The two chief resolutions which the special Congress will be called upon to pass are worthy of notice only for their exceptional futility. The first proposes to defer decision on the subject of Coal to another special Congress or Conference to be held shortly after Parliament re-assembles next February. In the meanwhile, we are to suppose, the Miners’ Federation will have set the country ablaze with the demand for Nationalisation. The second resolution affirms that “excessive profits” are the “primary cause of industrial unrest,” and asks for “Government control of raw materials, and the nationalisation of land, mines, railways,” etc. We are naturally not sorry, in a way, that this special Labour Conference, meeting at a moment when, after a year of peace, prices are within two points of the war maximum, must be to devote a whole resolution to the subject of the cost of living; but the value of the resolution must be looked for, if anywhere, in the accuracy of its analysis and in the adequacy of its constructive proposals to the given situation. From this point of view, it must be obvious to anybody that the resolution as scheduled will have set the country ablaze with the demand for Nationalisation. The second resolution affirms that “excessive profits” are the “primary cause of industrial unrest.” Now, if anything has been made clear in the tangled discussion and observation of the last twelve months, it is that profiteering on either a large or a small scale is only a minor cause of the present high level of prices. Prices, as we have again and again observed, are composed of two factors—goods and money; and it is to the money factor that we must look for the main cause of the present tidal wave of prices. We are not saying, of course, that profiteering is not one of the factors in the high price of this or that article. Undoubtedly it is. What we are affirming is that the ratio of goods to money (including profits) is less dependent upon profiteering than upon finance. Finance and the financial system are at the bottom of everything: the profiteers are only butterflies on the wheel. And the final proof of the truth of this statement will be found when “profits” are subtracted from industry, and the result in reduction of selling-price is examined. It will be found, we believe, that the diminution of price result-
ing from the complete abolition of "profits" would still leave the general level of prices beyond the reach of the general level of wages.

It is inevitable, we suppose, that Labour should, while all the time professing concern for the nation, continue to resolve itself in terms of its own class; but the excuse, in the case of the resolution under discussion, is in transparent. Assuming for continue to resolve itself in terms of its own class; movement, in demanding Nationalisation, has been their case these classes and sections of the nation alone; industrial unrest, as we have said, is not the that not a single Labour leader any longer has the Labour. All we need say is that Labour can never expert of their enemies demand nationalisation, though we honestly believe it directly represents. It would scarcely be decent as surely as the sun will rise sure that the Labour leaders who first enter into that breach; and, in the meantime, they will continue piling Pelion upon Ossa and endeavouring to convince themselves that Nationalisation must be necessary since they continue to demand it. Nothing; in fact, can be more forcible-feebler than the resolution of the special Conference calling for the nationalisation of the land as well as of the mines and the railways. The impulse appears to have acted in this way: if we cannot nationalise the railways, let us demand the nationalisation of the mines; and if both are refused, let us add the nationalisation of the land. Had Labour demanded the nationalisation of everything, Labour has done all that can be expected of it. Ways and means may be deferred to another special Conference.

Mr. Ormond, leader in a recent issue of the "American Inter-Collegiate Socialist" (now the American "Socialist Review") has summarised very neatly the difference between the new and the old points of view as regards Nationalisation. "The real problem of organised Labour, he says, is rather the increasing control of industry by Labour in the increasing control of industry by the Government." We wish that our Labour movement, in demanding the nationalisation of the land as well as of the mines and the railways, the impulse appears to have acted in this way: if we cannot nationalise the railways, let us demand the nationalisation of the mines; and if both are refused, let us add the nationalisation of the land. Had Labour demanded the nationalisation of everything, Labour has done all that can be expected of it. Ways and means may be deferred to another special Conference.

The discussion of Nationalisation must be wearisome, but what are we to do? With the persistency of a block of moving matter "Labour" continues to demand Nationalisation, though we honestly believe that not a single Labour leader any longer has the smallest confidence either in its practicability (which is a comparatively slight objection) or in its efficacy at regret our minds sought to be obtained. A certain amount of enthusiasm can be got up at a public meeting called for the express purpose of supporting Nationalisation. Local branches of trade unions and, of course, the marionette special Trade Union Congresses and Conferences can be engineered to appear to be in earnest about Nationalisation. But the leaders, and file everywhere and, at least, a good many of the leaders in private are as cold as stone on the subject, even when they are not explicitly hostile or sceptical. The difficulty, once again, is to adapt the policy to the change of opinion that has undoubtedly taken place. Who is going to be the first to take the plunge and to announce, publicly, that the Labour movement, in demanding Nationalisation, has been on the wrong tack? More of the moral courage they expect of their enemies will be necessary to the Labour leaders who first enter into that breach; and, in the meantime, they will continue piling Pelion upon Ossa and endeavouring to convince themselves that Nationalisation must be necessary since they continue to demand it. Nothing; in fact, can be more forcible-feebler than the resolution of the special Conference calling for the nationalisation of the land as well as of the mines and the railways. The impulse appears to have acted in this way: if we cannot nationalise the railways, let us demand the nationalisation of the mines; and if both are refused, let us add the nationalisation of the land. Had Labour demanded the nationalisation of everything, Labour has done all that can be expected of it. Ways and means may be deferred to another special Conference.

With an unconsidered policy such as the special Conference is about to re-affirm, the threat of Mr. Frank Hodges to "express the ideals of Labour in a more drastic manner," unless by February, let us say, "the political avenue to Nationalisation has been opened" is a threat to be deprecated. The attitude, in short, is as unreasonable as the policy. Threats, we may point out, are lost upon a world that has survived the greatest war in history only to find that things are worse than they were before; and in the present state of affairs, one calamity more or less cannot be expected to make
our blood run cold. Moreover, Mr. Hodges has the misfortune to be a day or two behind the fair and to be threatening what, in the first place, we doubt whether he can ever perform; in the second place, what nobody will believe in until it appears; and, in the third place, what Russia has proven to satisfaction would provide no remedy for any of Mr. Hodges' grievances. It is to be hoped that the British Labour leaders who toy with the notion of a forcible Revolution à la Russia have read the interview which M. Litvinoff has given to the "Daily Herald" representative. They will find M. Litvinoff confessing therein precisely what any common-sense Socialist as the man he is, supposes the Russian revolutionaries would one day have to admit, namely, that in the absence of a really constructive proposal for the "morning after" the Revolution, the leaders of the Revolution would themselves have to turn reactionary and resume the "capitalist" evolution much where it was violently broken off. "Full Communism," says M. Litvinoff, "is only possible if other countries accept the same basis. . . They must follow Russia or Russia will have to revert to Capitalism." It is a pity, from our opinion, perfectly fair if it were made applicable to other countries accept the same basis . . . They must follow Russia or Russia will have to revert to Capitalism. Unfortunately, however, revolutionaries of the calibre of M. Litvinoff never think of this before inaugurating their Revolution. Quite a number of people would now be alive who are now dead. Many more who are now unhappy would have been spared their unhappiness. Unfortunately, however, revolutionaries of the calibre of M. Litvinoff think over the event, but only after it; and now, it appears, some of our own Labour leaders are going to Russia for lessons. Let us say again that the fat boys cannot cure our blood; but they can make damned fools of themselves. And the acme of their foolishness is reached when they propose to "express their ideals in a more drastic manner"—the said ideals being, by demonstration, as contrary to Labour's own interests as to the interest of the people in general.

We defended Lord Gainford and the coal-owners last week against the proposed attempt to single out the coal industry for special treatment by the limitation of its profits. It is, of course, improbable that the attempt will be successful; and it is even more improbable that, if successful in a parliamentary sense, the plan will work out in practice. A parliament composed mainly of capitalists is not likely to penalise any form of capital; and even if it should do so in form, the reality will be very different. Let, however, our attitude should be misunderstood, we may say at once that what would be unfair if confined to the coal-owners, would be, in our opinion, perfectly fair if it were made applicable to every industry. What, in fact, is wrong with the proposal to limit the dividends of capital is not the proposal in general, but its application to a single industry. From this point of view, Lord Gainford has himself supplied us with an excellent argument. "If," he said in the House of Lords on Tuesday, "if the coal-owners are to sell below cost, with equal justice we could call on the tanner and bootmaker to make a reduction in the price of boots for the benefit of the public, and the farmer and the butcher in regard to meat, and the miller and the baker in relation to the price of bread." Undoubtedly; and why not? That, indeed, is exactly what we should propose to do "for the benefit of the public." The proposition is not nearly so nonsensical as, no doubt, Lord Gainford intended it to appear. On the contrary, it is the most comprehensive, scientific, and practical economic proposal known to us. It simply affirms that all production, being ultimately "for the benefit of the public," is useless unless, in fact, the public is actually benefited by it. And can the public be benefited by a production which it is unable to purchase? We take Lord Gainford's point in the letter. It is unfair that the coal industry should provide cheap coal for the domestic consumer, while other industries are providing dear goods; but it is not unfair to require every industry, as a condition of national recognition of national service, to deliver its goods to the people for whom and by whom every industry exists. Production is the privilege of the producer. If we would leave capitalists their capital (making provision for Labour to acquire Capital too); but the distribution of the consumable product is a communal responsibility. Capital might keep the tree, but society is entitled to the fruit.

