NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We had occasion to make reference in last week’s Notes to the first-fruits of the policy of “educating the masses in economics” as exemplified in the lavish display of posters intended to show the soundness of Oliver Twist’s instinct in asking for “More.” There are a number of gems of loose thinking in this production, but in view of the exhortation of M. Clemenceau (amongst many other “leaders”) to work, it may he of at least passing interest to examine the merits of the offer of more employment which is offered by the super-producers. First of all is it possible that no suspicion has yet been aroused in the minds of these propagandists that the mass of the population does not want employment in the sense in which it is used by them—it wants the goods with a minimum of employment, having in its own opinion a better use for its time than is involved in “working for a living”? We do not believe that outside the old men in armchairs who have been such a curse to the world in the immediate past there is any considerable body of persons who would seriously claim that 50 hours per week is better spent in attending to, say, a cotton-spinning frame in a crowded, noisy, humid mill in such a town as Oldham, Rochdale or Bolton, than in such other pursuits as modern civilisation can afford to those whose economic position is sufficiently favourable. The essential demand of the average individual is that enough (not an unlimited quantity) of goods and services shall be at his disposal, and that the provision of these goods and services shall cause the minimum amount of inconvenience to everyone concerned. Now, it must not be imagined that we regard routine work as fundamentally undesirable—far from it. The mental discipline of such effort is probably quite as essential to a well-balanced personality as, say, a rhythmic system of physical exercises is to a healthy body. Many of us devote twenty minutes every morning to such exercises, and are much the better for them. But to say that the chief occupation of the day should be to touch one’s toes the maximum number of times in return for the means to purchase the heat-units required for the performance of the same ritual on the following day is not much more ridiculous than to offer more employment of a routine character as an attractive feature in itself of a national policy. Yet, so utterly detached and abstract is the official Labour Party from the facts of the position that it professes to be attacking, that it seems unable to retort with any effect that the great mass of its members are working day after day and year after year on articles they never use in order to obtain money which will barely buy them the simplest necessities of life. As we said last week, these simple necessities are more widely distributed at this time in this country than ever before, and people are certainly doing less work, and that of a less productive character, than it would have been conceived of as being possible six years ago. Cannot the Labour Party get it into its head, by a surgical operation or otherwise, that the conjunction of employment and distribution is not only fortuitous, but absolutely fatal to any reasonable policy which aims at providing the proper production with the minimum of expenditure of human energy? Because their only real opponents understand the converse perfectly—that if distribution of necessaries can, by means of high prices and financial manipulation, be made contingent on the performance of a day’s work, whether for a “private” or “National” master, just so long will any real democracy be impossible.

Chattel slavery consisted in being forced to carry out the will of a master without any right to impose conditions. Conditions were imposed, however, by the fact that a slave had value and this value deteriorated, unless reasonable food, clothing and housing were supplied. An economic slave is one degree better off than a chattel slave in that he has some small choice of employment and a certain small latitude of refusal in details; but he is one degree worse off in that he is rented rather than bought, and rented on a basis by
which the landlord does the repairs and bears the risk of employment. Now, if it is a fact, as we assert, that under a system of unregulated credit and prices the mere cost of living absorbs over 90 percent. of the wages and salaries distributed through the agency of production, it is not rhetoric but sober fact to say that persons dependent for their livelihood on this source of distribution are economic slaves obliged to subordinate every other consideration to that of clinging desperately to a bare subsistence. This economic slavery is capable of being broken in one way, and so far as we can see in one way only, and that is by producing the right quantity of necessities of life first and distributing them through the agency of scientific prices and decentralised credit, irrespective of further production.

The existing economic system is incapable of doing this, because before production can approximate, under it, to the right quantity of any one article, prices fall to the cost limit, the inducement of profit ceases to operate, and production stops. We repeat, to satiety, that it is not more than a reasonable request to make of technical ability of a respectable order that it should devise methods of priority in production for peace uses not inferior to those which were found indispensable in war, without the abominations of bureaucracy which a centralised conception of administration involves. We are in possession of such a system; and we wish that its tendency were grasped in this country with the intelligence and active interest displayed in regard to it in America.

While it is doubtless true to say that extremism is always dangerous, and generally wrong in a pragmatic sense, the Left Wing rank-and-file of the Labour Movement in this country and elsewhere has undoubtedly the great advantage of recognising intuitively that a new social system absolutely demands a redistribution of moral emphasis, e.g., it is quite hopeless to expect to reorientate society on a basis of maximum leisure and centralised conception of administration involves. We commend to the consideration of the enthusiastic if uninformed supporters of a League of Nations, each composed of individuals subject to overwhelming economic pressure, the "co-ordination" of the Army, Navy, and Air Force now being urged by General Seely, and the announcement at Birmingham on Saturday, by Major-General Sykes, that it is hoped soon to set up "what might perhaps develop into Mr. Kipling's prophecy of an Aerial Board of Control" (we quote from the "Observer"). Any reader of that vivid story, "Easy as A.B.C.," will remember what happened to persons who had any nonsensical views about the People and gathered together in crowds to discuss such matters.

The Government has now abandoned all attempt to conceal the fact that prices are rising rapidly, and may be expected to rise indefinitely. They have fined several small tradesmen 2d. each or more, and in consequence an official communiqué has been issued to the effect that the Act is working well. While, as we have pointed out, profiteering is not the main cause of increased prices—it is, to be exact, a contributory cause in the ratio that average profits bear to average overhead charges; a ratio of about 1 to 5 as far as we can estimate it—it is nevertheless true that traders are now making quite exorbitant profits as a result of a situation in which there is still a wide distribution of purchasing power available against a supply of commodities, the price of which can be lifted far above the cost level by the operation of supply and demand. There are ugly rumours of immense quantities of food rotting at the docks, of whole cargoes of fish thrown overboard with a sickening certainty, with the announcement at Birmingham that the minute points of superiority which differentiate each from the other, it is all that they are likely to get, if we except the various grades of O.B.E. specially de-
signed to give those preferences objective reality. That
the policy of raising prices in a deliberative policy is in-
dicated by the refusal of the Government to release its
own immense stocks of food; while at the same time the
Bank of England has raised the Bank rate to 6 per cent.
The first measure is reinforced by the second—if traders
have to pay more for their credit their costs go up—
if their costs go up, their prices are forced to mainta-
ian the same margin of profit; if Government artifi-
cially restricts supply, then prices can be put up by the
operation of "unrestricted supply and demand," with
the result that only by continuously drawing higher
wages (which have to be paid, as the approximate
cost of living for the period they cover) can the worker
live. In other words, Labour, by striking for higher
wages and allowing prices to represent the sum of all
these wages plus profit, has simply depleted its own
resources together with the reserves of all persons who are
unable to create an expansion of credit.

Lieutenant-Colonel Malone has brought back from
Russia a proposal for a cessation of hostilities be-
tween the Soviet Government of Russia and, shall we
say, Mr. Churchill? It is well to remember that the
essentials from that brought in the spring of this year
by Mr. Bullitt, but it comes at a time when it is ob-
vious to even the dullest intellect that quite apart from
the criminal nature of this irregular war our twentieth
century Marlborough is now without the smallest
hope which could be founded on a military success. But
for reasons which we have indicated above we do not
believe that the existing Government of this country
will accept the offer of negotiations—it is to be noted
that the proposals are put forward simply as a basis for
negotiations, and are in no way final—and it is well
to observe the ominous conjunction of a time limit
with the remark that it is hoped that it will not be
necessary to transfer the offer, with the necessary modi-
fications, to the Central Powers. When that time limit
is past, and the immense potentialities of Russia are
definitely ranged alongside a Germany which is placed
in an impossible and intolerable position by a Peace
Treaty which requires the strength of America to sup-
port it, we shall then, we suppose, be told that Soviet
Russia is a partner in a German plot.

When we are faced, as we shall be faced, unless our
policy changes rapidly, by a combination of Eastern
Asia, Soviet Russia, and Germany, with America at
the best a hostile neutral, it will no doubt be interesting
if not very palatable, whether the steely glare of the
Stalinist is behind Chinese enmity, or German paper the
cause of Egyptian unrest. As our readers are aware, we are
by no means convinced that the Soviet system has any
direct application to the needs of this country; on the
contrary, we do not believe that any political remedy
goes to the root of the question at all, and we are just
as opposed to a Dictatorship of Labour as to any other
sort of Dictatorship; but it is clear that a political sys-
tem must have a very bad case if it is so afraid of
the attraction of a rival system, that it prefers war on
any or no grounds, and war to a final annihilation of one
side or the other (which is the attitude which would be
indicated by an unconditional refusal of M. Lenin's
offer) rather than surrender any means of preventing a
consideration of the questions at issue by a community
fully informed of the facts and reasonably unbiased by
passion or prejudice.

Despite the various statements which have appeared
in the Press to the effect that the Miners' Strike in the
United States is breaking up, the application of the mo-
mentum of wage disputes substantially unchanged, and
the bituminous coal output of the American mines has
certainly been diminished to a point at which it is caus-
ing at least considerable inconvenience to the trading
public. (It should be remembered that the anthracite
store is almost universally used for domestic heating,
with the result that the householder is not directly at-
tacked to the same extent as in the case of a coal strike
in this country.) Apart from any specific points in the
dispute, by far the most important aspect presented to
the British onlooker, and the miner in particular, is the
instant assumption by the United States Government
of the position of National Mine Owner, with the corol-
ary that the strike is a strike against the State. Now
let the Miners' Federation, at this moment engaged in
an intensive campaign for National Ownership of
Mines, observe what that involves. (It is quite beside
the point to say that the United States Government does
not own the mines; it is acting exactly as it would do
if it did own them.) The strike being a strike against
the State, i.e., a refusal to do certain things which the
State considers vital to its existence as a State, every
resource over which the State has power is quite inevi-
tably and logically brought to bear on the strikers. Salus
publica supra lex; the State is salus publica, and if
the law will not suffice to break the strike, then the
State will alter the Law. That is involved in the theory
of the Supreme State. As also, credit centres in the
Supreme State. When that time limit
is past, and the immense potentialities of Russia are
definitely ranged alongside a Germany which is placed
in an impossible and intolerable position by a Peace
Treaty which requires the strength of America to sup-
port it, we shall then, we suppose, be told that Soviet
Russia is a partner in a German plot.

