THE

NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Mr. Garvin, as was inevitable, is full of advice to the nation on the question of how it is to conduct itself now that the miners have gone back to work. He is an irritating fellow. You wade through three columns of his Irish Stew, snatching at pieces of mutton on the rare occasions when you catch a glimpse of them; and then when you capture one you find it indented with the teeth-marks you last left on it last month.

“Newspapers, labour-leaders, and capitalists have taken up the campaign for industrial peace. Once more on every hand we are talking about it and about.”

This “we” is not editorial.

“Is it all to end again in vain breath and drifting lethargy?”

Ah, that is the question.

“Will anything be done?”

Yes, of course, a most vital line of inquiry. Wherever should we be without our Great Newspapers?

“It is the question for every person who reads these lines, and for every political party.”

Why; so it is—if nobody else has got an answer.

“It is the question dominating the life of the nation. The issue, though more disguised, is as grave and deep as the war.”

And then?

“It is a strange phase in the fortunes of a great people when we all know the truth, but no one seems capable of acting on it in earnest—when the problem stares us in the face and no man has the moral and practical force to stand out as the leader. There is no excuse for us. We know that since the Armistice more time and money have been lost in this island through strikes than in all other industrial countries put together. We know that we cannot go on like this for another seven years without sinking in the scale amongst the nations.”

Art is long and space is creaking. We must condense:

“We used to congratulate ourselves . . .”

“We have made our country . . .”

“The chief question, as we have put it again and again . . .”

“. . . British Labour, learning from bitter disillusionment . . .”

“Socialism . . .a pompous . . . pedantry . . .”

“. . . the hymns of class-hate must be silenced. . . .”

“A strong . . . Labour policy on practical British lines must be . . .”

“It is false to suggest that there can be an unlimited dividend available for the average citizen. . . .”

“. . . worst falsehood ever known . . . to suggest to our people that . . . they can get more and more wages for less and less work.”

“Let us turn to capitalism and put it . . . through its catechism.”

“If we wish to hear less of Marxism let us hear no more of the opposite pedantry of ‘individualism.’”

“. . . co-partnership. . . .”

“The men must know what the profits are.”

“. . . we have placed in the hands of the people unlimited political power.”

“There must always be an encouraging rate of interest for capital proper . . . large rewards for organising and directing ability. . . . But after wages and salaries are fixed capital should not be simply free to ‘scoop the pool’ of profit. . . .”

“Compulsory Arbitration . . . might do more harm than good. . . . But Compulsory Mediation is another thing.”

“Much depends on the coming action of three men—Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Mr. J. H. Thomas, and Mr. Snowden. If they repudiate the strike method . . . class war . . appeal for co-operation and stability. . . .”

“We have to equal America and Germany. . . .”

“Investors have inexhaustible fields overseas . . . put themselves beyond . . . reach . . . class-war.”

“We have to exert every resource of science. . . .”

Let us add one more, and the final, passage from the article—“In slow, sure, economic effect on industrial Britain, class-war means mass-suicide”—There! Now we have written the *Observer's* editorials for the next twelvemonths. Incidentally, we have included a hint as to how the workers ought to pronounce the word “class”—a piece of instruction which loses nothing in pertinence from the fact, as Anatole France pointed out, that it is much more difficult to eat like a gentleman than to speak like one; for, after all, emulation is a matter of opportunity.

* * *

Peace in the British coal industry is merely a prelude to war with the German coal industry. In another part of the *Observer* there is this item of news—

> "The German mine-owners, left in a strong position after the seven months' stoppage, have offered the British owners an understanding. An agreement now might conserve an undue proportion of German gains. It has been rejected on this side."

Waiting, of course, until we have recaptured our lost positions. We recommend this aspect of the situation to Mr. Garvin, who has ignored it. His familiar doctrine that not only people, but industries and nations, are inter-dependent, lays him under the necessity of explaining how the rehabilitation of the British coal industry at the expense of a probable German coal lock-out can be incorporated in the picture of international harmony. Or would he maintain that international disharmony is innocuous as regards mass-suicide?

* * *

The *Post* calls attention to the findings of the Arbitration Court on the claim from the Staff Side for the abolition of the reduction of cost-of-living bonus on salaries of £500 and over. For the first time, it points out, the Court has justified the rejection of a wages claim by reference to "the position of the country's finances at the present time." (This quoted passage occurs in the Court's Award.) "What," challenges the *Post*, "is the criterion of the nation's financial strength?" It urges that the Court was instituted to adjudge claims on their merits; that it is not a department of the Government service; that though its cost is paid by the State it is still a "third party" standing in a similar relation to the Government as do His Majesty's judges or the Comptroller and Auditor-General. "The Court is not a financial authority," and should not "embark on the deep and almost uncharted sea of national finance when dealing with civil servants' remuneration claims." We strongly endorse this attitude. The Court should confine itself to the immediate evidence which is chiefly concerned with salaries on the one hand, and the prices which must be paid out of them on the other. Its present innovation can be illustrated by supposing a Criminal Court were to begin judging crimes of passion by reference to "The unwritten law." Finance, in fact, is unwritten law, and that is one of the main reasons why the Finance Enquiry Petition Committee came into existence. There is a body of expert opinion now waiting for an opportunity to debate the very question which the Arbitration Court takes for granted, and to do so against the highest financial authorities in front of a Royal Commission. The Civil Service will do well for the community in general, as well as for itself in particular, if it gives offical support to the Finance Enquiry Petition, when presented to the House of Commons.

