NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Three months ago Mr. Austen Chamberlain, our Chancellor of the Exchequer for his ignorance of finance, told us that the nation was heading straight for bankruptcy. Nothing has been done since he spoke to shackle the pace or to alter the direction; and by this time, if he was right when he made the speech, we should be almost within sight of our damned destination. Yet nobody seems to trouble very much about the imminence of our national bankruptcy. Mr. Lloyd George relegated the subject to the second of his four recent speeches, and even in that expressed himself as if he were really alarmed. The City and the banks seem to be going on much as usual, and a little more so, since money, so they tell us, is more plentiful than ever; while the general mass of the nation, including the wage-earning classes, is spending at an unprecedented rate. What the reason for this blindness can be, this strange contrast of our impending national bankruptcy and our present appearance of wealth and prosperity, it is difficult to discover in any theory or doctrine accessible to the general public and the Press. Both, in fact, are as certain that we are on the road to ruin as they are assiduous in forcing the pace. Nevertheless that the instinct of the public is not entirely mistaken we are convinced from our examination of the nature of our financial system. For what is it that Mr. Austen Chamberlain and the rest really mean when they tell us that we are heading straight for bankruptcy? It is not that this country has ceased to be able to manufacture goods or that, for the moment, we have not markets enough in which to sell them. Sir Auckland Geddes was only saying a few days ago that our economic situation as a manufacturing nation was better than ever. All, in fact, that bankruptcy means, in the sense in which the financiers employ the term, is that our national system of book-keeping—our national credit-system, in short—shows a loss in figures, and that the loss threatens to be irrecoverable in terms of money. What, however, if this is the case—as, indeed, it is? Are we to starve because our book-keeping system is obsolete? With all the means of production at our disposal, are we to consent to live on a lower level than before the war, merely to balance the books of our financiers? It is conceivable that the instinct of the public to bring about "bankruptcy" is really inspired, since it may be the only means of concentrating attention upon the root-problem of modern society, that of finance.

It is useless for the "Times" and similar journals to blame Mr. Lloyd George for the pass into which the country has been brought. In the first place, it is largely by following their advice that Mr. Lloyd George and the nation are in the present predicament; and, in the second place, we have read the Press in vain for a hint of how otherwise than on his present lines Mr. Lloyd George is to proceed. Anything really remedial, however simple, we are well assured the "Times" would be the first to oppose. What, for example, would it say of the proposal recently made in these columns to distribute the National Debt equally among our whole population; or, again, what will the "Times" say to our proposal to raise credit on labour—able labour? Failing, however, simple measures such as these, the "Times" is forced to advise Mr. Lloyd George to do no other than he is now doing, but only to do it a little more quickly or, let us say, a little more inconsiderately. What, in fact, does all the advice of all the Press almost without exception amount to? That the Government should spend less, cut its coat according to its cloth, balance expenditure against revenue—in a word, make its accounts agree. But what is there in that? Was the war to be fought without concern for money and the restoration of peace and prosperity to be delayed by over-concern? Surely the restoration of the country to health is as worthy an object of expenditure as the saving of it alive; and if, as they are proud to say, our patriots would have continued the war to the last shilling, it is somewhat inconsistent that they should demand that peace should immediately begin to "pay." We are not defending Mr. Lloyd George against the attacks of the "Times" and its litter; it would in any case be superfluous. We are only observing that his present critics are quite as empty as he is of any reconstructive financial idea, and that, for the rest, they differ from him only as Tweedle-dum differs from Tweedle-dee. A Government wholly nominated by Mr. Lloyd George's critics would, indeed, be scarcely distinguishable in financial policy from the present Government.
Other countries, however, have been forced by the pressure of their War Debt to adopt "revolutionary" measures; and it is probable that, in the end, something of the same kind will be expedient here. For it is—we say it again as we said it many months ago—it is impossible that a debt of $8,000 millions should ever be repaid by the ordinary humdrum means of annual taxation. People who talk as if it were possible to pay a little more notion than a savage of the meaning of figures, let alone of the concrete objects more or less indicated by figures. They cannot have thought for a moment of what it means to subtract 400 millions of produce from the nation every year for years and to hand it over to a little group of undeserving people to sell abroad for their own profit. A year or two of the experience of this operation will infallibly compel the nation, if not the Government, to put an end to it.

In the meantime, as we say, other nations are anticipating the event, each according to its political and economic necessities. In Germany a capital levy has been imposed and in Italy the Government has been driven to the raising of a forced loan at the nominal rate of one per cent. Interest. What is this done here? Less than Germany or Italy has done we cannot from the nature of the problem fail in the end to have to do; and already, indeed, the financiers are preparing to cut the traces of a Capital Levy on War-profits in order to throw it to the wolves. But there is little use in such the wolves of nation that starvation are not to be placated by an imaginary meal. The policy might have had considerable consequences when we advocated it some three or four years ago, but to-day a Capital Levy, whether simply upon profits or upon Capital in general, can have no greater financial effect than to leave the proportions of the national distribution much as they were. The figures upon one side of the national balance-sheet are written down; but the figures on the other side are written up. In other words, the currency is deflated and prices will fall. But when this is accomplished it will be seen (it is being realised already in Germany) that the more the accounts are changed the more they remain the same.

For, though "marked down" in terms of figures, the relative claim of Capital upon the total annual production is still the same, and all that our Levy will have done will be to provide accountants with a great deal of work. Is it not possible that we can discover some policy not "made in Germany"? We return to our proposal to divide the Debt equally among the whole of our population. The Debt, after all, is only Credit: that is to say, it is an anticipation of the prospective production of the nation. In so far as it owes its value to a correct estimate of our potential production, and that potential production in its turn depends upon the good-will of the nation—its capacity and will to produce—the Debt is already the property of the nation. Its division among the people upon whom its realisation will be accomplished is plainly the best, as it is the only fair, means of ensuring its "repayment."

It is clear that Mr. Lloyd George still entertains the fallacy in which he has been instructed by the Federation of British Industries that the remedy for our financial and industrial ills is increased production. "There is only one way out," said Mr. Lloyd George, "of the standard of living, it is to produce more." It is part of the publicists' cross to have to repeat a demonstration until the meanest intelligence has seized the point; and we cheerfully recapitulate for the hundredth time our campaign to substitute production for wages. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes. It is to labour upon the admitted, the obvious, the undeniable fact, that those commodities tend to become cheap and plentiful which are the object of super-production; and on the no less certain fact that these commodities are not, on the whole, the commodities in common use and necessity among the wage-earning classes.

A second fallacy occurred in Mr. Lloyd George's series of speeches and was obviously inspired from the same source as the first. We shall be content to note it and to pass on. "The best cure for low wages," said Mr. Lloyd George, "is more motive power"—in other words, more machinery—which is to say that the wages of Labour will rise as the demand for Labour declines! A far more serious practical matter, however, than Mr. Lloyd George's fallacies is the fact that prices are still rising and that the cost of living in particular is constantly on the increase. Concealment is no longer possible of the trend of prices; and we have probably heard the last of the Board of Trade's misleading statistics to the effect that the cost of living has risen by only 125 per cent. As the "Daily News" has observed, this figure was taken from the wholesale prices of a few articles of food only; but into the "cost of living:" as every householder has good reason to know, many other articles than food enter; and when account is taken of all of these, even upon a modest estimate of necessity, it is found that the cost of living to-day is three or four times as high as it was before the war. Even this, however, is not the worst that is to be said; for it is mathematically demonstrable that we have by no means experienced the tide at its height; in other words, prices are still rising and are likely for some time to continue to rise; and it is probable that before another year is over the cost of living will be four or five rather than three or four times the pre-war cost. The economic consequences of this (to say nothing of the vital consequences) are quite unpredictable. Knowing the absence of mind of our Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them. And if we take Mr. Lloyd George's sacrifice, that a Manx cat might as well try to catch its tail to hand it over to the wolf of Labour leaders as we do, it is certain that when the cost of living has been reported to them, a fresh series of wage demands will be laid upon them.
nation will dance the vicious circle until we drop exhausted into a "revolution" that nobody wants. Or, again, it is possible that the free minds of the nation—Labour and Capitalist alike—may find the way of escape which is indicated by the Control of Prices.

Sir Auckland Geddes is not a statesman, but neither is he a mere politician; he is a realist in politics. From this point of view his recent speech at the Iron and Steel Exhibition may be said to represent fairly the average business view of the state of the nation. While perfectly certain that in the end the country would produce at right-angles itself to economic conditions, he was convinced that we were better equipped for production than ever before in our history—Sir Auckland Geddes was convinced that a difficult period lay immediately in front of us. Within the next few months industry must either absorb or hand over to the unemployment benefit scheme a million demobilised men and women. This would be certain to have serious consequences for Labour in general; and, in fact, it was probable that, in consequence of the "congestion of the Labour market" (in other words, the excess of supply over the demand) the fixed wage of the fixed income classes would find themselves reduced to the economic status of the wage-earning classes. For the time being, "we were a poor country"; and it was probable that before we were out of the wood our condition as a nation would be "worse than that which prevailed after the Napoleonic Wars." We have described Sir Auckland Geddes as a realist in politics; and there is no doubt in our minds that his diagnosis of the situation is correct. It is, in fact, our own. But what we marvel at is the coolness amounting to callousness with which, having made his diagnosis, our anatomical professor assumes that there is nothing to be done but to wait and develop the development. That statesmen should have learned nothing since the Napoleonic war, that they should be prepared to see the same and a worse sequel to war than our forefathers saw, that they should be as helpless before the economic consequences of war as if no thought had been expended on economics for a whole century—this we find an intolerable assumption. Moreover, it is, as a matter of fact, without excuse. Diagnostically the situation may be as Sir Auckland Geddes has described it; but therapeutically there is not the least reason why the development should follow the diagnosis. We know well enough what are the remedies to apply; and we undertake to say that there is not the smallest real need to endure the ills that are about to befall us. Unemployment, destitution, the lowering of the standard of life, social unrest, and social misery—these are more easily preventible than any of the elementary physical epidemics. A realist can, indeed, predict their approach; but a statesman could just as easily ward them off.