We confess that the "Daily News" startled us last Monday by announcing the forthcoming publication of a "scheme" for the building of homes for heroes. The scheme, we were told, "provided for a definite and limited payment to capitalists and for the practical and evolutionary application of the principle of self-government of the building industry." "It would simply involve revision in regard to finance. . . . and would establish "a new relationship between organised master-builders and operatives. It appeared, however, from subsequent issues that Major Douglas (who is now, by the way, in America) had no reason to be recalled to discuss with us the steps to be taken in regard to the publication of our own scheme. The "Daily News" proposal was all in the shop-window and there was nothing left in the "forthcoming" article except the promise made in the preliminary announcement. The Housing proposals of the Government are thus still in possession of the field; and their materialisation in bricks and mortar is likely to be as infrequent as materialisations at spiritualistic seances. Nor is the addition of the provision to provide the money by means of Local Bonds likely to prove effective. If houses cannot be built at a "economic rent," for the simple reason that the classes for whom they are intended cannot pay an "economic rent," the difficulty of providing the initial capital is not remedied by throwing the onus upon municipal leaders even when "secured" by the municipal rates and taxes. Anybody with money, of course, is prepared to lend it to a municipality at a sufficient rate of interest and to accept the security of the rates and taxes as a guarantee of repayment; but is the municipality—in other words, the taxpayer—prepared to "subsidise" houses in this way after the State has declined to undertake the responsibility? The Municipal Treasury is no less on guard than the State Treasury when it comes to providing houses "below cost. . . ."

At Manchester, on Saturday, Mr. Lloyd George, with his usual ingenuity, contrived to make out a case for his Government unanswerable from the standpoint of any of his political critics. Had they any possible alternative Government to suggest? Could they claim that they would have passed more or more "Liberal" legislation than Mr. Lloyd George's Government? Was he not, in fact, with the help of the Unionist wing, actually passing "Liberal" legislation which would otherwise be impossible? We have always maintained that, in the present condition of politics, Mr. Lloyd George would be able to stay in office as long as he chooses; and the fact appears patent that until a party arises that can pay an "economic rent," the difficulty of providing the initial capital is not remedied by throwing the onus upon municipal leaders even when "secured" by the municipal rates and taxes. Anybody with money, of course, is prepared to lend it to a municipality at a sufficient rate of interest and to accept the security of the rates and taxes as a guarantee of repayment; but is the municipality—in other words, the taxpayer—prepared to "subsidise" houses in this way after the State has declined to undertake the responsibility? The Municipal Treasury is no less on guard than the State Treasury when it comes to providing houses "below cost. . . ."
Towards National Guilds.

[In the present series of Notes we have in mind the scheme already several times referred to for bridging over, without social catastrophe, the interregnum between Capitalism and Economic Democracy.]

Our considerations were cut short last week by the superior consideration of space. We now resume where we left off; but only after a brief résumé of the subject we are discussing. In our earlier notes we arrived at the definition of Credit as belief based on an estimate of potential production, and testified to by the provision of spending-power; we can “borrow” what we are so to say, willy-nilly, what we believed to be able to repay. Later we inquired into the distribution of Credit, which we found to follow the lines of the distribution of Capital or producing-plant. Those people have most credit (or potential spending-power) who have control of most of the means of production; in other words, the capitalist class; and those people have least credit or none at all who have little or no control over Capital: in other words, the wage-earning classes. Finally, last week we were considering the origin of credit; and we found it to lie in the tout ensemble of society. Though the individual may create and improve capital to some extent, his contribution is almost negligible in comparison with the contribution of society; from which our first consideration arose, namely, the right of society to the ownership and control of the national credit.

Our second consideration refers to the “credit” existing in Labour, considered as a factor in production. We have seen that, as matters now stand, and assuming that credit is correctly defined (as it is) as the estimate of potential production, it is the Capitalist, the owner of the plant of industry, who appropriates the credit or the spending-power dependent on the estimate of his ability to produce. He has the tools, the plant, the equipment, the organisation, the knowledge of the markets, etc.; and he has also the control of Labour. He does not, it is true, own Labour in the same sense in which he owns the rest of his plant, or in the same sense in which a slave-owner owns slaves. Oh dear, no; for we live in a free country. Forgiving the dignity of owning labour, he is perfectly content to control Labour, which he does by the simple means of making it impossible for Labour to live except by working for him, almost exactly as if, in fact, Labour were his slave. By presenting Labour with the choice between starvation and wage-work, the Capitalist is naturally assured of the “co-operation” of Labour; and he is thus in a position to “answer for” the productivity of Labour equally with the productivity of the rest of his industrial plant. The co-operation of Labour, in other words, is assumed by Capitalism as a matter of course arising from the circumstances in which Labour is placed. And, in practice, Capitalism is entitled to make this assumption equally with the assumption that its machines, etc., will actually work. Later we inquired into the distribution of Credit, which we found to follow the lines of the distribution of Capital or producing-plant. Those people have most credit (or potential spending-power) who have control of most of the means of production; in other words, the capitalist class; and those people have least credit or none at all who have little or no control over Capital: in other words, the wage-earning classes. Finally, last week we were considering the origin of credit; and we found it to lie in the tout ensemble of society. Though the individual may create and improve capital to some extent, his contribution is almost negligible in comparison with the contribution of society; from which our first consideration arose, namely, the right of society to the ownership and control of the national credit.

It will be seen in what queer straits a Capitalist would find himself if Labour could not be counted upon in this confident fashion. Let us suppose, for instance, that a man owned a magnificent plant, but that he could get no Labour to run it for him. The estimate of his ability to produce would in that case be very small indeed; and the consequence, judged by the standard raised upon it would be no more than its price in the scrap-market. Equally, it is true, the real credit (or ability to produce) of Labour would be very small without the implied co-operation of “plant”; but that does not alter the fact that plant without the presumed co-operation of Labour would be ridiculously small. The point deserves to be stressed because it will ultimately lead us to an important practical conclusion. Let us, therefore, once more repeat it. The estimate of the capitalist’s ability to produce—in other words, the basis of his credit—includes and implies at the present moment the co-operation of Labour with the plant that “belongs” to the capitalist. Labour does not “belong” to him as his plant does. Yet he is “credited with” the productivity of his plant, exactly as if Labour were as much his property as his own plant. It will be seen, we hope, that Capital thus appropriates a double credit: it appropriates the credit of society, inherent in the very existence of an elaborate plant; and it appropriates the credit of Labour, inherent in the fact that Labour, like plant, is a factor in production. No wonder the capitalist classes grow “rich”—in other words, have oceans of spending-power. No wonder also that the community remains poor—in other words, has to “borrow” money of the capitalist classes—and that Labour is in the same plight. The potential productivity of society and the potential productivity of Labour are both of them coolly appropriated by the capitalist class, which includes them in its “property” and raises credit on the total amount.

We saw last week how society might recover the use of the credit attaching to the social contribution to the improvement of Capital; how, in short, society might come by its own. Our present object is to consider how Labour may obtain credit for its share in the potential productivity of society, which is a different matter. Let us suppose that in a given industry (let us say the Mining industry) the Labour employed is under the control of the labourers themselves. No great stretch of fancy, since the Miners’ Federation claim to have a monopoly of the manual labour employed in and about the mines. Now such a monopoly of Labour is as much a “property” as the plant, including the pits, of the mine-owners. No less than the mines and mining-plant, it is indispensable to the production of coal. Furthermore, being a monopoly and a necessary factor in production, and being, by implication, under the control or virtual ownership of the Miners’ Federation, the labour-power of the miners is potentially upon equal terms with the plant of the mine-owners. At present, as we say, the mine-owners assume the co-operation of Labour and raise credit on the combined productivity of their plant plus the labour employed upon it. But, quite obviously, it is only for the Miners to claim their own, to withdraw from the mine-owners the credit attaching to the ability of Labour to produce. The credit (or spending-power) of the mine-owners now depends upon two factors: the control of plant and the control of Labour. In other words, their own credit derived from plant is supplemented and increased by the credit derived from Labour that does not belong to them. If, therefore, Labour is in a position to enforce its claim to its own possession—as the Miners’ Federation undoubtedly is—it is equally in a position to withdraw the credit attaching to Labour’s ability to produce from the present usurpers of that credit, namely, the mine-owners. The material is really perfectly simple; no reader ought to be any longer puzzled by it. Credit or spending-power (let us say Money, and done with it) being based on an estimate of the ability to produce; the ability to produce coal being partly dependent on plant and partly upon Labour; the existing system being such that Capital as the owner of the plant only, nevertheless appropriates the credit attaching to the other equally necessary factor of Labour—all we say is that Labour, by exercising its monopoly to claim its own, can claim the credit inherent in itself—in short, a share, and a big share, in the “credit” of the mining industry.

