in its one really formidable stronghold, finance? Has it been in any way less under the control of financiers than has its Conservative rival? It is, on the contrary, peculiarly the Lloyd Georgian section of Liberalism which, both before and since the split, has been most closely interwoven with such financial groups. Mr. Churchill's professions of wishing to destroy monopoly and to level up are all moonshine. The fact is that the accommodating bopey of Socialism is being used to frighten people into supporting all the vested interests, for fear of a worse one. It is essentially monopoly of which Mr. Churchill, in fact, is making himself the champion.

Labour has suffered an even more decisive defeat in the London Guardians' elections than in the L.C.C. contest. In all but three boroughs the Party lost seats, and in some districts not retail but wholesale. In Poplar itself, on the other hand, it increased its representation and now practically monopolises the Board. But undoubtedly it was "Poplar," as a symbolic watchword, that caused the general downfall. For ourselves we have, on various occasions, welcomed Poplar's action as a protest and a defiance, on the ground that such revolts sometimes help to force a situation to head and compel a Government to deal with it. But we have never for a moment treated the Poplar policy as one to be taken as a diet. It is merely a desiring gesture of impossibility; an Anglicised version of "non-co-operation." The fact is that no forward municipal policy, from a Labour point of view, is possible within the lines of the existing financial system. Nothing satisfactory can be accomplished under these conditions by such a body as a Board of Guardians. And even the London County Council itself could do something effective only if it first succeeded in securing absolutely new financial powers from the Government. Labour is condemning itself to disappointment and accumulating against itself a deluge of popular resentment by persisting in trying to pursue a municipal policy in isolation from the whole social problem. If it is to accomplish anything even in the politics of the parish pump, it must insist on fundamental changes in the whole realm of finance. Unfortunately it seems disinclined to approach perfectly orthodox views on these matters. Nor is it likely to do anything towards a financial programme" it has in mind only devices for shifting the burden of taxation. It is useless for it to proclaim so loudly its implacable hostility to "capitalism," so long as it continues to accept without question radically capitalist assumptions with regard to the key issues.

The City Notes in the "Times" recently drew attention to a striking "Object Lesson in Currency." It...
appears that, some two years ago, an experienced City merchant consented to do his best to help in reconstructing the trade and industry of one of the small and impoverished States on the Continent. He failed; and the mental principles with which the classical era of Smilesian self-help and of "supply and demand." As regards the professional class and the bulk of the middle classes, it was, it is true, a far more prosperous and happy time than the present. But in its midst days, when Labour was much depressed. It was driven into active revolt, and for a time with a certain amount of success. Its position improved fairly steadily till almost the end of the century. And this improvement went on pari passu with the advance of the new financial capitalism (then in its expansive stage, before things had begun to shape for a world-wide dead-lock), that is to say, with the decline of Victorianism proper. The middle classes can find an exit from their troubles only by a road along which Labour is willing to accompany them; and Labour is not likely to sing, "Our feet shall stand in thy gates, O Manchester."

All who take the social problem seriously ought to interest themselves in the "Conference on Christian Politics, Economics, and Citizenship," planned for the spring of 1924. A conference of all the Churches on the application of their principles to public affairs, designed on such a scale, and led up to by so long, and what is intended to be so careful, a preparation, must have very considerable results for good or evil. Study-circles are being encouraged everywhere, and questionnaires are being issued. That on "Property and Industry" is likely to be the most interesting to our readers. It certainly covers the ground pretty well, and the questions raised (which do not forget finance and banking) give full opening to those who have sound ideas to suggest on their issues. At the same time, a good deal of the syllabus seems to be designed to shepherd the minds of students in the direction of a substantially Marxian Socialism. Again, Social Credit is expressly mentioned among current programmes; but among the books recommended there is not one which would throw the least light on this heading. Apparently, the subject was included almost accidentally at the last moment, and the compilers forgot to adjust the bibliography accordingly. It must be remembered that the various denominations keep a panel of persons presumed to be "experts" on social questions, and most of these are deeply imbued with the Socialism of about a decade ago. Communism these recent fossils are generally balanced by a few representatives of employing and financial interests; and there you are! All who can give any economic guidance, whether practising Christians or not, should do their best to get in touch with local Conference groups for a little tactful education. What the Church really needs is an intellectual stimulus and challenge to throw it back on its own principles. For historically, at any rate, it has a mind of its own on these matters. Till the seventeenth century the Church always stoutly defended private property on grounds which do not deserve the present monopoly as utterly as Communism. At the height of its influence it stood, above all things, for the Just Price; and under its aegis the Guilds flourished. Whatever becomes of the Church as an official organisation, its social philosophy will be living when the last Socialist lies in a forgotten grave.

DOUBT.
I sipped my wine; spirals of blue-grey hues
Rose from my cigarette; thought came apace.
And, like a fool, I aired exotic views—
Turned to catch the interest in your face.
A naked thought, stealing across your brain,
Peered strangely at me through your steadfast eyes,
And crept back to oblivion again...

The while you smiled convention's pretty lies.

MARGARET SANDERS.
The Present Industrial Situation.

(Notes of an address to the Wakefield Rotary Club by W. Bell, A.R.I.B.A.)

During the industrial era of the past 150 years there have been alternate spasms of "slump" and "boom" in trade. England had the world-market more or less in her own hands until the U.S.A. and Germany became her competitors industrially. The privatisation of Germany, however, commercial rivalry in foreign markets became more accentuated; and the unrestricted competition in the field of trade had its logical outcome in unrestricted competition on the field of battle, of lesser or greater extent, to a clash of arms between peoples frantically seeking a trade-outlet for their surplus manufactures and raw materials.

Despite the hiccups of the politicians and the pressmen there is nothing inherently ridiculous in the German mind; nor anything fundamentally wicked in the mind of England. There are few people who now believe that the late war was fought by an international avairy of angels against an inferno of Teutonic devils.

For the war arose mainly because of the economic pressure exerted to the chief manufacturing workshops by ever-growing populations, whose volume of output was being increased automatically by the extended use of high-speed machinery and by more scientific methods of production. Now that the war is ended, and the nations at large have not yet entered the Industrial Paradise of Peace and Plenty that was promised them by the Great Panjandrums, everybody is asking everybody else why the nations who "won the war" are suffering from a slump in trade unprecedented in extent. For everything in life is relative to the rest.

Paradoxical as it may appear the Armistice found the representatives of the three political parties in agreement as to the after-war policy to be pursued. "Produce! Produce! Produce!" was the slogan of the Tory-Liberal-Labour Coalition. Alleged Labour overtook the chief manufacture with the countries of Central Europe and Russia (not to mention other countries) were out of the market. Now a 50 per cent. increased capacity for production, coupled with, say, a 25 per cent. reduced area of distribution, is stable prospects in SLUMP. The obvious deduction, if the above premises be accepted, is that Production is not essentially at fault, but Distribution. For our warehouses are more or less bulging from garret to cellar with goods that cannot be distributed because there is not sufficient Purchasing Power in the hands of those who need the goods.

It should be noted that the U.S.A. with its higher wages and no "ca' canny" labour policy is in exactly a similar predicament to England with her lower wages and her "ca' canny" restrictions. Japan with her still lower wages than England is likewise in the identical position of her trade rivals, England and the U.S.A.

It is well known that for 1921 thousands of industrial concerns paid no dividends whatever, that many actually worked at a loss on the year's operations. Side by side with this failure of the Producers to pay their way is the fact that the Banks paid their usual dividends for the year. The "Big Five" amongst them made a declared profit of £71,000,000 during 1921, the year of the Great Slump; and this significant sign-post points the way whither the profits go, both in Slump and Boom.

Thus while Capital rails at Labour, and Labour in turn curses Capital, the other dog, Finance, runs off with the bone for which the two active partners in Industry are contending. The logical inference is that the "Big Five" is the most pernicious Trade Union in existence to-day working in the interests of International Finance. For Trusts, Combines and Rings are, after all, merely Trade Unions for maintaining high profits, and consequently high prices. Yet those who affect to support Trusts and their kindred are often loud in their "belief" that competition is the life of Trusts; when all the time they know that Trusts aim at Monopoly, which is the antithesis of Competition.

There is "ca' canny" on both sides of the shield of Industry—restriction of output in oil, wheat (burnt for fuel to maintain high prices for the diminished remainder on the market), rubber, roofing-slates, timber, etc.; and restriction of output in the workshop and factory.

Mr. McKenna, speaking as chairman of the L.J.C. and M. Bank the other day, advocated a reduction in wages and more production as the only means of reviving industry. This time-worn elixir is his way of telling us that he does not yet realise that to reduce wages is tantamount to a further reduction of Purchasing Power, which is exactly what we are suffering from already. For an increase of the Purchasing Power, rather than a reduction, is the prime need of the moment.