It is difficult to know what importance to attach to the following passage in Mr. Frank Hodges' speech at the Albert Hall when opening the Miners' campaign. The miners, he said, "have a policy, a strategic policy . . . which, if successful, will establish an industry which will be run in the interests of the community by the people engaged in it, and will create an example which must inevitably be followed by every vital industry in this country until the last stone in the Capitalist edifice crashes to the ground because of the new structure we have built." If we were disposed to be optimistic, we might conclude that Mr. Hodges had been ploughing with our team, for there is, we are free to observe, a great similarity between the promises made by Mr. Hodges and the promises arising out of the scheme first put forward by Major C. H. Douglas in these pages. On the other hand, platform rhetoric is so cheap and plentiful in the Labour movement to-day that we hesitate before accepting even the most apparently sincere declarations at their face value. Was it not Mr. Robert Williams who at the same meeting declared that "we do not want strikes . . . but to be formulating and creating," and who afterwards, when invited to consider a definite scheme, dismissed it with the snort that it was another "short cut to the revolution"? Moreover, in the case of Mr. Hodges, the "strategic policy" and its promised consequences appear to us to be incompatible with the pursuit by the Miners' Federation of the will of the wisp of Nationalisation. No system of Nationalisation will yield any of the results described by Mr. Hodges. On the contrary, the more nearly the mining industry approaches Nationalisation in the sense of the demand made by the Miners' Federation, the more remote will be the hope of establishing an industrial organisation likely to prove contagious in other industries. We confess, therefore, that we are in the dark as to the meaning of Mr. Hodges' remarks. We can only wait and see.

While the west-ends of our large cities are being rebuilt and re-decorated, and factories and cinemas are being erected with amazing speed, the Housing policy of the Government is naturally in suspense. The "super-production" of luxuries, as Dr. Addison has observed, means the "under-production" of real necessities. Of the 500,000 houses for the working-classes conservatively estimated to be immediately required, only 40,000 are "under consideration," and of these only 8,000 are actually "under construction." Not one has yet been built and occupied. The rising cost of building, moreover, partly by the expenditures of the west and other ends, is likely to have the effect not only of delaying still further the Government programme, but of substituting wooden huts for houses of brick and stone. It is to be "houses for heroes," but "huts for heroes"; and thus the national gratitude will be expressed in the transient form most appropriate to its depth of feeling. No emotional demand such as Mr. Lansbury is fond of making will, we may be sure, have the smallest effect upon the general situation. Inexorably under the present system either no houses for the working-classes will be built at all, or, at the present cost of building, only huts and barns will be provided for them. The explanation of the phenomenon is perfectly simple. Assuming, as everybody does, that house-building must "pay"—in other words, that price must cover its cost plus profit—the only kind of building that can be regarded as "economic" is building for the wealthy or building for further production—factories, cinemas, and the like. Building for the working-classes is obviously ruled out, since under the existing conditions by no means can the wage-earning classes be expected to pay an "economic" rent. What is then to be done if the seven million of our population said to be "improperly housed" are to be properly housed? A Government subsidy is out of the question while our national finances are in their present state of "bankruptcy." And, besides, a Government subsidy would amount to a subsidy to low wages—in other words, an endowment of the employers. On the other hand, it is useless to demand a wage-payment sufficient to meet an "economic" rent, since the only effect of an increased wage-payment would be a proportionate increase of production. Once more we are confronted with the root assumption of Capitalism—the assumption that Price must equal Cost—and to separate the two processes of Production and Distribution. Given a proper distribution of purchasing-power and therefore would no longer be necessary, while we devote ourselves to Production, to the neglect of Distribution, not only will Production obey the best-filled pockets, but, in the end, even Production itself will languish.
Towards National Guilds in Italy.

By Odon Por.

IX.

Even the most sceptical reader should be convinced by now that it is in the co-operative movement of production when closely allied with the trade union movement that the working class is being prepared to abolish the wage system. This movement creates the organs of social transformation and trains its members in the functions of running and organising production and distribution for the community.

Beyond the new capabilities of a professional nature the workers evolve a sense of duty and responsibility towards their collective enterprises, and this moral attitude, yet limited in range, engenders a sense of social responsibility and duty. The new forms of social life and social work which they themselves create provide new stimuli; and they are controlled by motives that originate neither in ownership nor with the landlord, but from the community. Not enforced discipline is keeping them together, but a discipline which they consider and accept as indispensable because it originates from the movement and from their own functions assigned to them according to their ability.

The practical means of liberty lies in functions distributed as responsibilities. A moral sense, a new conscience, is elaborating itself through the spontaneous law of mutual control, through functions and tasks distributed for the realisation of the common welfare.

Having demonstrated the social utility of their associated functions the co-operative farms have conquered new positions and new rights. In the fact that they actually increase production and improve generally the material and moral conditions of rural life, and thus that their activities correspond to the social interests, lies their claim for recognition by the State.

And the State has actually recognised them in numberless instances, in laws, decrees, and especially through great business dealings. Two recent decrees regulate the leasing of public lands to the co-operative farms.

The first decree (September 20, 1917) concerns the lands owned by the State; this decree empowers the authorities to lease the State lands to legally incorporated agricultural co-operative societies or to co-operative societies of labour without public tender. Before this law leases usually expired after a year or so and had to be renewed through public bidding; now they can be granted, by virtue of this law, for nine years and for even a longer period. The same decree grants special facilities to the co-operative farming societies in regard to the payment made to the State. Yearly instalments are now admissible, where before the whole sum had to be deposited on the signing of the lease.

By abolishing public tenders this law stops profit-seeking in public lands; in other words, the middlemen speculators who forced up the lease through public bidding and then sub-leased it to individual peasants or co-operative societies at a far higher price are eliminated; and the authorities now apply criterions of productive efficiency when they negotiate the lease of the lands and not merely the criterion of the amount of money offered for the lease. Moreover, a relative security of tenure is thus established, which allows them to invest in the re-plantation of agricultural progress; and the co-operative societies are put from the outset in a better financial position because they no longer need to provide big sums on a single transaction.

A second decree (August 4, 1918) provides virtually the same facilities as the preceding one for the leasing of estates owned by the provinces and public charity foundations. Remembering that the public domains in Italy extend over several million acres, we may easily measure the importance of these decrees.

These laws imply the official recognition of the public value of the co-operative farms, and of the fact that they exercise useful functions and have a right merely to favours, but to such a treatment by the State as shall enable them to stabilise their acquired experiences, extend their organisms, and create the solidarity which operates against and above private speculation in the interest of the community.

Co-operative farming in Italy has become indeed an acquired national experience and a vital part in the structure of national economy. We do not propose to study here the numerous after-war programmes of the various political parties or associations interested in agriculture; it is enough for our purposes to state that practically all parties and associations, those of the landlords included, ask for the extension of co-operative farming in a more or less decisive way to their immediate interests. For us it is important to know and consider that all of them must count with this factor.

The After-War Committee nominated by the Government has proposed that the co-operative farms shall be assisted technically by the State, that machines, fertilisers, seeds, etc., shall be furnished to them by the State; that all public lands shall be leased to co-operative farms under terms that would render it feasible for them to introduce agrarian improvements; that private lands extensively cultivated and which the private landowners do not improve shall be expropriated and turned over to co-operative farms; that a National Institute of Public Domain and Co-operative Farms shall be established and generously financed by the State for facilitating the extension of co-operative farming; that a law should provide sufficient credit for all the co-operative farms both for their regular business and the buying of fields.

These proposals have been embodied in the National Foundation for Soldiers, inaugurated on the initiative of F. S. Nitti, the present Prime Minister (Decrees: December, 1917, and January, 1919). The Foundation provides moral, economic, financial, and technical assistance for the demobilised soldiers and officers. The underlying conception of this Foundation is to raise the technical, economic, and civic conditions upon which the increased productivity of labour depends. The Foundation is autonomous and has an initial capital of 300 million lire, contributed partly by the State from the profits it has derived from State shipping insurance during the war, partly by private people or by associations; and, if needed, the State may put new sums at the disposal of the Foundation or the Foundation may issue bonds.

The activity of the Foundation is allocated between three distinct Departments, one for agricultural action, another for social action, and the third for financial action. The action of the Agricultural Department is mainly directed towards the constitution of a Land Domain and its practical functioning. Said Public Domain is formed by estates which the Foundation may buy and may be enlarged through those public lands (lands owned by the State, provinces, municipalities, public charity foundations, and churches) which are obliged to execute reclamation works or are susceptible of important agrarian improvement. If the Foundation needs the remaining public lands it may ask for them and lease them under advantageous terms. To make this latter claim operative the law establishes that the authorities may denounce all current leases with private people at the end of the agricultural year without being obliged to pay indemnities. No existing contracts with co-operative farms, however, can be denounced.
tendency towards socialisation with guilds as the managing bodies and acts upon it.
It is the business of the working class to make the best out of this law and to bring organised pressure to bear upon the Government and Parliament for its modification when it shall prove to be necessary. [THE END.]