Without going into the details of the actual scheme that has been drafted (and that will, at the present moment, be published first in these columns), we can envisage the general procedure to be followed somewhat as follows. By virtue of their possession of the
plant of the mining industry, the present owners are
in a position to "issue credit." In other words, their
IOU's or cheques or other media of spending-power
are "honoured" because they are "backed" by the
ability to deliver the goods, which is implicit in their
possession of plant. Well and good; we do not pro-
pose to challenge this property or the rights contained
in it. What, however, we now ask is why the Miners'
Federation does not follow suit, and "issue credit" on
its property, namely, its labour-ability to produce.
Plant and Labour are equally necessary to production.
If the possessor of plant is competent to issue credit
on the estimated productivity of his plant, the possessor
of labour (in this Russian life brought about by the
Revolution) is equally competent to "issue credit" on the productivity
of his labour. And if, by virtue of credit, the capitalist
can acquire more capital, equally, by virtue of credit,
Labour can acquire capital—and more capital. There
is not the least reason, in short, why Labour should
not acquire capital to the amount of Labour's ability
to produce, and by the same means by which Capital-
ists have acquired capital, namely, by issuing credit
on its ability.

Letters from Russia—IV.

By P. Ousogsky

EKATERINODAR.

My friend proved to be a true prophet. Very soon
"sharing in the plunder for the whole time it had
been going on" became the leading principle of Bol-
shevism. Meanwhile,—i.e., autumn, 1917,—the actual
traits of Bolshevism began to reveal themselves. They
form the very essence of the movement, and their ap-
pearance enabled me to write: "The Bolsheviks are
the very essence of Bolshevism; they began to lose the illusions which led
them to confuse Bolshevism with a socialistic and
revolutionary movement. These illusions, which we
have lost, seem now to prevail among yourselves. Per-
sons inclined to abstract modes of thinking persist
in seeing in Bolshevism not what it actually is, but
what it ought to be according to their theoretical
deductions. These people will have a very sad
awakening, and this awakening is not "beyond the
mountains," as the Russian proverb says.

The causes of the success of Bolshevism in Russia,
which came as a surprise to the Bolsheviks them-
selves, can be found in the complete destruction of
the economical bases of Russian life brought about by
the war, in the incredibly mixed political views pre-
vailing among the Russian intelligentsia, varying be-
tween patriotic Chauvinism and anarchical pacifism,
and chiefly in the instability of Russian political
thought and the purely theoretical and demagogic char-
acter of the chief Russian political parties and
tendencies. There was no party created by reality
and resulting from actual existing conditions. All
that was opposed to Bolshevism consisted of theories
alone, theories and phrases very often the same as
those employed by the Bolsheviks themselves.

The Bolsheviks knew what they were aiming at;
no body else knew. This is the reason for their suc-
cess. Of course, their success is only temporary, as,
speaking generally, nobody can be a Bolshevik for
ever. It is a sickness from which either people recover
or, if its germs have entered too deeply in the
organism, they die.

Latey the comparison of Bolshevism with disease
has become common. This is not sufficiently true.
Bolshevism is not a disease only; it is death, and a
very quick death, or it is not real Bolshevism.

Bolshevism in general is a catastrophe, a ship-

This is what you do not realise, and you will be
able to realise it only when you learn our history of
the last three years.

All the political tendencies which existed before the
Revolution may be divided into four groups. The
first group was the monarchical,—i.e., the group that
supported the Government. It consisted of people
who sympathised with the Government partly on
grounds of principle, partly on those of personal inter-
est. Theoretically, they desired a return to aut-
cracy, but actually their wish was only to recover and
retain their privileged position. These people did not
form a strict political party. The latter was formed
by various organisations of nobles and political groups
like the " Union of the Russian Nobility" or the
" Union of Archangel Michael." Their programmes
and tactics were very limited, and consisted chiefly
in petitioning for and obtaining from the Government
special grants and in the organisation of Jewish
pogroms.

The second group was formed by the " Octobrists."
This party emerged from the Revolution of 1905, and
its official aim was the realisation of the principles
included in the Manifesto of the Emperor of Octo-
ber 17, in which Russia was promised all sorts of
freedoms. The actual activity of this group was the
struggle against any kind of such realisation. This
party was formed by wealthy bourgeois and members
of the bureaucracy or of the intelligentsia who liked
liberal sentiments without wishing to break away from
the Government. A well-known anecdote relates
how the Emperor Nicholas II, wishing to be very
agreeable to somebody, said: "I am the first Octo-
brist in Russia." The comment made on it was "that
was because he had signed the Manifesto but had not
carried it out."

The third group embraced the so-called "Cadets,"
the word being a combination of the first letters of the
Constitutional-Democratic party. Its programme was
too theoretic; its origin was to be found in the polit-
ical clubs gathered round the Moscow University.
They wanted to remain "legal," and therefore did
not publicly declare their real republican and socialis-
tic tendencies. Its vital element was constituted by
the members of the former Zemsky Sojous, who
joined the party some time after its constitution. But
they were bound by the programme of their party,
whose principles had more platform significance than
anything else,—e.g., universal suffrage on the prin-
ciple of the direct, secret, and equal ballot.

If the Octobrists were insincere in one way, the
Cadets were in another way, and both were equally
different from what they profess to be. They were
hampered by the controversial character of several
points in their programme and a certain "party disci-
pline." Many of its members were highly respectable,
esteeed, and energetic men, who formed a group
somewhat outside the party proper. They were com-
pletely lost among the rank and file of the party, and
the mass of the most important members who had
actual vital political experience, who knew the country
and the people, never played any leading rôle in the
party. The lead was usually taken by theorists of the
professional and barrister class. All this deprived
the party of strength and actual value. Its left wing
was too closely connected with the socialistic parties
to be of real vitality and energy.

In the fourth group we can include all the socialistic
parties, working on ready-made plans and differing
very little from their colleagues abroad. Their pro-
grams were divided into different groups brought into prominence two
chief divergent groups: the " Social-Revolutionaries"
basing themselves chiefly on their "agrarian policy,
and the " Social-Democrats"—orthodox Marxists.
The latter party was itself subdivided into two groups
—those who advocated the "maximum" programme of
the Mensheviks, and those advocating the pro-
gramme "maximum" —the Bolsheviks. The most
vital tendencies in the socialistic parties were the former “Narodniki,” united to a certain extent with the Social-Revolutionaries, or the Narodnye-Socialists (Socialists of the People), who were of a less extreme tendency. Their success was hampered, however, by the socialistic ballast of their programmes.

The revolution provoking the fall of the old régime brought to a natural end the activity of the Monarchists and Octobrists as political parties. There were left the “Cadets,” who now openly embraced the republican faith, and the different kinds of Socialists. Neither the “Cadets” nor the Socialists were in a position to offer effective resistance against the activities of the Bolsheviks. The different groups of Socialists, however loud they protested against the means used by the Bolsheviks, did not cease to regard them as part of their own political group. They addressed them as “comrades” and found it possible to discuss terms of agreement with them. The attempts to arrive at real agreements were, of course, doomed to failure, for every agreement requires a certain amount of honesty or seriousness from both sides. But Bolsheviks never considered these agreements with seriousness. The chief aim of their game was to gain time and their chief object to obtain power. The rest of the Socialists did not venture to protest strongly enough or actively oppose people who repeated their own phrases about the labour system, about the struggle with capitalism, and the victory of the proletariat. The “comrade-Bolsheviks” only laughed at the sentimentality of the “comrade-Socialists,” and using them as blind tools for their purposes worked for their aims and achieved what they wanted.

This was the extraordinary period of a “comrade-Premier” and Commander-in-Chief, the barrister Kerensky. The “Cadets” tried to save the last remnants of common sense, but found it impossible to work in common with the Socialists. The Socialists, on the other hand, were ready for an agreement with the Bolsheviks. The road to the victory of Bolshevism lay open.