The late Chancellor of the Exchequer's call for more production is of itself futile, since we have already seen that it is Distribution that has failed to deliver the goods, and not Production, of which there is now a glutted market. The real business of a progressive financial system is to deliver the right goods and services to the right users; so that the present private financing of public production is doomed because it is falling utterly to deliver the goods.

There are some 6,000,000 unemployed in America, 3,000,000 in Japan, and about 2,000,000 in this country. Thus with never such capacity for Production the number of unemployed still keeps gradually rising in the several great industrial nations that won the war. So bankrupt of new ideas are the leaders of the three political parties that their only solution to
the unemployment problem would be another war. For the pressure of economics prior to 1914 led to the last war. Failing a radical change in Credit Control, the train to the next international Gunpowder Plot will soon be laid; for the Washington Conference was mainly "a question of foreign markets," as the "American Review of Reviews" bluntly declared.

For the world markets are shrinking slowly but surely, since most areas have already been mapped out for exploitation by the great manufacturing nations. Thus the limit of industrial expansion is being reached because the "backward" peoples are also becoming industrialised, only to intensify still further the great problem of unemployment. Japan is already our keen competitor in the open market; India is waking up from her millenary sleep, though it remains to be seen whether she will agree to westernise her industries; and Egypt is also becoming nationally conscious.

Scientific management, speeding-up, efficiency propaganda and the like are all attempts to apply sticking-plaster to a system that is petrifying out, as did Feudalism and the Mediaeval Guilds. Doubtless those American stunts will enable the industrial machine to function more or less smoothly for yet a few years. But a tinkering with effects is no remedy while the cause of the periodical slumps is left uncovered; and the more efficient the capacity for Production the sooner will Production outstrip Consumption under the existing system of Private Control of Credit.

The present Industrial System may be likened to a tree, the branches of which are Capital, Labour, management, transport, mining, and so on; all of which are useless without the sap of Credit which rises from the roots through the trunk of Finance to the most distant branches. At present the sap is not circulating from the roots, and thus purchasing power is lacking. The Industrial Tree is therefore languishing because the proper conditions are denied it for functioning naturally. It is suffering from bad circulation of its sap, Credit, which is the symbol of life in any healthy tree.

The Executive of the Federation of British Industries recently issued a memorandum containing the statement that "Industry's ability to bear must primarily be governed by competition for foreign markets." But surely the primary concern of a sound industrial system should be to eliminate under-consumption in the home market before considering the foreign markets at all. As an intelligent manufacturer said the other day, our exports should be "the over-spill of a thoroughly saturated home market." For it is even possible to adjust prices to purchasing power so that the home consumer could buy the whole produce. But the reason for this persistent desire to concentrate attention on the foreign markets is not far to seek. For so long as Credit is controlled by private individuals for personal profit, instead of by the Community, for the public good, the home consumer so long must the Financier look to foreign markets for an outlet for the goods the manufacture of which he controls. Unless some scientific scheme of Credit Reform is adopted, whereby Credit shall be taken out of the hands of the private agent and restored to its rightful owners, the Community, there can be no permanent return even to the 1914 conditions.

Indeed, the more unemployment increases the sooner the next war will be upon us; and until the root, Credit, of the industrial problem is tackled, the great industrial peoples will flounder out of one war into another with ever-growing velocity.

In the meantime Credit must be restored to Central Europe and to Russia, if the wheels of industry are to be set revolving again. The peoples of these nations have so grown to be "members one of another" that industry is faced with a momentous choice to-day. If Dr. Nansen is to be trusted, we have to choose between providing a single wooden suit for 5,000,000 dead Russians, and manufacturing numberless woollen suits and the like for the 5,000,000 living Russians and their descendants. For every million people who are allowed to die of starvation during the next year will mean that so many thousand spindles will be idle in Lancashire, and so many looms in Yorkshire—to mention only two branches of trade. That is the Hobson's Choice at the moment.

The U.S.A. Federal Reserve Board announced recently in reference to the several overtures made for cancellation of the war debts "No proposals of any sort should be entertained until far-reaching guarantees of fiscal reform have been secured from the countries needing aid." Now money is said to talk; but in the above statement it is talking at the top of its voice; and the voice is the voice of the international financiers who control Credit for their own profit.

It would be idle to assume that the big Financier-Bankers are the unregenerate villains of the tragedy of the Industrial Crisis; for our modern Shylocks—both Jew and Gentile—have every "right" to manipulate the money-market for their own ends so long as we permit them. They are not in business for the good of their health any more than we are. It is the system that is at fault, and not altogether the men who handle it; and I blame the public at large for permitting them. They are not in business for the good of their health any more than we are. It is the system that is at fault, and not altogether the men who handle it; and I blame the public at large for submitting to such an iniquitous system as the Private Control of Credit, since we are all victims of its unchallenged sway.

Well, not exactly an unchallenged sway now; for I believe that Major Douglas has discovered the Achillean heel of the dragon of Finance in his proposals for Credit-Control by the Consumer, coupled with simultaneous Price-fixing of commodities.

**Nietzsche Revisited.**

**By Janko Lavrin.**

**VIII.**

"IL SANTO."

I.

It has already been stated that Nietzsche's attacks on religion were due not to his "irreligion," but amongst other reasons—to an over-developed religious instinct which he challenged all the more fiercely the more he himself was conscious of it. And exactly the same can be said of his attacks on morality. We must therefore not be surprised if Nietzsche now and then eulogises with a certain gusto the immoral "beasts of prey," the so-called "strong criminals," as well as those representatives of what he calls the Pessimism of Strength whom he eulogises in "The Will to Power" in this manner:

Let us halt a moment before this symptom of highest culture—I call it the pessimism of strength. Man now no longer requires a "justification of evil"; justification is precisely what he abhors; he enjoys evil, pur, cru; he regards purposeless evil as the most interesting kind of evil. If he had required a god in the past, he now delights in cosmic disorder without a god, a world of accident, to the essence of which terrorism and seductiveness belong. In a state of this sort, it is precisely goodness which requires to be justified—that is to say, it must either have an evil and dangerous basis, or else it must contain a vast amount of truth in which case it still pleases. Animality no longer awakens terror now; a very intellectual and happy wanton spirit in favour of the animal in man is, in such periods, the
most triumphant form of spirituality. Man is now strong enough to be able to feel ashamed of a belief in God; he may now play the part of the devil's advocate afresh. If in practice he pretends to uphold virtue, it will be for reasons more frivolous than phrases associated with subtlety, cunning, lust of gain, and a form of lust of power.

We must not be misled by utterances like his saying that "a man recovers best from his exceptional nature—his intellectuality—by giving his animal instincts a chance"; for nothing is more ambiguous than phrases of this kind on the part of Nietzsche. They prove to be in fact of quite a different coinage as soon as we penetrate their surface glamour. What then do we find behind their veil?

The pathos and passion of such aphorisms are somewhat ambiguous; and on a closer inquiry we easily see in them simply a new form of Nietzsche's self-inquisition and defiance. He often seems to be coquetting with immorality in order to provoke and overcome his own moral or ultra-moral self. For there are few modern writers whose nature and private life have been so moral, so Christian, as those of Nietzsche. It is noteworthy that the simple people of that quarter of Genoa where this "immoralist" lived for a time looked upon him as a saint and called him—almost a saint—"will to power", an expression required at least a theoretical sacrifice of his inherent Christian morality in the name of his biological view; for as he himself acknowledges, "the extent to which one can dispense with virtue is the measure of one's strength." On the other hand, the very method of Nietzsche's virulent campaign against Christian morality may in itself lead us to the conclusion that the "immoralist" Nietzsche was in fact an inverted Christian Puritan consciously transferred upon an Anti-Christian plane. Apart from other (already mentioned) motives, his fight against Christian valuations was largely due also to the fact that in his case these valuations turned against themselves because Christianity was over-developed in Nietzsche himself. He hints in one of his highly interesting passages at "the downfall of Christianity—through its morality (which is inexpressable), which turns against the Christian God Himself (the sense of truth, highly developed through Christianity, ultimately revolts against the falsehood and fictitiousness of all Christian interpretations of the world and its history)." And he repeats the same thought in this significant sentence: "We ought to be most profoundly thankful for what morality has done hitherto: but now it is no more than a burden which may prove fatal. Morality itself in the form of honesty urges us to deny morality.