The confirmation of the mathematical theory of the
Universe, put forward by Dr. Einstein, by the measure-
ments made of the photographs taken in Brazil last
May during the solar eclipse, has an interest far wider
than its apparent bearing. It involves an extension of
the breach made by M. and Mme. Curie, in the rigid
decimation between which was in essentials the
feature of the middle and even late nineteenth century,
and which was only definitely penetrated by the dis-
covery of radium. The demonstration of the fact that
light has weight, and therefore measurable if infini-
tesimal densities are taken, is far more than its
physical proposition that which has always been claimed
by the metaphysician that all existence is one; differ-
ing only in form and consciousness. That is a very
momentous proposition of which to have proof by the
objective methods which carry conviction to the mind of
the man in the street. Apart from such philosophical
issues, however, Dr. Einstein's research work seems to
suggest that the immense energy locked up in the
smallest particle of solid matter, as we commonly use
that term, should be capable of release to a far greater
extent than our present methods permit. It is as if, for
instance, that the almost inconceivable quantity of
energy which this Earth receives from the Sun daily
only weighs 120 tons (we assume that the measurement
is made at the surface of the earth), and when it is con-
sidered that all the falls and rivers of the world, all the
stored energy which we are able to use through the combustion of coal, oil, etc., not
to mention the mechanical energy involved in
the growth of vegetation and the evaporation of moisture
into clouds and rain, is represented by the 120 tons
mentioned above. The possibilities involved in a control
of energy thus faintly foreshadowed reduce any concep-
tion we can form at this time of the immense future
before the human race to ridiculous inexactitude.

C. H. D.
French Culture in England.

(From the French of A.-P. La Fontaine in “L’Europe Nouvelle”; translated by Paul V. Cohn, and here published by the kind permission of author and editor.)

B.—INTELLECTUAL CULTURE.

The aspect of our national life that met with most unqualified approval from our English critics was, beyond all question, our intellectual and artistic culture. Still, even on this score, we must harbour no illusions. In art, as in literature, the Englishman is anything but a dilettante. To him, as to our old classic writers, even the least serious among them, “telling a tale for the mere sake of telling seems a paltry business.” That is why, as a rule, if he allows us a certain artistic superiority, he is careful to add: “Morally, on the other hand, we are most assuredly your superior, and that is all that really counts.

What is it, after all, in the “French spirit” that evokes admiration? Not exactly the quality that constitutes its charm and its value in our eyes, that quality of “distinction” which is the product of the richest and most enduring culture that the world has yet seen; nor that liberalism of thought which often shocks other nations, and can only be understood by those who have a very long experience of men and affairs; nor even that art of envisaging things as a harmonious whole, that unity of ideas that can only exist in a well-poised brain, in the brain of an honest man who takes no pride even in professions that are deemed eternal, because he has seen everything. It is merely the Frenchman’s capacity for raking at himself: in other words, what we call the critical spirit, which is fundamentally nothing but the spirit of truth, pure and simple. Even before the war it was beginning to dawn upon the English that the French are the only nation of genuine idealists, that they alone can pass judgment not merely without taking their interests into account, but even in vital opposition to their interests.

This is what in England is termed “objectivity of judgment,” and is defined as “the capacity for keeping one’s opinions apart from one’s sentiments and emotions.” I am not quite sure, by the way, whether this admiration for our intellectual freedom is altogether unselfish. I have observed on more than one occasion that the Englishman is ready enough to applaud objectivity of judgment from his enemies. More often he is singularly loth to admire it when applied to himself. I can cite a very pertinent case in point from my own experience. Last June I was giving a lecture on Shakespeare before a highly cultivated audience. After lauding the mighty dramatist to the skies, I ventured on this mild reservation: “Nevertheless, you must not look in Shakespeare for the science of psychological analysis; you are more likely to find it in our Racine.” I thought for a moment that a Squadron of aeroplanes was passing over the hall, so deep and so concerted was the murmur of dissent that arose. I realised later on, from the chilling manner in which my peroration was received, that the statement I had made was not merely objective, but anti-British. That same evening I was solemnly presented with Bradley’s great work on “Shakespearean Tragedy,” in order that I might “correct my Continen-ental impressions by reading an insular critic.” When I got into bed, I opened the book at random, and at once happened upon a passage marked in red pencil, where Bradley, after analysing the features of interest in Shakespeare’s tragedy, concludes with these words: “But to look in Shakespeare for any psychological interest would be a great mistake.” Next day, I read aloud to my audience the passage from Bradley; and this time, as my objective statement was confirmed by one from an Englishman, I was greeted, even in more than due measure, with the applause that had been denied me on the previous day.

The Englishman is beginning to discover the Continental and to look at it simply from a human, not from an insular point of view. He finds himself disconcerted; yet the game appeals to him, and he begins to admire our mixed culture of detached observation.

Another quality of ours that attracts him is our logical faculty, our bent for consecutive thinking. Himself a man of excitable brain, a brain that acts slowly but responds very quickly to outside suggestion, the Englishman praises our continuity of thought, which seems to him a higher form of tenacity. In the numerous works on the educational problem which have appeared in England during the last ten years, there is a universal demand for a more systematic plan of study, to be drawn up by the Board of Education, which shall put an end to the incoherent welter of schemes, and the individual caprice of headmasters in public and private schools, that in some ways have done so much harm to the education of the young.

In other respects the English do not set very great store by our intellectual culture. First of all, the Englishman proper, who is neither a Welshman nor a Scot, nor an Irishman, has no high regard for speculative inquiry. Generally speaking, too, although our methods of advanced teaching are considered superior to those current in England, they have not modelled their own system on those of our schools and universities. True, Anatole France had a warm reception when he visited England before the war; but a far more rousing welcome was accorded to Carpentier, the boxing champion, although the latter had beaten the English in their own line, that of sport and physical culture. I have met only one Englishman who lavished unqualified praise on the upbringing of our youth; and he dreaded but one result from the influence of Anglo-Saxon on English education— the disappearance of our taste for fencing in favour of a craze for football and tennis. The vast majority, on the other hand, are supremely gratified to see the mental culture of the French youth receding before the advance of physical training as practised in England. That is why there is little prospect of seeing young Englishmen resort to our French universities; and I am very much afraid that in a few years’ time they will start once more on that road to the German universities which they knew too well before the war.

Moreover, the English charge our art and literature in particular with frivolity and even immorality—a reproach that is not altogether undeserved. Certain periodicals, born of the war and usually written and illustrated at the front—such as the Canadian paper “O Pip”—when they wished to give those at home an idea of Paris, generally depicted a man holding forth with frantic gesticulation in a public square; in the distance was an outline of the Eiffel Tower and the Great Wheel; in the foreground those ultra-smart ladies whom the mere word “Frenchwoman” at once calls up to the mind of the Londoner; and here and there, statues distorted into the weirdest imaginable postures. To the Anglo-Saxons, sculpture as a rule is merely a by-form of architecture or history, and the statues that adorn the streets and squares serve no other purpose than to remind the passer-by of some famous man’s name and appearance.

Work of a more artistic character is reserved for cemeteries, for Westminster Abbey or for museums, and they would never dream of exposing it in broad daylight to the public gaze.

Our music, before the war, was beginning to find some admirers among the English; and a certain score of the “Three Kings” was written, but it was far from rivalling in favour the music of Germany or Russia. In the school repertoires it was very rarely that one came across a single French name. Even during the war, at a scholastic celebration given in honour of France on a Fourteenth of July, I noticed that no French composer was represented in the musi-
The Revolt of Intelligence.

By Ezra Pound.

The French Revolution occurred because a chintzless and bump-nosed monarch had seen fit to imprison Voltaire. The "Georgian" poets finished the Asquith administration. Neither of these statements is perfectly proportioned, and they do not express the direct line of causation. That is to say they are both lies, for a hump-nosed monarch had seen fit to imprison Voltaire. They are both lurid and melodramatic because purpose, and they both contain a small fragment of truth. They are both "spicy" form of literature that has a certain charm for the English. As once asked a French bookseller in London why he displayed in his shop window all those pornographic books that are scarcely ever seen in Paris. I told him that the English asked for none but these, that he was even compelled to bring out special editions, with suggestive illustrations, of novels that were perfectly harmless.

There is no denying that, as a rule, the Englishman has no sense for the true inwardness of our literature. He fails to grasp its eminently idealistic and spiritual nature, its purity as a human and civilising force. He looks in it for details, for a reproduction of our peculiar traits or for features of resemblance to his own character; he does not see it as a medium for a lofty and universal culture—a conception of it that with us is an article of faith.

The state of mind in the English Parliamentary milieu, and the stage in particular is the essential immorality of our writers, both great and small. On this point, our reputation is settled, and to alter it would be a Herculean task. One is forced to believe that this "spicy" form of literature has a certain charm for the English. As one asked a French bookseller in London why he displayed in his shop window all those pornographic books that are scarcely ever seen in Paris. I told him that the English asked for none but these, that he was even compelled to bring out special editions, with suggestive illustrations, of novels that were perfectly harmless.

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The state of mind in "high circles" which permitted Voltaire to go to the Bastille and which instigated his imprisonment was a cause—was, at bottom, the cause. The state of mind in the English Parliamentary milieu, which fled from nude statement and sought refuge in, chose to express its official taste for, a padded Wordsworth-Keatsian idiom was also a cause, whereas the "Georgians" were the symptom.