Northern Lights.

By Leopold Spero.

V.—THE VIPER.

HAMMARO stretches out like a tongue from the south of Vermland into the Northern waters of Lake Venner, that wide and stormy water which can seem so mild. There are other islets spread around, deep in pine woods, with here and there a clearing for a field of wheat and a vegetable patch and the hut of a fisherman, a small farm, or house of a wealthy townsmen. But Hammarö, eight miles long and four or five miles broad, is the King of these islands, and to have your hut built of pine and fitted with its telephone and electric light and its little harbour to itself, is a mark of that material comfort which proves respectability.

Stenudden, the Stony Point, stands at the southern edge of Hammarö, opposite the lighthouse which guides the ships that come across the North Sea and up the Gotha Canal and over the wide lake to Karlstad and Kristinehamn. A stranger would not see from outside where the entrance was, though he were close to it, for the great clothing of evergreen trees closes in around it and hides it away. But mariners welcome the little channel and wave friendly greetings. Bright figures stand on the little jetty of granite blocks that run out to meet an outcrop of rock and make a little harbour for motor-boats bringing visitors on summer afternoons. First, tiny specks on the smooth expanse of the tides wandering among green shores, then growing larger and showing each figure more distinctly, at last the yellow craft is seen amid smiles of welcome and shouts of greeting, and the dentists and the doctors, the schoolmasters and the managing directors, as jolly as schoolboys in the freedom of their Sunday afternoon, clamber up and walk to the hospitable verandah and take their seats there in languid ease, doff their yachting caps and mackintoshes, light their Government cigars, bring all the gossip of the week, and on the appearance of brandy break out into sudden and violent snatches of Swedish student song. Later on, the table is laid, and vast meals appear—and disappear. The sun sets, the wind grows chilly in the pines that march almost up to the door, the lamp twinkles out from the lighthouse opposite, the visitors take their leave, and the last is seen of the little yellow motor-boat disappearing in the darkling expanse of quiet waters.

To spend days here idly reading in a hammock hung between two stout firs, or to wander through the stony paths of the wood and find oneself suddenly in view of some clear stretch of cornland and pasture, to pick the ripe red lingon and the purple blobär—the gold of Sweden—and to watch the dragonflies winging like tiny aeroplanes in the sunlight; and later to retch and hear from your armchair on the verandah the eternal caress of the waters upon the slate and granite of the shore; to be hushed to sleep at night time by this music

To the New Age
and be happy; and yet he himself would not be happy here if there were not to his hand all he needed to feed him and to keep him warm and contented. He takes a cook here, who produces all the dishes of his fancy; the motor-boat brings from town all he needs besides, his letters, his books, his tobacco and the household necessaries, besides the visitors to entertain his dulness. When the early days of September draw the brief Swedish summer to an end, and an ominous chill in the shortening hours of daylight gives warning that all will not be always according to his desire, he shuts up the little summer-house of pinewood, wraps himself up close and cosy, takes his seat in the motor-boat, and speeds away at eight knots to the comfort and steam-heating of his flat in town.

Yet there seemed to be nothing in those bright days of August to mar the beauty of the passing hours, until one day, at the foot of the steps leading down from the verandah to the stones and thin grass of the forehause, the Viper came, sliding with evil grace from under the foundations of the house and running himself in the warmth and light. There was beauty in him for all his evil, and in the contemplation of that beauty his life was spared, for a moment, and then only 2 half-hearted attack was made which sent him writhing away untouched into the dark place from which he emerged, for all his presence, ingenuity, and his body was absent. It seems as if some evil influence hovered round the place. We found him later on coiled behind the woodshed, where the little workers covered him up within the space of a few hours and stored him away in their winter larder. 'There came later on two little boys urging the horse with his haycart broke the silence of their mother, and the Viper lay basking at ease on the flagstones, the spirit of death had come upon the place. The little workers covered him up within their kind, to look for him, with furtive menace to those who had put him to death. They, too, went the way he had gone.

But the evil spirit of death remained. There came up the steps of the verandah on that very day a farmer and his wife, who asked to use the telephone, and conversed excitedly for a long space with the Mainland. When they had done, they spoke to the Englishman in words of which he could not gain the import, while they thanked him for the favour of his courtesy. In the midst of it all, the old host came in from catching the Viper. Next morning, it was not the soft voice of the Viper that woke the sleeper, but that wailing up and down the path and among fields where no one heard her, until she reached her home a mile away. She lived over again that wild, screaming rush across the fields to bring help which must come too late, that wailing up and down the place and wandering in search of her dead who would rise no sooner, for all her tears, from where they lay in the weeds; that final stumping homeward to desolation and despair, and the meeting with her brother, who sat like stone, with no word for her, not even of reproach. The little ones, too young to understand the meaning of it all, sat silent, ingenuous, blinded by the terror to the news of death travelling.

Back across the intervening corner of the wood, where the little workers covered him up within the space of a few hours and stored him away in their winter larder. He came later on two kinsmen, after the custom of their kind, to look for him, with furtive menace to those who had put him to death. They, too, went the way he had gone. But the evil spirit of death remained. There came up the steps of the verandah on that very day a farmer and his wife, who asked to use the telephone, and conversed excitedly for a long space with the Mainland. When they had done, they spoke to the Englishman in words of which he could not gain the import, while they thanked him for the favour of his courtesy. In the midst of it all, the old host came in from catching the Viper. Next morning, it was not the soft voice of the Viper that woke the sleeper; it was the shrill high cote of the Viper. And the little workers covered him up within the space of a few hours and stored him away in their winter larder. They had bathed happily in the warm September draw the brief Swedish summer to an end, and an ominous chill in the shortening hours of daylight gives warning that all will not be always according to his desire, he shuts up the little summer-house of pinewood, wraps himself up close and cosy, takes his seat in the motor-boat, and speeds away at eight knots to the comfort and steam-heating of his flat in town.

The New Age
"Esope," France and the Trade Union.

M. BANVILLE D’HOSTEL, 38 bis, rue Fontaine, Paris, announces in a new periodical, "Esope," that he will communicate to the Mercure de France that he wishes to join the Federation Society of Arts, Letters, and Sciences (Federation Internationale). A year ago someone writing in the Mercure de France exhorted Smith to raise their eyebrows, and the cultivators of the Hortus Inclusus are ever ready to take fright at these large, general, and peculiarly Latin propositions.

My own hair rises in no inconsiderable terror when I read that "Esope" is the Peter the Hermit of a new crusade. I wish he wasn’t; I wish he would remain just plain, sensible AEsop. The purpose of this article is to request AEsop to be and remain AEsop, upon which basis, I think, one might judiciously aid and abet him. But no Peters—no Peters at all, neither by request nor by contract; we have had one foundation on a Peter and it is quite enough for one universe.

Again I take my term from the new organ, which appeals to the Intellectuals "of the Universe." One world at a time! And in the present disorganised state of the writing, sculping, painting, and allied professions it would certainly be advisable to begin with the organisation of the intellectuality of one world, or even of six or eight countries.

In my younger days I also (in Arcadia) made out grandiose schemes in order that the world might be made safe for the arts. It will never be safe for the artist. Labour will always desire to kill him and the pluto-racy will always want to turn him into a performing buffoon; there are nevertheless certain executive measures which can only be taken by organised societies and which, taken seasonably, might extend even to the rare man of genius at least the same advantages which they would extend to the rank and file of mediocrity in the various arts. Notably among these are protections of copyright, the abolition of obstructive tariff restrictions, the taxing of publishers who live exclusively on dead authors’ brains, and the turning of the proceeds of such tax toward the training or relief of the living.

The Federation of Arts, Letters, and Sciences has already enrolled some distinguished men in its membership. I do not know whether its appeal goes out only to harassed and over-driven authors; it may perhaps have already communicated in vain to such "bodies" as already exist, for example, the Authors’ Society (of England) or the Arts League of Service, lately established with somewhat vague ideals at 1, Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.

Dangers there are bound to be in any organisation; we can easily picture the English branch of the League as administered by its natural sponsors: a league of arrièreisme, Victoriania, and private vendetta, moderated by a general gufaw at all forms of serious writing; but even these perils might offer a species of interest not now present in a world of letters censured in England by Mr. Wm. Archibald Clowes, Master of the Master Printers’ Corporation, from his armchair in the Fly Fishers’ Club; or by barroque and rustic Lamar from his padded cell in the chief American Post Office office.

These things pass, let me say, as a joke in France. "Communismment! C’est l’imprimeur!” "C’est fantastique!!"

Of course it is fantastic, very fantastic, that the last arbiter in English literature is the ignorant and untaught owner of a shop for printing Bibles at a profit; or, in America, a county lawyer moved into power by an accidental and parochial administration; and because of these fantastic plagues we might do worse than attend to this appeal from Paris. Somewhere in France or in Andorra a free Press might be set up. Somewhere the "League of Individual Freedom" might germinate in quiet, and God knows such a league is needed: perhaps more for America than for England, but still needed even here if the combined Prussianism of high cliques is to be withstood and if the encroachments of fetichistic law are to be kept in their proper place—i.e., the relations of man to man—and not allowed to insert themselves into man’s private acts which are his own affairs and not those of the State.