* * *

In a recent speech on peace, Sir Austen Chamberlain warned people against "exaggerated expectations," in respect of disarmament. Commenting on this the *Daily News* attacks the Imperial Conference for paying "lip-service" to the cause of peace, and then immediately "accepting as inevitable a 'further considerable effort' in armament, a 'formidable expenditure' by the Admiralty, the completion of Singapore, the creation of an Indian Navy, and the 'building up of Air Forces' throughout the Empire." "What a message," it exclaims, "for Lord Cecil to take to the League of Nations Disarmament Conference." Unpalatable, no doubt, but inevitable. Military power precedes economic power. A nation might conceivably attain unapproachable pre-eminence in cheap production, but its power to sell its products in competition with others would depend on its power to fight them. In a world situation where there is not enough trade to go round there is no purpose in instituting a body like the League of Nations to decide how to share it among the member nations. The decision itself would probably precipitate a war, and the more equitable it was in theory the worse confusion it would cause. We have pointed out before that absolute disarmament would disturb the balance of power on which the present rationing of trade opportunities is based. On the other hand partial disarmament, which left the relative military power of every nation where it was, would manifestly not abate the risk of war, and is not worth advocating. So it is absolute disarmament or nothing. But absolute disarmament would confer complete freedom on international financiers to (for instance) shut up British coalfields in favour of German, make Pittsburg the sole steel-producing city in the world, give California the sole right of film production, and so on. These are extreme illustrations, but they accord with the ideal of the "survival of the fittest" which financiers embody in their policy. In certain circumstances it would be a healthy move to get everything in the world made where it can be produced with the greatest economy of energy. But before that can be even thinkable there must be an entirely new principle of distributing these things among the world's populations. Where the work is done does not matter. Where the consumption takes place does matter. It is impossible to redistribute the work of the world under the existing financial regime without redistributing the starvation of the world. Armaments exist to stop the experiment. They will continue to exist until the principle that *work* is the *sole* title of the individual to *eat* is disregarded. Give the citizen a dividend as a consumer as well as a wage as a producer—recognise that his demand for articles is an essential factor in production; and every nation will find all the jobs it wants at home without going prospecting in other people's territories. Then at last we shall have done with the spectacle of a nation's air fleets bombing foreign customers towards its shops while its own citizens lean with noses flattened against the windows waiting for a paper licence to go in and buy. Disarmament begins at the bank.

* * *

Mr. J. M. Keynes has been telling Lancashire it is wrong to restrict output in order to maintain prices; that it ought to save itself by working full time, increasing output and reducing prices. The old fallacy again. While it is true that an increase of output reduces the cost *per unit* of output it does not reduce the *total cost of the output itself*; it increases it. If it costs £100 to make 100 articles, the cost of 200 will be more than £100, the extra sum depending on direct charges. It will be a relatively small addition, for overheads are usually the major burden on costs, but that does not solve the problem of where the manufacturer is going to get back the extra total expense. So far as he has paid out more wages he has increased the ability of private consumers to buy his goods, but even so, that does not enable him to collect more than he paid out. He cannot get a profit on the transaction: all he gets is the satisfaction, if any, of handing out more goods than before in proportion to the revenue he gathers. No amount of new production will of itself alter the amount of money available to buy that production. Cotton manufacturers know better than Mr. Keynes what are the limits of that money: it is their daily task to discover what the amount is. There is only one condition under which these manufacturers could hope to recover cost plus profit on a larger output; namely, if the reduced price tempted everybody to spend extra money on cotton goods. This would only be possible (a) if the banks were issuing new credits,

Views and Reviews.

METROPOLITAN CIVILISATION.

II.

It is a good thing for a community as for an individual to develop the nervous system rather than the muscular. To develop the nervous system, however, without regard for the power of the rest of the organism to support it, brings about an excess of tension that results in breakdown. Metropolitan life, in the individual, and in the civilisation as a whole, is carried on in utter disregard for the connection of man with the earth and his dependence upon it. The world over dwellers in big cities are tense and nervous; and the majority are oblivious to their misuse of the earth, while the earth has lost its power to protest.

* * *

The waste of food between the land or sea and the man about town has been estimated at over 30 per cent. of production, and the refuse mainly accumulates where it tends to cause disease, not where, as in the country, it is restored to the land. Just as the city wastes the country's produce it wastes its life. The city cannot breed its own inhabitants; its people conduct themselves at so high a nervous tension that they become infertile, although, and partly because, they consume, in a great many of the luckier instances, far too much of the best the world can produce. The agriculturist gives his product and his offspring to be squandered in the barrenness of urban civilisation, and lives in want himself, fearing famine, and unable to partake of much that he grows. Getting his goods to town, paying an agent there, supporting a horde of inefficient retailers, he has next to nothing for persuading the earth to deliver the grain when everybody else has been paid.

* * *

This is not a defence of the English farmers' inefficiency which itself is part of the consequences of cultural neglect, and the false acceptance of the metropolis as the standard of civilised attainment. Not only English land has been misused, but the very planet. During the last century and a half no form of natural wealth from forests to coal has been secure against criminal squandering by men who deemed the greatest honour to become fabulously rich in their lifetime without a thought for the future. The very sea, the purifier, has been polluted. In the worst possible interpretation we have been thoughtless for the morrow. though we have considered neither the lilies nor the fowls of the air. The oppression of the English agricultural labourer—or his enforced desertion of the land—has been accomplished by competing against him with the first crops of the virgin soils in newly discovered countries. On land that requires tact because it has been tilled for a thousand years, he has had to stand, for the sake of low wages in industry, against the combined forces of new continents, without education, without the amenities of civilisation, and without capital.