Thus we arrive at the striking paradox that the highest pitch of a metaphysical morality may be just the point of its self-destruction—for moral reasons. Nietzsche knew this perhaps better than any modern moralist, and this over-moral motive remains all the time grotesquely intermixed with his biological self-assertiveness which after his transitional "Human all—too Human" began rapidly to increase.

"To what extent is the self-destruction of morality still a sign of its own strength?" he asks in one of the chapters of his "Will to Power." "We Europeans have within us the blood of those who were ready to die for their faith; we have taken morality frightfully seriously, and there is nothing which we have not, at one time, sacrificed for. On the other hand, and our intellectual subtlety has been reached essentially through the vivisection of our consciences. We do not yet know the 'whither' towards which we are urging our steps, now that we have departed from the soil of our forebears. But it was on this very soil that we acquired the strength which is now driving us from our homes in search of adventure, and it is thanks to that strength that we are now in the midst of the greatest discoveries: we have not learned to use these possibilities an eens undiscovered—we can no longer choose, we must be conquerors, now that we have no land in which we feel at home and in which we would fain 'survive.' A concealed 'yea' is driving us forward, and it is stronger than our 'nays.' Even our strength no longer bears with us in the old swampy land we very willingly got open, the world is still rich and undiscovered, and even to perish were better than to be half-men or monstrous men. Our very strength itself urges us to take to the sea; there where all suns have hitherto sunk we know of a new world."

III.

Apart from a suspiciously frequent use of the word "strength" in this passage, we feel in it also a kind of wavering and uncertainty as to the "new world" these conquerors are setting out to discover. Was Nietzsche really so sure of his "goal" as he pretends to be? Did he not often, perhaps unconsciously, look round for metaphysical and perhaps even religious straws? And do not many of his passages betray that in his search he had a thorough acquaintance even with the profoundest aspects of Christian mysticism? His interpretation of esoteric Christianity in the aph. 33 and 34 of his "Anti-Christ" would do honour to any professional mystic. Moreover, this immoralist finds, now and then, even words of praise and admiration for genuine Christians, or for genuine ascetics.

All reverence on my part to the ascetic ideal, in so far as it is honourable. As long as we look upon it in itself and play no pranks on us! But I like not all these coquetting bugs who have an insatiable ambition to smell of the infinite, until eventually the infinite smells of bugs.

While some of his ultra-Christian features often drew him to Christ and to Christianity in its highest (mystical) form, his mania for "strength" rebelled all the more violently, justifying its own rebellion on the lower, historical, manifestations of Christianity in which he found (and quite rightly, too) nothing but masked weakness, cowardice, hypocritical mendacity, cant, grabbing, utilitarianism of the worst kind—in short, the whole compendium of "decadent" virtues; so that he could not help exclaiming: "It is no longer our reason, but our taste that decides against Christianity." And in his strife he extolled all the more his "biological" conception of life because the latter forms the greatest possible contrast to Christianity. But even in his most virulent attacks he emerges again and again as a "Christian" (which is now in mid-sea, surrounded by untried possibilities and undiscovered, and even to perish were better than to be half-men or monstrous men. Our very strength itself urges us to take to the sea; there where all suns have hitherto sunk we know of a new world."

Ye flee unto your neighbour from yourselves," speaks his Zarathustra, "and would fain make a virtue thereof: but I encomium your unselfishness.

"Higher than love to your neighbour is love to the furthest and future ones."

"The furthest ones are they who pay for your love to the near ones; and when there are but five of you together, a sixth must always die."

"Let the future and the furthest be the motive of thy to-day; in thy friend shalt thou love the Superman as thy motive."
Well-being, as you understand, is certainly not a goal: it seems to us an end, a condition which at once renders man ludicrous and contemptible—and makes his destruction desirable! The discipline of great suffering—know ye not that it is only this discipline that has produced all the elevations of humanity hitherto? 

Life and creator are united; in man there is not only matter, shred, excess, clay, mire, folly; but there is also the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divinity of the spectator, and the seventh day—do ye not understand the contrast? And that your sympathy for the 'creative in man' applies to that which has to be fashioned, bruised, forged, stretched, roasted, annealed, shattered, to that which must necessarily suffer and is meant to suffer? And that your sympathy—do ye not understand what our converse sympathy applies to, when it resists your sympathy as the worst of all pandering and consecration? So it is sympathy against sympathy.

IV.

Do we not feel behind these lines an inverted moral fanatic and a 'man of faith' who is prepared to endure for his quasi-biological credo all imaginable pains and sacrifice to it not only himself but the whole of actual mankind, if necessary? One feels the same in the conception of his 'higher men' whom he addresses in his 'Will to Power' (1883): 'We, many or few, who once more dare to live in a world in which we are hostile to every kind of belief, whether it goes by the name of God, virtue, truth, justice, or brotherly love; we do not allow ourselves any bridges of falsehood to old ideals; we are hostile, in short, to the whole of European tradition and experience, and politically formulated in its most fundamental wishes.

There is still a 'thou shalt' which speaks to us, we still render obedience to a strict supreme law. And this is the ultimate morality which still makes itself audible to us, which even we know to be still living; here, if in anything, we also are still men of conscience: we do not seek to return again to that which we regard as outlived and decayed, or to anything whatsoever that is 'unworthy of belief,' whether it goes by the name of God, virtue, truth, justice, or brotherly love; we do not allow ourselves any bridges of falsehood to old ideals; we are hostile to every kind of belief, whether it goes by the name of God, virtue, truth, justice, or brotherly love; we do not allow ourselves any bridges of falsehood to old ideals; we are hostile, in short, to the whole of European tradition and experience, and politically formulated in its most fundamental wishes.

After confessions like this it would be more than unjust to accuse Nietzsche of immorality. What Nietzsche really wanted to get rid of was the 'soothing' Christian aspect of morality of which Nietzsche the 'decadent' was as much in need as he was in need of Wagnerism. Yet he waged war against it not for the men whereby administration, politicians, and men of affairs of all kinds, in England as well as in other countries are always a little too late. Original thinkers are of course always accused, admiringly, of being ahead of their time; but the truth seems to be that they alone are of their time, inasmuch as they realise its needs and its potentialities; it is everybody else who lag behind.

The thinkers and observers are not ahead of their time; they are merely ahead of their generation. The problem of each generation is the problem of stupidity, which is more or less a matter of slowness of tempo, perhaps unavoidable, and 'necessary' in the jargon of academies, dignified by such terms as tradition and experience, and politically formulated in most countries as Conservatism, but in England as Conservatism and puritanism. The won by Spencer constructed a beautiful synthesis on this solid basis; in which progress and conservatism were the necessary antithesis, and the synthesis was the actual state of things, stability, the eternal dumbheid. But he should have made some allowance for the fact that progress is always a little too late, a little in the wake of the actual event, of the changing need, and therefore itself a special kind of reaction. An interesting article which appeared in the 'Manchester Guardian' the other day illumines this strong, unconscious stupidity of human action too unpleasantly clearly not to be interesting. It appears that measles, a malady which fifty years ago was trifling, has in the last decade or so become dangerous; but in spite of this the authorities act as if no change had taken place. 'Half a century ago,' the writer says, 'there appears to have been some justification for regarding measles as a trifling disorder; something that every child must 'get over,' and the sooner the better. Owing to the operation of the still mysterious laws which govern changes in types of diseases, for instance, fever, which was justly dreaded, has declined in virulence and ceased to be one of the major dangers of childhood; diphtheria is also much milder in form, and its danger can almost be eliminated by the early use of anti-toxin. But measles has become more deadly year by year. The present writer can recall one recent epidemic of measles in a Lancashire town which slew in six months precisely the number of children that had succumbed to scarlet fever in ten years.' Yet the law makes scarlet fever compulsorily notifiable, while the notification of measles is only optional, 'and, in these days of anti-spending as opposed to true economy, practically in abeyance.' "Before the introduction of vaccination, when smallpox was regarded as the national plague, the death-rate from that cause averaged 420 per million. In 1915 the death-rate from the disease became dangerous; but hospital accommodation for measles is very rarely provided.' Yet the figures for 1915 quoted by the writer seem to have waked up to the facts represented by these figures. We continue to lavish enormous sums of money on the hospital isolation of scarlet fever with very little effect on the disease, but hospital accommodation for measles is very rarely provided."

And yet, as we shall see, this 'biological' opposite became a danger and a misunderstanding for Nietzsche himself when he became strengthened by his natural ally—the narrow egoistic double of Nietzsche, the main causes of whose growth we have already pointed out.

Our Generation.

