

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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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 be 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 pre-

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 necessities 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 unemployment. 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 per cent. 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 all this cry for more production has not produced 10 per cent. of the cottages the country requires, has only produced enough bread by making the farmers rich beyond the dreams of avarice at the expense of the consumer, and by blockading Russia from whom the wheat could be obtained at half the cost. It is, however, producing a gratifying boom in Rolls-Royces, and the motor-scooter is ready for mass production. A system of production and distribution which cannot roast a pig without burning down a house is a bad system, however, and is not improved by the suggestion to set fire to a town; and we put it forward for further serious consideration 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 re-orientate society on a basis of maximum leisure and freedom of action if your cardinal ethic is the glorification of work, for its own sake apart from its results; and most unlikely that you will achieve any great administrative decentralisation if your subconscious mind is permeated with the idea of a universe ruled from outside by Transcendent Omnipotence, as opposed to Divine Immanence. That is why orthodox Theology is in the same mortal throes as can be seen to afflict the social and economic systems which have been contemporaneous with it—why, in spite of its extravagances, its dangers, and even on occasion its revolting vulgarity, the Psychism which has been misnamed spiritualism, and which has an able champion in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, obtains the serious attention of men and women who turn a bored and even contemptuous ear to the exhortations of the Bishop of London. This, again, is the reason why Bolshevism, to whatever extent that much overworked word does represent decentralisation,

finds an implacable enemy not only in orthodox Capitalism, but in orthodox ecclesiasticism, and why the League of Nations, with its Ultramontane Catholic Director-Secretary, Sir Eric Drummond, is now the pet policy of the Capitalist Press, as well as of the Churches (backed by Mr. Robert Williams and Mr. Frank Hodges amongst others!). We hope and believe that war will in time be recognised simply for what it is—a colossal waste of energy, unworthy of the intelligence of an Eskimo; but a universal disarmament in favour of a centralised Police Force, which is the only form a League of Nations can assume under existing circumstances is so certainly the supreme calamity which could overtake the world, that it seems incredible that the community in general and the Labour Party (which will not, and quite rightly will not, consent to compulsory arbitration), in particular, can be blind to the import of the danger with which it is faced. If the Labour Movement can show any sign of being able to control the existing police forces, then, and not till then, shall we believe that it would have any voice in the policy of an International Police. In the meantime, we would ask, which of the two went from the Metropolitan Police, General Macready or the Labour sympathisers? Which left the Air Ministry by force majeure, General Brancker or Miss Douglas-Pennant? 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, “As 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. The Profiteering Act has fined several small tradesmen 2d. each more or less, and in consequence an official communiqué has been issued to the effect that the Act is working well. It is—quite as well as it is intended to work. 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 back into the sea, of sugar saturated with sea water in order to maintain an artificial level of prices which will go far to absorb any reserves in the hands of Trade Unions should their members elect to strike, while at the same time serving to create a solid bourgeois trader class thoroughly satisfied with the reign of things as they are. It is, of course, true that the Professional Classes are badly hit by such a policy, but the Professional Classes can apparently be relied on at any time to take all the kicks uncomplainingly, and to regard an occasional halfpenny as being all that to which their deserts entitle them. Perhaps it is. At any rate, so long as their social energy is devoted to explaining 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 these differences objective reality. That the policy of raising prices is a deliberate policy is indicated 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 have to go up to maintain the same margin of profit; if Government artificially 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 only represent, as ever, 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 reserves 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 between the Soviet Government of Russia and, shall we say, Mr. Churchill, which does not differ greatly in essentials from that brought in the spring of this year by Mr. Bullitt, but it comes at a time when it is obvious 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 excuse 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 modifications*, 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 support 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 helpful, to decide whether Bolshevism 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 system must have a very bad case if it is so afraid of the attractions 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 situation at the moment of writing appears substantially unchanged, and the bituminous coal output of the American mines has certainly been diminished to a point at which it is causing at least considerable inconvenience to the trading public. (It should be remembered that the anthracite

stove is almost universally used for domestic heating, with the result that the householder is not directly attacked 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 corollary 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 inevitably and logically brought to bear on the strikers. *Salus publica suprema 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, it will impound the miners' funds, stop their food supply, take away their houses, dishonour their cheques. Being the administrator of the armed forces of the "Public Will," it will shoot their pickets, arrest their leaders, raid their offices. Let no one imagine that such a state of affairs would be altered in essentials by the advent of what is technically called a Labour Government. The Labour Party is just as much in its present attitude a party representing a sectional interest as is any other party, although it is quite true that it is a rather wider interest. The fundamental difficulty is inherent in a conception of Society which subordinates the man to the organisation, and will only be solved by a conception which aims at placing all organisations at the disposal of the individual.