* * *

Yet the progressive urbanisation of the planet has brought its penalties. Among the countries preponderantly industrial war is threatened continually. Machinery has overtaken, in some commodities, the needs of the world, though the produce cannot be as yet distributed. Nevertheless, Britain, Germany, the United States, Japan, and other countries become increasingly urban. Producers of food are able to take increasing advantage of the manufacturers because of the rural contraction of manufacturing countries, and obtain more and more for their food. That is the meaning of the increased price of Argentine meat on account of continental competition. It is folly for England to continue as though her place as the national manufacturing monopolist were to continue. Either the roots of human life must once more be found in England, or her possible flowers and fruit of culture will not again bloom and ripen.

* * *

The one justification offered for the maintenance of metropolitan civilisation is that culture and refinement can be attained there and nowhere else; that the greatest experts, teachers, and geniuses collect in the metropolis; that, if one would live within the sphere of their beneficent influence, to the city one must go. All its disadvantages, it is argued, have to be set aside because the flower of an epoch is within the city. That it forces a multitude of destitutes into an outcast neighbourhood, for some ungodly reason usually into the east, or harbours a mass of unemployed ability far in excess of its running requirements, and develops in another multitude only wealth-desire, all this must be borne for its culture. There are many signs that London's culture is worn out, and its people exhausted of the power to replace it. London, with other cities close at its heels, is living on stimulants.

* * *

The brevity of life in contrast with the length of art is as an age contrasted with the fleetingness of city experiences. People who dwell in cities are the victims of a thousand discordant sense impressions at every instant, and they last for no more than an instant. Such people lose their sensitiveness to anything that might make a lasting impression, a cultural impression; that might, in other words, shape them. It is an old newspaper that is a day old! One of the boons to the city of a long power-strike is the temporary suspension of the display of electric light advertisements. Those lights are not intended to illuminate; they are meant to startle jaded and exhausted senses into an exercise of neurasthenic energy. Those sky-signs are as criminal, by the final law, as rousing an overwrought woman from sleep. The tired Londoner cannot go home from his useless office without being mobbed by the commercial riff-raff of Europe and America with dazzling suggestions to buy a hundred things that he has decided not to buy. In his half-sleeping state, he is their easy victim. If you can spend fifty thousand pounds on suggestion you are sure to get your money back; and the dupes who buy the rubbish do not know how they were brought to do so.

* * *

Very few indeed can equip themselves, on Lamarckian and Freudian lines, with a protective skin to keep out sensual stimulants. Most people need them. They can peg on a little farther only on increasing doses. The dependence on the stimulant of alcohol—with its attendant soporific effect on the nervous system—is a trifle compared with the craving for ever-growing variety and blatancy of sights and noises. Possibly beer-drinking, by rendering the soul temporarily indifferent to its kaleidoscopic environment, is a partial antidote against city neurasthenia. Between the fellow who chooses beer and conversation, and the one who elects for nothing less exciting than revues, the healthier impulse belongs to the former. Revue, with its bizarre, fleeting scenes, its utter separation from social or religious realities, its momentary impressions, acts only as a sensory stimulant. It is frequented by those who are at the same time too jaded and too tense to give the continuous attention, and sequence of thought and emotion, required for the contemplation of any kind of art; by, in fact, the typical—and the more prosperous—city man, whose only alternative dramatic diet is the least worthy and most revue-like comedy and farce. This disablement of the individual for culture extends from top to bottom of society. When I happened to read George Jean Nathan's list of the shows patronised by the King and Queen of England over a long period I was amazed at the influence of metropolitan civilisation.

* * *

Music, like man, perishes in London. The Queen's Hall threatens to become a kinema, the Albert Hall a revue show. Only the People's Palace in the Mile End will be left to music in a year or two. London music is broadcast or gramophoned, and the public explicitly elects to hear the worst. One of the pieces played by restaurant orchestras to excuse the diners from frankly apologising for having no conversation—in marble restaurants as in the imitation marble—is concocted of phrases from fifty or more popular tunes. The arranger thinks it a clever piece of work, according to a description of it I read at the Coliseum, to show how these tatters could be strung together. This *magnum opus* is applauded. It is not regarded as demoralising; each phrase completely covers the duration of the audience's capacity for interest in any one theme.

* * *

The city is a veritable cemetery for art. Its galleries and museums are mainly mummy-shows. Its current exhibitions represent work that the city is exterminating from Nature, landscapes and lovely bodies, clear complexions and skies. Such serious music, opera, and drama as the city can provide are a secret church of a few whom the city persecutes, and who go to revive themselves a little with religious values. The art born of the city is largely false, precisely as the *new* architecture of London is false. City manners decree the false representation of emotion for politeness sake, and it is this repression, together with neurasthenic tension, which characterises its art, including even its architecture. As surely as a truthful play appears, the audience consists only of the lonely souls who left the countryside for the will o' the wisp of culture on the hub of the empire; people who peer ceaselessly about them, looking for some sign of solidity, character, and shape, for some value other than riches. The audience at Sean O'Casey's "Plough and the Stars" was an audience for whom the metropolis is exile—not by any means Irishmen only—and the same audience appeared again and again. The artist cannot live in London. His community has been the first to break up. He has gone where silence is, where life is, to Lincolnshire, Devonshire, or Montrose; anywhere out of London.

R. M.

Review.