It would be very useful—at least it would be amusing—if someone could embody in a formula the law whereby administration, politicians, and men of affairs of all kinds, in England as well as in other countries are always a little too late. Original thinkers are of course always accused, admiringly, of being ahead of their time; but the truth seems to be that they alone are of their time, inasmuch as they realise its needs and its potentialities; it is everybody else who lag behind. The thinkers and observers are not ahead of their time; they are merely ahead of their generation. The problem of each generation is the problem of stupidity, which is more or less a matter of slowness of tempo, perhaps unavoidable, and "necessary" in the jargon of academies, dignified by such terms as tradition and experience, and politically formulated in most countries as Conservatism, but in England as Conservatism and puritanism. The won by Spencer constructed a beautiful synthesis on this solid basis; in which progress and conservatism were the necessary antithesis, and the synthesis was the actual state of things, stability, the eternal dumbheid. But he should have made some allowance for the fact that progress is always a little too late, a little in the wake of the actual event, of the changing need, and therefore itself a special kind of reaction. An interesting article which appeared in the 'Manchester Guardian' the other day illumines this strong, unconscious stupidity of human action too unpleasantly clearly not to be interesting. It appears that measles, a malady which fifty years ago was trifling, has in the last decade or so become dangerous; but in spite of this the authorities act as if no change had taken place. "Half a century ago," the writer says, "there appears to have been some justification for regarding measles as a trifling disorder; something that every child must 'get over,' and the sooner the better. Owing to the operation of the still mysterious laws which govern changes in types of diseases, for instance, fever, which was justly dreaded, has declined in virulence and ceased to be one of the major dangers of childhood; diphtheria is also much milder in form, and its danger can almost be eliminated by the early use of anti-toxin. But measles has become more deadly year by year. The present writer can recall one recent epidemic of measles in a Lancashire town which slew in six months precisely the number of children that had succumbed to scarlet fever in ten years." Yet the law makes scarlet fever compulsorily notifiable, while the notification of measles is only optional, "and, in these days of anti-spending as opposed to true economy, practically in abeyance." "Before the introduction of vaccination, when smallpox was regarded as the national plague, the death-rate from that cause averaged 420 per million. In 1915 the death-rate from the disease became dangerous; but hospital accommodation for measles is very rarely provided." Yet the figures for 1915 quoted by the writer seem to have waked up to the facts represented by these figures. We continue to lavish enormous sums of money on the hospital isolation of scarlet fever with very little effect on the disease, but hospital accommodation for measles is very rarely provided."

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Our Generation.
a new, unapprehended peril to take its place on the
most noticeable and least noticed part of the stage.
It is not merely that men love the darkness; they
love the light of suns that set ten years ago, and only in
that light do they appear to be able to labour. Perhaps
this is too sweepingly pessimistic, for there is nothing
which evokes so strongly the sense of human futility
as an ordained and intelligent man who is always
must always be present in England, more strongly than
it should be, a feeling of irrevocability, for that feeling
is nourished on this infallibility in always being too
late.

Dean Inge's recent attack upon M. Coué is more
interesting than most of his exploits in the Press. M.
Coué has replied by saying that it is not he, but Dean
Inge, who "plays tricks with the soul." The issue
could hardly be more fundamentally defined. To M.
Coué Dean Inge is a member of a church which uses
symbolism which to him I have no doubt, is mere
idolatry; while to Dean Inge M. Coué is a mere secular
dabbler in mysteries which must be approached by a dif-
ferent way and especially in a different temper. Both
may be right, for the whole mystery of humanity is in-
volved in the issue; but M. Coué, and not Dean Inge,
pretend not to touch more than the fringe of it; and
in pursuing his perfectly modest and circumscribed
vocation he is certainly more significant for his time
than Dean Inge. And the reason for this is not obscure.
M. Coué is actually carrying out his function, the
healing of minds and bodies, and the Church—we presume
Dean Inge is at any rate in this respect characteristic
of it—is not. M. Coué, again, knows most clearly—
for he has limited it—what his job is; but the Church
—this is hardly not a rash and arbitrary statement—does
not. M. Coué, finally, speaks a perfectly simple, un-
technical and contemporary language, a concrete lan-
guage which everybody can understand as obviously
and normally as a street sign; whereas the Church
mumbles a jargon partly theological, partly archaic,
which to simple and intelligent people alike has an
echo of superstition in it. All the old words, eternally
contemporary as they should be, for they are the
names of real things, words such as "faith," "grace,
"damnation," "salvation" and "rebirth," have
deprecated to the Church, and by its agency, into a sort
of technical mumbo jumbo much less capable of evok-
ing a real emotion than an arid and brutal term like
"auto-suggestion." In a more rich and generous age
we might have the right to deplore this; but in our
own, we have the privilege of the old English pow-
ering of minds and bodies, and the Church—the presu-
"Shakespeare," by Rubinstein and Bax. It proposes
"Shakespeare," which made Clemence Dane's play
imagination; for without imagination every "natural
progressive character study such as Messrs. Rubinstein
and Bax have provided, he revealed a power of un-
derstanding and characterisation that was unexpected,
and only failed him, naturally enough, in the extracts
from the closet scenes of Hamlet the third. It is of
the second, and only failed him, naturally enough, in the
substance of the third episode. It was so curious to see
Mr. Swinley getting all the significance, point, and
emotional value from the prose passages of this scene;
but when by developing into blank verse the personal
significance and emotional value of Hamlet's reproaches
to his mother should have been revealed and enhanced,
he should have given us merely "sound and fury, signi-
fying nothing." Certainly, the Dark Lady accused
him of "ranting"; but that only meant that she
fused to be reproached for her iniquity by him, not
that he actually did rant. In all probability, he pointed
these passages at her in the cold tones of venemous
fury, the premeditated murderous intent with which he
thrust through the arras at Mr. "W. H." was not
raving. It is revengeful loathing that these passages
express, particularly in this connection; and neither
passion is hot-blooded nor full-toned.

Professor Pollard said that he "read through this
play at one sitting, and I should not have done that if
it had not gripped me. It grips even more powerfully
in the theatre, in spite of the fact that the technical
skill of some of these young actors was not always
dedicate to the full expression of the authors' intent.
It is strange that neither Clemence Dane nor Messrs.
Rubinstein and Bax can do anything with Marlowe
that is worth doing; they dare not leave him out, but
they can make nothing of him. He appears in the first

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The Fortune Players is a new subscription society
of whose existence I was ignorant until I received an
invitation to its first production at the Court Theatre
on April 9. Without the usual preliminary advertise-
ment, it managed to fill the Court Theatre for its per-
formance of Assembly's "Cleopatra in Judea" and
"Shakespeare's" "Affairs." It proposes to produce later Rostand's "La Princesse Lointaine,"
Goldini's "Mine Hostess," and Bracco's "The Little
Saint," presumably all in English versions; and for
the benefit of those who may be willing to follow the
fortunates of some of the smaller dramatic pro-
jects, the address of the society is 4, Archer Street,
Great Windmill Street, W.1, to which address all applica-
tions for tickets should be sent. The Society has begun
well with the production of Rubinstein and Bax's
"Shakespeare," which made Clemence Dane's play
seem the sentimental travesty of history, poetry, and
psychology that it really was; and if it can only find
other modern English works of equal interest and value
it will serve a very useful purpose. As a "Foreign
Affairs" sector of theatrical activity, it will compete
with the Stage Society—undoes that venerable organ-
sation is already dead.

The "Shakespeare" was remarkable for the perfor-
ance of Mr. Ion Swinley in the name part. Give him
verse to deliver, as in the Phoenix productions, and he
will rant like the players in "Hamlet"; but in a
progressive character study such as Messrs. Rubinstein
and Bax have provided, he revealed a power of un-
derstanding and characterisation that was unexpected,
and only failed him, naturally enough, in the extracts
from the closet scenes of Hamlet the third. It is of
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Edward Moore.
episode of Rubinstein and Bax's "Shakespeare," haggling with Henslowe over the price of a play; and cutting a poor figure even in the few lines he has. But Shakespeare courting Henslowe's daughter, and deciding Ned Alleyn throughout his propitious scene, is quite in the manner with which he represents Shakespeare in his unchastened versatility, full of an assurance of his powers which is not yet justified by his performance, as proud of his "Love's Labour Lost!" as though it were a masterpiece, but exploiting all his personality, his wit, his poetic skill, for the seduction of Henslowe's daughter. The unblushing cynicism of his avowal of the fact that he was a married man, Joan's curse of his treachery, followed immediately by the appearance of the retribution she prayed for in the person of the Dark Lady, his love at a glance distracting him from his absorption in the beauty of his own song—here is a possible Shakespeare, a possible poet in all his profusion of possibilities, here, too, is a scene full of dramatic interest. Mr. Swinley was at his best in it; and if the Dark Lady did not deserve his description as a wonder of the world, his show because of Miss Olga Katzin has powers of fascination.