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The confirmation of the mathematical theory of the Universe, put forward by Dr. Einstein, by the measurements 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 demarcation between matter and force which was the feature of the middle and even late nineteenth century, and which was only definitely penetrated by the discovery of radium. The demonstration of the fact that light has weight, and therefore measurable if infinitesimal density, renders it almost possible to assert as a physical proposition that which has always been claimed by the metaphysician that all existence is one; differing 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 stated, 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 considered that all the power of all the waterfalls and rivers of the world, all the stored energy which we are able to release 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 this 120 tons of tenuous matter, the possibilities involved in a control of energy thus faintly foreshadowed reduce any conception we can form at this time of the immense future before the human race to ridiculous inadequacy.

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 principles that are deemed eternal, because he has seen everything. It is merely the Frenchman's capacity for railing 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 when his enemies or his neighbours are concerned, but 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 Continental 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 Continent and to look at it simply from a human, not from an insular point of view. He finds much to disconcert him; yet the game appeals to him, and he begins to admire our own powers 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 some comprehensive 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 no desire to model 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 French 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 a certain select public, 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-

cal section, whereas Beethoven and Wagner took pride of place.

As for poetry, nothing can shake the English conviction that we have never produced a great poet; that, rich as we are in prose writers, we know nothing of the higher poetry. Only with extreme difficulty could I wring from anyone an admission that Racine, La Fontaine and De Musset were true poets in the exact sense of the word. They granted me none but Victor Hugo, Verlaine and Stéphane Mallarmé, and these only with many reservations. To-day, they are more generous; the "Fortnightly Review" of last March allowed us Paul Fort. We are not so exacting.

Their chief ground for complaint, however, against our literature in general and our 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. I 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. He told me 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 potency 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 Revolt of Intelligence.

By Ezra Pound.

THE French Revolution occurred because a chinless and hump-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 purpose, and they both contain a small fragment of truth. They are both lurid and melodramatic because they move from an apparently small cause to an apparently large result.

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, or chose to express its official taste for, a padded Wordsworth-Keatsian idiom was also a cause, whereof 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 "dark horses." 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-literate, 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 England by 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 deadlier 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 depth. They were much more anxious to look tidy and emit the seven or eight ligneous bleats required on all polite occasions than to discover international standards and stimulæ. (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 histrion, if he were not as much spiritually kin to Lloyd George as to Theophile 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 inebriety 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 card-index and officialdom. Lay aside 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: "Djogo-ZZlovagz!! T'erre arre gno Djego-ZZlovaggs!! It iss lige dalging about 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 or other. Capital *v.* Labour 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"; it is not likely to sweep the English polls for some time. Was it not Mr. Gosse, or was it perhaps some lesser member of his squad, who said that I was "an Oriental at heart"? For the "prince" we may read "the Big Four"; we may also read "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 I should like for this pamphlet is a rather different one . . . any individual belonging to the Royal Academy is fond of regarding himself as "a Craftsman" . . . the more furibundly ignoble his paintings, the further he retires into the technical mysteries of his craft. . . . Then another pale 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 nuance of amused condescension that a disgusting stereotyped education can breed.

How sick men must be with the wearisome and endless trifling 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 frontiers 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 feel-

ing that the "observing I" is not to be confused in any way with "thinking," or even with any process of "lightning 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 he 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 around us, and we might quite well look on 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 though the Athanasian Creed of Science has 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 due 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 different 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 probably a mistaken one. Should this be so, and there is nothing to prove the contrary, we shall have to alter our views on many things.