Elysia. By Albert Luc. (Watts and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Mr. Albert Luc's essay is called "a new philosophy of happiness." It illustrates very well the fate of a writer who does not know the literature of his subject, who has learnt something from life but nothing from tradition. Mr. Luc has really not more than three typical thoughts upon the subject, which are not a bad natural outfit to be born with, but not enough to write a book about. A man of Mr. Luc's resourcefulness in turning instances is apt to be quite unashamed of the fewness of his thoughts, and unaware of his need to acquire others. Thus the present work is little more than a repetition of three ideas: (a) That present happiness is relative to memory of the past and expectation of the future. (b) That great happiness and misery can only be experienced in the pursuit, or effort towards, an object which you really want; and (c) that happiness and misery are equal and interdependent. These thoughts are not systematically presented but are repeated again and again with different material of illustration. There are a few quite discordant passages, such as the idea that conduct has little influence on happiness, which is entirely incompatible with (b). The book as a whole belongs to the class of "philosophies" which are efforts to make a greyer, dimmer, more pacified kind of vision, with the lesson that nothing makes much difference, so why should we get excited about it? What good there is in the book is drawn from observation: and it is possible that Mr. Luc might produce a contribution to this subject if he would read it up.

Gods and Kings.

By Philippe Mairet.

Sindbad the Sailor was for a time enslaved by an old man, who sat astride his shoulders and drove him like a horse. A nightmare of an Old Man rules the dream-life of the vast mass of humanity, and thus controls the political and religious idealism of the world. That old man hides in the unconsciousness of everyone; going abroad in many disguises in the twilight of dreams. It is always an image of authority—a flattering protector or a contemptuous bully. This is no place to enquire into its atavistic and anthropological origins. It is a fact, and a fact by which humanity is haunted: our dreams, good and bad, are full of this patriarchal obsession: imagined as King or Queen, as long-bearded Methuselah, or ancient God. It is an unreal, but intelligible, figment of the imagination, than which nothing more preys upon the vitality of the spirit. Also, it is continually striving to find an expression in life. The imagination of a bigger fellow inside us makes us desire some magistral authority, makes us project some long-bearded tyranny into the world.

Of course, we *want* to believe in this illusion. There is something comforting to a man or woman in the notion that somewhere there is One Who Knows. Great is the reassurance in the idea that somewhere, in the Vatican, in the laboratories of Science, in the Himalayas, in Heaven, on the throne or in the Power behind it, in the Constitution—even finally in Scotland Yard—there is omniscience and saving grace. Then we are not responsible after all. It is the other fellow's business—let him do it. Let God do it. Let Mussolini. Let the Constitution keep us in order. Let Finance and Big Business remake the world of Mr. Wells. *We* don't want to do it. We don't want the power and glory. How spiritually modest and self-effacing we can be!

But all this crying for a Providential Ruler, a Dictator, or a Perfect System is just the desire that someone else may watch us—*because he can't see everything*! There is only one Watcher who could be omniscient, and that is—simply oneself, oneself without any Old Man's legs round one's neck. That is the freedom we respectfully decline. To someone else the imposition of the morale. To ourselves we reserve the evasion of it.

Such is the origin of Kings, Queens, and all irremovable authorities—their pathological basis. Thus the Old Man is projected as Osiris, and Osiris becomes incarnate as Pharaoh—or any God incarnate in any King. From the beginning humanity has done hardly anything but abdicate. Kings and Emperors ascend their thrones to make immediate and formal abdication in favour of God. It is always the projection of the Old Man, either individual or collective, which is held responsible, not men themselves.

The task of humanity is to shake the Old Man from its shoulders, to take its own destiny in hand. That is, to consign kings, queens, dictators, and fool-proof systems all to oblivion. It is not an easy matter. You cannot really turn a king off the throne till you have chased the Old Man out of your dreams: and that is harder than it was for Sindbad to dump his ugly burden. How little sincerity has been in all our regicides! We do, indeed, make a sacrificial goat of the Lord's anointed, whenever his rule has been too insufferably stained by the sins of our own abdication. Then we hasten to lay the burden of our own transgressions on him, kill him, or drive him into exile. But do we not infallibly, the moment after, grovel upon much more abject bellies before some bigger bully of a dictator? At the most golden opportunity we dare not enter into our own inheritance. The dream-tyrant is as firmly crowned as ever within us.

It is no better with our atheism, to judge by the Freethinkers. They are haunted like savages by the primitive *imago* of the Old Man. Unable to detach themselves from it and its accusing eye, they try to kill the very philosophical concept of God, which is like agitating for the abolition of algebra. They are not even agnostics, let alone sceptics. However they may disbelieve in God the Holy Spirit, they are earnest Bibliophobes who believe very much in God the Horrible Spook. They do not rise above the whole illusion of the long-bearded God. They merely react against it. Their hatred of it is the measure of its reality in their souls.

So in our political revolts we do not transcend monarchy. We oppose it with the imagination of a perfect order, a bountiful mechanical certainty, the dream of a deep-breasted mother-State: we only fight the King with the Queen. We do not have political regenerations, but only "revolutions." The wheel turns back on itself. It was the same rare and malefic conjunction of planets in the royal sign of Leo that shone upon the English regicide, the French Revolution, and the great fall of kings in 1917-18—so mechanically does humanity expiate its servitude in cycles.

To know this, and even that it cannot be otherwise, is not to despair of our liberation: on the contrary, the beginning of our wisdom is to know that the Old Man the Horrible Spook is not merely in the saddle; he is woven deep into the web of our nervous systems. Each man's hard task is to become king of his own organism, in waking, working, dreaming, and even sleeping. As he achieves this mastery he assumes free equality in social life. Only he who knows this can give meaning and value to the blind iconoclasms and revolutions of the masses.