*Revolt of Intelligence.—II.*

By *Ezra Pound.*

The inconvenience, if any, caused to the Allied administrations by Senator Lodge’s “torpedoing” of the Treaty is a perfectly just recompense. Each of the Allied administrations has seized a foreign figure-head; in France, Mr. Lloyd George is the Titan; here, Mr. Clemenceau is the Titan tiger, purged of all ferocity and fertility, and endowed only with moral greatness; President Wilson was an easy and convenient utensil. It was not for the Allies to examine Mr. Wilson’s credentials.

Mr. Wilson, at the time of his first election to the Presidency, represented only the minority of a minority party. (I will put down some details later.) Few men having been once elected U.S. President have shown themselves so incompetent or so nonchalant as not to be re-elected. No Frenchman or Englishman could be expected to take note of these facts. They are “mere details of American politics.”

The American constitution, regarded by some English writers as a “sport,” or freak political growth, is an extremely interesting document; ancient Anglo-Saxon institutions were at its making tempered with eighteenth century French culture and caution.

The President is given certain executive powers, checked and balanced by the legislature and the judiciary. Mr. Wilson himself once wrote a book to show that with the lapse of over a century, and with the drift of things, succeeding Presidents would tend to engross their functions. Let us say, at once, that America likes enthusiasm for its own sake, and loathes all forms of discrimination, literary or political (corollaries to follow). It was not to be expected that the American electorate would read a professor’s books on American institutions before deciding to elect him. The elector in that fateful year was too busy fleeing from the adipose tissue of Taft and the stark terror of “Teddy.”

The American constitution was intended to preserve human liberties as conceived in the latter years of the eighteenth century; Senator Lodge has intended to conserve some vestiges of the constitution, and in the face of attack from a British capitalist paper, engineered by an ex-American editor with adumbrations of Dominion finance, one might do worse than point out that the verb “torpedo” is ill-applied. No political acts have ever been more open and above board than Lodge’s opposition to Wilson.

The American constitution does not, and no human document could, foresee all the tricks that future functionaries might try to play, or include specific prohibitions against them. Thus the American constitution does not specifically forbid the American President to climb palm-trees in his night-shirt, or to plant pumpkins in the salons of the White House. But, apart from irrelevancies, the spirit of the constitution is clear enough for any man of good will. The President is an executive officer; his freedom in choosing his cabinet is given in the expectation that he will try to assemble the best brains in the country, and gather the most able counsel; the better Presidents have attempted to do this.

If any document was ever intended to present a country’s becoming a one-man show, that document is the American Constitution. No President was ever intended to appoint himself his own representative in fear that his extreme views and his extreme bossiness should be modified by the intervention of even the most supple and obedient tool. Had anyone in the English or French Foreign Office taken the trouble to examine Mr. Wilson’s credentials, or even to listen to the speeches made in the American Senate, the Powers might have whispered to Messrs. Wilson and House: “What about a representative delegation?” etc. And in view of the fact that the Republican Party would have brought America into the war much sooner than did Mr. Wilson, it is a little late to regard Wilson as the saviour of Europe now being back-bitten by provincials.

The size of America being what it is, it is, perhaps, better that some of the constitutional rights of her citizens, vested in their representatives, should be preserved, even if an instrument so hugely potential of tyranny as the League of Nations (to be administered by irresponsible deputies of Wilsonians) has to be shelved.

Wilson is the instinctive tyrant. Put aside the worn cliché about the “professor”; there are in American universities two types clearly demarked, the professor, who is often quite human and interested in his subject, and the “administrative educator,” that is to say, a miniature Milner, bent upon crushing the students into a mould, and to show that the student is there for the college, not the college for the student. This type of
The educator does not remain in the quiet professorial chair; he rises to be dean or college president; and he wields Presidency, but Czolgosz' assassination of McKinley released him. These are details of "American politics." The British public could not be expected to know them, or the British administration to consider them.

Yet the writing was on the wall large enough; the warning was plain enough; and public heedlessness of every scrap of authority not forbidden him.

"Mr. F. J. Nettlefold's production of "Othello" has restored the precise meaning to the phrase, "playing to capacity." The Scala is a most copious theatre; and when I saw the performance, the proportion of audience to capacity was infinitesimal. Nature may absorb a vacuum, but Mr. Nettlefold's Art creates one; at the very least, he may count himself king of relative space. But he is obviously akin to Hamlet in this respect, that he has bad dreams; he dreams that he is an actor, interpreting masterpieces to the applauding masses—and he certainly has the qualifications of a "walking-on gentleman." That is to say, he has the normal complement of a man, but he does not know what to do with it. Like Juliet, he "speaks, yet he says nothing," nothing audible or intelligible. "What of that?" The theatre is practically empty; only Echo and the other ghosts answer; he "wears the habit and frotts his hour upon the stage, and then is heard no more," and the box-office clerk wakes up to tell him that he has sold one stall for to-morrow's performance—to a man who imagines that he is going to see a kinemacolour film."

It is the first time that I have seen Mr. Nettlefold, and it will be the last. I have seen some of the West End stage; and there are few, except the old Bensoniens and the new Ben Greet-ers, who can render Shakespeare intelligibly. But I confess that I was not prepared for the sheer incompetence of Mr. Nettlefold. Most bad actors have a box of stage tricks, which, however inappropriate, will put some theatrical sense into a part; but Iago had apparently made Othello "most egregiously an ass" before he came on the stage, and he played like a very unpromising candidate for the dramatic academy. The man simply has everything to learn in stage technique, deportment, gesture, elocution; it is well-nigh incredible that anyone so bereft of natural gifts or technical skill should expose himself even to the atmosphere. He shows his hands, and then wrings them—the only intelligent gesture in his performance; now if it had been his neck—but that would be justice, not drama.

He is certainly responsible for his own performance (I hope that there is a Day of Judgment for such actors); but he also seems to be responsible, with the assistance of Mr. Henry Bedford (who plays Brabantio) for the production. The scenery and dresses were satisfactory (they were supplied by people who know their business, and earn their living by it); but in all that makes an effective production, stage grouping, stage business, to say nothing of effective characterization, Mr. Nettlefold revealed himself. His soldiers and torch-bearers slunk on, and got out of the way, without any sense of the dramatic value of a crowd; the duel between Cassio and Montano was so badly arranged that Iago, I hear, was injured at one performance; even the scene in which Othello lost his best simulation of rage that Mr. Nettlefold could muster. Iago's renunciation of his office—instead of being a vigorous protest against and defiance of injustice, was addressed to Othello's back, while he had another little weep at the table. He scurried about from sofa to table, wringing his hands on the sofa and weeping at the table, until one grew dizzy with watching his gyrations; while all the time, Iago strolled about..."
seeing good actors, should add another instance to the legend that "Shakespeare does not pay," is a fact that makes me so wroth that I must conclude this article before I begin to say things. Othello's occupation is as surely gone as Cassio's reputation is lost at the Scala; and we can only await some other production in which Othello will know how to do what he has to do.

The very entrance to this scene was absurd, with Iago looking at a closed door, and saying: "Look, where he comes!" Whether Mr. Nettlefold or Mr. Bedford devised this weeping at the table, I do not know; but Brabantio did it in the council chamber. Cassio did it when he mourned his "reputation," and the table attracted Mr. Nettlefold like a magnet.

"Here's a table; let us weep at it," seemed to be the guiding idea of this production.

Mr. H. A. Saintsbury frankly played Iago as though it were his duty to provide some much-needed comic relief. It is certainly a novel reading of the character, and it does not convey the essential quality of Iago—his infernal cleverness in playing upon the psychology of other people, and making them dance to his tune. But what of that? Anything will do with an Othello who listens to Iago's suggestions with a sort of "You don't say so!" attitude and expression, and runs over to a table and weeps. But even Mr. Saintsbury, for some reason or other, had forgotten how to "make a scene!" be tolerably dramatic without either comedy or craft in the rendering of it, his handling of Rodrigo was pointless. We do not see the superior intelligence manipulating a lecherous impulse to folly; there is not, throughout the play, any of that play of character on character which "Othello" abounds. Iago’s contempt, with actors who just say their lines, and walk off, is little to be done; but Mr. Saintsbury's casual strolling about, varied by the stance and posture of a smirking soubrette, did absolutely nothing to make the scenes effective. If we turn to the women, we are no better satisfied.