We therefore shifted from an era of McEvoy to an era when the Prime Ministerial taste is for the "picture of the policeman holding up the traffic in order that the small children may cross the road." This latter is at least a clear statement. The official "literature" of the present administration is possibly in a "state of becoming." The public instinct (blind and brute, but sometimes headed vaguely toward its own interest) prefers, sometimes, clear statement, as it (in the person of my butcher) mistrusts the shadowy and silent penumbra of the Cabinet, the speechless Ministers, and the canny "cradle" officer. It also respects Mr. Bottomley for his apparent outspokenness. Bottomley is indeed better reading than the indefiniteness of the official Press whispering gallery.

Miss Marsden, in a little-known paper, "The Egoist," once attacked the "cradle," the soothing and rocking "cradle of the balanced sentence." This was possibly an echo of Schopenhauer's essay on style which opens with remarks on clear speech and the uses of padding. The "Church" took to Latin, or stuck to Latin, and the soothing syrup was effective in Europe for centuries; likewise, the "Addisonian" and uncurrent English and its official popularity with the semi-illiterate, plug-hatted politician, are a lulling-machine or a rattle to amuse infantile categories.

I have heard elegies on the Asquith régime; I have heard that régime lamented as "the last possible Government of English cultivated men." (Whistles from the gallery!) This "cultivation" had dwindled to the faint memory of a few paunchy quotations from Horace, and the literary teachings of the late F. T. Palgrave, as capitalised and installed by the firm of Macmillan and Co. It was probably time—if England could get nothing better—that she should at least have the breeze of something possibly worse. Literary criticism in England was deader than mutton, as I have endlessly noted, it was dead because ideas are disliked, because England, as my aunt-in-law tells me, is a place where one (I to be exact) must remember that "the world consists entirely of middle-aged women." Literary criticism was dead because official and accepted figures like Sir Henry Newbolt were much more concerned with an external and personal correctness than with an internal criticism with such genuine anxiety to look tidy and emit the seven or eight ligneous bleats required on all polite occasions than to discover international standards and stimulate. (Mr. Gosse is a pathological case and must be dealt with in especial.)

This is not (in parenthesis) a plea for bad manners; I merely indicate a proportion of interest between bad manners and atrophy. "Bad manners," in the current social sense, have come to include "any clear and definite statement on any subject whatever." (Except possibly psycho-analysis.) Upon which Sig. D'Annunzio captures Fiume. And if Sig. D'Annunzio were only a less mixed type, if he only stood more clearly for literary integrity, if he were not part histrio, if he were not as much spiritually kin to Lloyd George as to Théophile Gautier, he would have behind him so stiff an intellectual backing from the whole of Europe that there would be small question of dislodging him.

European intelligence is "fed up," fed up with a lot of things; it is not quite so fed up as the eighteenth century was with the Bourbons. It has Russian inbreed and the French Revolution to teach it caution. Fiume is symptomatic; and there are men in Paris, there are men in other and smaller cities, already rejoicing in the number of heimatlos, the number of men who have swallowed their birth certificates, the number of men who are tired of writing their names on little slips of paper for the encumbrance of innumerable official attics. I do not mean that the rejoicers are those who showed any lukewarmness in their desire to do in the Hun; but they regarded German Imperialism as but one of several infamies that the world would do well to be rid of.

The D'Annunzio matter is almost wholly a duel between the type D'Annunzio and the type Woodrow Wilson. D'Annunzio is, unfortunately for our little demonstration, not a pure type, but in the main he represents art and literature (with rhetorical detriments, mais passions!). He represents the individual human being, the personality as against the official card-index and official Globe-Wernicke system. And this being so, Fiume represents and precedes more important, if less melodramatic, conflicts between art, literature, intelligence, and the kindred, but not the same, Lay and the world. In the particular issue, the official position re Czecho-Slovacs, etc. A courageous Austrian who circulated so freely among us from 1914-19 used to declare: "Diango-Zlavaqz!! T'erre arre gno Diango-Zlavaqgs!!" It iss lige dalging aboud t'e Gkento-Velsch."

One remains somewhat sceptical about "the younger nations." The young nations of the past have been chiefly those who wished to kill each other off, who did
not desire a quiet life, etc. The older nations, historically, have been those who desired quietly to exploit something else. Conspicuous division in life is not the only conflict; there is also the endless conflict between the furnished and the half-furnished mind.

It required Confucius to put forth the simple statement: "When the prince shall have drawn to him all the savants and all the artists, then will his resources be put to adequate use." This doctrine is not "essentially British," as one cannot discuss the governmental classes," as one cannot discuss the "Four" without entering into personalities; let us regard the latter, the "governing classes." You cannot hear a good word for them, not from anyone outside their own ranks, not from one end of Europe to the other.

D'Annunzio is the first man to break the ring (in any of the organised countries); I do not wish to slight Paderewski. D'Annunzio is not the only symptom of discontent; there are far too many symptoms to catalogue in one article. I take another whisper, by chance, and from the last pamphlet shot through my letter-slit:

The public we should like for this pamphlet is a rather different one ... any individual bent toward the Royal Academy is fond of regarding himself as "a Craftsman" ... the more furiously I indulge his paintings, the further he retires into the technical mysteries of his craft. ... Then another pole exists ... those multitudes who have not been taught a delightful faintness, a cheap catch of the voice, and the few dozen snobbish tricks of thought and hand coined in each decade for the lucky young rich. A Board School master, an Excise clerk, a douanier for that matter, are usually approached, if at all, with every nuisance of amused condescension that a disgusting stereotyped education can breed.

How sick men must be with the wearisome and endless trilling that they have come to associate with the word Artist!

The author of this has had his fling elsewhere and in the same strain. It may seem a far cry from Fiume to this blue pamphlet on painting, or to Parisians using a German term "heimatlos"; or to De Gourmont's pre-bellum query: "and when he comes to die, how will he be able to die if the registrar is not present to give him his death certificate?" Yet many small and scattered things serve to show the movement and direction of a current.

The Self and Not Self.

The question as to where to draw the limit between a man (or, for that matter, an animal or a tree) and his surroundings is by no means an academic one only. It is of very fundamental importance and has certainly not yet been answered satisfactorily in spite of the general assumption to the contrary which seems to exist. There are two beginnings which need settling, one above and one below.

If "I am because I think" (or whatever other word may be chosen to translate cogito), then is "I" that which thinks or that which observes the thinking to take place? If we accept the latter explanation, then thinking is clearly no greater proof than any other activity "of mine" would be. If, on the other hand, we accept the former, it is almost obviously wrong unless we make "cogito" mean "I am conscious," which is rather difficult. For at some moment of our life, at any rate, we must all have experienced the feeling that the "observing I" is not to be confused in any way with "thinking," or even with any process of "lightening deduction." At such moments the I is for the instant without fear or desire, and dissociated, as it were, from the happening and the thinking and feeling which it evokes. Indeed, the old philosophers would have said that at such moments the I was no longer the personal I of our ordinary life, but some bigger thing.

We are so short of data on this subject with which to work that the question must be left for the present unanswered. But there are other things, as yet unexplained, which seem as if they might have some indirect bearing on this question of the "extent of the entity."

No one can have watched a flock of pigeons or plovers wheeling and circling in the air without being struck by the feeling of a common control which their movements give. It is, of course, possible to make assumptions which will explain everything quite satisfactorily as the natural result of recognised causes. But the fact remains that the simplest explanation would be such a common control.

I was sitting one day by a small lake. The wind was blowing strongly down it and the surface was covered with waves. In the middle three ducks were sitting, heads up wind. They chanced to be in line with a post near me and a tree on the far side, and during some twenty minutes while I watched them they did not change their place by more than a few inches. I threw a stick into the water and, in spite of the much smaller surface which it presented to the wind, it was carried several yards in a few minutes. How did the ducks keep their place? They were not feeding with their heads below the water. The surface was so broken that they could not have seen the bottom. There are no weeds visible on the surface. Did they, then, keep touch with some weed below the surface—though I do not think there are any—or did they take cross-bearings by trees on the banks? Or were they, so to speak, sitting quietly on an imaginary rock in an imaginary world and paddling with their little legs just to pass the water by them as it came along? To say "instinct" is no answer to the question; we may as well say "Mesopotamia"; for we want to know how the result was produced.

Even in these days a nation is not very unlike a flock of plovers, and I feel that once upon a time they were more so, in that they did not need a daily newspaper to keep them in touch with the power behind the Throne. In fact, a State was, and should still be, the embodiment of a great entity, an idea in Platonic language. Such were the heroes and god-heroes of early humanity.

This concerns the first of man's unknown frontiers. If we change the point of view a little, though still keeping to the main idea, we may see the second frontier. We may look on a man's body and soul as built up of different organs—eyes, ears, and so on—each dealing with and belonging to different forms of energy and layers of the universe. The "man" has, so to speak, grasped this and that organ and holds them together into a "body" for his use. Thus, in addition to the uses which each normally makes of them, they are really also points of contact with all other ears and eyes by reason of the "Sun," as Plato says we may call the principle underlying sight.

As this is not a usual way of looking at things in these days I may perhaps elaborate the matter a little.
Clearly there is some difference between our eye and our tongue whence comes the fact that one sees and the other tastes. There must also be "seeableness" and "tasteableness" in varying proportions in the things and to a great extent on our use of the world thus, each "section" or "continuum" differing from the others much as the various colour-plates for colour-printing differ from each other. What Plato calls "Sun" is not exactly what we mean by Ether, though this is a rather dangerous word to use just now, for that is the translation of the ancient philosophers that long kept the monism of Pater Ether inviolate, it rather looks as if he were now to be dismembered. It is therefore open to question whether man does not extend both "inwards" and "outwards" to an extent not yet determined. Were this so, there should be, as it were, three different ways by which "a man" can contrast not-man. Firstly, by means of his organs, not as normally used, but as portions of different "continua"; secondly, by the normal sense impression through his organs, and to other "bodies." This depends largely on their "construction," and not on their substance. (We have been driven by reason to demand and find that these depend on continua for their action, but as senses they do not.) Thirdly, by direct contact with the Wholeness from which, by postulate, all the modifications must come. The only contact "by continuum" which we normally recognise as such, is touch, and it is from the combination of this with the results of our other senses which are not recognised as being the result of continua that the sense of space results.