It is with the undelimited frontiers of Man that Religion has always been interested; of late, Science has also taken up the subject, and psycho-analysis is the latest form of the inquiry. The attitude of Religion has varied much from time to time, but at the present moment the leaders in religion and science are curiously alike in their views. This resemblance appears to be due to the mental attitude of the times. The general materialism which directed thought has of late begun to be replaced by a kind of mysticism, that is to say that men are beginning to feel that the universe is really too large to be contained within the four corners of their creeds, religious or scientific, and are making some shift to expand them. Their first steps were still frankly materialist, and now, even when they themselves feel they have embarked on the non-material, they are really tightly moored to the quay.

The fundamental mistake which they share is that the universe was made for, if not by, man alone, and for man in his present (or past) state of evolution, for, of course, he is at the height of his evolution, which can only now be furthered by some extension of his knowledge of nature.

M.B. Oxon.

A Reformer's Note-Book.

DRINK.—It is probable that the question of the drinking of alcohol will always be under discussion, and no less so in nations, like America, that "go dry" than in nations where drink is not prohibited but regulated; for drinking is *always* a social matter and, as long as society lasts, will constitute, in its absence as well as in its presence, a subject for social thought. America must not suppose that in "going dry" she has settled the drink problem even for her own nation. The long propaganda for "going dry" has at last succeeded; but its sequel will be a long propaganda for "going wet" again: America, in short, has doomed herself to a perennial drink controversy, and the more intense by reason of the extreme opinions of the two contending parties. The debate, unfortunately, has tended to be carried on by irreconcilables to whom compromise of any kind is equivalent to defeat. The parties, in other words, have had no common ground, but have been as far asunder and as reciprocally isolated as the North and South Poles with no world between them. Thus No has succeeded Yes, as Yes will undoubtedly one day succeed No. But what is the overlooked common ground between the two parties? Is it not the possible use of drink—in other words, the possible value of drink as one of the means of human progress? By the extremists of the opposing schools, the utility of drink is commonly and equally disregarded; for both alike declare that it is useless—the "dry" party adding that it is also mischievous, 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 drinking that produces evil consequences. Is there anybody, not a fanatic, 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 or view 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 question, 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 ourselves to be at home; people whose company we 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 of human beings for a common object; and thus it must be examined in the same spirit in which we should examine the scheme for the organisation of the common services of three or four adjoining parishes. Nor does the specific *object* of the proposed League of Nations differentiate it radically from any other League, 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? From this point of view, we are naturally 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 the 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 may be the case that the League of Nations 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 authors of the League has ever answered satisfactorily the questions above put. The League thus depends for its success upon chance; and, in the end, it is to be feared that the chances are against it. The questions, for all that, are not unanswerable. The ways of human societies are not greatly different from the ways of individuals; and the questions here addressed to the League of Nations can be as well answered if they are addressed to a group of individuals, conceived as relatively situated one to another as are the nations composing the League. Let us suppose, for instance, that of a score or so of competing tradesmen in a given town, four or five of the largest have been severally seriously inconvenienced by the action of a considerable neighbour who has attempted to destroy their business by leading against them a number of their smaller rivals; and that, on the morrow of their costly victory over the offender, they have agreed to prepare common action against the repetition of the offence. Is a knowledge of the *conditions* of peace implied in such action? Obviously not, but only a knowledge of the conditions of *restoring* peace. Is a knowledge of the motives of war implied? Again obviously not, but only the knowledge of one condition of war—namely, the belief in victory. Finally, the *proof* of their

ignorance lies in the fact that they do not recognise that competition among themselves is as much a motive for war as competition between themselves and their group-rivals. If ever, therefore, the latter should be overawed into "peace," the dominant group itself contains the material of war in its very constitution.

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 an Irving 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 connoted 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 fact that the great public has not yet supported the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre does not prove that the public does not want it; quite the contrary. "The public does not always voice its need. . . It has not clamoured for museums, for picture galleries, or for many things which, at the same time, it was only right for their well-being and enlightenment that they should have." Mr. Harvey is really contemplating a coterie theatre subsidised by public money, and deliberately producing the classics in such a way that people will not pay to see them. The effect upon public taste would obviously be negligible; for people cannot become cultured if they do not become acquainted with the works of culture.