Desdemona should be a most gracious figure; "she is full of most blessed condition," said Rodrigo, "she is, indeed, perfection," said Cassio. Shakespeare loved her so that he made that ridiculous blunder of stagecraft of reviving her after being smothered, because he could not bear to let her go without adding one more virtue to her character. Mrs. Nettlefold played Desdemona; "the riches of the ship is come on shore," with the bearing of a purse-proud lady. I feel sure that Mrs. Nettlefold has never tried, has never been obliged, to charm anybody; her perfunctory manner with Othello suggested an utter lack of practice in love-making, and she pleaded Cassio’s cause with no more emotion than she would exhibit in giving a good character to a domestic who washed the dishes. She certainly didn’t say Othello said; but her style of weeping ought to have made a ground of divorce. She snivelled and boot-honed; and was so pleased to find that she could make a noise, that she did it on every possible occasion and for as long as she could. Her processional exits with Emilia, boot-hooping solemnly until she was off the stage, had the air of a joke that has fallen flat. All the poetry of the bedroom scene, that sense of tragedy brooding over the pure loveliness of an ideal character, was lost; Mrs. Nettlefold went to bed, and that was all.

Emilia, as played by Miss Ethel Griffies, would have been tolerable under another management; the difficulty in such a production as this is for anyone to begin to act, and not until Desdemona was dead did Miss Griffies realise that Emilia had a part to play—but that was too near the end of the play.

At a time when theatres are so scarce that actors like Robert Loraine have to take off successful productions like "Cyrano," and others are unable to produce plays, it is a scandal that a fine theatre like the Scala should be kept empty by such atrocious acting. I say nothing of the vandalmism of such a production; after all, it is no worse for Mr. Nettlefold to play Othello than for Miss Doris Keene to play Juliet or Miss Mary Grey, Portia; and Shakespeare, luckily, will survive his interpreters. But that sheer incompetence and vanity, backed by money, should deprive the public of the opportunity of seeing good actors, should add another instance to the
affair later. "Oi just called the crayther a pot-bellied, skew-backed, splay-footed, baddy-legged, squint-eyed son of a cat-fish. Oi said that if Or'd ever used such stuff as himself for bait, all the little fishes in the Nothy would ha' been insulted an' would ha' emigrated to Americky. Oi just suggested, all kindly-ways, that he ought to"—But why go on? I can only give Fleming's mildest and poorest tellings. The cream of his discourse would set this page on fire... So he was sacked and was, in a way, on our hands.

After walking round for some days looking for a job, Fleming became filled with the desire to return to Hull and the rough North Sea. "Oi'll be at home there," he said. "Oi know the place. Oi can understand what's what, and the bhoys understand me."

The problem was how to get him there. Money there was none, and tramping was too bad for Fleming; out of the question, in fact; there was a foot of snow in the country districts at that time of year. At last the right idea struck Slanty Joe. Every night a wagon of goods left the docks for Hull. The load generally consisted of large cases or bales with a few oddments crammed in between. So one evening Fleming hoisted himself on the top of the load under the tarpaulin sheet. Slanty had taken the precaution of placing a large bale of woolens on his end, so Fleming had a sort of lair between the two.

Unfortunately, just before the train was made up, a few small boxes and barrels and hard little objects of various kinds were rushed through and shoved into the cavity where Fleming lay. There was no chance of keeping them back, so the wagon was sheeted up and then knocked down on to the waiting train.

Two days later Slanty Joe came rushing across from the Time-office to the men's cabin. "It's that damned Fleming," he exclaimed, as he langed and bolted the door from the inside. "He's mad!"

Naturally everyone suggested that Slanty was the madman. Hadn't Fleming been safely packed away? And then came confirmation of Slanty's tale. It came through the window in the form of a brick. This brick struck the kettle, knocked it over on the fire, and, in the resulting smoke and steam and fluster, Fleming's hands tore down the window sash, and, in another second, Fleming's body launched itself like a torpedo into the huddled mass of men.

"Where's that murderin' divil Shlanty? Be the little fishes an' the big waves drivin' em' off. Be the cape blast an' the devil's buoy hittin' em' one side, the end of an iron roller jabbin' him in the back, whilst a cog-wheel tried to climb up his face by hanging on to his nose. He was punched and poked and jabbed and struck in every conceivable manner by every object that shared his hair, until, despairing and frantic, he signified to the night and the stars that he had had enough. He signified in his usual manner, and the shunters and guards and enginemen listened in awe and so became aware that he had had enough, and that he intended to stand no more of it; but they were in the dark as to who, or what or where he was. So he enlightened them.

Pulling out his jack-knife, he slashed madly at his tarpaulin covering. No clean cutting for Fleming. He criss-crossed and curved and twisted mass of ribbons of the top of the sheet was a flowing mass of ribbons of insane patterns and all lengths and widths. Then he clambered forth on to one of the bales at the end of the load and informed both the animate and inanimate objects around him what he thought of them and the world.

There were a few houses near, and the inhabitants were partly awakened from sleep by Fleming's talk. They listened for a moment, shuddered, and resumed more pleasant and commonplace dreams. The enginemen were envious; only once they had recovered from the first shock. They tried to make mental notes of some of Fleming's most choice expressions, but they soon gave it up in despair. It was impossible to hang on to any of his phrases for above a minute, because one's attention was always distracted by some more weird and effective effort that he was sure to put forth.

Luckily for Fleming, one of the shunters knew him, and so the railway police were not bidden to his feast of words. A new sheet was found and rapidly changed for the one he had cut up, and, half an hour later, the Hull wagon, minus Fleming, was bowling along to its destination.

A week later the new foreman softened his heart, and Fleming, chastened in mind and still sore in body, returned to his work as a docker, and made strenuous efforts to cease "Talkin'."

Readers and Writers,

I SHALL have a sweet revenge on a correspondent who insists upon remaining anonymous: he shall write this page for me. The following are, in fact, extracts from "W.S.'s" recent letters, all of which have been received without a trace of their origin.

I was looking at Herbert Paul's introduction to a few of Hazlitt's essays. He remarks that "the faultlessness of Swift's style as apt to pull, and that Hazlitt is not monotonous." But surely a style that pulls in not faultless. Such loose thinking is now so common, however, that it is scarcely worth while to be annoyed at it. I have almost given up hope that the English language will ever possess again the glories that made seventeenth and eighteenth century prose a delight. But while The New Age exists it is too early to despair of the language. How well Hazlitt would have criticised modern poetry! I see that (referring to Thomas Campbell) he remarks that Campbell substituted the decomposition of prose for the composition of poetry.

In Lady Burghese's "George Villiers, Second Duke of Buckingham," I have had some very amusing reading these holidays. Once again you are compelled to moralise on the ill-use to which men put the rarest gifts of the gods. What could not a zealous politician do with the fool multitude did he possess the beauty and charm that Buckingham so abused? It is hard to believe that he had the friendship of Cowley, the man who could write that faultless and wonderful elegy on Crashaw. But personal beauty seems to blind even the noblest of men. No doubt Milton was think-
It is quoted of Robert Leighton that he was "like a fair idea than a man set in flesh and blood." How aptly ironical is the title, "The Secretary of Nature," to Dr. Heydon, a friend of Buckingham's, who dabbled in astrology!

Buckingham could write a good love-letter. I think it would be a fair generalisation that the more devoted and constant the lover the less articulate. Words, as Maurice Hewlett remarks in "Love and Lucy," are very clumsy things for lovers to handle. I would go further and call them dangerous—nay, fatal—for any but a poet. "We all, and woman especially, seem to learn to love," to quote a New Age reviewer. I think Maurice Hewlett knows more of the philosophy of the subject than most modern novelists, but how many would agree that men cannot love before forty and women before thirty-five?—("Love of Proserpine"). Unfortunately, most people have to marry before they realise the difference between sex-attraction and a real union; and no marriage should take place till both lovers are tested by separation. When each can say from their hearts that absence has strengthened their affection there is some hope of happiness in a permanent bond. But how many lovers, of either sex, will trouble to perform any mental or physical discipline for one another's sake? "A. E. R.," has the root of the matter in his "Cant of Catholicism"—"Perfect love demands perfect health." I owe him many thanks for that article.

I do not care twopence for the mandarins' opinions of either Shakespeare or Blake. This generation is too sophisticated to understand them. Genius is rare—there are very few living men who can be said to have it in abundance; "flashes of genius" are fairly common. Say what you like of the limitations of genius—the quality of the energy involved was finer than we know of in contemporaries. Shakespeare wrote the "Sonnets" and "Venus and Adonis" (or did he merely edit them?)—some wise fool will suggest that presently.

The "Sonnets" by themselves are enough for immortality. They are the touchstone by which you may test true lovers of poetry and true understanders of love.

