

to Peking often takes the same length of time to reach us.

At this time of year the climate — wet and cold, with leaden clouds overhead for a week at a time — contributes to the general exasperation. 'In Szechwan, the dogs bark at the sun,' says a proverb of the country — which is another way of saying that the dogs

see the sun so seldom that they treat it as a perfect stranger. Sometimes, however, the clouds part and the sun shines down over the city, the river, and the mountains which, once free from the mists, assume a beautiful green, and then one becomes reconciled to the place of which in less pleasant days he has complained.

THE LOEB CLASSICAL LIBRARY

BY GILBERT NORWOOD

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THE publication of yet another eight volumes — containing the whole of Claudian and parts of Æschylus, Herodotus, Xenophon, Livy, and Polybius — in the Loeb series of translations suggests a survey of the whole collection so far as it has been published. The object of the Loeb Library as stated by its founder, Dr. James Loeb, the American banker, is to provide texts and translations of 'all that is of value and interest in Greek and Latin literature, from the time of Homer to the Fall of Constantinople.' This magnificent task is being splendidly executed. During the past ten years some hundred and forty volumes have appeared, covering an immense range — from the *Iliad* to St. Augustine. Each volume gives on the left-hand page the Greek or Latin original, on the right a prose translation. Both parts of the work have been performed in a manner at once scholarly and sensible.

For a number of authors Elizabethan versions are available and the editors have most wisely used them, with only slight alterations. The volumes are excellently turned out and in every way delightful to use. Each has a textual *apparatus criticus*, for there is no tendency to write down 'to the capacity' of some special type of reader. And here we may specially mention Sir J. G. Frazer's edition of Apollodorus, with its magnificent efflorescence of annotation. As for the price, certain admirable and famous presses would do well to lay to heart the statement made recently by Mr. T. E. Page, one of the three editors: 'At the beginning each volume was issued at five shillings, but owing to the great increase in the cost of printing the price is now ten shillings. In spite of this increase the publication involves a very heavy loss, running, in fact, into tens of thousands of pounds.'

These latest eight volumes uphold the great reputation which this series has won throughout the English-speaking world. In any such collection one of the danger-points is Æschylus, and we must pause to offer gratitude and admiration to Professor H. Weir Smyth, of Harvard, for the first of his two volumes on that poet; his introduction is a model of what is needed. But all these newcomers are excellent. The late W. R. Paton's translation of Polybius is strikingly good, and it is a fine thing to have so handy and useful a Claudian as that contained in Mr. Platnauer's two volumes.

We have no desire to suggest that the Library is from every point of view perfect; and something shall be said later on the other side. But Dr. Loeb, his editors, and the company of scholars working under their guidance, are conferring an enormous benefit not only upon classical students but also upon all who are interested in humane literature. They are in a fair way to revolutionize the study of ancient literature as profoundly, and in much the same way, as the motor has revolutionized transport.

For its benefit accrues not only to that small — however important — band who are studying Greek or Latin without a teacher, and not only to the larger class of researchers in other subjects — for example, historians who wish to know the contents of Polybius' work or Arrian's, but who are unable to read these authors in the original. This enterprise adds to such functions a third: it quite definitely strengthens, refreshes, and defends classical learning itself.

Hitherto the huge majority of cultivated people who have read a considerable amount of Latin and Greek before they were twenty-one, have been compelled in middle life to bid farewell to any effective enjoyment of

the classics. Despite all the platitudes of statesmen and prelates on school speech-days, it is simply untrue that more than one in ten of our barristers, clergymen, civil servants, is able after some twenty years of engrossing and nonacademic pursuits to 'draw the curtains and revel' in Homer or Livy, not to mention Pindar, Plato, and Tacitus. Frankly, they are too difficult. In such a situation you cannot read with enjoyment and profit any author who is more difficult than, let us say, Burke and Shelley are to an English reader. But Pindar must have been just as difficult to a Greek reader as Shelley to us. For an Englishman, therefore, he is a sealed book unless one's Greek has been 'kept up' with a thoroughness impossible to ninety-nine per cent of us. So is Demosthenes, as compared with Burke, Tacitus with Gibbon, Plato with Berkeley, Virgil with Wordsworth.