The second episode, four years later, is practically the Dark Lady's scene, in which she proves to Shakespeare's satisfaction that a woman can impersonate his own wife. Unfortunately, Miss Olga Katzin did not prove this to my satisfaction, and the comic value of the scene was lost. But tragedy follows on the heels of this comedy, with the news of Hamnet's death coming as the clown begins to sing the new song, "Come away, come away, Death!" and Shakespeare, stunned by the blow, returns to Stratford. The third episode, six years later, brings us to the "Hamlet" period; with Shakespeare raving at true friendship and the love of women, murderously revengeful towards "Mr. W. H.," and, at the same time, the Dark Lady, and trying to trick her conscience with Hamlet's reproaches to his mother—and failing, for the lady goes to sleep. The fourth episode, six years later, brings us to "Timon of Athens," with Shakespeare sick of life and planning suicide, from which he is saved by the uncouth kindness of Ben Jonson in bringing his daughter Judith from Stratford. The last episode brings us to the year of Shakespeare's death, with Shakespeare making his will, condemning the stage and all its works, refusing to publish his works or to allow himself, but likewise inspired with disgust towards himself. At the same time, the criminal either justifies to others everything which he does, or else he accuses himself before them (the slave). Or he convicts them in his own mind, accuses them, conquers them (the despot). But he is never alone, for he is always functional in things and human beings; and yet he is never truly associated with others, for he neither can nor will grasp or understand another's psyche, but holds himself aloof from it. For this reason, he is always lying (for one never believes oneself, but always others).

Thus the criminal has delivered himself up to this dependence. All his inner life is a hypocrisy before others, and his higher life is as it were dead. This turning away from the highest life, this turning away from freedom, is not directly felt by him to be blame-worthy. He begins it not from a sense of occasion, for he is hardened, impenitent, inaccessible to insight and sympathy. The surrender of his free self is displayed as hatred of everything that is still free. Having killed in himself eternal life and the Christ, having driven them out, he would like to see them killed and driven out where all others are concerned. He therefore hates all ideas of morality, innocence, goodness, holiness, wisdom, perfection, soul, religious contemplation, conversion, repentance, life—nay, he detests their very names. Every criminal undertaking secures his in-voluntary sympathy; in his study of imaginative literature, he hopes and fears with the rascal, the murderer, the conqueror. He delights in all reports of death and destruction and injury and illness; he approves these things; and he approves all sensuality. (In especial he approves every act of coitus; for him, even the act of kind is part of the higher general plan; the criminal's femininity does not wholly comprise him, although femininity is always a part of him.) On the other hand, the idea of Christ, and still more the idea of God and the word God, are utterly repulsive to him. Moreover, his desire for knowledge is never a pure, hopeful, eager yearning; it is never directed against error; it is never the outcome of an inner need for support. He wants to constrain things, and thus to know them. The idea that anything may be impossible to him is in conflict with his spirit of absolute functionalism, which wishes to link itself with everything and everything with itself. For this reason, the idea of limitations, of boundaries (even in the case of knowledge), is intolerable. Here crime grows to enormous proportions. The criminal's view is that a thing has never arisen out of the whole; they are never synthesized from within, but always pass from the surface outward. All his mental life is discontinuous and disintegrated. Nevertheless he wishes to comprehend the universe; and yet he does not attempt to draw near to God, but endeavours to replace God by knowledge. He does not possess direct intuition, for he does not live in the
idea of the whole—having directly turned away from this idea. He wants artificially to construct the genius which is lacking to him; he wants to effect a piecemeal spiritual conquest of the world (this is the type of the conqueror science, the type of Bacon).

Where this automatic functionalism has not been established, he hates—just as he hates (that is to say, denies) his own intelligible essence. Hatred is the preliminary stage of murder, just as love is the genetrix of life. Hence the criminal is inspired with a fierce hatred for the idea of immortality, inasmuch as immortality is a special case of freedom, namely, freedom from time. (Of the three Kantian ideas, two, God and free will, are identical, while the third, immortality, is implicit in the other two.) The endeavour of the criminal is to leave nothing free—neither himself nor anything else (for crime is no less super-individual, no less transcendental, than law). For this reason he becomes a desecrator of the temple; for this reason he commits sacrilege. The lowest and basest form of the impulse towards association (unfreedom) is the attempt to defile things physically, and thus to associate them with oneself. The higher forms of this impulse aim at annihilation and destruction; for all existence is in one way or another free. Hence the last and most desperate aspiration of the criminal is that which Ibsen puts into the mouth of the dying emperor, Julian: “Maximos, I would fain destroy the emperor, Julian: “Maximos, I would fain destroy the

From hatred for the Good and the True.

the deed of each is, in a sense, a remedy for negation; the deed of each is, in a sense, a remedy for

The decisive characteristic, however, is the dog’s bark; it is an absolutely negational method of expression. It proves that the dog is a symbol of the criminal. Goethe definitely felt this, even though the matter may not have become perfectly clear to him. He makes the devil choose the body of a dog. When he tries to help himself by a last resort, by murder. Murder is the deed of the weakest among mortals.

Consequently he does not really know either pleasure or pain.

At length I return to my subject.

THE DOG.

A dog’s eye irresistibly conveys the impression that the animal has lost something. The dog’s glance (and indeed its whole being) suggests a certain enigmatic relationship to the past. What the dog has lost is the ego, personal value, freedom.

The dog has a remarkably intimate relationship to death. Months before the dog had become a problem to me, one afternoon towards five o’clock I was sitting in one of the rooms of the Munich hotel where I was staying, cogitating many things. Suddenly I heard a dog barking in a most peculiar way, in a way quite new to me and extremely arresting to my attention. At this identical moment I had an irresistible conviction that at the very instant someone was dying.

Months afterwards I was passing the most terrible night of my life. Without being ill, I was literally wrestling with death. (For men of mark there cannot be spiritual death without bodily death, inasmuch as in their case life and death counterpose one another most forcibly and intensively as possibilities.) Three times during this night, just when I thought that I was about to succumb, I heard a dog barking exactly like the dog in Munich. The dog was barking all night, but on these three particular occasions its bark was different. I noticed that at this moment I convulsively bit the sheet like a man in the death agony.

Other persons must have had similar experiences. In the last stanza of Heine’s most significant and most beautiful poem, “The Pilgrimage to Kevlar,” we read that when the Blessed Virgin drew near to the sick man in order to deliver him from life:

The dogs barked so loud.

I do not know whether Heine invented this incident, or whether it is part of the popular saga. If I mistake not, somewhere in Maeterlinck’s writings the dog plays a similar part.

Shortly before the above-mentioned night I had repeatedly had the vision which—to judge from Faust—Goethe must have had. Several times, when I saw a black dog, the animal seemed to be accompanied by an aureole.
into my mind. I looked up the relevant passages, and now for the first time fully understood them. Perhaps I was the first who ever fully understood them.

I resume the thread of the discussion.

The dog behaves as if fully aware of its own worthlessness. It allows itself to be beaten by man, and immediately thereafter ingratiatingly approaches man, just as the bad man ingratiatingly approaches the good man. The dog's ingenuity in seeking importunities, the way in which it fawns upon man, represents the functionalism of the slave. In actual fact, persons who endeavour to gain approval quickly, and yet at the same time seek in this way to protect themselves against attack, persons whom it is impossible to shake off, have a dog's face and a dog's eyes. Here I touch for the first time upon something which strongly confirms my system of thought. There are few persons whose faces do not resemble those of one or more animals; and the animals which are like them in appearance resemble them also in demeanour.

Fear of the dog is a problem. Why have we no dread of the horse or of the pigeon. It is dread of the criminal. The aureole which surrounds and moves with the black dog (perhaps the most malicious of beasts) is the teaser, the annihilation, the punishment, the doom of the evil one.

The tail-wagging of the dog signifies that the animal realises every other thing to be of greater value than itself.

The fidelity of the dog—a trait which is so famous, and on account of which many persons regard the dog as a moral being—must in truth be reckoned as a symbol of nothing but baseness. It is a manifestation of servility (we cannot regard it as a merit in the dog when the dog fawns upon its master after being beaten).

It is interesting to note the persons at whom a dog barks. In general, these are good persons, they are not persons of a base and doglike nature. I have noticed in my own case that dogs bark at me all the more in proportion as I have less psychical similarity to them. The only remarkable point is that the services of the house dog are invoked against the criminal in especial.