As for the plays—have the word "edit" if you like; the fact remains that, had Shakespeare not edited them, they would be forgotten by all but bookworms. Ben Jonson's attitude to Shakespeare is worth all the modern ideas of his share in the plays put together. How do Heninge and Constell refer to him? Surely in terms applicable only to a creative mind.

As to Blake, I believe the "visionary heads" he drew to have been objective—the result of a capacity to see what I suppose can be seen only by God and angels. The physical body in general is blind to the phenomena of the spiritual world. The two ladies of "An Adventure" had, for a time, a similar extension of vision. Those who maintain that Blake's visions were subjective must explain his drawing a spirit against his will, because she got in his way. Besides, his whole life makes the possession on Blake's part of a faculty appropriate to a "spiritual body" the easiest explanation.

"As to Shakespeare, he is exactly like the old engraving—which is called a bad one. I think it very good." Why not believe it?

I have just added a glorious book called "Tear-Districts of China and India," by Robert Fortune, 1852. It is a joy to go back to a time when China was scarcely influenced by our commercialised civilisation. Of course, the book is likely to be found only on second-hand book-shelves. I felt very elated to have got any copy for a shilling.

There is a description of the situation of a Buddhist temple that makes me homesick—I must have been a Chinaman in some earlier incarnation. I want to taste bamboo tips instead of cabbage, and see the strangest rocks I as yet only know in the Chinese landscape-paintings exhibited once at the British Museum. As for Japan, we shall soon have to go to Mitford (Lord Redesdale) and Lafcadio Hearn to know what she was before she lost her soul to gain the world; and England, conquered by aeroplanes, will retreat to Borrow, Gilpin, Turner, Thomas Hardy, and W. H. Hudson. O, for some unsuspected isle in the far seas!

To turn to another subject discussed in The New Age recently, the translation of poetry. Ronsard's "Quand vous serez bien vieile" will be untranslatable until some Englishman masters the French hexameter as well as Sidney did. Sidney made the hexameter seem natural in our language. The first of the sonnets to Stella, "Loving in truth and fain in verse my love to show," is a fair example. Both the translations of Ronsard given by Mr. Selver are failures. The music, the exquisite charm, of the French has evaporated. Probably Ronsard, like Virgil, is untranslatable. Of course, I believe in experiments and in the possibility of some future translator overcoming, through a genius equal to his original, all the difficulties that can be overcome. The fact remains that to know a poet you must learn his language. Our own older poets, or dialect poets (Chaucer and William Barnes, for example), can only be appreciated by mastering their vocabulary.

So Fielding is not a creator. I doubt if he would agree with you. At any rate, he asserts that he is "the founder of a new province of writing," and so "at liberty to make what laws I please therein" ("Tom Jones," Book II, Chapter I). I have begun reading "Tom Jones" again. The style is admirable; as you say, the eighteenth century was the golden age of our culture, but then "enthusiasm" was discouraged in that easier form and it is the easier form that is now the most to the man of the world, the reasonable man, to perfect his style than for the subtle, complex, introspective, world-burdened man of our day. The simpler the character (power of verbal expression being granted) the easier it is for that man to have an admirable style. Cobbett writes gloriously—Cobett was, compared with De Quincey or Compton Mackenzie, a simple soul. Hence his advice to his nephew is easily explicable:—

"Sit down to write what you have thought, and not to think what you shall write. Use the first words that occur to you, and never attempt to alter a thought; for that which has come of itself into your mind is likely to pass into that of another more readily and with more effect than anything which you can, by reflection, invent. Never stop to make choice of words. Put down your thoughts in words just as they come," etc.

Men who, like Donne, are "subtle to plague themselves" have more failures, and even more glorious triumphs, than men of less complex minds and hearts. Shakespeare's "Sonnets" are incomparably wonderful, yet nothing in them is so wonderful as Donne's "The Dream" or "The Good-Morrow." No marvel that Ben Jonson called Donne the first poet in the world for some things.

I know you like to hear of forgotten books if they contain anything worth quoting. This, from a poem by an artisan, W. Duthie, is, I think, well expressed. The poems were published in 1864, and I came across the book quite by accident:

Then onward through the village lane
Of hovels dark, and cribbed, and low,
Scant light and less of air bestow.
Seared men and women rested there,
And children swarmed and cumbered by;
Quoth he: "Among so many, where
May Modesty find room to lie?"

"The Pearl of the Rhone," etc.
troubled to write the life of Ignoto, the Unknown. And please observe that I do not mean jest any unknown illustrious, the distinguished, or, at any rate, of beings biographies are of men of whom we know nothing. known to the police and duly inscribed on Government records. Who would condescend to waste ink on one, the authentic Ignoto whom nobody knows.

All the pen-drivers write only of the celebrated, the illustrious, the distinguished, or, at any rate, of beings known to the public and duly inscribed on Government records. Who would condescend to waste ink on someone who is nameless? And not only, observe, someone destitute of what literary men call fame or distinction, but without even the trivial group of proper names that the printers only set up once, in the list of deaths.

Authors imagine themselves fully justified by saying: "How can we write the life of Ignoto, seeing that, by virtue of my invention, we do not know anything about him?" An absurd excuse. The finest biographies are of men of whom we know nothing. They are the richest, and, at the same time, the most instructive. They tell us what to expect of men, our friends in the arts, our neighbours in philosophy and science, our countrymen in politics. The great modern revolutions were his work. They had not more ability than Ignoto, but they had much less modesty, and they took delight in showing how much less than Ignoto they were. They did not work only for their own joy, or to make money. They had no ambition but to raise themselves who had done such things and not somebody else. They did not work only for their own joy, or to give delight to others, but, above all, to let the world know that they had worked. The deplorable practice, now prevalent, of talking only about men we know, of whose existence we are absolutely certain, has brought it about that no one has troubled to write the life of Ignoto, the Unknown. And please observe that I do not mean jest any unknown who at any moment may find a place in the familiar list of the known and recognized, but the particular one, the authentic Ignoto whom nobody knows.

But that is not our position. We have no need of imagination. If it is true that men are known by their works, we know so many things about Ignoto! I would even say, if I could hope to be believed, that he has been the most important character in history, the supreme hero of humanity. If no one believes me, it is no matter, but let the vortices of notes and queries and the bigots of bibliography listen to me.

Ignoto is very old, a contemporary of the first men. In those days he concerned himself mainly with chemistry and mechanics. He invented the wheel and discovered the use of iron. Later, he evolved clothing, devised money and created agriculture. But very soon he dreamed of these material occupations and turned poet. For many ages, wandering over the world, he imagined the myths of religion, composed the Vedas and the Orphic Hymns, devised the legends of the North, and improvised the eternal themes and wistful parodies of the folk-songs. Even in the Middle Ages he continued to have the same habits. He carved the innumerable statues of Romanesque and Gothic cathedrals, and covered with anonymous frescoes the walls of chapels and refectories. Then, too, it was that he created stories and legends, and his are the magnificent books without an author's name. It is a case of ingratitude reinforced by laziness. We remember things more easily when they have a name, and we are the more ready to worship anyone. When they do not know who and what the man was who did something, even unvisited by panegyrist and historian.

It is a case (why not admit it?) of ingratitude reinforced by laziness. We remember things more easily when we have a name, and we are the more ready to give a show of gratitude when there stands before us a definite person in whom we can find a goal of our praises and a source of our pride. Poor Ignoto, who thought and laboured without troubling to sign his work, and without sending communications to the Press, is too ephemeral a figure, too easily forgotten. All men, even Jews and Protestants, need images in order to worship anyone. When they do not know who and what the man was who did something, even something great, they never manage to fix their thought on him, to turn on him the current of sympathy or enthusiasm. This ineradicable laziness has brought it about that Ignoto, the great and secular benefactor of the human race, is forgotten by all.

How it grieves me to see in our public squares the countless statues, equestrian and pedestrian, of so many who have written at most a few dreary tragedies, or made some lucky stroke with a rapier! The Greeks had at any rate the profound and prudent idea of raising an altar to the Unknown God. Why should the careless moderns not set up a monument to the Unknown Genius?
Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

Wyndham Lewis' portrait of Ezra Pound rises with the dignity of a classic stele to the god of gardens amid the bundles of market-garden produce at the Goupil Gallery "salon" (5, Regent Street).