Now the great achievement of the Loeb Library is that it puts the verbs of the last few sentences into the past tense. Its volumes are a godsend to the man who knows a great deal of Latin and Greek, but who has gone 'rusty.' He reads a page of Lucian with fair comprehension, turns next to the page opposite and with many a muttered 'Oh, of course!' realizes a dozen points which have been only just beyond him at first, which he now takes with perfect ease, but which he would never have taken at all without such a system.

Add to this the knowledge gained as to the contents of ancient literature by those quite unacquainted with the languages, the assistance given to those who amid great difficulties are learning those languages, the strong and widespread incentive to classical learning, and you will realize the services which are being rendered by the Loeb Library to education and to civilization itself.

For consider the contents of these

volumes. What a gigantic area of achievement — spiritual, moral, artistic, philosophical, political — is here revealed! It is impossible to do justice, even the justice of a catalogue, to this storehouse: Homer and Vergil; Herodotus, Thucydides, Livy, and Tacitus; Demosthenes and Cicero; Plato and Augustine; Petronius, Apuleius, and Longus; Sophocles and Terence; Ovid, Quintilian, Seneca, Galen, Hesiod — the time would fail us to enumerate them all. But observe one fact: the period, for all its vastness, is complete. The world has seen the historical end of its ancient European culture, and can view it in a spirit of detachment.

This completeness, this sense of the Græco-Roman world suspended like an orb in the Almighty's hands, — as Pater put it of Pico della Mirandola's Universe, — although it has engendered many stupidities, means the possibility of much good: the possibility, among other benefits, of something like finality in literary criticism. For example, we may observe the whole course of Roman poetry. In the hands of successive poets the old Latin tongue, a mass of clotted consonants and gawky terminations, was kneaded and moulded into an instrument of amazing dignity, fairness, even flexibility. What contemporary even of the great Ennius, who wrote

*Septingenti sunt paulo plus aut minus anni
Augusto augurio postquam incluta condita Roma est,*

could have conceived that this language of thuds and grunts would one day utter itself in Vergil's music: —

*Tristis at ille: 'Tamen cantabitis, Arcades,' inquit,
'Montibus hæc vestris. Soli cantare periti
Arcades. O mihi tum quam molliter ossa quiescant,
Vestra meos olim si fistula dicat amores!'*

a passage which for sheer music cannot be surpassed even in Greek or Italian. We may indeed see how all Latin poetry rises to Vergil, and then descends through

imitation to weakness, deliquescence, and death. The process can be traced on the technical side with complete ease.

As regards rhythm, the history of Latin poetry is, in the main, the history of elision. Plautus uses it with ludicrous, barbarous frequency. Vergil employs it as instrument of beauty, capable of wonderfully subtle coloring. His successors tend to discard it altogether, apparently as a blemish. That was a fatal mistake: Latin is so strong and heavy that it needs, more than most other languages, some method of entangling word with word if poetic lilt and ripple are not to fail. The avoidance of elision is one of the leading causes of decay in Roman poetry. The other is rhetoric. Your late author rides two hobbies to death. First, he insists on being quotable: —

*Procumbere mundum
hoc auctore pudet,*

cries Claudian, his prophetic eye discerning what later journalists will wish to remark about the ex-Kaiser. Secondly, he insists on saying everything twice over: —

*Everso iuvat orbe mori; solacia leto
exitium commune dabit.*

Both examples are taken from the same work of Claudian (*In Rufinum II*), but the greater part of later Latin poetry swarms with these dazzling yet barren dexterities.

Turn to late Greek, and compare with the love-songs of Sappho, written some six centuries before Christ, that celebrated and vastly overpraised collection, the *Anthology*, a comparison which is itself a training in æsthetics, morals, and the manner in which a whole culture may die. Of Sappho little need be said: she is one of the few great writers whose genius has almost always been adequately recognized. Others write — as we put it — about love: she writes love itself. For Sappho,

metaphor is an evasion, 'allusions' a waste of time. Inventing with consummate insight a metre so simple as to be near neighbor to casual speech, she tells us, in her own exquisite Æolic dialect, simply what she feels. She has no moral, no 'message,' no successor.