There is no doubt that what the public wants to see it 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, demonstrate that conclusively. 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, 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." But I venture to doubt statistics in a matter of taste; the "higher drama" had a limited 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 speculator, could easily provide for every form of management, the individualist actor-manager, the Syndicatist, and the syndicalist system of the actors. The objection to any one form of management is its tendency to cliché; the syndicates swamp us with réves, but the actor-manager tends to repeat himself, and even the repertory company tends to establish conventions. The only idea that offers any prospect of preserving enough diversity of programme to satisfy all tastes in London is that put forward by Mr. Norman McKinnel. The Actors' Association can both cast and produce any type of play; and with Government ownership of theatres, it might screw up its courage to the point of leasing the lot, and restoring a direct relation between the actor and his public. Indeed, if we are to talk of endowment at all (and the "Times" tells us that, before the war, nearly £100,000 was subscribed to the Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre), the Actors' Association should be endowed for the purposes of production. They are the most representative body in the theatrical world, and are capable of giving us a more varied National Theatre than any other body. If we must concentrate on anything, let us concentrate on a live scheme, and not a monument to the dead—which apparently is being so badly managed that, as Mr. Sydney Valentine shows, it has not produced a balance-sheet two months after it declared that it was prepared to do so.

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 no wish to obscure my 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.

Any consideration of the theory of value is inextricably related to the theory of knowledge; it may be advisable, therefore, to dispose first of the latter.

"Knowledge" is the product of three 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 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 valuer, 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? Is,

* On "Conscience and Fanaticism," reviewed October 9, 1919.

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 broadest possible terms 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 indicating the approval of the community (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 value, not *in themselves* (Arthur on a desert island 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 view. If 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 epistemology, but especially for theology. 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, unchanged and unchangeable, in the mind of God; in this way, surely, their "absolute" validity is inviolable. Hence, the "moral necessity for the existence of God"—the familiar moral arguments for theism.

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. This, too, secures the inviolability of "teleological design," and compensation for all present ills, for the End† is removed far beyond the range of mun-

dane 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 understood 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 value—the personality of the valuer. 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 extramundane 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 their "being" in the all-comprehensive "being" of God—in this conception of the 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 reaches *eudaimonia* has reached his own highest good, his goal, and when he is certain what that is he is harmonised and content.

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

* See, for instance, a contemporary representative writer like Dean Rashdall ("Theory of Good and Evil," Vol. I, p. 135 et seq.) and note general agreement with Platonic idea of self-existing "good."

† "'Good,' 'Value,' 'the End' I regard as synonymous terms," writes Dr. Rashdall, op. cit., Vol. I, p. 135.

* Ibid., Vol. II, p. 415.

† "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 high values.

It follows, then, that society is *integration* through realisation of community of interests and aims. It is 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 that 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 subconsciousness 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 Rousseau, 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 that loves the "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. Identical, too, is the meaning of our present-day Theistic idealism, the doctrine that there is nothing real except minds, their thoughts and feelings—except what is directly 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. III, "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 first 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 attitude towards 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 reconquer 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 who will assure us 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 avaricious, 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. Whatever 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. What we ought to demand 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.)

that the Ghetto gates have been broken down, the Jew's shy lock of orthodoxy shaved, his right to citizenship endorsed everywhere, the problem is not only that of toleration, but also what is to become of the Jew under reasonable treatment.

The Jews to-day are passing through a most remarkable phase. Those of the Occident do not appear to have much of a positive national pride. They desire to sink their Jewishness—if the Christians will allow it. Rather than find excuses to prove calumnies false, they often ask to be excused for being Jews. They however possess what I will term a negative national pride which causes a wave of sympathy to pass through the whole of Jewry when a wrong is done to a section. But

I would be friends with you, and have your love
Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,

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 headlong into the economic scramble, ignore taunts, seize opportunities, wave bunting—to what end? Only when an evil befalls them do they say aptly with Shylock:

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

So much obtained—so little got: that is the tragedy of the Jew, and the paradox is that, taken individually, the Jew is often a success, but as a nation—what a failure!

The moderns in condemning the "Merchant of Venice" for distorting the Jew would quarrel also with the Christians in it for the way they behaved towards Shylock. Who will hold to-day that as a punishment for fostering a spirit of revenge Shylock should be baptised? That idea of a Nemesis is a relic of the times of the rack, the auto-da-fé, and similar means of torture wherewith Christians (whom Shylock professed to be his teachers in devilry) compelled the Jew to forsake the faith of his fathers—not troubling about the kind of Christian such a conscript apostate must be!