Now, especially, after the most furious casting-down of crowns and clamour for dictator-saviours that the world has known, and after psychology has revealed the very roots of kingship, the truth about the Old Man should be laid to heart. As aims and ideals, let us no more cherish his projections. Let kings all vanish finally from our affections; there is no true King and Queen but Spirit and Matter, and only then when they are perfectly wedded in Mind. Away with all unitarian-state systems, on which the Horrible Spook feeds its soul of illusion! And let us cast down any God who is not also, and at the same time, Man.

NOON.

Nay! Cease breathing, quell the tumult
Of the loud blood in your veins;
For the silent noon is trembling,
And the sorrel drops its grains.

Here is mystery more pregnant
Than the midnight woodland hides
When rapt lover leans to lover,
And the voiceless meteor glides.

Slowly up the shuddering heavens
Climbed the sun, and now he rests.
Earth, with all her passions pulsing,
Lulls her songsters on their nests.

With a lustful hand death-pallid,
Down she soothes her aching hills;
Noisy waters by the willows
With her sleepy whisper stills.

Oh the shame, the creeping languor,
Oh the burning thoughts that roll
Veils of fire upon the virgin
Morning freshness of the soul.

RICHARD CHURCH.

On the Bummel.

III.—AM NECKAR.

> "And whenever the way seemed long, or his heart began
> to fail,
> She would sing a more wonderful song, or tell a more
> marvellous tale."
>
> —Tom Moore.

That was Araminta's way; but she, living in the days of modern psychology, would have insisted that *he* should join the song. The way was rarely long to our feet, and we sang for happiness, but whenever our "chariot wheels" went heavily she gathered the strength of the sacred unity, the group, by starting a song. And although Lucien had taboos against beer before sunset he was always ready to sing:

"And then when the parsons come down
A'preachin' that drinkin' is sinful,
I'll warrant the rascals a crown
They always preach best with a skinful.
T'rodel, T'rodel, T'rol," etc.

Or we would call upon Amarillis to sing a roundelay to her swain's piping, in that—

". . . pretty, pretty, pretty arbour nigh,
Where Apollo, where Apollo dare not spy."

But best of all, and kept for occasions, to enhance a quietude or to express thankfulness for the strange interfusion of heaven and earth, was the mystical One to Twelve, that needs a river and wide green pleasaunces for proposal of its:

"I'll give you One, ho!"

Chorus: "Green grow the rushes, ho!
What is your One, ho!?
One is One, and all alone,
And evermore shall be so."

"I'll give you two, ho!"

mounting to:—

"Twelve for the Twelve Apostles,"

and descending through:

"Eight for the Gabriel angel,
Seven for the seven stars in the sky,
And Six for the six proud walkers.
Five for the symbols at your door,
And four for the Gospel makers.
Three, three, the Rivals.
Two, two, the lily-white boys
Clothèd all in green, ho!
And One is One, and all alone,
And evermore shall be so."

Singing, we passed through the shining Neckarthal, over the wooded heights, through the pine-scented uplands and along the river banks, sweet with the season's second crop of hay, and endeared by the calm upon the faces of the stalwart peasants, all busy with the slow, effective industry of those born to tillage, and far removed by the unquestionable necessity of their function from the feverish anxieties of townsmen.

A broad band of green restrains the forest from crowding to the brink of the river, and adds beauty to the swift flood. But here and there, on one side or the other, precipitous cliffs rise high from the bed of the stream, showing red sandstone through the enveloping forest. At such points the river curves like a scimitar; sometimes close like a sickle, as at the feet of Dilsberg on the hill—a gem set in a translucent band.

We had wandered in the evening glow through the still glories of the great castle at Heidelberg—a habitation for giants; magnificent, and so consonant with the rock that it seems to grow rather than to have been built, and to have grown at that point to command the wide plain suddenly stretched at the feet of the sandstone range of the Odenwald, with the Neckar emerging from its turbulence and flowing quietly in demure windings until it is again quickened in the great stream of the Rhine far across the plain.

We sat that night high above the castle, dining luxuriously as a thankoffering to the gods, until the steep forest across the valley passed from hazy blue to deep purple and to black against the brilliant afterglow; and the town, far beneath, decked herself with rows and clusters and circlets of light, until her body was outlined and covered with jewels. Then, to Lucien's recital of heroic verse—and occasional ribald songs—we followed the scented way down. The charmed impression of the day threw us into deep talk, continued far into the night, of the kind wherein seed of thought is sown of which the fruit is reaped after many days, and from whose shared sincerities arise bonds of mutual confidence and affection.

Gaily we left towns behind and took to the woods next day, walking high in the sun-filled forest, and later descending to the river—where the school children, on treat from Mannheim, sang to us over coffee and *butter-brod*.

Araminta's sack was a veritable widow's cruse, adding raisins and nutty joys to the grapes and pears and *lauterbrod* that sustained us through the days. In the glimmering dusk we ferried the river, and climbed the steep hill to Dilsberg, where the snare was laid for us. Wine on draught, delicious, soft, rich, and then the dancing with the family, spurred on by the loquacious little old man. That capped it; they shouldn't give such wine to the uninitiated! Perdita professed superiority, but no one believed her. If the pace was a little slow next day, and three of the morning hours dedicated to walking were spent bathing in the river and in the sun, so that Zwingenberg was lying, a cluster of lights in an unfathomable abyss, when we reached the height above the village, well, we were having Holy days, and did not grudge the unsuspected potency of the good red wine. Had we been earlier we should have missed the magic of the star-spangled valley, and the dark descent through towering solemn pines until the river showed steel blue on a wide curve at our feet.