Bond Street (148, The Fine Art Society) presents Russell Flint's most serious assault on our attention to date; he has some technique and an effective use of wet water-colour. "Lochaber" is good in the old Flint is flanked by some pictures by C. A. Hunt, whereof the archaeology reaches back to the Turner mode; and by a stirring exhibit of William Walcot's mixed media. Walcot's larky and apparently swift embellished water-colour cum oil cum gouash, etc., is really very enjoyable. He is full of vivid contrasts. The "Venice Market" is clean and spirited; the style in "Loggia" is admirable; he comes near to pure form in "Bernini's Colonnade"; displays bravura in "Baths of Constantine," and, throughout the show, a very successful elision of the unnecessary. Walcot is also a bold etcher, and the more conservative public can be safely recommended to inspect his pictures.

The stir and hullabaloo of the month is not, however, among painters, but among architects. Following their perturbation over the "Caliph's Design," and their natural devotion—i.e., that the pamphlet was merely destructive—Mr. Wadsworth has had the temerity to exhibit a plaster model of a Vorticist building. To the trepidation of the "Daily Mirror" and the architectural press, a new mode of architecture, an idea has launched itself against British architecture, placid since Wren carefully placed his epigraph in St. Paul's Cathedral for fear some literate person should look at the external "sculpture" and "ornaments" of that edifice (i.e., outside, where the light is better).

Apart from our natural horror that any man should think of designing a building unlike Messrs. Lyons' Corner House, or the dwellings in Observatory Gardens, or any other of the only too numerous monuments of the Albert Memorial era, we remain calm enough to observe that Mr. Wadsworth's model, presumably for an eight-storey building, is covered with curious ridges and excrescences; this is, we presume, the attempt to fit the architecture to our climate and to provide means for catching such light as there is; for catching much more of it than is possible by presenting all windows on a flat surface. This aim is commendable. The time is past when artists could refer to the state of the bad artist; but it implies a certain faintness of purpose. The man who spends his life trying to find the "figure" and who analyse from the outside. The man who spends his life trying to find the "figure" and who analyse from the outside. Since he had the energy, the patience of the good artist, and this very energy, this very patience, which inhere in the successful maker are bound to add something even to the critical side of his intellect.

Mr. Lewis' exhibition of art drawings and etchings and collection of his work at the South Kensington, the public has now a chance to judge Lewis as an artist, not merely as a volcanic and disturbing "figure."

The nudes I, II, and III of this portfolio give interesting points of comparison with the Matisse lithographs, or the Gaudier studies, or the John etchings now at the Chenil Gallery. We observed in the Matisse work a suavity and maturity in contrast with the youthful "attack" of the Gaudiers. In the second nude of the Lewis portfolio we find a very great vigour of design, a bolder treatment of the anatomy as design. And certainly qualities perhaps less analysable which neither Gaudier nor Matisse has presented.

In the "Group" (soldiers) we have Cézanne's structure made angular, and, I think, cleaner cut. The Pole Vault gives the transition from the Timon to the Gun Drawings. Lewis becomes increasingly more menacing to the earlier British standards of acceptability. This is no longer due to his accessory literary ability. The time is past when artists could refer to him as a "mere man of letters." He is, needless to deny, our most searching and active art critic. Few people noticed his serious analysis of art in 1914; the periphery disturbances of "Blast" were too numerous; but the pitiless analysis of Picasso and of contemporadry fadism in the "Caliph's Design" ("Egoïst," as, etc.) are worth very serious consideration.

Since Whistler's "Ten O'clock" no man actually a painter has been able to present thought about painting; and treatises from the actual workman have always interest unattainable by aesthete and men who analyse from the outside. The man who spends the whole or even the half of his life actually applying colours to paper and canvas must both know and care more for that process than the man who only looks at the final results.

When a critic is mere critic he is so for one or two reasons: either he cares more for ideas and discussion than for the art he criticises; or, secondly, he is so sensitive to excellence that he would rather not paint (or compose or sculpt) than compose, paint or sculpt like so-and-so. This second state is preferable to the state of the bad artist; but it implies a certain faintness of vitality. "The Pole Vault" is the fine-looking and as such it should be taken and administered in the cause of public health and morality.

...
Mr. Benton does not help us. He tells us instead that "we believe we are approaching in death a great metamorphosis; an entry into a new kingdom of a new life, wherein we start as its simplest creatures destined for unending expansion—a destiny we do not visualise, but which in ancient inspiration has been called the 'image of God.' We anticipate life in that kingdom will slowly bring to us new duties, new efforts, and new aims; an expansion of intellect; possession of a new and diseaseless ether plasmic body: an unceasing further removal from the beast; freedom from the struggles for and troubles of pabulum; disbursement of reproduction; a recast of social emulations in the mould of the Beatitudes; and aim not for; a pure passion for love; a war-less progression with the 'Prince of Peace' as our Over-Lord; increasing awareness of the Reality, Mystery, Majesty, and Fatherhood of God; an ever-onward way; and for all a varying degree of sorrow that we learned and achieved no more in earth life, a sorrow in its deepest degree becomes a hellish birth-mark of shame, efficacious however in penitence, new effort, and aid by Our Lord; a life of world to world and 'world without end' in ever-aspiring gradation of ideal of perfection, leading to infinity being one of the features of God. We believe, verily, that 'God said, Let Us make man in Our Image.'" As a confession of faith that we shall be "better dead," the passage is admirable; as an aid to the process of better living it is simply useless.

If we try to discover the grounds of this belief, we are confronted only with such assertions as this: "Religion is not a decadent force... It is the force most potent in differentiating man from all other life forms. It is the latest form of evolutionary force, a force Divine." If we ask what religion is, he quotes a dictionary definition that it is "a mode of thinking, dealing and acting, which respects, and strives after the Divine or God." The sense of this "unseen, transcendent, external intelligence," as he also calls it, he declares "is a sense without an organ," a thing impossible of imagination. A sense without an organ could not function; there are definitely moral imbeciles who lack certain developments of the cortex, and there are many recorded cases of religious mania associated with injury to or inflammation of the region of the cortex corresponding to the anterior fontanelle. The religious sense is as demonstrably related to the brain as any other, and is as subject to hallucination, perversion, or destruction as any other. It has yet to be shown that its operations are any more valid than those of other senses, or are any more capable of persistence apart from the organic structure. Evolution, as we know it, does not proceed by discarding, but by developing, organs for the exercise of powers. The evolution of man may well be described as a development of the frontal lobes of the brain.

The next ground of Mr. Benton's belief is the existence of conscience, which he declares is a monopoly of man. If we ask what conscience is, we are told that "the nature of conscience is so well known that a brief and entirely comprehensive definition is as needless as a brief and comprehensive definition of any of the bodily senses." But as he tells us that "the insane are conscienceless during insanity" (a description which is more truly regarded as insanely conscientious), it would seem that we need either a definition of conscience or a definition of humanity. A sense of right and wrong that may be present or absent, or intermittent in its operations, that, present with various moral connotations, is obviously subject to all the vicissitudes of time, place, and circumstance, has all the stigmata of mortality, obviously has relevance to this world and affords no apparent promise of another.

His last ground is the "instinct of immortality." It is an instinct that he declares has operated in pre-
historic, historic, and modern man. Its antiquity is unquestionable, its results are negligible; for Mr. Benton tells us that "nothing of the most of our life hereafter." An "instinct" that knows "almost nothing" of the reality to which it is related, that, far from perfecting its acquaintance with that reality and developing itself into a conscious power, seems to weaken in intensity as man develops his faculties of reason, is very poor "evidence of things unseen."

Pre-historic man believed that he would live hereafter; Hamlet, with speculative powers and subtle sensibilities that pre-historic man knew nothing of, was very dubious; the Christian Church itself says nothing in its creeds of immortality, but believes instead in "the resurrection of the body," and "all living things take nourishment"; and "from the struggles for and trouble of pabulum," shall we "disburdened of reproduction," illustrates it. But, as Mr. Wells says, "reproduction is a characteristic of life," and "all living things take mortal nourishment"; and a life that is free from these "burdens" and "troubles" may be immortality, but is not life as humanity has always known it.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

**U Boat 202**: The War Diary of a German Submarine. Translated from the German of Lieut.-Commander Freiherr von Spiegel by Captain Barry Donville, R.N. (Melrose. 26. 6d. net.)