All critics of the "Merchant of Venice" are concerned with the blackness of Shylock, but if Shakespeare has done scant justice to the Jew, he has not made up for it in his treatment of the Jewess. It is hard to imagine a daughter of Israel with such an outlook and feelings—I will not say inclinations—as those possessed by Jessica. To-day Jewish family life is a model of domesticity; how much more was this the case in the times when Jews were cut off completely from the outside world, and the whole of Jewish life centred round the home? There is always a great tie between the Jew and his children, whether sons or daughters. Strangely enough, the Christians in the play think highly of Jessica for her desertion of her father. Considering the atmosphere of seclusion in which the Jews found themselves three centuries ago it is impossible that Jessica, immediately she leaves her home, could have found her new surroundings comfortable and congenial. Jessica, like poor Launcelot Gobbo at least, would be torn by two opposing passions. She would yearn for the glamour of the Christian world, and perhaps a forbidden lover, but also find it hard to tear herself away from her home in the Ghetto. This in itself is a theme for drama. In the "Merchant of Venice" Jessica from the time she enters upon the scene gives the impression that she is a damsel taken captive by a bad baron from whose clutches she longs to escape.

Both Jew and Jewess have not fared well in a play written to satisfy, if not the wants of the public, at least the dictates of popular tradition. There is the melancholy thought that if Shakespeare had come into contact with Jews, and had an opportunity of studying their problem, the play by him in which the chief character was a Jew would have been a great tragedy—a play that would constrain the Jews to pause and consider their existence.

J. BULVAR SCHWARTZ.

Music.

By William Atheling.

LONDON, October 16.—Perseverance is the order of the day, and I hope that before it becomes my painful duty to carry this article into its second paragraph I shall have or 'ave a bit uh luck. Rosing, on October 4, was too ill to appear, but valour overcoming discretion he displayed a very nice voice, and very little wit in its employment. The throat was easier than last season, and he pulled the concert together by substituting Glinka for Mozart in the middle of it. Constance Izard showed conscientious endeavour in her laborious fiddling on October 6. Mischa-Leon has a rich and even fruity tone-product. He did not quite supersede Plunkett Greene as a ballad singer in his rendering of the Loewe-Zedlitz ballad. The cute and cunning roguery of Ruckert's Poëm (with two dots over the e, *sic è*) drove the undersigned to the most instantaneous relief possible, and the remainder of the concert was reported by other members of the Press, at least, I left several behind me. I perceive that this season my capacity 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 Gawdamity 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 in nine cases out of ten such muck 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, since German is still taboo, sing them in Russian or Yiddish. If Rosing wishes still further and yet again to declaim "J'ai pardonné," let him make it clear that it is the translator he is pardoning, we cannot do so, our magnanimity has its limits, but the sight of his Russian large-heartedness may do us good in a world tinged with misanthropy.

"Sir Henry Wood's orchestral arrangement of Debussy's La Cathédrale Engloutie." O Gawd! O Montreal!!

Elsie Cochrane (Æolian, October 22) was ably abetted by P. Mavon Ibbs on the organ. She sang with pure tone for the few opening notes of "Panis angelicus"; then I think she ceased to sing plumb on the note or to hit the tone in the centre, and with simple long notes this is the chief desiderium. The late Sir Hubert Parry did, I believe, dispense with an accurate sense of pitch, but it is not a good practice. . . . The Philharmonic Quartette then favoured with Dvorak. This is tziganne music, and the quartette lacks the tziganne zip; also they failed to cohere. I felt that I, we, you, most of us, had all heard it better done at the Pre Catalan; I then felt it too painful, I then sought refuge in the well-carpeted passages of the Æolian Hall, and returned to the auditorium only upon receiving an "all clear, sir," from the trusty guardian of the portals.

Miss Cochrane then squalled on her high notes, especially on the terminals of "aimée," but she is by no

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 Fransella, but was bunkered 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 Tschaikowski serenade which one 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 Porora-Kreisler appeared to bear this ratio to Miss Rawlins. We heave several sighs 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 is usual on the London platform.