Contrast with her steady blaze of passion the amatory poems of the *Anthology*: Except for a very few beautiful little things such as Plato's upon Aster, all is either erotic anatomy or grumblings about old age. The late Greek world was so sophisticated that it is astonishing to find here so little real experience of what we mean by love. To place this collection beside Shakespeare's Sonnets or Meredith's *Love in the Valley* will bring home to us the revolution wrought in European society by the change which has come over its feeling about women.

But late classical literature is far from being a heap of decadent frippery. Much of it relinquishes the silver splendor of the ancient manner only to show the variegated charm of mediævalism. Apuleius — a *raconteur* who might challenge Mr. Kipling — is the first writer of the Middle Ages; it is well-nigh incredible that he was born before the death of Juvenal. The penetrating charm which breathes from the *Pervigilium Veneris* is a blend of the ancient tradition, —

*Ipsa Laurentem puellam coniugem nato dedit,
moxque Marti de sacello dat pudicam virginem,
unde Ramnes et Quirites proque prole posterum
Romulum patrem crearet et nepotem Cæsarem —*

and the infantile loveliness of a nascent art which through its painting, its architecture, and its poetry seems always to be singing, but to sing in unison, not in harmony: —

*Emicant lacrimæ trementes de caduco pondere,
gutta præceps orbe parvo sustinet casus suos:
umor ille quem serenis astra vorant noctibus
mane virgines papillas solvit umentis peplo.
cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras
amet.*

Amazing that such things can be done in Latin and would have been understood by Caius Marius, seven times Consul of the Republic! This little poem by an unknown hand links the Square Rome of the Kings to Botticelli's Primavera.

Again, it is in these late writings almost alone that one catches any glimpse of humdrum life in its petty endearing details, above all of domestic interiors. The classical literature, despite its magnificence, is just as remarkable for what is omitted as for what is portrayed; and home life is one of the omissions. The *Republic* begins promisingly in this regard, but after that memorable discussion has once opened we might as well be on ship-board or the slope of Etna as in that hospitable house near the docks of the Piræus. Despite the palaces in the *Odyssey* and a few scenes in Aristophanes, it is so impossible to think of Pericles drawing up his armchair to the fire for a chat with Anaxagoras or Eupolis that we welcome with especial joy the vignettes of country life in Dio Chrysostom and those wonderful opening chapters of Longus' Third Book, where the delights of love-making and household jollity during a hard winter are so exquisitely presented. The first half of Theocritus' Fifteenth Idyll, where two women gossip of husbands, clothes, and servants, is better known but not better worth knowing.

Consider next the immense value of classical literature to the student of politics. In Thucydides' Fifth Book the so-called Melian Dialogue renders in actual stark words the impulses of brutal greed and cynical arrogance which, unheard but potent, model the polite if unidiomatic French of state papers and circumlocutory conferences in ages less pagan than that of the Peloponnesian War. Cicero's Correspondence is a vast and priceless docu-

ment of social and political life in every phase during one of the most engrossing, one of the most momentous, periods in the world's whole history. Not to mention the works of historians like Herodotus, Xenophon, Polybius, Arrian, Cæsar, Livy, Tacitus, consider the political insight we gain from the comedies of Aristophanes and the theorizing of Plato and Aristotle.

There can be no better initiation into political science than is here provided, partly because so many of our own problems were already urgent for Greeks and Romans, partly because in those days such problems offered themselves in a more elementary form. Those who regard the Greeks as out-of-date, except for an epic or so and a few hundred good vase-paintings, will have their eyes opened by reading one play, if no more, the *Acharnians*, and the *Politics* of Aristotle. 'People forget that the evils whereof they complain are due, not to a rejection of socialism, but to the wickedness of the human heart.' Is that out-of-date?