The danger in organisations, as in universities, is that the man who is doing something, really writing or painting or inventing or even teaching something, has much less time for congresses and administrative functions than the man who is merely "hanging round," looking for a chance to pick the artist’s pocket. This latter type is naturally more numerous than the artist. We can conceive a league in which universal suffrage prevailed, voting by a considerable majority that no man should receive reward for his own ideas, but that people who cribbed them and diluted them ten years later should be admirably rewarded. This, however, would be but to keep things as they now are, and cannot be seriously advanced as an argument against a trade union of the working intelligentsia.

There are birds of unutterable scarcity, but still extant, people of goodwill, people who might try to aid the arts by means of a "Federation"; at any rate, the risk is not disproportionate to the possible advantages.

Internationalism has the weakness inherent in "calling in the foreigner" to settle domestic brawls. If a nation cannot keep its own house in order it is unlikely that it will be able to persuade any outsider to keep it in order for its own nation’s sake.

In letters, as elsewhere, those in authority are prone to ally themselves with those in authority, and those on the starvation line to make their truce with a purse. When I said to the distinguished French editor (and it was not the editor of the "Revue des deux Mondes" either) that his representative in England was concerned almost solely with corpses, he replied that the "cadavres" were, alas, often in authority and that it behaved the foreigner to be in relations with authority. (Even if it means paying more attention to Nonconformist tosh about Swinburne than to the vital literature of this island, Monseur X?)

Still, with all the disadvantages considered, the Federation and its congress might lead to some benefits; it might be a place of meeting where authors could tell the truth regardless of publishers’ sales; where editors of hyper-orthodox bureaucritistic weeklies might be heard saying that they were paid servants of Capitalism, but hoped the strike would turn to something more serious so that they might wear their true colours; where alleged and stigmatised incendiaries might be heard counselling moderation; where rhetoric would meet with a slightly more open ridicule: all of which things are Utopian.
Plato is not given a republic; when a kinetic figure like D'Annunzio seizes the reins, amid the applause of hundreds of little neurotic and sequestered artists who have so often dreamed of Napoleonic successes, he does not proclaim in Fiume a republic of the intellect and the arts; he falls back upon the superstitions of the international chiefs, but one does not care to be under the literary dictatorship of "La Nave" any more than one enjoys being under the official yoke of text-books on the "Function of the President."

The League of Nations has, so far as I know, given no recognition to the existence or desirability of literature and the arts. Nor, from what we know of its sponsors, can we expect any immediate condescensions from the great council of that body.

Probably the Federation of Arts, Letters, and Sciences is right, however un-English in their manifesto. Arcos, Barbasse, Jules Romains, Figuière, Mercereau, Ryner, Beauduin, are all men of good will, and may possibly have put aside several private differences for the sake of this union. Whether the normal English man of letters will consent to dine once a year with a "number of disagreeable characters" (i.e., his chers confrères) for anything so abstract as an ideal of the "good of the arts," I cannot say. I can only assure the "Consellors des Etranger" and the Fondateurs, and the Bureau Executif of the Federation, that I will forgo pork on Saturday, that I will eat herrings on Friday, or personally make any other little concessions they like if thereby they will be encouraged or if they can indicate any good that will come of it. I will even consent to be civil to Blank, Squiggle, Conk, Spumble and others, if good may come.

There are, for all of us, in the cross-ways and back-alleys of the "professions, a number of characters whom we would rather not have to meet, but one need not sit next to them in the congresses. There may be issues where there is no contradiction between the advantages of the men who do their best to destroy, prevent, and commercialise art and letters, and the men who create in the arts or who in enforced hack-work try to abet the said arts.

Good art is always a gift (vide even my own last attacker, who says 'a free gift to pedants'). The better the art the freer the gift, and the less likely, the less possible, a remuneration.

Still, the professed aims of a Federation would have to be toward an ideal; Judas could not speak very well in the congresses. There are many things advantageous to be done. Sculptors might again be reared in the yard of the stone-cutter instead of being taught clichés in Board schools; painters might grow amounts to telling them to have intercourse with those who in enforced hack-work lose than, not peer to, their own, the "people" having come to mean those whose staple reading is the newspaper and the novel of wide circulation, or the printed synopses on the cinematograph screen, and whose thought corresponds to these things.

E. F. POUND.
passions. Shaw is really a perverted poet, or, as Morley would call him, a sentimentalist turned cynic; and if he laughs, like Byron, it is that he may not weep.

In the first act he shows us the sentimentalist in love with a man 'for braggng and telling her fantastical lies,' as Iago said Desdemona loved Othello. The reference to Othello is specific in the text; Shaw uses it argumentatively to break the shock of the disclosure that Ellie's lover is the husband of the woman to whom she is talking. But Shaw only touches the tragedy; he does not express it; Ellie Dunn's "Heartbreak House" is due to the fact that Shaw is 'Annajanska,' his mystical sense of the fundamental moral conflict of the universe a direct expression; in Captain Shotover he hovers uncertainly between the comic and tragic treatment of it, and scores his most effective hit when he makes Shotover, pressed for money, turn his attention to another contrivance for slaughtering human beings because, as his daughter said, "living at the rate we do, you cannot afford life-saving inventions."

It is this uncertainty of treatment that makes "Heartbreak House" dramatically inconclusive, a fact which Shaw tries to disguise, in his old manner, by calling it "a fantasia in the Russian manner on English themes." He would be wise to accept the verdict of the dramatic critic mentioned at the beginning of this article and to regard himself as having died at the beginning of the war. For from the dead nothing is expected—and the inconclusiveness of "Heartbreak House" is due to the fact that Shaw is trying to tell us what he wants to say, and at the same time to give us what he thinks we expect from him. He is entitled to a fresh beginning; his wit is as lively as ever, and he still has a career as a comedian before him. But the war has hurt him, and hurt him badly; apart from the air raids (of which he was human enough to be afraid without letting fear make a gibbering idiot of him), he felt the horror, and not merely the absurdity, of the war. He does not write of war as ever, and he still has a career as a comedian before him. But the war has hurt him, and hurt him badly; apart from the air raids (of which he was human enough to be afraid without letting fear make a gibbering idiot of him), he felt the horror, and not merely the absurdity, of the war. He does not write of war as ever, and he still has a career as a comedian before him.

The volume also contains "Great Catherine," which, although it was written to give Miss Gertrude Kingston an opportunity of playing a Queen, evoked from Mr. Norman McKinnel a most extraordinary piece of character-writing as Potemkin when it was produced at the Vaudeville in 1913. Apparently Shaw writes plays for women only; but so long as they give such magnificent chances to such fine players as Mr. McKinnel we can only rejoice that his feminism supports our hominism. The remaining sketches are "O'Flaherty, V.C.," "The Inca of Jerusalem" (very poor satire of the Kaiser this, a mere rehash of "The Man of Destiny"), "Augustus Does His Bit!" (which also owes something to "The Man of Destiny"), and "Annajanska," which owes nothing to anybody.

On the Translation of Poetry.

VII.

In general terms I have already indicated the existence of a mechanical element in the process of poetical translation, and I have shown how, by its nature, it tends to prevent the translator's artistic and creative impulse from operating freely. This general statement may now be amplified by details, which may seem trivial or obvious, but which are essential to my purpose.

It is clear that short verses will present greater mechanical difficulties to the translator than long ones, since they limit the possible number of settings he can produce by rearranging the word-order of the original text. That is to say, an artistic problem is here contaminated by a purely mathematical principal of permutations. The result is that the standard of translation almost inevitably sinks wherever the original poem contains short lines. Thus Verlaine's "Chanson d'Automne":

Les sanglots longs
Des violons
Blessent mon cœur
D'une langueur
Monotone.

Tout souffant
Et blême, quand
Sonne l'heure,
Je me souviens
Des jours anciens
Et je pleure;
Et je m'en vais
Au vent mauvais
Qui m'emporte,
De ch, de là,
Pare à la
Feuille morte.

is somehow unconvincing in the version by Arthur Symons:

When a sighing begins
In the violins
Of the autumn-song,
My heart is drowned (?)
In the slow sound
Langorous and long.

Pale as with pain (?)
Breath fails me when
The hour tolls deep.
My thoughts recover
The days that are over,
And I weep.

And I go
Where the winds know (?)
Broken and brief (?)
To and fro,
As the winds blow
A dead leaf.

And certain other translations of this poem are too dreadful even to quote. This discussion is not intended mainly as a pilory.

Again, Mr. A. G. Latham, whose rendering of Goethe's "Faust" is, on the whole, a notable achievement, is forced into rather desperate devices when he has to deal with such passages as:

Died sind die kleinen
Von den Meinen.
Hier, wie zu Lust und Thaten
Die denischen nachein.

In die Welt weiht,
Der des Menschen,
Wo Sinnen und Säfte stocken,
Wenn sie dich locken (1627-1634).

for which he offers:

These are the tiny
Others in my meiny (?)
They exhort to deeds and pleasure,
Shrewd beyond youth's measure.
Into the wide, wide world they would
Draw thee from solitude,
Where sap and senses stagnate,
As draws the steel the magnet (!)

On the other hand, the more ample scope in such a stanza of Baudelaire as
Je te hais, Ocean! tes bonds et tes tumultes,
Mon esprit le retrouve en lui! Ce rire amer
De l'homme vaincu, de la misère et des insulTes,
Je l'entends dans le rire enorme de la mer.
(*"Obsession," II. 5-8.)

enables even Cyril Scott to reproduce its meaning without absurd additions to the original text or undue violence to the English language:
I hate thee, Ocean! I hate thy tumults and thy throbs,
My spirit finds them in himself. This bitter glee
Of vanished mortals, full of insults and of sobs,
I hear it in the mighteous (?) laughter of the sea.