In a similar manner, by the interaction of our sense perceptions with the solid touch of "I-ness" arises the sense of Time. This view is, I think, somewhat confirmed by the remark of Prof. Royce that time is the form of the will, and will the characteristic quality of soul life; which, at any rate; means that to him time and form (i.e., space) are comparable. To put it crudely, the relationship Soul-Body gives rise to Space, and the relationship Soul-Spirit to Time—the Soul, or normal man, being bracketed, as it were, by that Nexus immobilitatis centri terreni cum Dei immobilitate of which Guillaume Postel speaks. Time is the world of soul, and space the world of body—or, rather, the soul-conception of the world in which body moves.

From these premises we should expect that the extent of a man, viewed in the most restricted way, would differ as we regard body or soul; and that his belief that he is limited to the extent of his body is nothing but mischief, and the "wet" party adding that it is also pleasurable. Thus the discussion of drink, instead of being made to turn on the possible use of drink, is made to turn instead upon the relative social values of its mischief and its pleasure. The one party tends to see nothing but mischief in drink, while the other party tends to see nothing but pleasure. The proper discussion of the subject, however, must have regard to the problematical value of drink as an aid to human progress; and, from this point of view, the best judgment is necessary to weigh against one another the admissible evils of wrong drinking and the admissible advantages of right drinking. We must go further, indeed, and define both right drinking and wrong drinking: drinking, that is, that produces good and that produces evil consequences. Is there anybody, not a fanatic also, who denies that sometimes drinking is good; or anybody, not a fanatic also, who denies that sometimes it is bad? Surely the question is then solely this: when is drinking good and when is it bad? And the practical question arising out of it is surely this: How can society ensure only good drinking? The two questions are, of course, upon different planes; for the former, as suggested, involves us in a philosophy of human life in general, while the latter is an affair of practical politics. Any moderately competent public body could undertake to safeguard good drinking against the evils of bad drinking, if it were clearly understood what constitutes good drinking and what bad. On this last point, therefore, everything turns. What is good drinking? The reply may be ventured, with the example of the Founder of Christianity before us, that good drinking is drinking in fellowship. But what is fellowship? It is communion with our fellows. And who are our fellows? People with whom we feel desire to be in; people with whom we should be willing to spend an eternity. Good drinking is thus conditioned by good fellowship of which, indeed, it is both the symbol and the sustenance. Who drinks with friends drinks well. Who drinks evilly has drunk with his enemies.

**LEAGUE OF NATIONS.—**No League of any kind can exist without an object. On the other hand, it does not at all follow that the object for which a League
exists is the object it either achieves or even attempts to achieve. After all, grandiose as its scale may be, a League of Nations differs in no essential respect from any association, great or small. That the declared object of the League of Nations is the excellent object of Peace, while the object of a smaller League may be the common exploitation of popular ignorance in the supposed interests only of the exploiting Trust are facts for the ethical judgment of motives, but they are not facts for the practical judgment of values. For, indeed, it may very well be the case that a League with an ethically excellent object may do nothing but evil, while a League with an ethically indefensible object may do nothing but good. Results and motives are not always congruous. The declared object of the League of Nations being to maintain Peace, the criterion of its efficiency will plainly be the maintenance of Peace. This criterion, however, only time can absolutely apply; and we are thus left for the present with only the criteria of comparative analysis. For instance, is the League so constituted that Peace is likely to be maintained by it? This question severally led to the consideration of the conditions of Peace, and, back again from them, to the adaptation of the League to the preservation of those conditions. Is the League, in fact, so constituted as to preserve the conditions (whatever they are) of Peace? Thence we are plunged into the consideration of motives for war, and, back once more, into the competence of the League either to suppress or to transform those motives. Finally, we must have in view the considerable question whether Peace at any price is always preferable to war. It is difficult to find in any of the current public discussions a sufficiently serious treatment of any of these questions. We do not know, that is to say, what the conditions of Peace really are or what are the motives of War; and we are thus altogether without guidance in the judgment of the probable efficiency of the League of Nations in respect of its declared object of preserving Peace. It is evident that the League is the very instrument which a committee of supermen would design for the maintenance of Peace; and that, in fact, perpetual peace will result from it. But if this be the case, the result can be attributed only to a miracle of chance; for it is practically certain that none of the actual conditions of the world are likely to lead to the League either to suppress or to transform those motives. Finally, we must have in view the considerable question whether Peace at any price is always preferable to war.

Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

The October number of "Drama," the organ of the British Drama League, contains the report of an address delivered by Mr. Martin Harvey at the opening meeting of the recent Theatre Conference organised by the League. Mr. Martin Harvey stated "The Case for a National Theatre" and, although, more recently, Mr. Sydney Valentine, chairman of the Actors' Association, has urged that the committee of the National Theatre should publish a balance-sheet, Mr. Harvey's arguments may be considered without any Judas-care for the money-bags. Mr. Harvey begins with a reference to the general admission that drama, in London, is in a parlous condition; in the provinces (Mr. Harvey is a provincial actor), it is otherwise; "there the taste of the people for the best and the greatest is as healthy as ever it was." Mr. Harvey attributes the parlous condition of London drama to two things: the war, and the disappearance of the actor-manager (Mr. Harvey is an actor-manager). The remedy for this state of affairs is "the foundation and endowment of a State Theatre" and he calls upon all the various societies which exist for the improvement of drama to concentrate on this one purpose of establishing a State Theatre in London.

In support of his argument Mr. Harvey quotes some obsolete facts from a lecture delivered by him ten years ago. He tells us that "few, if any, of Irving's Shakespearean productions paid"; although I believe that it is a fact that Tree's Shakespearean productions paid, and it is certainly a fact that Mr. J. B. Fagan's Shakespearean productions pay. These facts suggest that there is more than one way of producing Shakespeare; and Mr. Harvey's pathetic plea is, in effect, that the State should adopt the unsuccessful way, that it should give the case the chance to lose money instead of giving a Mr. Fagan or a Mr. Ben Greet the chance to make it. We have had, in other fields of activity, some experience of State institutions during the war; and the only fact that emerges clearly is that they are extravagant. If the extravagance is not compensated by the excellence of the service rendered, it might be tolerable; but the excellence is most hotly debated, while the extravagance is indubitable. Mr. Harvey's principal plea falls upon prejudiced ears.

We have also to ask what would be the effect of such a theatre on public taste—for it is prescribed as a remedy for the present corruption of taste. There would be one theatre, as against nearly forty in the West End, reducing the classics of English drama to the same level of public interest as the exhibits in the museums. The reference is Mr. Harvey's own. He argues that the great public has not yet become acquainted with the works of culture.
There is no doubt that what the public wants to see will go to see even at some inconvenience, and will pay to see; the success of Mr. Fagan’s productions at the Court Theatre, Chelsea, and of "Abraham Lincoln" at Hammersmith that conclusion. If the National Theatre is to be a mere mausoleum of unwanted productions by men who imagine that what does not pay is art, we shall be better without it.

I repeat what I have said so often before, that the only way to improve public taste is by putting on the public stage better plays than which they will pay to see. A public that followed Robert Loraine’s “Cyrano” to four different theatres obviously needs no pathetic pleas on its behalf; the fact is that those who cater for the public habitually rate its taste too low. The assumption that is made by the prosperous syndicates is plain in their productions; but the writers of serious drama make the same assumption. Shaw, for example, tells us in the preface to his last volume, that “the higher drama, which has never been a commercially sound speculation, has now become an impossible one. . . . The expenses of running the cheapest West End theatres rose to a sum which exceeded by twenty-five per cent, the utmost that the higher drama can, as an ascertained matter of fact, be depended on to draw.”

There is no doubt that what the public wants to see in London is that put forward by Mr. Norman Lloyd, Matthew Aitken, Sydney Valentine, etc. The expenses of running the cheapest West End theatres rose to a sum which exceeded by twenty-five per cent, the utmost that the higher drama can, as an ascertained matter of fact, be depended on to draw.”

But I venture to doubt statistics in a matter of taste; the “higher drama” has appeal largely because it was provincial in outlook and methods. It was born of coteries, and it propagated the coterie spirit; Shaw himself, the most cosmopolitan of comedians, became a cult of superior people instead of a fashion of the vulgar. Not until Robert Loraine knocked the philosophy out of “Man and Superman,” and romped through it like a farce, did Shaw really touch the great theatre public; and I hold the opinion that a Shaw revival would pay its way even with the exorbitant rents now charged if his works were handled as stage-plays and not as contributions to philosophy.

The real difficulty in London is the same with drama as with everything else: landlordism. There are, as everyone knows, a thousand and one things which ought to be done to London, but the landlords combine to make them very expensive. So far as the drama is concerned, a propaganda for the State ownership of theatres is far more promising than a propaganda for one State-owned, endowed, and presumably managed theatre. Government servants could as easily manage the letting of the theatres as they can the management of the estates of the Crown; and by eliminating the speculative, could easily provide for every form of management, the individualist-actor-manager, the Syndicatist, and the syndicatist system of the actors. The objection to any one form of management is its tendency to cliché; the syndicates swamp us with revues, but the actor-manager tends to repeat himself, and even the repertory company tends to establish conventions.

The first part of the problem deals with the question: What is moral value? and having arrived at a satisfactory account or definition of value, the second part has to answer the question: By what criterion are we to judge, assess and co-relate values—my values and your values?

Upon the answer to these two questions our whole conduct, our very life, ultimately depends; that is to say, politics, art, sociology, education, law, morality, custom and religion.