Rabies is a very remarkable phenomenon, perhaps akin to epilepsy, and we note that epileptic persons, like rabid dogs, foam at the mouth. Both diseases are aggravated by hot weather.

When the dog does not wag its tail, but keeps the tail fixed, this is a sign that the animal is likely to bite. Biting is the criminal act; everything else, including the bark, is merely a sign of a vicious mood.

Doglike persons among human beings are encountered in literature. For instance, "old Edkal" in Ibsen's play, "The Wild Duck," and, above all, Minutie in Kunt Hamaun's novel, "Mysteries." Many so-called "alte Magister" represent the dog type among human criminals.

For the snake and the pig furnish proof that there are other criminal types.

Very significant, too, is the sniffing of the dog. This manifests incapacity for apprehension. In criminals, just as in the dog, attention is attracted to particular objects quite passively, so that the criminal is unaware why he approaches or touches them; he no longer has any freedom.

The renouncement of choice by the dog is displayed in the manner in which the animal pairs with any chance bitch. Such unselective unions are eminently plebeian, and the dog is the plebeian criminal—the slave.

Let me repeat that it is a manifestation of blindness to regard the dog as an ethical symbol. Even R. Wagner is said to have been fond of a dog. (Goethe, in this matter, seems to have had more insight.) Darwin explains the tail-wagging of the dog as "a derivative of excitement" ("The Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals"). It is, of course, the expression of utter abasement, of the most slavish devotion, which is ready to accept every kick, and fawns all the more suberviently.

**Art Notes.**

I wonder if I am the only person who is always at a loss when trying to find out what an art critic means exactly by his praise or abuse of a piece of art. It strikes me as if art critics in general suffer from an ill-conceived idea of science and violent temper. I believe that they are all right—including Benedetto Croce, [R. Fry] and [D. S. MacColl]—in the way in which they plan out their articles; write them and even argue them. They are only wrong on one single point and that is the basis on which contemporary art criticism stands. I have not seen yet anything in print where I could find even the slightest effort to get at the bottom of the problem. To illustrate "the scientific method" estheticians and art critics usually argue the following example: "Black is not black at all but white" would be one proposition and it would be admirably written, argumented and goodness knows what else. The other proposition would be: "Black is not white but red," and again it would be most admirably worked out. The two propositions would be the creed of two schools. A third theorist would come in the end with something like this: "Black is neither white nor red and certainly is not a colour at all.

The only mistake, of course, is in the beginning; it is difficult to make the common sense statement that black is black. This illustrates very well the attitude of art critics towards the subject in painting. For some the subject has nothing to do with art whatsoever, for others the subject is everything, and for the third group the subject is there "only to inspire the artist." I have before me an article written by Mr. D. S. MacColl in which he quotes the following passage by Mr. Roger Fry:

"One [is] a seated nude modelled almost entirely in two tones of chocolate brown seen against a dull bluish background. It is a splendid example of what can be expressed by such a rigid limitation of means when, as here, it is not withfully imposed, but comes naturally out of the motive as a result of gradual elimination of all that is unessential. His two landscapes are at first sight rather dull and monotonous, they certainly make few concessions. Its motives . . . are neither of them such as to have any particular interest . . . but the more one looks the more do the force and conviction with which the design is felt and the perfect adjustment of tone and colour values impress the imagination."

To this Mr. D. S. MacColl says: "These paintings are certainly dull, and the interest the motives may have had has been effectually "eliminated," as part, no doubt, of the "unessential." The concessions re-fused are therefore to beauty and interest which both between them make up painting." (Italics are mine in both cases.) If we accept their bases then essentially they imply the same thing—however absurd it may look—i.e., that the principal thing is the object and how is realised what the artist felt in the object as such. The result follows naturally: difference of opinion as to what is essential in an object. This again is a question which is entirely subjective (in the case of arts) and impossible to discuss, and it would be as difficult to persuade either party to give in to the other as for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle.

Judging by personal experience and by observation of a fairly large number of artists I have come to the conclusion that an artist does not make a picture from the object but that he fits the object to his picture.
There are days, sometimes months, when an artist cannot do any good work even if in the most desirable surrounding conditions when he is able to do good work although in a most undesirable position. There are often excellent painters to whom the nude does not appeal, and yet one cannot say to a good landscape painter that he has no sense for form. There are cases when an accomplished painter fails miserably. If an artist has proved himself an accomplished painter in landscape, for example, if it is granted that the object as such is the principal originator of the artist’s emotions, he should be able to handle successfully any landscape, and varieties of object do not affect his taste. Yet this is not at all the case. The artist is sometimes “not in a mood for painting.” It is about this “mood” that I am going to write. I believe it is always a case with an artist that he has a subconscious preconceived idea—if I may say so—a “mood” of which he only becomes conscious by coming into touch with certain objects. It is similar to not being able to find the right words for an expression which is already in the head. The objects in such a case have no essential or unessential qualities as such; they have for the artist, merely those qualities which coincide with his mood. In other words, only subjective qualities which we cannot possibly apply to the actual objects as we see them. That means that the object is a kind of “subject,” and is never important but only as an object. On the other hand there are artists who paint only from the subject, but the result is what we all call “stiff” and “lifeless.” Even Dürer, whose desire for knowledge made him draw anything he never saw before, did not neglect in achieving anything more than accuracy in a great many of the drawings which were inspired by curiosity. If my point of view is wrong it would mean placing painting as entirely subjective and becomes objective only in a work of art. I do not wish to imply that Cézanne has not done excellent work although in a most undesirable position. Malthusian propaganda in all its bearings. I am the more pleased, therefore, to recommend this book* to the attention of readers of THE NEW AGE because in the small space of 156 pages it covers the whole ground of opposition to the Malthusian creed, the economic, the biological, the statistical, the religious. Dr. Halliday Sutherland is a Catholic, and concludes his book with a statement of the teaching of the Catholic Church on this subject—a statement which seems to me supererogatory except for propagandist purposes. But as the body of the book is not based on Catholic authority, but on the facts of the case, and as Dr. Halliday Sutherland is a most vigorous controversialist, the non-Catholic like myself can read his book with ease, and pleasure in seeing a good job well done.

The primary and, so far as I am concerned, fundamental objection to Malthusianism is the fallacious “law of population” on which it is based. It was put forward in opposition to the Socialist view of William Godwin that poverty was due to an inadequate distribution of wealth, and sought to prove that poverty was a natural fact due to the differing ratios of increase of population and food. Population, said Malthus, increased in a geometrical ratio, while the supply of food increased only in an arithmetical ratio; consequently, there was always a tendency to produce more people than could be fed, and the proper thing to do was to discourage the breeding of poor people. Malthus suggested the abolition of the Poor Law as the chief means of discouragement; so that the class which has been robbed of its common lands, of its Guild funds, of its very wages (by Quarter Sessions Assessments), should have no alternative but to work for the wages fixed by its employers, and no assistance even in the maintenance of the supply of labour. But, being a clergyman, he had the effrontery to pretend that it was not the institutions of the country that produced poverty, but Nature. Nature had no use for labourers, and refused to feed them, and only the rich had the right to live and propagate the kind. The particular passage was omitted from the later editions of the essay, but it remains the core of Malthusian teaching; no one has the right to bring into the world more children than anything classed as “subjective” and not objective. I believe also that he feels that there are many excellent craftsmen who cannot create anything that could be called a work of art supports my case strongly, as they are about the only people who have a marvellous capacity for objective rendering of objects in their particular medium.

Take, for example, an excellent stone-carver who can copy to the minutest detail any statue but himself never produces anything. I am not going to go so far as Freud in his psycho-analytic study of Leonardo da Vinci—I am not a psycho-analyst—but if psychology and its continual experiments are worth anything—provided that I have taken everything rightly—this proposition should come nearest to a satisfactory solution.

R. A. STEPHENS.

Views and Reviews.

THE MALTHUSIAN HERESY AGAIN.—I.