VIII.

On a similar mechanical basis rhymes add to the translator's difficulties in direct proportion to the frequency of their recurrence. Such as the sonnet, the ballade, and the ghazal will therefore tempt after all, the usage in the original fully justifies such a concession. However, the reader shall judge for himself. Here is the famous "Epitaph"--:

Frères humains qui après nous vivez,
N'avez les cœurs contre nous endurcis,
Car, se pitié de nous priez avez,
Dieu en aura plus tost de vous mercis.

Quant de la chair, que trop avons nourrie,
Elle est piéce dévoriée et pourrie,
Et nous, les os, devenons cendre et poudre.

De nostra mal personne ne s'en rie,
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous veulliez absoldre!

Se fres vos clavons, pas n'en devez
Avoir deslaing, quoq que fussonarts.
Par justice. Toutefois, vous gavez
Que tous hommes n'ont pas bon sens assis:
Excusons nous--puis que sommes transiss--
Envers le filz de la Vierge Marie.

Que sa grace ne soit pour nos tarie,
Nos preserving de l'infenra foulére,
Nous sommes morz, ame ne nous hurie;
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous veulliez absoldre!

La pluye nous a buez et lavez,
Et le soleil descheze et noisez;
Pies, corbeaux, nous ont les yeux cavez,
Et arrache la barbe et les sourcilz.

Si ne soiez donc de nostre confrairie,
Mais priez Dieu que tous nous veulliez absoldre!

Swinburne's version is as follows:--
Men, brother men, that after us yet live,
Let not your hearts too hard against us be;
For if some pity of us poor men ye give,
The sooner God shall take of you pity.

Here are we five or six strung up, you see,
And here the flesh that all too well we feel
Bit by bit eaten and rotten, rent and shred,
And we the bones grow dust and fly withal;
Let no man laugh at us discomforted,
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

If we call on you, brothers, to forgive,
Ye should not hold our prayer in scorn, though we
Were slain by law; we know that all are alive
Have not wit alway to walk righteously;
Make therefore intercession heartily
With him that of a virgin's womb was bred,
That his grace be not as a dry well-head.

For us, nor let hell's thunder on us fall;
We are dead, let no man harry or vex us dead,
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

The rain has washed and laundered us all five,
And the sun dried and blackened; yes, per die,
Ravens and pies, with beaks that rend and rive,
Have dug our eyes out, and plucked off for fee
Our beards and eyebrows; never are we free,
Not once, to rest; but here and there still sped,
Drave at its will and by the wind's change led (?)
More pecked of birds than fruits on garden-wall.

Men, for God's love, let no gibe here be said,
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

Prince Jesus, that of all art lord and head,
Keep us, that hell be not our bitter bed.

We have naught to do in such a master's hall.
Be ye not therefore of our fellow-head,
But pray to God that he forgive us all.

There is a deceptive ease about this translation which is likely to obscure the many difficulties of the task. If, however, we compare this rendering with that by Mr. Hookham, who has made matters easier for himself by simplifying the rhyme-scheme of the original, and in spite of the greater freedom thus obtained has strayed from Villon's text at least as often as his great predecessor, we shall more readily appreciate Swinburne's excellence. Any departure from the strict verse-form of an original is justified only by a corresponding increase of fidelity in the translation. On the other hand, where the exact rhyme-scheme of such an exigent form as the ballade can be reproduced only by sacrificing the sense of the original that is, at the cost of our second demand), or by doing violence to the English language (and thus failing to satisfy our first condition), it is better to relax the severity of form. A poetical translation must fulfill our three requirements in the order of their importance. Mr. A. G. Latham, in the introduction to his rendering of Goethe's "Faust," records the common-sense principle which, we may presume, commended itself to him as the result of extensive experience:--

"Where greater fidelity seemed attainable by a little wresting of the rhyme, it seemed better that the unimpeachability of the rhyme should be sacrificed rather than the accurate reproduction of the thought."

While dealing with the more mechanical aspects of poetical translation, I have one more comment to make with regard to rhyme. The translator who is faced with verse-forms presenting a dozen or more recurrences of the same sound must take for his basis a rhyme which will allow him a good margin of choice. If, for instance, he attempts to reproduce twelve rhymes with only fourteen possibilities, he runs a risk of being left towards the end with two or three useless words to select from. Now English is not rich in rhyming words which permit of the wide range essential in such cases, and we must therefore not be surprised to find such sound-groups as -air, -aze, -ee, -eer, -ed, -ent, -ide, -ite, -ize, -o, -oze, appearing rather frequently whenever the stricter metrical forms are
translated. This is one of the few details where more latitude must be allowed to the translator than to the original poet.

IX.

Hitherto we have been discussing poetical form as a whole, but the individual lines of which any poem is constructed present certain minor problems, and these must now be examined more closely.

On purely physiological grounds, rhythmical stress may be regarded as contributing essentially to the emotional effect produced by a poem. In general terms it can be said that, parallel with fidelity to content, there should be fidelity to form, and this principle applied in detail leads to the demand that each line of the translation should contain the same number of stresses as each line of the original. Of course, here as elsewhere, pedantry should not be allowed to prevail over poetry. The Alexandrine, for example, is often more effective in French than in English, and where in the latter language it shows signs of beginning to resemble Pope's wounded snake, the iambic pentameter (to employ a somewhat frigid terminology), which is more in keeping with the character of English rhythm, may be substituted for it. Although I make this concession, I cannot help feeling that a skilful and persistent translator might well enrich a language with rhythms and metrical forms which had eluded the native poets or had been regarded as unsuitable by them. Such a possibility is not unknown to the records of literature.

In general we must assume that a poet chooses the rhythmical scheme which he considers most appropriate to his subject, and it should be faithfully retained by the translator unless the translation suffers by such a course. I have already pointed out how the value of Shelley's translations from Goethe's "Faust" is diminished by the use of blank-verse where the original metre is of a different nature. The same source has supplied me with the following additional illustrations of my argument:

**Mephistopheles**

See yonder, round a many-coloured flame A merry club is huddled altogether: Even with such little people as sit there One would not be alone.

**Faust**

Would that I were
Up yonder in the glow and whirling smoke, Where the blind million rush impetuously To meet the evil ones; there might I solve Many a riddle that torments me!

**Mephistopheles**

Yet
Many a riddle there is tied anew Incruciably. Let the great world rage! We will stay here safe in the quiet dwellings.

'Tis an old custom. Men have ever built Their own small world in the great world of all.

Here the impression made by the rhymed and quickly moving original is effaced by the smooth flow of blank verse. Now compare Mr. A. G. Latham's rendering, which retains Goethe's arrangements of rhythm and rhyme:

**Mephistopheles**

See you gay flames that light the heather.
A merry club is got together;
We're not alone in a coterie.

**Faust**

Up yonder though I'd rather be! The smoke with lurid splendour lit Rolls on. The crowd streams to the Devil.

What riddles there one might unravel!

**Mephistopheles**

Aye, and what riddles will be knit! Let the great world roll on in riot, Here will we harbour us in quiet.

'Tis a time-honoured custom so In the great world to fashion smaller worlds, you know.

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**Art Notes.**

By B. H. Dias.

With "La Boutique Fantasque" the Russian Ballet again lays claim to serious attention, to almost deadly and exaggerated attention from artists and from everyone interested either in modern painting or in the contemporary theatre. Heaven knows what the public will stand; the mystery of its pudibundities is unfathomable: certainly the age that instituted societies for the uplift of theatrical morals; the age that went in for Beardsley because he was wicked and because "wickedness was so delightful"; the period that swallowed Wilde's false doctrine that "art is mensonge" would have been shocked and horrified "out of its skin" by "La Boutique."

The art of the nineties rather wanted to find a decayed lily in order to paint it up and pass it off for a good one; the art of the next period (that of "La Boutique Fantasque") has a Juvenalian harshness and shows no desire to proclaim the devil a gentleman.

Possibly this superabundance of cultures is "decadent" in one or several of the senses of that much-abused aesthetic term; at any rate, the show is not for Mr. Pussyfoot Johnson, and there is no compromise with the unpleasant elements; it is perhaps a show only for artists and for the aesthetic fringe, but it is a triumph of intelligence, of a sort, and a triumph of certain modern aesthetic ideas. Gordon Craig has for years been demanding the super-marionnette, and this ballet is his justification; it puts into coherent action a great many things that Mr. Craig had not been able to make comprehensible even to a limited audience. It is a triumph of the proposition that "art attracts by a resembling unlikeness." Hitherto the Russians have triumphed by tribal force, élan, and the "langueur of the Orient"; their magnificent aphrodisiacs took by storm a public weary with nonconformist stiffness and with Britannic phlegm. They combined Swinburne with Cossock vigour, and London went more or less mad. A ballet like "Prince Igor" still holds one; we cannot tire of its authenticity, of the splendid accord of Borodin's music with the wildness of leaping bowmen. "Igor" has the strength of the race, Cossock blended with Orient. There is no need for the dissection or analysis of a personal individual intellect, no need to arrange or re-present an attenuated life-force. The wild tribe and the harem were the basis, the reality and solidity under the Russian dance-art. Then came the second phase in which the Russian art tried to be cosmopolitan without very much intellect: "Les Sylphides" says very little that had not been said in "Robertello il Diavolo"; French Romanticism, Schumann, Chopin, were absorbed into the art of Fokine; Pavlova, Nijinski, Nijinska were its interpreters; this art does not belong to Karsavina and Massine. Pavlova's talent lay in an exquisite emotional commentary on the choreographic lines of Fokine; as long as she was under a maître de ballet she was irreplaceable; as soon as she set up for herself her art went to pieces for lack of framework, it declined into mollesse, into gelatinous tedium. But every danseuse who has since attempted her sort of dancing has fallen below her for lack of that curious personality and the emotional tenderness by which she made the Romanticism of Russian ballet irresistible. This phase had the sort of softness and blunted beauty and delicacy which one finds in Degas' ballet pictures.