Any consideration of the theory of value is inextricably related to the theory of knowledge; it may be advisable, therefore, to dispose of the latter first. "Knowledge" is here used in the terms: it necessarily involves a subject or knower, an object or thing about which something is known, and the connection between knower and object—that is to say, knowledge or thing known. Of course, idealists of the type of Hume or Berkeley and their modern disciples would not accept such a statement of the theory of knowledge. For Hume there was no dualism between sense-data (what is directly known in the mind) and the objective event or physical object to which it corresponds. The knower or ego disappears, he is merely a convenient though inaccurate symbol for a fortuitous “bundle or collection of different perceptions in a perpetual flux and movement.” “I” am thus only the sum total of “my ideas”—now, at this moment: and nothing except that sum. “I” therefore can have no identity. Nothing exists, or, at any rate, can be known to exist, except ideas.

Whatever our doctrine of knowledge we must acknowledge that truth is the necessary condition of its being. What is untrue is not known; it can only be believed. What constitutes the truth of what is known is the correspondence between the thing known—the sense-data or the memory or the description of it—and the object or event. That is, between the sight of a man being executed now, the memory of him being executed last year, or A’s account of Charles I’s execution in 1649, on the one hand; and the object giving rise to sense-data, or the fact that it did once do so, i.e., the event, on the other.

Now value is also the product of three terms: it implies a value, an object valued, and the connection or relationship between the two. At this point, however, the treatment of knowledge differs from the treatment of value. But here, it must be admitted, philosophers and moralists are not all in agreement. Their quarrel centres round their divergent and rival answers to the questions: What is the validity of a moral value? Is it as universally valid as a statement of fact? 1s.

The Sick Values of a Sick Age

A REPLY TO ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.*

If Mr. Ludovici will allow me the luxury of one more truism in addition to those he has noticed I am fond of, I may venture to state that words have two uses: to convey meaning and to obscure meaning; the former use, of course, being rare. So rare, in fact, that Locke found “some reason to doubt whether language, as it has been employed, has contributed more to the improvement or hindrance of knowledge among mankind.” As, however, I have observed, the former use meaning, I will gladly do my best to furnish the “more precise definition” which Mr. Ludovici calls for, confident that the Socratic test of definition was designed, primarily, to defeat “that reason of a mere dialectician” which he abhors.

In order to arrive at, and decide, our difference of opinion (if any) about first principles, a brief statement of my thesis and its consequences may serve to make clear the points at issue.

There are two stages in my inquiry:—

(1) The first part of the problem deals with the question: What is moral value? and having arrived at a satisfactory account or definition of value,

(2) The second part has to answer the question: By what criterion are we to judge, assess and co-relate values—my values and your values?

Upon the answer to these two questions our whole conduct, our very life, ultimately depends; that is to say, politics, art, sociology, education, law, morality, custom and religion.

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for instance, the statement: Arthur is "good," as definite and "absolute" a description as the statement "Arthur has only one arm," or, "Arthur is the husband of Betty"?

The most far-reaching and the most fundamental philosophical quarrel of all time is the dispute between those who say "yes" and those who say "no" to the last question. Between those who say that moral values are "absolute," that "Good" is "objective," self-existent, or transcendental; and those who maintain that moral values are subjective, and, however widespread and universally held, still essentially relative. In the last-named classification, the rival theories may be summed up and expressed somewhat as follows: One side maintains that "Good" is indefinable, it is simply "Good" and nothing else, it exists as an absolute, transcendental and self-existent fact. Whatever means we have of judging that fact, or whatever standard we employ, can in no way influence the "intrinsic" meaning, value or nature of "Arthur's goodness," for "goodness" is not analysable into anything else.*

Against this view rival theorists maintain that the assertion of Arthur's "goodness" is merely a convenient way of appealing to the approval of the individual (the consensus of opinion of any body who accept the same values) evoked by Arthur's conduct or character. Arthur's character (i.e., Arthur himself) has certain distinctive dispositions or qualities, but they have no value, nor does Arthur himself. Arthur's "goodness" is not moral, but may be moral when he comes into relation with other men but for definite people, when they value him. This is only denied, because, when A values B, he, actually, does not imply only that he is expressing his own special feeling, but invariably invites and expects his listeners to endorse his value. For his opinion were challenged he would be driven to analysing the goodness of B and would have to make his point by appeal to some norm of conduct likely to be accepted—as being generally desirable. Good would thus have been given, for the occasion, some definite or practical meaning which it had not "in itself" as a "self-existent absolute." 

"Goodness is therefore relative to valuers, and to a norm; and the universality of a value does not make it independent of valuers.

Those who imagine the prestige or the "validity" of their values are seriously damaged by any denial of their absolute nature, have a favourite retort which they think makes them immune from such criticisms as those detailed above. This particular argument shows that this question is important not only for epistemological but for theological. It has, in fact, been made the keystone of the philosophy of all theistic idealists. (I refer, of course, to Idealism, the doctrine that "ideas" only are real: not to idealism, meaning construction of "ideals."*) These maintain, in effect, that it is for God alone that things have "real" and "intrinsic" value. Consequently, values are independent of valuers or human standards, they exist or "subsist" eternally, unchangeable and unchangeable in the mind of God; in this way, surely, their "absolute" value is inviolate. Hence, the "moral necessity for the existence of God"—the familiar moral arguments for them.

Idealists, therefore, who seek redress from the moral indifference of nature take refuge in the conception of "absolute value" eternally valid in the eternal mind of God. Thus, "the absolute value" is "the logical design," and compensation for all present ills, for the End is removed far beyond the range of mundane criticism. What a glorious, what an easy solution of all our troubles! "Writing as a Catholic," we read in a letter from Father Stanislaus St. John, F.C., S.J., "I look on this life as utterly meaningless in itself, as a period which is simply and solely a means to an end—Eternity—a period of which all the circumstances of pleasure and pain can only be explained and rightly used in relation to this Eternity."

Having now briefly summarised the alternative answers to the question "Is moral value absolute, transcendental and objective?" We are in a position to gauge the consequences.

1. The affirmative answer denies the distinction between knowledge of fact and valuation of conduct: the useful and the good being absolute, equally with truth. "I have no sympathy," says the Theistic idealist, "with the pragmatism which seeks to break down the distinction between the true and the useful or the good." But while he maintains that the good cannot be translated into terms of the useful or the true, he readily abolishes the distinction between mere description and the far more exacting and subtle task of appreciation and interpretation: by denying the essential factor in the creation of the personal moral values of men. For it is God, he asserts, not man who values. Similarly, in the language of mystics, "the validity and content of 'absolute' values are entirely outside personal interests."*

2. The affirmative answer, also removes the End or purpose of conduct, morality, and value to an extra-mundane sphere—to infinity. It substitutes the Divine Standard (theos metron) of the Platonists, for the realisable final end (telos teleion) of Aristotle. It finds compensation for all the ills, the squalor and neglect of the world of men in the ultimate absorption of the individual and the surrender of his identity in the "absolute," which is common to mysticism, Platonism, Buddhism and "twice-born" pessimistic philosophy.

3. The affirmative answer substitutes a Divine humanly unrealisable norm—a norm that treats this life as utterly meaningless in itself, for a final End in life and a personal norm which it consequently repudiates.

What, on the other hand, are the consequences of the negative answer, "Moral value or Good is not absolute but relative and subjective?" It follows that:

1. We must distinguish knowledge of actual truth from appreciation of relative good, statement of fact from valuation of action.

2. We must find an end in Life: a chief universally applicable personal end that each rational individual may realise in his own highest faculty or reason—call it eudaimonia with Aristotle or Utility with Mill.

We are now in a position to answer the fundamental question of ethics: Who values, God or man? or, in other words, are values relative to men—the creation of valuers? Or, on the other hand, are they absolute, objective and self-existing?

We have considered the consequences of both answers, and we find that the values of life are the values of men; while the values of "beyond-life"—of death—are values "absolute," Platonic and "self-existing," the dreams of madness, sickness and obsession. Every man in the act of valuing his own conduct may, or may not, realise "his ideal or highest self," but he who really "twice-born" has reached his own highest good, his goal, and when he is certain what it is his harmonised content.

Is it necessary to ask, Who values highest? Who but the highest values can create the highest values? But subjective and relative values require to be re-justified.


† "The Relationship between the Mystical and Sensible Worlds." By H. N. G. Newlyn. P. 53.
lated by an objective norm or Ideal of Reason, the orthos logos of Aristotle; such is the norm imposed by the highest valuers, by Aristocrats—the creators of the realisation of community of interests and aims. It is necessary the one in aspirations of all its members, is necessarily the one in integration through the norm imposed by the unification of personal values by a regulative common norm.

Integration implies harmony, community of value, and, necessarily, directive control. In so far as any community is integrated and harmonious, to that extent will the values of the head or control also be the values of the whole.

Similarly, the highest social integration—the society which satisfies to the fullest extent the highest possible aspirations of all its members, is necessarily the one in which the directive control is in the hands of high valuers—true aristocrats.

This is so clear and follows so inevitably from the nature of life-giving values, that the statement of such a truism would be preposterously superfluous were it not that on every side human thought and activity re-echo sick values that outrage the very principles of Life.

Values can be read in terms of life and death: they are aristocratic values or sick values; and sick values clothe themselves in terms of the "absolute."

Psychologically, the demand for the "absolute" in thought and value is the demand of the individual for compensation. By "turning his mind inwards," to use the Bergsonian phrase, the individual finds in his own sub-consciousness release from his maladaptation to his surroundings; for there he creates what is denied outside, and revels in the licence of formless anarchy.

The sick soul of Rousseaun, whose "constant dread it was to imperil the eternal fate of his soul for the worthless ends of this world,"* harking back to immaturity (l'état de nature) breathed the same spirit of anarchy and putrefaction that pollutes the thought and values of the twentieth century; values typical of the obsessional neurosis which psycho-analysts connect with a patient's inordinate belief in the 'omnipotence of his thoughts.' This is the meaning of our present-day "realism"—this is the meaning of their values. The realism of "neglected given," the raw and the necessarily crude: the realism that hates shaping the will to improve the raw, hates, above all things, an aristocratic ideal. Indeed, too, is the meaning of our present-day Theistic idealism, the doctrine that there is nothing real except minds, their thoughts and feelings—except known by and in the mind, the bare raw "given-here-and-now."