This book is interesting chiefly because of the contrast it reveals between the spirit of the German and the English submarine commanders. The Freiherr poses even on paper, his self-consciousness never desertings him, and he writes as emotionally about his nerves as he does about his heroism. He produces the effect of writing to convince somebody, probably himself, that the official description of the German character was true; he is surprised at the cunning of his enemies when, to take one example, the captain of his English tug pretended to obey his orders, but manoeuvred and nearly rammed him. The language is amazing to those who remember the laconics of English logs; here is the concluding passage: "As 'Bull-dog' depart from us and seek safety in rapid flight under cover of heavy rolling smoke-clouds. The whistling of our bullets and the loss of his helmsman had apparently subdued the surly little tug captain. But it must be allowed that the rascal was plucky, and we all recognised that fully, when we had recovered from our tremendous fright and were trying to remember how everything had happened." The seaman who shot the helmsman was decorated with the Iron Cross, it being apparently an heroic act to shoot an unarmed man. But what language to use of an unarmed enemy! The assumption that the enemy should obey orders, that "the fellow must be mad" to try to sink a nice, kind German submarine, the statement that "I could see plainly the captain's cunning watery-blue eyes shining keenly;" all this reveals the mind of a maniac. His surprise that his enemy should be "plucky," and the self-conscious magnanimity with which he admits the fact makes us simply wonder what sort of world such a German imagines that he is living in. He actually refers to the "meanness" of the English in laying such quantities of mines that his boat could not easily get through the mine-fields; and it is with a feeling of derision that we close the book.

**The Young Physician**: By Francis Brett Young. (Collins. 7s. net.) This is one of the most considerable, and, at the same time, irritating novels that we have read this year. The author seems to have everything except a tale to tell; skill in portraiture, invention of incident, technical knowledge, and a willingness to cope with the facts of life without crushing the reality out of them. But the scheme of the book has no focus; the author narrates the most important episodes in the school and student life of his hero, and banishes him to the East so soon as he has taken his degree. It is true that his life has been a full and graceful career as a medical student; Mr. Young is apparently on familiar ground, and details the course with considerable skill. The number of characters that he introduces, and etches in with a few skilful touches, is amazing; even the midwifery course produces the same effect of authentic portrayal of real people in real circumstances. Yet the total effect of the book is disappointing; we have gained an insight into the conditions of medical practice, and the preparation for it, expressed in terms of human beings, that we think has never before been so clearly and powerfully given. We know all that has affected the hero, but just when we want to know what it has made of him after he has tried to re-act to his experience, he runs away from a disappointing love-affair that has ended in tragedy. At the moment when the story ought to begin, it ends; all these people fade into memories, and the hero into a fugitive and disappointed ship's doctor. It is an unworthy end to a memorable book, a book that pooh-poohs the great beliefs in immortality, but believes instead in "the resurrection of the body," and "all living things take nourishment"; and "from the struggles for and trouble of pabulum," shall we "disburdened of reproduction," illustrates it. But, as Mr. Wells says, "reproduction is a characteristic of life," and "all living things take mortal nourishment"; and a life that is free from these "burdens" and "troubles" may be immortality, but is not life as humanity has always known it.

A. E. R.

**Living Bayonets**: By Coningsby Dawson. (The Bodley Head. 6s. net.) This selection of Mr. Dawson's letters to his family reveals him in the now familiar pose of propagandist and preacher. His self-conscious heroism is amusing; "we're just the same as ever," he writes, "cheery and waiting whatever may befall with a stoicism born of experience." That is a common statement in these letters, as it probably was also in his propagandist speeches in America. Mr. Dawson perpetually writes to his family as though they were a public meeting needing official exhortations to maintain their morale; he holds the "Daily Mirror" up to Nature, and shows Tommy his own features in the official reflection. He discovered that God was on the side of the Allies, just as Mr. Bottomley did; "but in the darkest moments we know beyond dispute that it is His hands that make our hands strong and His heart that makes our hearts compassionate to endure. I have tried to indoctrinate him with hatred, but I cannot. Humiliation I should give my life to exterminate, but for the individual German I am sorry—and sorry as for
a murderer who has to be executed. I am determined, however, that he shall be executed. They are all apologists for the crimes that have been committed; the civilians, who have not actually murdered, are guilty of thieving life to the extent of having received and applauded the stolen goods." It sounds like a speech of the Prime Minister, but it is an extract from a letter dated France, July 23, 1918. It is not surprising that when he heard of the American charge, shouting the war-cry "Lusitania," he should "think that somewhere beneath the Atlantic the bodies of murdered children sat up at that cry: I can believe that the souls of their mothers went over the top with those American boys. "Lusitania!" The white-hot anger of chivalry is in the cry." Mr. Dawson so regularly educational and industrial forms of America. The

THE NEW AGE.

This story is offered to us, on the authority of Mr. Randolph Bourne (since deceased), as "the finest first novel he had ever read and one of the few great American novels..." The generis: "The Iron City" only attempts to express the difficulties of the introduction of the new spirit into the old educational and industrial forms of America. The conflict is, of course, vital to the continued existence not only of America, but of many other industrial countries; but the mind of a professor of sociologies is marked by a bitter and malicious hostility to the journal... Our correspondent "Student" is quite right in his conclusion that "the work which nom brings is commercial success and popularity, he is not doing such good work, nor writing with such an entire feeling of self-achievement and self-expression." The NEW AGE can boast of being the cradle of many contemporary reputations, but, in a complimentary sense, it is also their grave, for, if one looks at the last resting-place of what was best in certain talents. In other words, the work which now brings X fame and money, or both, is by no means the work which started his career in your pages. With hardly an exception, conscious and obvious deterioration lies at the root of the ungracious attitude of so many ex-contributors to THE NEW AGE. They have failed, precisely in the measure of their hostility, to live up to their NEW standard. Moreover, some—and they are the most irreplaceable—are in debt for help and criticism which, however much resented, was invaluable. One pondered, the dishonored case of a less critical atmosphere, and in time become so accustomed to insincerity that they look back upon the time spent in the company of candid friends with the rage of humiliation.

It has been a hobby of mine to form a shelf of books reprinted, wholly or in part, from THE NEW AGE. Without exception these works support my theory as to the attitude of your previous contributors. The authors who have never since written anything so good are invariably your most unfriendly critics. Those who are still influential have, when conceived the idea to look with their ingrained respect the source of such virtue as they possess. It requires more intellectual character than "R. H. C." perhaps suspects to be able to look on THE NEW AGE in the face and to acknowledge an acquaintance which man shares with other animals, and which, of course, serves biological ends. In any case, to attribute it to greed on the part of the profession is to give evidence of a mentality peculiarly warped by prejudice. This phenomenon of hatred of the medical profession is not uncommon. Mr. Bernard Shaw exhibits it in a marked degree, and if "A. E. R." will submit himself to a skilled psycho-analyst, it is probable that in due course he will have demonstrated to him the sequence of events which led up to this interesting peculiarity. What "A. E. R." is pleased to call the organised profession, he has to be remembered that there will always be a number of persons prone to dissent as the result of their early psychic experiences.

The resistance to the new is not a phenomenon peculiar to the doctors; it is a characteristic of the human mind which man shares with other animals, and which, of course, serves biological ends. In any case, to attribute it to greed on the part of the profession is to give evidence of a mentality peculiarly warped by prejudice. This phenomenon of hatred of the medical profession is not uncommon. Mr. Bernard Shaw exhibits it in a marked degree, and if "A. E. R." will submit himself to a skilled psycho-analyst, it is probable that in due course he will have demonstrated to him the sequence of events which led up to this interesting peculiarity. What "A. E. R." is pleased to call the organised profession, he has to be remembered that there will always be a number of persons prone to dissent as the result of their early psychic experiences.

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PSYCHO-EGYPTOLOGY.

Sir,—Your correspondent "Student" is quite right as to what my words were meant to convey, and I will do my best answer to your question. But I must ask for time, as it is not the easiest of all subjects to deal with... M. B. OXON.
Pastiche.

MARY MAGDALENE.

I am drawn once more along
With the loose-lipped wanton throng.
My haggard face, whose once has been
Flushed with tears washed clean,
Thickly smeared with red and white,
A flaming beacon in the night.
My mouth, streaked deep with crimsoning,
Once more becomes a blemish-thought!
Ah! Christ, long time ago I dreamed
That my smirched self should be redeemed.

Yet comes a poignant scent with me,
How you looked at me, pure, pale Christ!
My fires are out, their fuel sold,
My eyes were on me, strangely sweet.

My mouth was then no key to hell,
And all along the dusty street
Your eyes were on me, oddly sweet.

Ah! Christ, you looked upon my shame,
My heart throbbed glory unto you.
Lo! as I went, my cheeks burned hot,
My heavy hair was henna-bright,
And all my shameful ways are filled
With spikenard long aeons spilled.

My hopes are out, their fuel sold,
Within me the mad longing grew
And dried them with my hair all wild.

Ah! Christ, you looked upon my shame,
My heavy hair was henna-bright,
And at my girdle swung a vase.

Ah! Christ, you looked upon my shame,
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