All the roads in this country are lined with fruit trees, mostly apples and pears; the windfalls are the perquisite of the passer-by. How beautiful the blossoming time must be against the massed blue-green of pine forests! The sun each day outshone his former splendour; and once, in deep woods glowing with myriad sunny shafts, tall red-dappled deer startlingly broke cover and glanced clattering through the trees, at a speed that left us silent and entranced when the stillness of the forest suddenly returned.

Here were wide cultivated lands and tiny villages that might have been in Bengal, so similar are the ways of peasantry over the vast area in which the ox wagon is the means of transport. The villagers and their dwellings seemed auxiliary to the barns and the animals, and to grow round the midden. Three generations were out reaping the late hay, calm, beautiful people, carrying on the essential work of the world, free of overlordship except that of the head of the family. Little Gretchen, left alone in charge of the inn, was so small that she could scarcely cut the delicious dark bread for the travellers' requirements.

THE FOURTH.

(*To be concluded.*)

PRODIGAL AND PURITAN.

Which is the fool? The man who should
Suppose that harm might do him good,
Or he who shudders in alarm
Lest any good might do him harm.

C. L. M.

Drama.

Trelawney of the Wells: Globe.

In consciousness, if not in history books, what happened fifty years ago is more ancient than what happened five thousand years ago. "Trelawney" is in many ways a delightful play, but its thirty-year-old representation of a state of affairs that existed on the stage sixty years ago recalls longer memories than does the Greek drama. The nineteenth-century actor is as extinct as the nineteenth-century prizefighter, and the theatre, like the ring, has become refined, in proportion as it has become unreal and unmoral. In other words, it has pursued the normal development of social advancement.

A love affair and proposed marriage between Rose Trelawney, actress, the lovely leading lady at the "Wells" theatre, and Arthur Gower, gentleman, grandson of Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower, Knight, far from being a wonder to write a play about, would nowadays be reckoned a doubtful capture for the lady, who had better spend a little more time looking round for a richer digging. Far from being turned out of her lover's family mansion for failing at her probationer's examination in manners, it would be the young gentleman's manners that would offend, and the lady who would object. Perfect manners are now met with nowhere except on the stage, while the confident and haughty bearing of the true aristocrat is the strict preserve of public-house landlords' daughters.

Yet this play itself described a turning-point in the life of the theatre. James Telfer, the old-style tragedian, excellently acted by Robert Atkins, raised a mournful figure from the dead that the present generation of theatre-goers only dimly remembers travelling in its old and tearful age with the penny show round the fairs. But there was a great sincerity in that ponderous figure, hand under waistcoat, as though defying the missiles of the gods, rolling out his diphthongs, and doubling all his consonants except the aspirate.

The figure of this production of "Trelawney of the Wells" is Sebastian Smith's Vice-Chancellor Sir William Gower. All the last three parts taken by this actor have been creations of genius, and he ought to be seen before somebody sweeps him off to New York or some other highly appreciative and cultured city. He has been a down-trodden little bank-clerk, a philosophical piano-tuner, and now a domineering Vice-Chancellor, with equal mastery. The play rises to a greater altitude whenever he enters. His choler, his habit of being unreasonable and yet, at least in private life, obeyed without question, his domineering manners, and the generosity behind all this, are expressed with comedy and pathos as rich as anything on the present stage. Leon Quartermaine's Tom Wrench was also a work of art. Seeing this actor in a frayed suit wanted some getting used to. Probably the sight of Leon Quartermaine in this condition was the most realistic aid of all to our appreciation of the hard life of the Sadlers' Wells troupe in the eighteen-sixties. He knew his man, however, with his wistful optimism, and his dog-like love for the lady; and he revived for the audience's endearment a type the late nineteenth century dreamed about in its yearning for lost chivalry; that gentle figure who went about doing good without any priestly nonsense or hope of reward; the modest violet, etc. Barbara Gott's Clerkenwell lodginghouse-keeper, and Dorice Fordred's Avonia Dunn, actress, were lively and in true tradition.

In the drawing-room at Cavendish Square, living on appro. among her prospective future relations, Margaret Bannerman's Rose Trelawney was good. Her neurotic anxiety to break out and shock her too proper company, and to throw up the whole thing for surroundings more natural if more barbaric, and her hysterical mimicking of the airs of her future grandfather-in-law were of the first rank. Out of place as she showed herself in that drawing-room, however, she looked every bit as much out of place in her natural surroundings. She was so lady-like in the first act at the finely composed farewell party that the necessary conversion to ladylikeness after her love experience was hardly possible. After the gipsy curtain at Cavendish Square, when she went back to Sadlers' Wells, and lost her power to draw the crowd because of her distaste for the songs which had won her lover, losing also first half her salary and then her job, Rose Trelawney ought to have economised in her wardrobe as her producer economised in her rooms. Though clothes may make the woman and style the man, the style of those clothes could not make any women into Rose Trelawney down on her luck. Even a society lady doing a little slumming to feel occupied before the Lord would have dressed more cautiously.

The end of the nineteenth century produced a lot of work on the theme of Trelawney. The late Charles Garvice wrote it into a hundred best-sellers. It is the pathetic suffering, steadfast modesty, and ultimate worldly triumph of one, Cinderella. Nevertheless it is a healthy plot, and worked out as in this play it is superior to the instances now crowding the stage of wealth-fantasies which call neither for the suffering nor the steadfastness. To make the outcast's dreams come true implies a link between acknowledging the right of the outcast to have dreams, and a duty to find out what they are.