These are the sick values of absolutism, pleading for self-immolation, and overt in most of the poetry, art, philosophy and politics of the age.

This is the substance of my argument and of my conclusions. Is it necessary to ask of me, as Mr. Ludovici does, whose value? Whose emotion? Whose fanaticism? The answer was supplied not only implicitly, but explicitly. I wrote on p. 111, "A strong hierarchy capable of evoking respect for its values, alone, can save a state from disintegration, anarchy and social decay; but only if that hierarchy is composed of the highest, noblest and most enlightened in the race can those values be the 'best' possible, and can they continue to improve pari passu with advancing civilisation. "Yet these questions," Mr. Ludovici tells us, receive no consideration in my book. Clearly, the author of "A Defence of Aristocracy," who sets out to find certain 'differences of opinion with me "as regards principles," can hardly be expected to find in my book, although it is actually and inevitably there, an aristocratic norm of value. Truly, even the most combative find it takes two to make a quarrel.

The question of the desirability or otherwise of emotional control, however, appears to offer more scope for a quarrel. Mr. Ludovici calls me to task for insisting upon the subordination of emotion to reason. It is curious," he writes, "that in this article, where in all previous emotion Mr. Pitt-Rivers has two opponents whom I should imagine he least expected to meet on this field."

I would reply that Herbert Spencer's dictum does not alarm me; I do not even see how it denies my position that reason, in its search for truth, must play the part of regulation and control, emotion is the explosive and the force. May I further suggest that it is even more curious that in his attitude Mr. Ludovici has an opponent whom I have still more right to imagine he least expects to meet. In his "Human-all-too-Human" Nietzsche wrote—:

A higher culture must give man a double brain, two brain-chambers so to speak, one to feel science and the other to feel non-science, which can lie side by side, without confusion, divisible, exclusive; this is a necessity of health. In one part lies the source of strength, in the other lies the regulator; it must be heated with illusions, one-sidednesses, passions; and the malicious and dangerous consequences of over-heating must be averted by the help of conscious Science. If this necessity of the higher culture is not satisfied, the further course of human development can almost certainly be foretold: the interest in what is true ceases as it guarantees less pleasure; illusion, error, and imagination conquer step by step the ancient territory, because they are united to pleasure; the ruin of science: the relapse into barbarism is the next result; mankind must begin to weave its web afresh after having, like Penelope, destroyed it during the night. But we shall assure it that it will always find the necessary strength for this?—Eng. trans., p. 233.

GEORGE PITT-RIVERS.

Shakespeare and the Jew.

Consistent with that peculiar nature of the Jew which makes expositions of the race difficult and definitions controversial, the Jew drawn even by Shakespeare is not authentic. But what a hard task it is to depict the Jew, for is there any other people so heterogeneous? You can, if you like, generalise about the English or the French, the Germans or the Zulus, but you cannot do it in the case of the Jews. There is no characteristic which can be applied to the great bulk of the race. There are all sorts of Jews, magnanimous and avare- nious, rich and poor, clever and sottish, rational and fanatically religious. At the Court Theatre to-day we have Shylock played by a Jew, who is an excellent artist. Mr. Maurice Moscovitch interprets the villainies of Shylock quite as well as any Christian who has taken the part in recent years. If there was a hope that a Jew would infuse the character with humanity and strike a balance, those people who have entertained it are disappointed. Certainly now and again we behold an outraged man, but not much compassion is aroused in us by this Jew who makes riches his heaven and Judaism an advocate for his usury.

Both Jews and Gentiles have often brought forward objections to the "Merchant of Venice." Some people hold that Shakespeare was, besides other things, a practical man, and in this matter studied the wants of his public. Also, as there were no Jews in England in his day, and the reputation they had left behind when the Plantagenets drove them from the country being none too enviable, Shakespeare had to resort to hearsay and books for his Jewish character and he may have been his opinions or traditional prejudices, we know without a doubt that Shakespeare presented the Jew in conflict with the Christian at a time when Jewish oppression was universal. On that count alone the play is out of date in the present era. We are only asked of a dramatist who chooses the Jewish problem as a theme to-day is that he should show us the conflict between the Christian and the emancipated Jew. Now

* "Les Confessions." Tome III, p. 257. (Ed. 1819.)
thought that if Shakespeare had come into contact with Jews, and had an opportunity of studying their existence.

Strangely enough, the Christians in the play think with Jews, and had an opportunity of studying the impression that she is a damsel taken captive by a bad baron from whose clutches she longs to escape. This in itself is the consummation desired by many Jews to-day. Still, their dreamers look afar at a Jewish land with a temple and crowned by a new glory of Zion. Others believe in 'sufficient for the day,' rush heedlessly into the economic scramble, ignore taunts, seize opportunities, wave bunting—to what end? Only when an evil befalls them do they say aply with Shylock:

The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now.

The moderns in condemning the "Merchant of Venice" for distorting the Jew would quarter with the Jews in it for the way they behaved towards Shylock. Who will hold to-day that as a punishment for being bored is going to be vastly inferior to what it has been during preceding autumns.

On October 18, Rosing showed himself in his old form, sang Tschaikowsky with interest and again demonstrated that his voice is in much better condition than last season, his production more easy. There is, however, a limit to human endurance, and to the most admiring patience. I do not propose to sit through a French travesty of "Ich grolle Nicht," not again, not ever again, not if it is sung by Gawdami with seraphs doing a banjo accompaniment.

It is sheer pig-headed stupidity to pretend that there are no other song-writers than Brahms, Schumann and Schubert; it is quite possible to fill programmes without German music; it is rank bad art to use his German music with foreign words which have no relation to the melody or the spirit of the originals. In the case of Brahms, the best of the three, the lieder words are no other song-writers than Brahms, Schumann and Schubert; it is quite possible to fill programmes without German music; it is rank bad art to use his German music with foreign words which have no relation to the melody or the spirit of the originals. In the case of Brahms, the best of the three, the lieder words are in nine cases out of ten such much that any translation would be insupportable, and it is only by reason of the audience not understanding the German that they are able to enjoy the singing.

The slop of Victorian balladism is due in large part to these German lieder. People imitating the translations of ninth-rate Deutsch zendimendalisch gedichte, adding two quarts of dish-water and removing the weight of the originals, produced the Chappel standardised English song. If singers want these tunes they might, at least, sing German if they are able to enjoy the singing.

Sir Henry Wood's orchestral arrangement of "Ich grolle Nicht," not again, not ever again, not if it is sung by Gawdami with seraphs doing a banjo accompaniment.

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means hopeless, and if sufficiently hammered may turn into a very acceptable singer. Her voice has probably been "placed" too high; at any rate, all the timbre and beauty are flattened out of the voice when she attempts her topmost notes; she might gain a good deal by giving up the three or four highest and adding a few to the lower reach of her singing. She sang her next group of songs correctly and on the notes, but in the higher notes failed to articulate her words. . . I should like to have heard Fransiella, but was bunched by two threats of the quartette.

Bessie Rawlins (Wigmore, October 22) has a future, and despite her youth is possibly having a present; she is the most satisfactory of the younger violinists. She has been well taught by Wm. Sachse, and plays without any nonsense. She was most ably accompanied by Ethel Hobday; the First movement of the Brahms D. major concerto was given with admirable firmness; the violinist has an excellent ear and handles her fiddle in a business-like, rather male manner; the music was given in cold purity in the serener passages. Miss Rawlins seems free of the objectionable features of the usual female talents; may we pray that she steer clear of the prima donna manner in future as now. The finale of the Brahms was excellent.

She displayed a softness and mournful richness in the Tschakoian serenade which she would not have anticipated from the harsher tone used (and rightly used) in the Brahms. In nautical phrase there are "things which a man should be able to do blind, drunk or asleep." The spirited Porrara-Kreisler appeared to hear the ratio to Miss Rawlins. We heave several signs of gratitude for a new artist to whom we can listen with genuine pleasure.

Anne Thursfield (Wigmore, October 23) presented a well-chosen list of songs, and presented them from an angle much more musical than usual on the London platform.

The rendering of Marcello's "Quella Fiamm'd" was careful, the ear exact, the tone full of sweetness and clarity, the accompaniment lacking in fire, and for the later songs now passable, now quite inadequate. "Plainte" was exquisitely done; "Gigale et Pourri!" is a disease's piece; there was good graduation and good characterisation; there is not much music in it.

The singer did not manage "On a Time"; did not find the bravura of gallantry the song requires, and also sang it as slow. It is inexact to term "The Lass with the Delicate Air" old English; we shall soon be having Gilbert and Sullivan dished up as "old English," if this sort of loose terminology goes much further.

The weakness of the photographic or Rosing method showed in "As Coin": if you are going to give exact imitations of the imagined speaker or singer, you cannot break out into clear impersonal song just when the fancy happens to strike you. The three Moussorgsky-child-peices are entertaining and very clever. The songs from the Chinese might better have been sung in the original, for the English is in three cases unlyric. Bantock has made a very careful setting for "The Celestial Weaver," modern French manner, not much melodic line, but nice chords à la Debussy. "To a Young Gentleman" has the best words for singing but the setting is commonplace. Mrs. Thursfield deserves praise for painstaking and well-finished singing; for confining herself to good music and excluding rubbish from her recitals. We shall hear her again with pleasure.

Rosing continues on alternate Saturdays at 3. (Eolian.)

The Kennedy-Frasers appear Wednesday, November 12, at 8. Tetrazzini at the Hall, November 6, at 8, with Cellini and Camara; the latter announces a first performance for England of Mancinelli's symphonic poem "Frate Sole."

Views and Reviews.

ON GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Hugh Taylor's previous essay, "Government by Natural Selection," attracted considerable attention both for its style and subject-matter. I complimented him himself for the literary skill that made a technical subject interesting; and this volume is not less remarkable for the same power. Mr. Taylor's clarity of reasoning and wealth of historical allusion combine to make this essay entertaining, in the real sense of the word; it enables us to hold the subject-matter clearly in the mind with a view to decision. His main purpose is to demonstrate that government is a natural phenomenon, an inevitable product of the struggle for supremacy, which he regards as a modification of the struggle for existence; that it came into being as a necessary condition of human progress, and presumably will remain in being until morality, which government now protects, becomes instinctive in the individual, and political self-government is superseded by individual self-government. In other words, government will persist until the Millennium.