The rendering of Marcello's "Quella Fiamma" 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; "Cigale et Fourmi" is a diseuse'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 much too 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 "Au 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 Moussourgsky child-pieces 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. (Æolian.)

The Kennedy-Fraser appear Wednesday, November 12, Æolian, at 8.

Tetrazzini, Albert Hall, November 6, at 8, with Cellini and Cimara; 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 myself 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 the 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. 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 pro-

* "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, apparently, 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 is not so clear. It is easier 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 of the force and vigour 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 complies, too; she submits; she watches times. This is the inimitable condition, the eternal law, of extensive and 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 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 arriviste, 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 supremacy; for only the supreme are free, or, as Napoleon put it: "Liberty is the privilege of the few: therefore, it may be abridged with impunity, but equality is beloved of the multitude."

But 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 Señor de Maeztu, 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 discrepancy between the selling price of articles and the purchasing power that is distributed in respect of them 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 direct charges 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 Guildsmen" suggest, will he tell me where I may find the proof?

ENGINEER.

[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 in all 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 to the job, the "direct cost" of 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, both A and B have spent £50 in 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 A collects his own £50 and B's £50 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 forms 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 £100 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, possibly for a greater output. 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 production at not less than 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 NIETZSCHE.

Sir,—In the London "Spectator" of August 2 a correspondent did me the honour of quoting my name together with that of Ibsen, Dostoevski, 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 English friends. I am now informed by these 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. and I am thus obliged to appeal to you for a re-opening of the Nietzsche controversy in the interest of philosophical thought.

An exhaustive inquiry in what I would call "the Case of Nietzsche" is all the more necessary, as behind the present upheaval of the world there is undoubtedly going on a great war of ideas and ideals which alone can explain and even excuse our present-day bewilderment. An investigation into all those spiritual tendencies which led up to the Great War is 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 plead—and sometimes justly—the reasons of expediency, while no such excuses are necessary, nor even allowed, in the pure realm of thought. The violation of Belgium was certainly a crime, but it would be a minor affair compared with the violation of truth.

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 cataclysm. 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 so-called 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 91, Great Russell Street, London, W.C., informs me that this would likewise 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 by this all too convenient back-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 but 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" worthy 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 Judea of the first century. It is. The same spirit (then individually illustrated with special splendour) is still alive, and is still sneered at by critics and denied by disciples.

Why should not a Jew of that ancient date talk colloquially and snobbishly, and 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 intellectuals, and good-natured chaps gone a bit off, 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 suspect he may be a fellow-provincial. If so, here's a hand of friendly greeting to him; and if he will come on my car I shall punch him a beautiful blue ticket for Parnassus; and if he will keep his eyes open he will be astonished to see 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 Montrejean 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 coercions, strifes, and combustions. Inasmuch as the Jew has conducted no holy war for nearly two millenia, he is preferable to the Christian and the Mahomedan. I object to Christians not solely because a fat-bellied vicar had a bad chime of bells rung 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 Albigenian 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 metamorphosability, a capacity for incarnation, 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 Leidy 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 a 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 propositions 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 comfortable, with brimstone in the offering).

* * *

This is not a "flaying of dead horses"; if there is "nothing new" to be found in the encyclopædists, 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 forbidden the American circulation of a certain periodical, presumably because of a reference to Jehovah's hobby, the collection 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 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 press, knowledge had 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 couldn't take Luther seriously, and dismissed the whole question as "monkish squabbles." His "practical sense" or avarice 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 aware 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 gehenna.

There is a fashion in some present French literature to make fun of popular representation; 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.

EZRA POUND.

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 to-day,
And like an innocent from untamed lands
I walk the city's parlous way.

And gleams
Half-rancorous, half-pleading, bait my blood
Like strong street girls, consorts of fir and mud.
To-day is new. To-morrow?

Night's between,
With argent panoply and sable cope—
Mourning and armed distrust.

Hope
Burns diamond-wise in the dust,
And love serene,
Grave, comfortably comely, laps my head,
While all above me spiring fantasies,
Blue moths and gilded flies

Flicker, 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.
I'd wager he'd grow fond,
Thus fed on your dear lore, lady of the trailing gown.
H. R. BARBOR.

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