"Les Sylphides" (on October 2) merely seemed gauche and heavy; it was "saved" by Karsavina's Puck-like gamerrine. I make all due allowance for having been too near the stage to "get" the mass effects
and excellent groupings, both of which are more effective to the gallery. This kind of dancing depends, apart from the accidental personal charm of single dancers, on a French, not a Russian, sort of precision. Tchernichova who was magnificent in the "Igor" was remarkable in the "Sylphides" not for the finesse of her movements, but merely because she moved so large a spinal column without more clumsiness. - Massine simply has not the charm of Mordkin or of Nijinsky. He moves, in this sort of dance, correctly but without the faintest shadow of interest. He is not the graceful animal, he is the posturing histrion, the mime; his technique and his unquestionable talent show to the full in "La Boutique Fantasque," where both his choreography and his own dancing justify his public reputation. Six years ago the Russians tried to "modernise." They tried to get out of 1830 romanticism, Chopin, the early Gautier. We had "Le Sacre du Printemps" which was optically bad because it tried to present a Greek frieze at the bottom of the stage and a naturalistic wood at the top; to have two pictures in two opposed modes on the same canvas at once.

Both these ballets were rather the last desperate ejaculation of a departing phase than a new birth. They showed a desire to get out of the rut and confessed that the romantic phase had run its course. In painting one tired of Degas' imitators; a new kind of 'ugliness' was abroad; the worship of Debussy declined; Stravinsky was the musical dad or god of the moment. The Russians could not perform French dancing to the satisfaction of the French; in the "Sylphides" there are two elements in contradiction; in "Le Sacre du Printemps" a new mode is attempted but the matter not made quite homogenous.

With "La Boutique Fantasque" we have no longer a Russian ballet, but a cosmopolitan ballet in a coherent cosmopolitan idiom. It is a "screeam" for the outer audience; how many people apart from trained artists, apart even from artists and art lovers who have specialised in art from 1900 to 1915, will note—amid the fury and fastness of the grotesques—the extreme skill in the colour blending of metallic purples and greens, the 'once called' garishness of the playing-cards, the once thought harshness of the old glaring paintings on glass.

This ballet strikes at every fundamental of the dance as opposed to the personal charm of the dancer. The gesture is never a copy of real gesture; it is, for all I know, hideous, and it is most certainly a gigantic joke; it does not seem to be a contradiction of the last mode of Bloomsbury (Fry-Bell) aesthetics; yet it triumphs (in contradiction to Bloomsbury) not because there is any virtue in the bad taste of the '40's, but by reason of Derain's mastery of the difficult medium. From the jenemontissme of the drop-scene to the last twitch of the can-can dancers Derain and Massine have concealed their technique from the too naked eye.

The critic is utterly at sea when he attempts to prophesy how far certain tours de force will carry into the future, bringing wine from the cellar is grateful to the pots and the vessels with much wine in them. Your noisy rattling keeps me behind the cloudy pots which Derain and Massine have built the whole of the dance as opposed to the personal charm of the dancer. The gesture is never a copy of real gesture; it is always something which represents the real gesture by puppet's hand; it is the frenzy and the impotence of the puppet. The triumph does not lie in the ugliness of individual elements, not in a dilettante and affected pretence that this ugliness is per se a virtue; it lies in the skill by which Derain and Massine have built the whole into a beauty. There has been more intelligence, more intellect, used in this ballet than in any other six ballets I can remember; from the concealed skill of the drop-scene to the impeccable grouping of the dancers into the oval-solid which carries Mlle. Szmulc off the stage. It has broken every cliché of the ballet, successfully. Old tricks are the same but there is new life in them. The Tarantella, the Mazurka of the four playing-cards, Idzikovsky as the snob, Zverev, and Istomin and Boult's conducting all deserve special commendation. Massine is at his best, and Mlle. Szmulc showed in her début a superlative talent which gives her at once a definite and personal position.

Listen, Children.

By R. A. V. G.

II.—IN THE VALLEY OF CONFUSION.

Brothers, what are we doing in this valley of confusion? Are we doing it? Who are we? Who is doing it?

Listen, ye casual bubbles on the unfathomed sea! The alphabet of your logic is forgotten. Your doctors have forgotten it, although some of the shepherd-prophets knew it: the hieroglyphics of the scheme of the wildly-dancing life. The first letter of that alphabet is: man is not the aim himself. Who is going to tell me the Omega of the host of letters? O ye noise-makers, ye always are abroad to teach me about Omega before you have learned about Alpha.

Now let me laugh at you, ye monochrome-wise fools. I have looked deep into the mountain-lake of mysteries and have learned what the Alpha is. This revelation dawed in my soul without effort, though through a labyrinthine tissue of my sorrows. The Alpha is this: man is not the aim but the method.

This Alpha is a step over the soft mud in which you are bathing and preaching the Omega. Come up to the dry spot, to the nearest clean spot, before your dimming eyes lead you deceitfully from the mud to the clouds, the mother of the mud.

One day when I was bathing with you in the same mud and listening to the long-necked and self-nominated leaders, the muttons of the herd, a child-like and yet a god-like voice came to me:

Step up to the Alpha, and you shall be as far from your co-dancers as the heaven is far from the earth.

I aim, and I am the aim; you are only my rattling vessels. Your noisy rattling keeps me behind the curtain. It is no harm for me, but it is an amazement for you. You are called in the first place to care about your bodily crust. And the worst among you are doing it best. The rest I do myself. The selfish ones watch the vessels as if they were watching the aim itself. And indeed they are doing my will. Look, the potter bringing wine from the cellar is grateful to the pots which selfishly assert and 'defend themselves before they are filled. What would the poor potter do bringing up wine and seeing all the pots had surrendered resistlessly to the tempest?

So the selfish ones are the jewelled vessels with a little wine in them, and the unselfish ones are wooden vessels with much wine in them.

The potter had turned himself into clay—what do you say, the puzzled logicians? And now time must produce the pots, and the pots the potter.

The stars are the pots of the Mighty Potter, and the creeping worms in the shadow are His pottery. He is moulding His pottery Himself from inside, and He is moulding them from outside through each other's gaze,
and rubbing them, through each other's acquaintance and puzzle.

Brothers, stop quarrelling about the value of life. If you are lifted upon the rocky peak where I am standing, you will look back to your quarrels with a mild and pitiful regret; for quarrels have resulted in one good: i.e., in my invocation to-day—and in yours tomorrow—that all the quarrels and rattlings are no longer necessary. The value of the pots is not in the pots but in that which was before the pots were made, and which will be when the pots are broken.

Lift up your feet from below mud and read the shining letter—Alpha. And after you have read it, you will look at me with silent amazement and shout: Hail, child God!

THE CHARIOT AND ITS UNSEEN TRAVELLER.

Like a loaded chariot I am running on the uneven road between life and death. But, O, morning star and the evening melancholy, tell me where is the first seed of life and the last harvest of death?

And you, O nature, my unwedded bride, why do you kiss me with your lips on my forehead? At your kiss I hear theattering of one dead crust upon another dead crust.

I am a pregnant mother, whose child is growing in herself. It is a virginal child, for marriage is not meant for me.

Be careful, brothers, with me, and do not horsewhip me, or bar the way before me. You, who are so gentle with all mothers because of their pleasure-children, you ought to be even gentler with me, because of my fatherless child of pain.

The morning star gave me a wink in answer, only a wink to say that there is someone nearer to me to be questioned about life and death. And when I thought to hear the thundering on the heavenly suns it was in fact the speaking of the thundering child in me:

I am the chariot builder and the chariot breaker, and you, my chariot on a short span of the way.

Long is the way of an impetuous traveller, much longer of a blind one.

The world is my robe embroidered with eyes, and yet I am too blind for a God.

The wheels break down and the clever traveller springs up into the new chariot.

The chariots are rolling too quickly for him who counts time by seconds, less quickly for him who counts time by birthdays, very slow for him who counts time by pains of his own birth. But for him who is crucified on the cross, time becomes an unmoving desert.

I am the counter of time, a different counter in every class.

When you see a file of chariots running after each other, you say: a chariot is running after another chariot. But a whirlwind runs in truth after itself. So the universal traveller is in truth running after himself.

Time will last as long as the running lasts. The rhythm of the running is time—stop the running and tell me where is the rhythm?

Space is the number of chariots. For him who sees all chariots as one—space has no space for being.

Race asks for distance; distance exists for race. It is a puzzle for chariots but not for the chariotee. It is also a puzzle for the chariotee when he, in his sleep, is identified with and led by the chariot.

I am rolling my body mercilessly upon the uneven road. How could I be merciful with myself? The young people have no mercy with themselves. And I am the youngster of the Universe.

Views and Reviews.

THE WEALTHY WORKERS.