But his demonstration that what we may call the natural history of government is explicable in the terms of the Darwinian theory of evolution begins to raise doubts whether either apparent explanation is as explanatory as it seems. Is it not altogether too general a concept to be of use either in classification of forms of government, determination of their "fitness" to their environment, or prophecy of their development? On this level of generality, we may admit that the condition of the survival of government, as of individuals, is power applied wisely; and by the admission we imply that government can become a science. But the introduction of wisdom as a condition of survival modifies almost to extinction the main thesis of the origin of government in the struggle for supremacy. We saw during the war, to take a recent example, Mr. Lloyd George successfully struggling for supremacy with Mr. Asquith, and we won the war. But whether we won because, or in spite of, Mr. Lloyd George's assumption of power is exactly one of those questions to which political wisdom has not yet found the answer; and the thesis of government as an expression of the struggle for supremacy does not serve to differentiate Mr. Lloyd George's Directorate from the more constitutional Cabinet Government of Mr. Asquith's besides, the Darwinian is not the only theory of evolution; even in government, a species may arise from a "sport," as witness the American Constitution, and it would be interesting (although perhaps otiose) to examine the constitutions maintained or granted in the British Empire from the point of view of the Mendelian theory. Grant that one and all are subject to the struggle for existence, and the struggle for supremacy, they lose their identity in this general classification, which also tells us nothing about the struggle for supremacy itself.

For it is as certain as existence that the struggle for supremacy, like the struggle for existence, will be waged with whatever weapons are to hand. We may throw rocks, or throw bouquets, or even phrases like "Wait and see," in the course of the struggle; but the fact of the struggle tells us nothing concerning the nature of the missiles, or their appropriateness to the circumstances. They are used, successfully or unsuccessfully, and the struggle for supremacy is demonstrated; but the relation between that struggle and the survival (or the survival-value) of government is not obvious, nor is it, I think, clearly demonstrated by Mr. Taylor. It becomes clear in the course of this essay that the struggle for supremacy is by no means a standard of criticism, still less of a principle of classification; it is wisdom that he invokes as the real condition of survival, and wisdom is, at best, an accidental product ("Origin of Government"). By Hugh Taylor. (Blackwell. 10s. 6d. net.)
duct of the struggle for supremacy. "If history repeats itself, and the unexpected always happens, how incapable must man be of learning by experience," said Shaw in a pessimistic mood; and this certainly is a fact, that the struggle for supremacy requires, at best, no more wisdom than will suffice to maintain the status quo.

It is difficult to see from whence Mr. Taylor derives the progress that he admits. The struggle for supremacy admittedly results, first of all, in autocracy; indeed, Sir Henry Maine asserted that all forms of government tended to revert to autocracy, a tendency which is comparable with that of the individual to revert to liberty, which Mr. Taylor regards as a form of atavism. But "autocracy, in addition to denying the right of the people to take an active interest in their own political condition, inflicts incalculable additional injury on the State by preventing superior intellect from guiding the national fortunes to the best political advantage." Yet to the same struggle for supremacy which ends by denying even the conditions of the struggle to others, he attributes the reaction against the result; regarding it as a stream of energy flowing first to one pole and then to the opposite. We know that there are physical forces, physiological processes even, that do so behave; but that a simple principle of conflict should produce regular and contradictory results, it is not so easy to agree with Burke in his argument that autocracy never succeeds in monopolising power; "despotism itself is obliged to truck and huckster. The Sultan gets such obedience as he can. He governs with a loose rein, that he may govern at all; and the whole force of his authority in the centre is derived from a prudent relaxation in all his orders. Spain, in her provinces, is perhaps not so well obeyed as you are in yours. She compiles, too; she submits; she watches times. This is the inimitable condition, the eternal law, of extensive detached empire." And although Mr. Taylor would probably agree with this, it is clear that autocracy, in certain conditions at least, maintains itself not by suppressing the struggle for supremacy, but actually by permitting it.

The struggle for supremacy as the origin of government is really no more than a step postulate. Men do struggle, they do become supreme, they do govern their fellows; but all that the struggle for supremacy gives is opportunity to experiment in the art and science of government. The sociological value of their efforts is determined by quite other considerations; the struggle for supremacy may explain the method of their accession to power, it is, perhaps, the theory of the arrière vise, but the problems of government and their solutions are not indicated by the thesis. It would be as easy to classify the phenomena under the heading of "the struggle for liberty" as the struggle for suprema-

The chief merit of Mr. Taylor's essay is not his demonstration of the struggle for supremacy as the origin, or even the purpose, of government; it is his demonstration of the necessity of government for the maintenance of moral relations between individuals; and his searching criticism of the difficulties of democratic government. He inclines, it would seem, to the "functional principle" of Seeler de Mucatu, and concludes that "unless the British democracy can develop sufficient self-control to choose the leaders who are to guide the Imperial destinies solely on the ground of their presumptive fitness for Imperial tasks," we shall come to ruin. As Tolstoy said of Socialism: "Socialism is government by the wise and pure; none but the wise and pure can choose the wise and pure; but if everyone were wise and pure, there would be no need for Socialism." Apparently the struggle for supremacy throws no light on the democratic selection for supremacy, and Mr. Taylor's induction of a concept derived from natural science is by no means so convincing as his political wisdom.

A. E. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

COSTS AND PRICES.

Sir.—Major Douglas implies, if he does not directly say so, that the modern system of cost accounting is in some unexplained way responsible for, or at least closely related to, the alleged disregard between the selling price of articles and the purchasing power that is distributed in the form of wages, salaries, and dividends. Now cost accounting is not essential to the conduct of a factory; it is primarily a system designed to enable the management of a factory so to price the articles manufactured as to ensure that there will be a profit (excess of receipts over expenditure—dividends) when it comes to the next periodic compilation of the general accounts. The factory cost of an article is divided, for convenience, into two classes: one, direct charges—i.e., direct labour and materials; two, indirect charges, which include such items as supervision, management, and rent. The division of the cost in respect of a particular article can be accurately determined, but the indirect charges, which have to be apportioned among all the articles manufactured, can only be estimated; and the more accurate the estimate the nearer to the actual will be the forecasted profit, based on the cost accounting, to the actual profit as disclosed by the general accounts. Unless I am mistaken, I can see no reason why, according to the foregoing, the purchasing power distributed in respect of the manufacture of articles in the form of wages, salaries, and dividends should not equal the sum of the prices received for the articles manufactured.

Will Major Douglas, therefore, kindly explain why the total output of the world's factory system must inevitably be priced at a figure greatly in excess of wages, salaries, and dividends distributed in respect of it? Or, if the proposition is already an axiom, as "National Guildsman" suggest, will he tell me where I may find the proof?

REUTERNS.

[Major Douglas replies: The simplest general statement of the case is that originally given that as the factory cost of the articles produced in a year exceeds greatly the direct disbursements to those employed in the factory, and that this is a general statement true of any factory, and that dividends are not included in factory cost, then it must be true that over any given period the total wages and salaries distributed to the two classes of factories are less than the cost of all the articles produced by the amount of that portion of the indirect or overhead charges which represent payments made to other firms, etc., such payments not representing the distribution of purchasing power to the consumer in that period, but merely reconcentration of a previous distribution.

Your correspondent may possibly be assisted by a partial illustration. Imagine a country where the cost of living at an agreed standard is £50 per head per annum, and consider the case of two men, A and B, the first of whom has a capital of £100. A hires B at a living wage of £50 for a year, paid weekly, to assist him, the employer, to produce certain articles from a waste material which he gets for nothing and which requires no plant. A himself works equal hours and with equal skill as compared to B, and during the year lives on the second £50 of his £100. He charges his own and B's time for the "direct cost," which is £100. For the purpose of our illustration A, at the end of the year, sells his—i.e., the firm's—production at cost, £100, making no profit. Now, before A and B have spent £50 and £50, respectively, living during the year, both have worked equal hours with equal skill, but in return for having guaranteed B £50 the whole production belongs to A—not half to A and half to B—and B's £50 is collected back from the public in price. Having obtained control
of the produce and price fixing, A goes a step farther. He says, "My cost of living is incurred by the exigencies of my business, and for an overhead charge to be spread over cost of production." Next year the production collects £150 from the public. A then decides to build a factory with the £150, does so, mortgages it for £150 at 5 per cent, lives on £50, pays B £50, charges the interest on the mortgage as an establishment (indirect) charge to production, and collects £155 from the public, postceut. A now controls the product, controls a factory, and lives, but has not made a penny of profit since he began business. The illustration can be elaborated indefinitely.

The only requirements of the process are that A shall sell his product for at least the cost, and thus be able to obtain credit. Consequently as we are assuming that the production is sold at the end of each year, there are in this extreme case no wages, salaries, or dividends remaining distributed to form an effective demand against A's production, and it must be exported or sold on credit. The answer to the specific question follows from this theorem.

As your correspondent is an engineer, he may grasp the fundamental facts more easily by considering the breakdown of energy from a potential (useful) to a static (useless) condition which is involved—e.g., in power used to drive a factory. This breakdown of energy is financially represented as increased value by being charged as indirect cost and so reappearing as increased price.

The argument is elaborated in my articles on "Economic Democracy," which you have recently published.

Your correspondent is, of course, correct in suggesting that cost accounting is merely an increasingly accurate process of allocating charges. It is the assumptions behind the process which are at fault.

THE CASE OF NIEzsche.

Sir,—In the London "Spectator" of August 2 a correspondent did me the honour of quoting my name together with that of Bosanquet, Dostoievski, Nietzsche, and Heine as one of the true prophets of coming events, alluding to a page in my introduction to Gobineau's "Renaissance" (Heinemann, 1913), where I predicted the imminent downfall of Germany.