It has fallen to my lot, during the years that I have been writing in THE NEW AGE, to deal with the Malthusian propaganda on more than one occasion. With the exception of Mr. Charles Beale’s disorderly compendium, “Racial Decay,” I do not remember a book that has stated in summary all the arguments against the artificial sterilisation of marriage; Malthus’s “Law of Births and Deaths” was an attempt to demonstrate a natural law of fertility which certainly invalidated the assumption that what is called birth-control is the chief factor in the decline of the birth-rate, but did not specifically criticise the Malthusian propaganda in all its bearings. Malthusianism is the fallacious “law of population” on which it is based. It was put forward in opposition to the Socialist view of William Godwin that poverty was due to an inadequate distribution of wealth, and sought to prove that poverty was a natural fact due to the differing ratios of increase of population and food. Population, said Malthus, increased in a geometrical ratio, while the supply of food increased only in an arithmetical ratio; consequently, there was always a tendency to produce more people than could be fed, and the proper thing to do was to discourage the breeding of poor people. Malthus suggested the abolition of the Poor Law as the chief means of discouragement; so that the class which has been robbed of its common lands, of its Guild funds, of its very wages (by Quarter Sessions Assessments), should have no alternative but to work for the wages fixed by its employers, and no assistance even in the maintenance of the supply of labour. But, being a clergyman, he had the effrontery to pretend that it was not the institutions of the country that produced poverty, but Nature. Nature had no use for labourers, and refused to feed them, and only the rich had the right to live and propagate the kind. The particular passage was omitted from the later editions of the essay, but it remains the core of Malthusian teaching; no one has the right to bring into the world more children than anything classed as “subjective” and not objective. I believe also that he feels that there are many excellent craftsmen who cannot create anything that could be called a work of art supports my case strongly, as they are about the only people who have a marvellous capacity for objective rendering of objects in their particular medium.

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R. A. STEPHENS.

* "Birth Control." By Halliday G. Sutherland, M.D. (Edin.). (Harding and More. 6s. net.)
he can afford to bring up, while, at the same time, no one has the right to alter the economic system. As Emerson put it in his "English Traits": "Man in England submits to be a product of political economy. On a bleak moor a mill is built, a banking-house is opened, and men come in as water in a sluice-way, and towns and cities rise. Man is made as a Birmingham button. The rapid doubling of the population dates from Watts' steam-engine. A landlord who owns a province says: 'The tenantry are unfavourable: let me have sheep.' He unroofs the houses, and ships the population to America. The nation is accustomed to the instantaneous creation of wealth. It is the maxim of their economists, 'that the greater part in value of the wealth and land has been produced by human hands within the last twelve months.' Mean-time, three or four days' rain will reduce hundreds to starving in London.'

The Malthusian political economy (commonly called "classical economics") is not one that the working classes can accept without committing class suicide; they did not accept it even in Malthus' time, for each increase of misery resulted in an increase of population, the multiplication of what Malthus called "checks to population" only multiplied the population, and the anomaly noted by Emerson was this: a pauper lives better than the free labourer; the thief better than the pauper; and the transported felon better than the one under imprisonment." The Malthusian political economy was determined to make work the primal curse-of the worker; and, indeed, Auerbach said that "leisure is diviner than labour, and the gods leave drudgery to mortals." Yet the Malthusian political economy was based on a law of population that has nowhere been seen in operation, and indeed attempted to combine in a generalisation two processes of differing nature, physiological and agricultural, to justify an economical system built on robbery.

Whatever may be the truth about the increase of population (and fertility is subject to so many influences that not even a "law of tendency" can be stated); we can only deal with the actual facts of increase or decrease, the production of food is on a different level altogether. Wheat, for example, is creation that it is hotly disputed whether it is even possible to develop from wild wheat the varieties that we now use for food; and to take one type, the famous "Marquis wheat" is only one product of political economy. The average yield of wheat in Britain is about thirty-two bushels to the acre. Professor Wilson tells us that it might be raised to forty or even fifty. "For every day by which the life of a variety of vegetation is lengthened in its growth, the harvest, the wheat-growing area in Canada reaches fifty or sixty miles farther northwards" (quoted in Professor J. Arthur Thomson's "Secrets of Animal Life," p. 237). The truth probably is that the world's food supply can be increased at whatever rate mankind chooses; and one of the most important "checks" to the increase of food is the very economic system that Malthus was defending.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Breaking Point. By Jeffery E. Jeffery. New Era Series (Leonard Parsons. 45. 6d.)

The Defeat in the Victory. By George D. Herron. (Cecil Palmer. 7s. 6d.)

These two books, by an English and an American citizen respectively, deal chiefly with the same problems and largely with a similar idealism. In each of them an unusually well-informed man, definitely of Nordic race and spirit, speaks his mind upon the state of civilisation since the war. To both, equally, the peace of Versailles and the resulting state of Europe is a loathing and bitterness of contempt, while each remains firm in his faith of a better organisation of humanity, imminently possible and, ultimately certain. There is no doubt that these are good men and true, competent to sit in jury upon the traitors of civilisation who are now its chieftains. Our disappointment is that neither of them contributes one concrete idea to the solution of the world-problem, which, in different ways, they describe with intelligence and with a restrained fury of indignation. The Englishman expounds his idea of human progress, which is by no means unworthy of a man of European culture; he finds the chief hindrance to this kind of progress, quite rightly, in two things—patriotism and the power of finance. But how to diminish or demolish these obstacles he gives no help at all, but only hopes. As regards the problem of patriotism, moreover, his hopes appear to be centred in that proven failure, the labour international. And since he has no strategy to suggest against the financial tyranny, it is not surprising that his thoughts drift towards ideas of minority government, of the necessity of periods of repose for the "passionate few"; in fact, towards revolution, implied if not avowed. And Mr. Jeffery's conception of the "passionate few" and their justification is one of the best in his book. But for passion to be effective it must be focussed: the Will of these aristocratic few must be one with their Idea, and the Idea be something concrete and definite. As Herron says, "The 300,000,000 bushels, originated from a single grain planted in an experimental plot in 1903. With such a fact as that before us, the "arithmetical ratio" of the production of food dies a natural death. Yet on the very day (April 7) that I am writing this article Dr. Binnie Dunlop writes to the "Daily News" that "before the war the world's food supply was being increased at an average rate of less than one per cent. a year. But without birth control, the world's inhabitants would be liable to increase at a rate of about three per cent. a year." Without more knowledge of the laws of fertility than anybody possesses, the "liability" of population to increase at a rate of three per cent. per annum must be dismissed as mere speculation; but the Incommensurability of the two rates of increase must be obvious. The world's food supply is governed chiefly by human activity; if men do not sow, neither can they reap, but the actual achievements of agriculture (of which the Marquis wheat is only one) show us that the one per cent. per annum increase of food is not as much with nights as Mr. Herron's "arising of Nature." The average yield of wheat in Britain is about thirty-two bushels to the acre. Professor Wilson tells us that it might be raised to forty or even fifty. "For every day by which the life of a variety of vegetation is lengthened in its growth, the harvest, the wheat-growing area in Canada reaches fifty or sixty miles farther northwards" (quoted in Professor J. Arthur Thomson's "Secrets of Animal Life," p. 237). The truth probably is that the world's food supply can be increased at whatever rate mankind chooses; and one of the most important "checks" to the increase of food is the very economic system that Malthus was defending.

A. E. R.
the best idealism that can now be put into general currency. It is a little comfort that neither has compromised his instinctive direction in world politics, nor taken to the common refuge of an assumed cynicism. But right direction and general idealism are not enough. For the movement which these men have truly at heart what is needed is definite plans for each special problem of civilisation, and all of them coordinated upon the highest principles of philosophy, world politics. Equally far from the special problem of civilisation, and all of them coordinated upon the highest principles of philosophy, world politics. Equally far from

for the movement which these men have

indeed be weary of proclaiming them but for the

strength which lies in their irrefutability: and that,

having read the manifestos of these two idealists, we

find that their hopes lie in us—in the concrete ideas,

proposals and outline of policy that are issuing from

our discussion—as much, at least, as the hope for our

realisation lies in them.

In Darkest Christendom, and A Way Out of the

Darkness. By Arthur Bertram. [Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d. net.]