PAUL BANKS.

Art.

The Rome Scholarships.

The new Imperial Gallery of Art at the Imperial Institute is to be welcomed as an appropriate place for showing works in connection with the Rome Scholarships and also examples of Dominion art. The first exhibition (open until December 5) is devoted to a small collection of drawings, among which are two good pastels by Professor Tonks, bought for the South African Art Gallery, and to the works executed in the final competitions for the Rome Scholarships of 1926. In architecture, the subject being "A Royal Naval College," the scholarship goes to A. D. Connell (New Zealand and London University Atelier), the Jarvis Studentship to H. Thearle (Liverpool University), and an additional special studentship from the Jarvis Fund to B. R. Ward (New Zealand and London University Atelier). It is good to find two colonial students among the three who have solved the problem to the satisfaction of the examiners; but a special word of praise is due to one of the unsuccessful competitors, E. M. K. Ellerton (Architectural Association), whose designs have a sense of curbed power, and whose avoidance of ill-related adornment on the exterior of the buildings is reflected in the rigorous control of his draughtsmanship.

In engraving, the work of F. G. Austin (Leicester School of Art, Royal College of Art) is, to me, definitely better than that of the prizewinner and the other two competitors.

The designs in the Decorative Painting Section are the most arresting things in the Gallery, and, of the four candidates selected to take part in the final competition, Glyn O. Jones (Slade School), who receives the scholarship, stands out, although I feel sure that many will agree that not one of the four has understood the basic requirements of mural painting. It would be interesting to know how such requirements are interpreted by the teachers under whom these students have studied, and by the examiners. If I invoke those master painters of ancient Egypt and India who painted decoration on walls, it may be objected that their ideals are too remote from the needs of to-day; and if I suggest the study of Gauguin and Hodler, it may be objected that this country has not yet had time or opportunity for digesting such modernity; so I will call to my aid a Victorian artist. In 1847 (four years before the 1851 Exhibition, the Commissioners of which offer annually these Rome Scholarships) G. F. Watts completed in Florence the huge composition, "A Story from Boccaccio," now at the Tate Gallery, where, incidentally, it makes the John composition, "Ireland," on an opposite wall, look very uneasy. Compare the Watts decoration with any of his easel pictures near, and its suitability as a wall decoration is seen at once. Although modelling and distance are present, they are authoritatively controlled by the linear conception of the design, and, while the spectator is stimulated by a dramatic scene, he is always conscious that the painting is a decoration on a wall, whose solid structure is not violated.

The 1926 Rome scholar has given a modern setting to his subject, "Building," and has probably also pleased the examiners by a display of perspective and sciagraphy; but if one side of his composition (a man carrying bricks up a ladder) is to some extent effective by reason of simplified drawing and colour, the other side projects the spectator violently through the wall in his effort to catch up a vanishing motor omnibus on a road which diminishes into far distance. The subject set was particularly appropriate to decorative treatment in two dimensions, and it gave an opportunity of easily relating the separate figures introduced. All the competitors have attempted something quite inappropriately complicated, and, however they have shown ability in isolated and minor instances, they have failed, I think, in the task given even when the results are judged by relatively moderate critical standards.

In the Sculpture Section no candidates were selected for a final competition.

ERNEST COLLINGS.

Solitaria.

By V. Rosanov.

(Translated from the Russian by S. S. Koteliansky.)

XI.

Always doing something, planning something. (*About Jews.*)

* * *

After my death if someone loves me, let him keep silent about it. (*Luga-Petersburg, in a railway car.*)

* * *

God has gilded me all over.
I feel it. . . .
Lord! How much I feel it!

* * *

My soul is interwoven of dirt, tenderness and sadness. Or:

It is like gold-fish, playing in the sun, but placed in an aquarium filled with dung-impregnated water.

And they are not suffocated there. Quite the contrary. . . .

It does not sound like truth. And yet *it is so.*

* * *

I feel somehow sad (and frightened) at the thought that being dead (and moreover "an author") people will start praising me.

Perhaps this will be well-founded, but that appreciation will ignore my "regrettable incidents." And receiving not according to my deserts, I shall be ashamed, tormented, *guilty* there, "in the other world."

• • •

Every line of mine is holy writ (not in the scholastic, not in the ordinary sense), and every thought of mine is a holy thought, and every word of mine is a holy word.

"How dare you?" shouts the reader.

"Don't you see I dare," and I laugh at him in reply.

I may be a "fool" (there are rumours), perhaps even a "swindler" (there is gossip to that effect); but the *width* of thought, the *incommensurability* of "horizons revealed" —no one has had that before me in the way I possess it. And all of it came from my own mind, without borrowing an iota even. Wonderful. I am simply a wonderful man.

(*On the sole of my slipper; bathing.*)

* * *

Tip-toeing, and with a happy face, Schwartz or Schmidt used to come up to us and announce in his German accent:

"There are bradus to-day!"

This as a change from the eternal "goose's wing," i.e., a bone with a tightly-drawn rough skin, which we used to gnaw

"Without adoration, without inspiration . . ."

And we used to laugh with Konstantin at these "bradus." The proprietor of the eating-house was glad to treat us to something "elegant."

To the German it was a comfort, but to us a grief. Well, we used to eat the brains. But once at his place I was nearly poisoned by a piece of meat (in the soup), evidently rotten. No sooner had I swallowed it than something extraordinary happened: as though I had swallowed a toad. And for a whole day, for almost two days, I was sick.