While feeling obliged to this correspondent for his generous acknowledgment, I now beg to appeal to you in an affair which, I trust, is not entirely devoid of public and literary interest.

Having lived, and that previously to the war, for twenty years in London, I have ever since the cessation of hostilities felt a natural desire to return to my home, to have again access to my library, to converse again with my old and new friends. I have been informed that a return might be difficult for me, not so much on account of my German citizenship, but because of my connection with Nietzsche, who, as an eminent English author informs me to-day, is "still, rightly or wrongly, in official circles, held responsible for the outbreak of the war." Having applied, for some time now and in vain, for a passport—both to the Home Office and the British Consulate here—I am afraid that there may be some truth in this extraordinary statement. I am and am thus obliged to appeal to you for a re-opening of the Nietzsche controversy in the interest of philosophical thought.

An exhaustive inquirv in which I would call "the Case of Nietzsche" is all the more necessary, as, behind the present upheaval of the world there is undoubtedly lying on a great and fruitful ocean of ideas which alone can explain and even excuse our present-day bewildernemt. An investigation into all those spiritual tendencies which led to the Great War, as thus required in the interest of future peace, and it should be conducted with all that fairness and impartiality which is necessarily denied to all inquiries into matters of State and politics. For politicians of all countries will always compare which led to the interest of future peace. and it should be conducted.

It is with regard to truth, then, that the case of Nietzsche should be re-opened. I myself have often said to friends that the accusation against this philosopher seemed all the more preposterous, as he—and he alone amongst nineteenth century philosophers—combated all, but actually all, those pre-war ideas which have led up to the great catastrophe. Nietzsche stood against pan-Germanism as well as against Socialism (which in Germany proved so nearly related to each other), and he never ceased to ridicule that shallow Pacifism which by its weak attitude outside Germany directly encouraged that country in her attack upon her neighbours. Had Lord Haldane, who once called Nietzsche a "brutal man," been able to read more of him, he would have never believed "in a great peace party in Germany whose power would develop and which might turn the scale in favour of peace." He, too, highly gifted man as he is, might have foreseen what was going to happen, and might thus have preserved his country and the world from a great disaster.

As to myself, I feel somewhat sore about this refusal of a passport to England, all the more so as exceptions are made, and have been made, in favour of people whose visit "will be of benefit to British trade." Though my publisher, Mr. T. N. Foulis, of 1/1 Great Russell Street, London, W.C., informs me that this would apply to my own case—for Nietzsche is read all the world over and new editions are urgently required— I feel somewhat reluctant to re-enter your house; for this all too familiar door. I know we live in a commercial age, but England is not a country of shopkeepers, and there may be some of your countrymen—not necessarily of the Nietzschean bent of the customary creed—who, while admitting to their shores the Jewish trader, will not exclude from them the Jewish prophet.

OSCAR LEVY.

Editor of the authorised English translation of Nietzsche's works.

Hotel Richmond, Geneva, November 1, 1919.

"THE FOOL NEXT DOOR."

Sir,—Since you thought my book "The Fool Next Door" worth of half a column of detraction in your paper of November 6, perhaps you will allow me some few lines to review your reviewer? I am glad he sees that my story is almost as applicable to Bow Road to-day as to Juden of the first century. It is the same spirit (then individually illustrated with splendid) is still alive, and is still sneered at and denied by disciples.

Why should not a Jew of that ancient date talk colloquially and smellily, or say: "I did a select business; not many came to me except the most modern and progressive gentlemen of the city. . . .?" Is the New Age so new that there were no poseurs, and affected intellects, and good-natured chaps gone a bit stiff in the first century?

I am sorry about the "clichés" which your pained reviewer finds in my Chesterton lecture and elsewhere. But really we are all guilty of these at times, and if the platitude is sincerely felt and thought, as mine are, it is of value; whereas the "novelties" have a way of becoming much staler. When a thought is really rather new it has the look of being quite familiar at first. On further contemplation, its vitality may appear.

It is comical, and gratifying to a Scot, that I should be called a "Cockney." I am afraid London local colour is not my strong point, and from the fact that it deceived your reviewer I suppose he may attempt to say: If so, here's a hand of friendly greeting to him; and if he will come on my car I shall punch him. If not, I shall accept his offer, and if he comes in the car I shall punch him a beautiful blue ticket for Parnassus; and if he will keep his eyes open he will be astonished to find how soon we come out into suburbs that are not vulgar and streets that are not mean.

N. D. DOUGLAS.

REGIONAL.

Sir,—To avoid possible confusion, may I say that "Regional XV" was written from Montreal as long ago as last July. It is not therefore a meditation on more recent events.

EZRA POUND.
**Pastiche.**

**REGIONAL.**

XVII.

My last antithesis sprang from no antisemitism. I point out simply the practicality of avoiding needless corcoms, strikes, and combustions. Inasmuch as the Jew has conducted no holy war for nearly two millennia, he is preferable to the Christian and the Mahomedan. I object to Christians not solely because a fat-bellied priest had a hand over my head for years, but because his successor continues to have that chime rung to the general annoyance of neighbours, and because Rabelais suffered a similar nuisance, and because it is typical of the Christian spirit which advises you to interfere with the peripheries and private affairs of your neighbour—vide the Albigensian crusade and other historic instances more recent, but equally Christian.

At the age of ten or eleven—we—that is, the son of the Presbyterian minister and myself—invented, not a god, but a djinn, possessed of nearly all the divine attributes—i.e., infinite expansibility, infinite compressibility, infinite malignity, and a capacity for incitement, now in one, now in the other of us. We used this djinn solely for the annoyance and mystification of a third and younger small boy who bored us and who persisted in lending us his company. I take it that until mankind arrives at a certain maturity, a certain sense of intellectual honesty and responsibility, a certain freedom from personal malice and a desire to impose on, or to be avenged on, surrounding persons, mankind will continue to found or to continue religions. I don't claim that our friend Lely was ever a whole-souled convert, but he spent at least a year in the state of a man who sends for the priest on his death-bed. He couldn't ' make out what it was,' but he, on the other hand, ' couldn't be sure that it wasn't.' The enjoyment of this sort of hoax lasts into mature states of society; apart from the maniac and the fanatic, one has the news-getter and the fake-litterateur, who preserve these savage or puerile tendencies.

It is all very well for our Oriental enthusiasts to point out that truth is only valued by people in a hurry. Intelligent man cannot be bothered to disentangle forty-eight lies every time he buys a quart of milk or chair-cover. The best measure of a man's civilisation or of a nation's civilisation is its respect for accurate statement. In proportion as a man cares for accurate statement he will be unwilling to profess a bundle of preconceptions which he has not examined and which are handed about by a general label: Jew, Christian, Mahomedan, with sectarian subdivisions. The man who professes a religion which he has not examined merely proclaims his mental irresponsibility (catholic and comforatable, with brimstone in the oifng). 

*This is not a "flaying of dead horses"; if there is "nothing new" to be found in the encyclopedists, there is a great deal of common sense which has not yet permeated even the more active sections of the public. The metaphysical bugaboo still lurks in the English printer and in the U.S. American post-office. Judge Lamar has again forgotten the American circulation of a certain periodical, presumably because of a reference to Jehovah's hobbyhorses and collections of appendices. From which excessive circumspection I turn to Condorcet's optimism concerning the printing press. He writes of the "Progrès de l'Esprit Humain au XVie Siecle": "Cette instruction que chaque homme peut recevoir, mais par les livres dans le silence et la solitude, ne peut être universellement corrompue; il suffit qu'il existe un coin de terre libre où la presse puisse en charger ses feuilles." A free corner of earth where the printing press may cover its sheets with intelligence! Condorcet is lyric, perhaps justly; from the closing of the Roman Scriptoria (slave labour multiplying manuscripts) to the invention of the printing press man's knowledge has undoubtedly been difficult to circulate. And one still looks with some envy to a period when even the Pope was educated and intelligent; when several Popes, in fact, were among the cultivated men of their time, rejecting no contemporary emancipations; Leo X being indeed so "modern" that he could take Luther seriously, and dismissed the whole question as "monkish squabbles." His "practical sense" or avарice nullified the effects of his enlightenment.

The blow to the gay hope of the eighteenth century writer lies now in the perception that for five centuries a series of intelligent men have written intelligently, have collected the fragments of earlier civilisation for reinforcement, and that the few people who still live, write, read, cogitate, do so, as it were, in a small globe lit by Bunsens, and surrounded by incredible stupidity whereof the most of them are as little ashamed as was, let us say, Leo X, of the significance of a German row about some utterly uninteresting metaphysics.

We are always being told, as Gaudier by the old French captain in 1914, "La Patrie n'est pas en danger." Even De Gourmont leaned toward the symbolistic error of detachment; the man of letters need not, perhaps, go "down into the forum"—i.e., the House of Commons—or take up a detailed answer to all the editorials in the Press, but he must have some concern for public affairs, recognising the impossibility of his works having any immediate effect, but trying to conserve at least a free corner, a "lighted spot," a "sound core," somewhere in the ghennae.

There is a fashion in some present French literature to make fun of popular representations; this is a natural reaction from the guff of writers who attempt to take direct action in politics and to the political leader-writers: salvation with neither party.

RE-ORIENTATION.

Until you trailed your gown across my dreams, I had my friends at peace about my fire: I caught and held the prizes of desire in steady hands. There seems

An awkwardness about the hours today,
And like an innocent from untamed lands
I walk the city's parlous way.

And gleams
Half-rancorous, half-pleading, haunt my blood

While all above me spiring fantasies,
Blue moths and gilded flies

Plicker, bicker,

Vault and sink dead.

The sempiternal wanderer has transgressed
His wonted circle-way; unduly dressed-
In vert and vermeil livery dight instead;
He's less of ghoul and more of vagabond.

Thus fed on your dear lore, lady of the trailing gown.

H. R. BARROW.

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