As this is the third reprint of Mr. Bertram's essay, we conclude that there is a public which is concerned with religious problems. The only significance that Mr. Bertram's essay has for us is that the criticisms of the Churches by outsiders are being repeated by insiders. Mr. Bertram, like everybody else, tells us "the way out" is "back to Christ!"; he assures us that, unlike almost everybody else who uses the phrase, he really means it. "Back to Christ!" means doing the things that Christ commanded, not paying lip-service to His memory. He says a lot of stupid things about Nietzsche and Germany, but we may advise him to go to Nietzsche instead of to his commentaries, as he exhorts us to go to the Gospels instead of to the commentators. If Nietzsche has been identified with Prussianism by commentators, so has Christ; and the identity of fate should suggest a possible resemblance of teaching. It was Nietzsche who said: "The Germans have no future"; (in "Nietzsche contra Wagner") who said: "Neither taste, nor voice, nor talent; there is only one thing needful for Wagner's stage—Germans! . . . Definition of Germans: obedience and long legs. . . . It is full of deep significance that the advent of Wagner coincides with the advent of the 'Empire'; both facts furnish proof of how obedience and long legs. There has never been better obedience, there has never been better commanding. The Wagnerian musical directors, in particular, are worthy of an age which posterity will one day designate with timorous reverence, the classical age of war." It was Nietzsche who said in "The Anti-Christ": "The very word 'Christianity' is a misunderstanding; in reality there has been only one Christian, and He died on the Cross." Nietzsche denounced "Christianity" just as Mr. Bertram does; he summed up in one phrase practically the whole of Mr. Bertram's book: "Morality is not as yet a problem for the English" (see his note on George Eliot). Mr. Bertram objects to Nietzsche's "master" and "slave" morality; but if we turn to the Gospels, we see a similar division of types: "He that is of God heareth God's words; Ye therefore hear them not, because ye are not of God" (John viii, 47). If Jesus identified Himself with the Divine, so did Nietzsche; his Superman is only the good man made perfect. "Everything good is instinct—and consequently, easy, necessary, free. Trouble is an objection, the God is impossible of performance to a modern audience. Mr. Gray, indeed, has been more concerned with historical fidelity than dramatic truth; and we are quite prepared to believe that he has interpreted the blanks in the records correctly. But we do not quite understand his enthusiasm for this Queen (or King, as her official title was); she seems to us to be very like the late Queen Victoria. She had the woman's horror of war, or, more positively, the woman's love of peace; towards the end, she even lost the province of Kush rather than fight for it, and the River-Land of Naharin was made bold enough by this defect of policy to refuse tribute. Of the work with which she is credited, Mr. Gray shows us quite plainly that she was no more responsible for it than any woman who governs; there is no evidence that she was guilty of anything that we should call State-craft, and she could only rule her nephew, Tahutmosis III, so long as she could keep the instruments of government out of his hands. He no sooner had an army than he de-throned her; without an army, he could not attack her, as a matter of policy, to 'associate' him with Her Majesty. Throughout, her policy was to conciliate Tahutmosis III, win him to her will, and throughout she failed. She offered herself, and failed; she gave her two daughters, and failed; and she nearly lost the Empire because she could not raise an army without putting him at the head of it, and she feared to do that. Mr. Gray represents her as having the woman's trick of pretending that what she cannot refuse she gives freely, out of her great love and wisdom; but it did not deceive Tahutmosis III and need not deceive us. When her brother called her "Hatshops" (if he ever did) he got nearer to her real value than her official titles did. "King of the Upper and Lower Land, Kamaril, Son of the Sun, Hatshepsut United-To-Yamoun," etc.; and all that she ever seemed to do was to give orders to build temples, and tombs, restore the priesthood (which promptly supported her nephew), and lose provinces and the respect of her people. Jill of All Trades. By Dorothy Meredith. (Stockwell.) The late Lord Russell of Liverpool said that this book is "quite unlike anything else that has been done." This is an exaggeration; it is not unique in its badness, but it certainly has its place among the Hundred Worst Books. It is cast in the form of letters, that simple confession of incompetence in literary projection; and although one of the writers declares that her "pen seems to have some magic power," no trace of it appears in the writing. If only these magic powers were susceptible to "fixing" like the magic power of sunlight on a photographic plate, there might be some more obvious connection between intention and performance. There is a good deal about the war in these letters, faithfully culled from the descriptive articles published as propaganda. For example: "You can imagine him with these things: it's the realising that Unseen Power. As they 'Go West' the look on their faces is eloquent that 'Beyond' there is Everlasting Life and a beautiful Hereafter. One feels that they have earned their rest and that they have found Peace at last." There are times when piety and blasphemy seem to be the same, and we think that this is one of them.
Pastiche.

FROM THE MAHABHARATA.

(Drona Parva—Sects. CXLI, CXLI. Sanjaya describes the death of Bhuricravas.)

SECT. CXLI.

Beholding Satwata, unconquered still, Approach Arjuna, Bhuricravas wild And wrathful hastily advanced on him. And to that bull of Cinti's race, O king, The Kuru warrior spake: O Satwata! By happy fortune now within my ken Hast thou been brought. To-day shall be fulfilled My dearest wish. If thou avoid me not, Thou shalt not now escape me with thy life. And Suyodhana's heart this day with joy When thou art slain, thou of Dapathis's race, I shall enrich my days. And those two mighty ones, Keçava and Arjuna, now shall see Thee lying dead and mangled with my shafts. The son of Dharma, when he heareth this, Shall be oppressed by shame for that he caused Thy onslaught on this host. My might in arms Shall Dhananjaya, Pritha's son, behold, When he beheldeth thee prone on this earth, With blood disfigured and deprived of life. This combat have I wished, and may it be As, when the gods and demons fought of old, Cakra with Vâli battled. Yes, to-day In dreadful fight thou truly shalt allow My manliness and might. To-day through me Thou shalt depart to death, like Ryan's son Vanquished by Kama's brother Lakshmana! To-day Yudhishthira the just shall doubt When thou art dead, O thou of Madhu's race, Whether to cease from fight or no; with him Krishna and Partha likewise shall be sad. O Madhava, by slaying thee to-day The wives of all thy victims shall I cheer. Once seen by me, no more canst thou escape Than some small deer within a lion's ken! Then Yuyudhâna hearing him, O king, Replied with laughter: Thou of Kuru's race, No fear have I in battle, nor with words Canst thou alarm me. I shall not be slain Save by who'er disarmeth me; and he That slayeth me, shall slay all foes unharmed. Boast not so uselessly, but show in deeds What thou canst do. Thy words are roaring clouds, From fight till I have slain thee! With bull's hide covered, bright and beautiful, They wheeled about and fought relentlessly With thrust and cut, and rush and swirl retreat, And circling steps, each watchful to detect The other's fault, each proving all his skill And active training. Then awhile they paused, And rested in the sight of all their troops. Their gay shields hacked and broken in the fight They cast aside, and met for wrestling then. Broad-chested, skilful, long and strong in arm, They struck and closed, and gladdened all who saw. For deep as thunderbolts upon some range Of mountains falling, were the blows they gave. And fierce as elephants with locking tusks, Or two bulls tusaling with their crested horns, Those foremost warriors met and intertwined, And broke apart, now grappling with their arms, Now smiting swiftly, now with ready throw Upon the ground collapsing, o'er and o'er In furious struggle rolling, and again Rising and re-encountering hastily. Indeed, O Bharata, those mighty men Displayed each fail and action suitable To such a match between such warriors. Now Vâsudeva, when he looked and saw That Satwata upon the foe had spent His weapons, to Arjuna spake: Behold, That foremost archer, Satyaki, doth fight Deprived of arms and car. He followed thee, O son of Pându, through the hostile ranks Of Bhârâtas, and now, fatigued with fight, Hath met that Bhuricravas fresh and strong. This will, Arjuna, be an unequal match. Meanwhile those furious warriors fought, and still Keçava and Arjuna watched the strife. Then Krishna said: To Somadatta's son That tiger of the Vrishni line doth yield, Exhausted, overwrought and without arms, Protect thy pupil; let not Satyaki To Bhuricravas give. O puissant one, O Dhananjaya, save him, as is right! Then cheerfully Arjuna answered him: Behold that bull amongst the Kuru troops And he of Vrishni's line are sporting now, As some mad elephant within the woods Doth face a raging lion. As he spake, Loud uproar rose, O king, for Satyaki Sustained a dreadful blow, and fell to earth. And Bhuricravas dragged him by the hair, Even as a lion rends an elephant; And kicked him in the chest, and drew a sword, Prepared to lop his head from oft' his trunk. For some time struggled Satyaki, and whirled The grasping arm of Bhuricravas round; Not otherwise than as a potter's wheel Revolves around the staff, so did his head Round Bhuricravas' arm. Which when he saw, Once more, O king, did Vâsudeva speak: O mighty-armed Arjuna, see that one, That tiger of the Vrishni line, no less Than thee renowned in bowmanship, and known To be thy pupil, doth succumb at last. Partha, now Bhuricravas doth prevail, How longer can we speak of Satyaki, The Never-conquered. But, while Krishna spake, The son of Pându watched, and in himself His mind was set on Bhuricravas's skill. That joy of all the Kuru race, he thought, Slayeth not Satyaki, but sports with him, As in the woods a mighty lion rends Some towering elephant. Thus did he think, Then said to Vâsudeva: Madhava, I watched but Bhuricravas in the fight, Nor noticed Satyaki, yet for his sake I shall perform a deed most difficult. So saying in obedience, he fixed A razor-pointed shaft upon his bow Gandâiva. And that shaft released by him Sailed like a meteor through the firmament, And took off Bhuricravas' arm and shield Still in the grasp and decked with ornaments.

J. A. M. ALCOCK.
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