(*At the University.*)

* * *

The connection of sex with God—greater than the connection of the mind with God, greater even than the connection of conscience with God—is gathered from this that all a-sexualists reveal themselves also as a-theists. Those gentlemen as Buckle or Spencer, as Pisariov or Belinsky, who have said about "sex" no more words than about the Argentine Republic, are at the same time astoundingly atheistical, as though there had not been before them or near them any religion. They are literally "unbaptised" in a strange, peculiar sense. . . . The "Maeterlinckian catharsis" for the last twenty or thirty years consisted in this, that very many people began to look into the root of things: one's sex, one's personal sex became of interest to all. Probably something must have happened in the semen (and in the ovum); it is remarkable that now human beings have already begun to be born quite different from those of sixty or seventy years ago. There is being born a "new generation." . . . One sensible woman, the wife of a priest (A.A-va) said to me once: "The crisis among the clergy is now manifested in a great number of young wives of priests who are barren." She did not finish her thought then, but a year later I heard her say that "it is not the priests' wives who don't conceive, but that their husbands have not the strength to conceive in them." Astonishing.

Well, something of the kind has taken place in the whole "Maeterlinckian generation." It took place not in the mode of thinking, but in the sex; and only afterwards also in the mode of thinking.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. BELLOC STILL OBJECTS.

Sir,—Your paper, which gave so enthusiastic a notice to Mr. Wells's attack on me, has not dealt with my reply. From the way it alludes to that reply your readers might continue under the impression that it did not exist. The point is very simple—Mr. Wells said I had no modern authorities on my side, that I had made up sundry foolish arguments of my own, and that my allusion to a whole current of modern scientific thought opposed to Natural Selection was bluff. There was no such thought. I answer by citing name after name, professors in such Universities as Columbia, Paris, Leipzig, Bologna, Harvard; if that is not an answer to Mr. Wells's challenge, what is? And why is that answer concealed? As for the enumeration of Darwin's inconsistencies, that has nothing to do with the issue. We all know by this time that Charles Darwin, though humble, immensely industrious and honest, was terribly muddle-headed. But how does that affect the validity of the arguments which have been brought against his mechanical and materialist theory of Natural Selection and have destroyed it? And what intelligent purpose is served by trying to prevent English readers hearing arguments which are now familiar to all Europe?

H. BELLOC.

ROMAN HISTORY.

Sir,—I have not had the advantage of reading Rostovtzeff's erudite work on the later history of Rome, but certain considerations can be urged against any argument from general Roman history against any theory of Aristocratic Culture, such as R. M. mentions in his article on "Metropolitan Civilisation." The Riddle of Rome is not its decline and fall, but its remarkable continuance. In the main its culture was borrowed, particularly from the non-aristocratic Athens, and in process of borrowing it degenerated. Most of its chief figures were bourgeois, parvenus, and aliens (*e.g.*, Ennius, Plautus, Terence, Cicero, Livy, Horace, Virgil, Martial). The aristocratic senate, to whom trade was forbidden, brought republican Rome almost to ruin. They were incompetent in conducting war. They were saved time and again by "new men," such as Marius, a boor and demagogue, who saved Italy from the migrating barbarians about 100 B.C. They had no political gumption when once Rome became more than a country town. They were corrupt. They engaged in long continued faction fights. They repressed every attempt to solve the agrarian problems. They did their best to keep the population of Italy in a dependent condition. After a generation of anarchy at home and looting in the provinces, the State was saved by Cæsarism and bureaucracy. Augustus, in whose reign, thanks in part to an increase in currency from the mines, the prosperity of Rome and the empire rose markedly, and some of his successors tried to give the aristocracy a chance, but always had to fall back on their own rule and their own organisation largely run by ex-slaves. This was successful, in so far as for two centuries it maintained peace, apart from occasional quarrels between candidates for the purple, and a reasonable prosperity over a territory which stretched from Syria to Scotland, from Bavaria to the Sahara. Peace and practical immunity from invasion were maintained with the ridiculously small force of 200,000 legionaries, and on the extremely wasteful, inefficient economic production of slaves. Currency troubles, the Oriental plague which came in the days of Marcus Aurelius, and the rigid administration which was adopted to keep society working, coupled with the civil wars, which were frequent from A.D. 200, brought final disaster in the West four centuries after the aristocratic anarchy was squelched. In the East the system struggled on, not without its glories, for another thousand years. And had it not been for the piratical aristocrats of the Fourth Crusade, it might have continued longer and resisted the Turks from the Orient.

The aristocracy of Rome ruined themselves, and have since been followed in that course by the aristocracies of France and Russia, and by lesser aristocracies. But I doubt whether any of them in their prime had many merits.

HILDERIC COUSENS.

NOTICE OF MEETING.

A lecture entitled "Towards a New Social Order" will be given on Sunday, December 12, at 8 p.m., in the front room of the Music Hall, Shrewsbury, by Major C. F. J. Galloway, B.Sc., F.R.G.S. (of London). Chairman, G. Lake, Esq., I.L.P. Leader. Admission free.

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Contributors are asked to take note that a column of large type in THE NEW AGE contains about 700 words, and a column of small type 975 words. Their contributions should therefore be of 700 or 1,400 words in the first case, or 975 or 1,950 words in the second. Articles slightly exceeding the one column, or the two columns, are liable to be cut. Except in special circumstances articles should not run on to three columns. Normally a writer should be able to explain his thesis adequately in one or in two columns. If not he should divide it with the above measurements in view.

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