Like most people, I have been astonished during the past few years by the stories of the fabulous wealth of the working classes ("fabulous" is the right word). I have heard of the drunken munition-worker earning £10 a week; I have seen the girls clad in their real cat- or rabbit-skin coats; I have seen even the children in the streets riding in motor-cars. It is true that the cars had no engines, but they were driven by internal propulsion, none the less. But what I did not know, and no easily accessible person seemed inclined to tell me, was what proportion of the total wealth of the country was passing through the hands of the working classes.

It was presumably large, because a demand was made to bring their earnings under the surveillance of the Income Tax officials; and in spite of the enormous disparity of purchasing value the pre-war exemption limit of £160 was lowered to £130, and in the financial year 1916-17 weekly wage-earners figured for the first time as a separate class in the Income Tax returns. However, there is now sitting a Royal Commission to inquire into the Income Tax in all its aspects; and, very wisely, this body is publishing the evidence taken in monthly instalments. As it is some time since I read a Blue-book, I took advantage of an otherwise blank week to read the first instalment. This contains various tables prepared by the Board of Inland Revenue and handed in by their representative, Mr. Hopkyns.

It is often alleged that the rich are becoming richer and the poor are becoming poorer; but it is impossible to prove or disprove this statement from these tables. On the other hand, it is alleged that the rich, owing to the abnormal rate of Income Tax and Super Tax, are steadily becoming poorer, and on this reasoning we may regard a millionaire as a candidate for voluntary poverty.

If, therefore, the number of millionaires were to decline, the fact would indicate a process of moral decadence in the country, a population wholly given over to luxury without regard to the claims of the State. But we need never despair of England in any moral emergency; far from declining, the number of candidates for voluntary poverty is steadily on the increase. Taking a millionaire as a man with £50,000 a year, we find that in 1909-10 there were 126 of them, and in 1918-19 the number had risen to 221. During the same period of ten years the number of fortunes exceeding £75,000 but not exceeding £100,000 rose from 40 to 160, and the number of fortunes exceeding £100,000 a year (with no upward limit) rose from 65 to 124. I have dealt only with the largest fortunes, but taking the pre-war level of £25,000 a year as the basis, every class of super-tax payer has steadily increased in number. Including those classes added during the war, the super-tax payers now number 48,000, their income for super-tax purposes was in 1918-19 £340,000,000, and the Exchequer Receipt of super-tax was in the same year £80,000,000.

Leaving these exalted heights of voluntary poverty and returning to Income Tax proper, we note the remark that "the extension of liability to incomes between £130 and £160 about doubles the number of persons who come under the review of the Inland Revenue Department as having incomes over the exemption limit." On the principle that "mony a mickle maks a muckle," the 3,250,000 weekly wage-earners liable to assessment in July, 1918, should possess quite a large share of the national income. Let us see. The Board of Inland Revenue publishes a table "Showing the gross amount of income brought under the review of the Inland Revenue Department for Income Tax purposes." Here are the headings and figures for the financial year 1918-19:
emphasises the necessity of securing immediately a larger proportion of the national income for those who make it.

A. E. R.

**Review.**

**Education in Ancient Israel.** By Fletcher H. Swift. (Open Court Publishing Co.)

This brochure deals with a people who really knew little of pedagogy as we understand it, but in seeking the history of its education Mr. Swift has learned much of Hebrew civilisation and its growth. The result is a book of far more general interest than one expects from its title. And education is perhaps the best peg to hang a history upon, for in the end past epochs and nations leave us nothing of value but the fruits of their culture. There are but three true purposes of historical study: the recollective, which is the representation and analysis of past phases; the theoretical, which is to understand the world-process and human evolution as a whole; and the practical, which is to use the experience and discoveries of the past as powers in present life and thought. Mr. Swift's book is good only in the first of these aspects, as recollection. He cannot show us the meaning of Hebrew culture and its present importance because he lacks a theoretical basis, has not a synthetic conception of human progress. In short he has no cosmological conception of civilisation. So when he says, "The early institutional divorce between Judaism and Christianity has tended to obscure their real relationship," we find, even if we agree, that the obscurity remains: his book does nothing to dispel it.

And what exactly is meant by this "institutional divorce" between Judaism and Christianity? No two religions were ever so closely united. The Old Testament has everywhere been preached and printed with the New, and the ancient Hebrew writer owes at least nine-tenths of their currency to Christianity. Of course Mr. Swift knows this better than we do, and by "institutional divorce" he must mean the Christian teaching of a spiritual opposition between the two religions. Only, since the relationship is really one of opposition, it is necessary that thought should divide the two and not confuse them. It is right to regard Hebraism as the opposite of Christianity. Such an antithesis, be it observed also, implies an identity. The idea opposite to that of a long stick is still a stick, but a short stick; and to say that Christian idealism is the opposite of Jewish is not to deny, but to affirm, their common ideality. Not, however, their equality. The later wisdom includes the earlier here, and Judaism is perfectly comprehensible through Christianity, but not Christianity through Judaism. It is true, as Mr. Swift says, that the Jews "vicariously created" the religious heritage of the ascendant half of humanity, but they did so by opposing it. The greatest men and ideas are thus produced by opposition to the greatest systems of thought, as Buddha was the reaction against Brahmanism, and here the most universal idea of humanity arose in reaction to its sternest and most intransigent theocracy. The life of the Jewish nation was spent chiefly in oppression and servitude. It produced the narrowest nationalism, the most terrible theology, the most legal morality and dogmatic education in the world; but it was only through such a thunder-charged tension of spirit that the opposing truth could first flash into the world, with its absolute pan-nationalism, its pure intellectual morality and perfect freedom from law. It was solely through this tension that Christian thought attained to world-importance, and except in the light of its world-development Hebrew culture cannot be rightly understood.

This is our general criticism of Mr. Swift's book, otherwise a good scholarly work, with material drawn from no new sources, but well sifted and arranged.

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### Table: Profits from various sources

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Source of Income</th>
<th>Amount</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Profits from the Ownership of Lands,</td>
<td>£260,000,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Horses, etc.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Profits from the Occupation of Lands,</td>
<td>£100,000,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>etc.</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>Profits from Foreign Government Securities</td>
<td>50,000,000</td>
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<tr>
<td>Profits from Businesses, Concerns, Pro-</td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>fessions, Employments, etc.</td>
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<tr>
<td>Weekly Wage Earners</td>
<td>20,000,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Salaries of Government, Corporation, and Public Company Officials</td>
<td>300,000,000</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Of the grand total of £2,900,000,000 of gross income reviewed in 1918-19, the weekly wage-earners possessed more than one-fifth but less than one-fourth. But everyone knows how difficult it is to get a weekly wage-earner to admit that he is well off; the working class have been pleading poverty ever since they were robbed of the guild-funds and their common lands—Queen Elizabeth actually had to pass a Poor Law to satisfy them. So it is not surprising to discover that, in this same year, the number of "exemptions in respect of small incomes" was 650,000, and the number of abatements (presumably of the same class) was 275,000. It is true that the value of the exemptions was only £4,600,000, and of the abatements, £3,300,000; so it is possible that these poor people were really poor. An exemption of an average value of not quite suggests that.

But the figures given do not, of course, represent the whole income of the working classes; but the fact that there are more weekly wage-earners below than above the present level of exemption from Income Tax only...
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ROME AND PERSECUTION.

Sir,—Mr. Fasnacht says that a (Roman) "Catholic who persecuted was acting in opposition to the teachings of his Church." Will he be kind enough to substantiate that statement from some official decrees of the Roman Catholic Church? In my opinion he is unable to do so.

The fourth Council of the Lateran in 1215, after defining the then faith of the Church of Rome, proceeded to pass its famous "Capitulum de haereticis," which may be seen in Mansi, p. 321, 1896. It is too long to quote at length, and extracts cannot do justice to its cold-blooded ferocity and thorough-going provisions for the "extermination of heretics." But just in one particular it must be cited, because it is sometimes alleged that the Roman persecutions were acts of the "State," not of the "Church."

This statute of the Roman Church says that the secular powers are to be moved and urged and, if necessary, compelled to swear that "they will, in good faith and to the utmost of their powers, take pains to pass its famous "capitulum de haereticis," which must be cited, because it is sometimes alleged that the Romish persecutions were acts of the "State," not of the "Church."

Sir,—I would willingly leave the matter in a nutshell with "M. B. Oxon," only I am afraid that the same shell will not quite contain the two of us. I have understood and stated "M. B. Oxon's" meaning, and by doing so with a quotation from Dr. Jung I should have thought I had made it clear that his upbraiding of the psycho-analysts was a mistake. One should judge a movement by its leaders, and Dr. Jung is the leader in psycho-analysis in that the subject as treated by him is still dynamic and not reduced into formulae. After him there are certainly psycho-analysts of varying grades of comprehension. This seems to be a natural phenomenon, and as such neither dirty nor beautiful, neither a tragedy nor a joy. To apply epithets to it is to project a personal opinion on to the observation of an inevitability. "Tis true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis true." But that does not alter it. I would suggest to "M. B. Oxon" that psycho-analysis is a phenomenon in need of some of concentrated study than patriotism. And he is not justified in saying that psycho-analysis makes the bottom they are on by the chain of excommunication," and, if contumacious for a year, the Pope shall absolve their vassals from their allegiance, and expose their country to be occupied by "heretics," shall possess the land without contradiction, that they may preserve in it the purity of the faith." Those applying themselves to the "extermination of heretics" are to enjoy the sure privilege and indulgences as are accorded to those who join the Crusades.

This decree formed the ground of all the persecution by Roman Catholic authorities in subsequent days, and proves to demonstration that the true guilt lay upon the "Church," which, hypocritically pretending to be averse from bloodshed, compelled the civic powers to persecute under pain of forfeiture of office and disposition, to say nothing of incurring by "contumacy" the punishment of heresy itself.

I am prepared, should Mr. Fasnacht dispute it, to prove that this law is still binding on the consciences of Roman Catholics, though they may be (like himself) happily ignorant of what is the true teaching of their "infallible," but了他的, "Church."

W. PRESCOTT UPTON.

RUSSIAN THOUGHT.

Sir,—In his article on "Russian Thought," Mr. Gershon Katz praises Professor Masaryk's work on "The Spirit of Russia," a book which real students should use with the greatest reserve. The reviewer, unfortunately, seems perfectly to agree with the learned author that the Russian spirit and Russian thought are important and valuable, so far as they are the same as in the West of Europe—as much as to say that they are good when they are not Russian. It is as if I praised a man's ideas only when he was echoing my own. To find my deeper self in another's nature is understanding, but to acclaim what he consciously copy from me—!

It is like the roar of applause that burst from Press and public when the Russian Ballet forsaw their natural excellence to display their finesse in the less exotic delights of Parisian revue, high kicking, farcicality, and vulgarity—when they were vendu in the "Bouitte Fantasque."

 Doubtless the Russian Westerners have a meaning and a mission of some kind to Russia; but to us their correct liberalism is a bore, as it ought to be. A Russian Slavophil's limitations are at least his own; and the Marxian's are not: and for all Professor Masaryk's deprecation in heavy and erudite volumes, the Russians who provoke and flare out into the first году hostile to the Western imitation, like Tolstoy the moralist, Soloviev the philosopher, Dostoievsky the artist. It is in these that Russia profoundly and individually criticises Western culture—which, after all, may not be the final glory of the world.

P. A. MAHRT.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS.

Sir,—It is no disparagement of "M. B. Oxon" to suggest that it would be worth his while to remedy his admitted lack of full acquaintance with this subject. He might discover that there is one sense in which the gross is prior to the aetherial, and another in which the aetherial is prior to the gross; and, further, that these two aspects need to be thought into one, not set cock-fighting with each other. The immediate future of the science depends upon this synthesis, which is not an easy matter, but all the more worth while.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

VILLANELLE.

Methinks I hear these ramparts sing
A tuneful lay and sweet to hear.
Oh, choice and pensive caroling!
To curb the Winter, greet the Spring,
When sweet my lady passes near,
Methinks I hear these ramparts sing.
I shall my simpler fancies bring,
To charm her thought and please her ear,
Oh, choice and pensive caroling!
And Love, who ever was a king,
Shall send these tones o'er moor and mere;
Methinks I hear these ramparts sing.
And I shall hence all sadness fling,
With doubt and every brooding fear;
Oh, choice and pensive caroling!
Grace ye my heart, good fortune bring,
Thou Love, whom I this bard revere,
Oh, choice and pensive caroling!

GEOFFREY PITTER.
Pastiche.

THE REGIONAL.

XIV.

I AM not exactly accused of attempting to bolster up the order "which is going," but I am quite possibly suspect.

My intentional caveat is against the order which is supposed to be replacing it, and more generally against paucity of references, against being governed by men with minds only one storey deep. I have the feeling that my personal liberties would have been safer under an enlightened positivist—say Nicholas V or Leo X—than in the reign of President Wilson. This is not pure romanticism and pastism, for I can imagine no more damned era or place than Paris in the time of Louis XIV or XV. (Consider that Voltaire finally settled in Switzerland—Switzerland!) My objection is that we are constantly affected by the results of ideas which have an insufficient number of complementary parts, and "ruled" by men whose ideas are unavoidably of this nature.

True, Edward VII is reported to have stigmatised Salisbury's appointment of A. Austin as a "dirty job," without periphrasis." The perception of this did not require any great acumen; but it is well to record it as the last known effort of literary discrimination on the part of any European monarch or sovereign.

It would be foolish to suggest that we are really at prise with monarchs or nobilities; for the great part of mankind monarchs are merely an occasional show, like the mass.

Above the "economic" or the "social" combat, the real combat is between gang-ocracy and journal-ocracy. The power is with the gangs who can provide a man food or inhibit his dinner, and with the men who can get certain things printed, by connivance of, or in defiance of, the first parents.

To "get printed" we must add "get circulated, read, and considered."

Upon the first lot, one could presumably act only by inciting their greed (for which one has not the means); by terror (honour, violence, and methods, wholly ineffective, deplorable, and incalculable); or conspiracy with and connivance of their mistresses or male and female companions.

As even this course is not particularly promising, one confines one's effort to "the plane of ideas": i.e., an endeavour to improve the contemporary condition of thought in the faint hope that it will diminish infinitesimally the imbecilities of future action.

One criticises, one rectifies, or even attempts to enrich the ideas or tones of ideas in circulation.

The complaint against the Shavo-Bennett period of English secondary literature has been its thinness; in the lacuna following the Thomas Hardy, Henry James generation one notices this constant habit of ideas made up of an insufficient quota of parts.

It is perhaps a blessed sign that these people are "over," or at least beginning to be over, that one begins to make excuses for them; to say that perhaps they brought in some element, some whatnot that was not in the deciduous ilies, or, earlier, in the water falls.

On horses' stalls music of the official Victorian drud.

The newspaper criterion that "an article must run straight through from start to finish" might be attributed to the tone of this period; the criterion is of excellent newspaper technique; it is almost pure kinesis —a fateful suite they hover into sight:

Then Fancy's two-winged doorway slow doth close.

The cruellest of visitors by night.

All nature waketh and on pointed toes

This ugly brood of visitors by night.

They have the fortunate look of conscience skilled in palliating failures unexplained.

Their lips are meek with pride that hath been killed and confidence that hath in sickness waned.

Oh, steel thy heart, thou hapless, sleepless wight,

Against these cheerless visitors by night.

Then come thy throng of petty sins and great,

Their sordid secrets branded on their brow.

Still apprehensive of their darksome fate.

And craving safe concealment as they blow.

What faithfulness they have to come at last?

When thou hast half-forgotten them by now.

Oh, for a virtue great enough to ariight

This ugly brood of visitors by night.

"Then Fancy's two-winged doorway slow doth close.

The birds begin to twitter and to sing.

Young truant Morpheus cometh gently in.

The water falls

On horses' stalls

music of the official Victorian drud.

The newspaper criterion that "an article must run straight through from start to finish" might be attributed to the tone of this period; the criterion is of excellent newspaper technique; it is almost pure kinesis designed not to make the reader think, but to make him accept a certain conclusion; literature and philosophy constantly diverge from this groovefulness, constantly throw upon the perceptions new data, new images, which prevent the acceptance of an over facile conclusion.

In recognising that the "Daily Mail" has won the war, one should also consider that it would in due time create an order of things in which there would be no art, no literature, no manners, no civilisation—nothing, in short, but Mr. Charles Whibley. It is therefore neces-

sary for the salvation of the remnants of British culture that we should continue to have the "Times," with "Lit." Supplement.

VISITORS BY NIGHT.

By Capt. ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI, R.F.A.

At that deep hour 'twixt midnight and the dawn,
When silence and the darkness strive in vain
For mastery, and Morpheus hath withdrawn
His friendly ward, not to return again;
Lo! Fancy's two-winged doorway wide doth yawn
And uninvited guests arrive amain.

A fateful suite they hover into sight:

They are the soul's dread visitors by night.

First come brave Resolutions unfulfilled;

With each his spouse, Ambition unattained.

They have the fortunate look of conscience skilled in palliating failures unexplained.

Their lips are meek with pride that hath been killed and confidence that hath in sickness waned.

Oh, steel thy heart, thou hapless, sleepless wight,

Against these cheerless visitors by night.

Then come thy throng of petty sins and great,

Their sordid secrets branded on their brow.

Still apprehensive of their darksome fate.

And craving safe concealment as they blow.

What faithfulness they have to come at last?

When thou hast half-forgotten them by now.

Oh, for a virtue great enough to ariight

This ugly brood of visitors by night.

But these are not the worst; there cometh next
"A green-clad lady, vipershine and ill."

Her bitter lips she biteth and right fast
She grappleth with what spirit thou hast still.

Her poisoned words transfus thin into agasth
Thou marvellest such a vicious to doth not kill.

Her name is Jealousy, thou wretched wight;

The cruellest of visitors by night.

Then Fancy's two-winged doorway slow doth close.

The birds begin to twitter and to sing.

Young truant Morpheus cometh gently in.

Oh, happiness of reinstalled repose!

And balms for thy cold and sweaty skin.

'Twas worse than all the nightmares, blessed wight:

This vigil with these visitors by night.

STURDY THIEVES. Withe out of the wind.

That kill'st king's game for food,

What is the staff to bring the blood?

Why, I say surely, good oak or holly!

And Sim out of the chace

That hath the eye of the daw,

What helpeth thee against the law?

Why, I say surely, good oak or holly!

And Charles out of the chace

That leaves no hide in his place,

What is thy salve against disgrace?

Why, I say surely, good oak or holly!

And Charles out of the chace

That hath the eye of the daw,

What helpeth thee against the law?

Why, I say surely, good oak or holly!

Any therefere that grieves

For all these sturdy thieves,

Hearken now wiseman that believes

They will be while there be oak or holly.

RUTH PITTER.

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