One is almost afraid to indicate another vast topic — the illumination which students of English literature will gain from these studies. Admirers of Mr. Hardy will be able to see for themselves whether he is right in his apparent belief that he has been influenced by Æschylus. It is notorious that Shakespeare owes a debt definite, however small, to Seneca, that amazing executant who yells pathos through a megaphone. How much light does the *Æneid* throw upon *Paradise Lost*? Moloch gains something from Turnus, the vision of Adam from the ever-memorable muster-roll of Roman heroes whose wraiths present their overwhelming pageant in the Lower World before the eyes of their ancestor and exemplar. In our own time that fine novelist, Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith, has adopted a device used before her by Sophocles — to

depict a hero, faulty yet sublime, leaning both morally and in a severely technical sense upon a smaller character whose quiet soundness and sagacity are after all the pivot of action. The relations between Œdipus and Creon in the *Tyrannus*, between Ajax and Teucer in the *Ajax*, are curiously like those between Robert and Clement in *Green Apple Harvest*. . . .

The Loeb Classical Library is making a great and successful effort to bring classical learning itself — not second-hand etiolated reminiscences — into the orbit of normal modern culture, which for some generations has attempted, with increasing impetus and increasing self-damage, to dispense with it. More strongly and clearly than any other mass of literature, the Greek and Roman classics teach us what are the things that matter, and why they matter. It is of no avail to argue that such contemporary work as *The Egoist*, *The Dynasts*, *The Old Wives' Tale*, are first-rate yet owe nothing to such erudition, or that Shakespeare himself is in every sense nonclassical. Men of genius can produce great art without drawing upon distant tradition. But their public cannot appreciate them without such aid. The ordinary reader, the ordinary playgoer, the ordinary music-lover, needs a sound education with an urgency which does not apply to the creative artist. Bunyan was a tinker: do tinkers read him?

That feeling for reality, beauty, the sound taste, the relish for what endures, which the great artist possesses by nature, comes to us ordinary folk by training. We must acquire our standards; and the history of culture shows that they can best be acquired by Europeans from classical literature. From generation to generation literary taste has risen and fallen with the flourishing and decline of ancient learning. If art is to be sound, this inspira-

tion must be astir among the commonplace people to whom art appeals. To-day such education is at a low ebb. Hence those portentous weeds, futurist painting, cubist sculpture, the various Colonial 'Kiplings.'

Everyone in his heart knows that these things are bad, but dares not say so. Why? People mumble phrases about 'keeping an open mind,' or 'conventions kill art.' The real reason is that they have no standards. Conventions do not kill art; on the contrary they make it possible. And it is just as fatal to 'keep an open mind' about everything as to keep it about nothing. Get your basis right and be dogmatic about that; then let your superstructure vary according to the temperament of the builder. That is the only way to sound, satisfactory, enduring art; the basis is racial, the superstructure individual. Because we have no dogmatic theology of our own, we have no cathedral architecture of our own.

Tradition need not be a chain; it may be a life line. That cubist group of cogwheels which its maker called 'statue of a soldier' — what are we to say about it? It makes us ashamed, but we cannot say why, and we are a prey to shibboleths in its favor which sound as convincing as shibboleths directed against it. You can best put the thing in its proper place by comparing it with the Venus of Melos in the Louvre or the Delphian Charioteer in the British Museum; not so well, be it observed, by comparing it with Watts's Physical Energy or Rodin's Penseur. Those Greek statues give you peace — not only calm of soul, but mere comfort in dealing with a matter of taste. So with literature. You need no longer worry over the fact that you enjoy *Harry Richmond* but have been three times defeated by *One of Our Conquerors*. You may actually study here this very question of

'the value of the classics,' particularly in that passage where St. Augustine (*Confessions*, Bk. L) asks why he hated Greek literature as a boy and concludes that children have a better chance of learning languages by 'a free curiosity' than by 'frightful enforcement.'

So with most 'public questions' of our time. How much mere fruitless mental scurry will you be saved in political thinking by Tacitus, in educational thinking by the *Republic*, in moral thinking by Aristotle's *Ethics*? Not that you are saved thought — far from it. You are saved from that mere empty bustle of discussion which so often passes for thought. These works give you the keys to great treasure-houses; the treasures you must still appraise and use by your own endeavor.

By your own endeavor; for it is a vain boast that classical education makes a complete man, even on the mental side. Character is needed quite as much for mental excellence as for moral. All that such study provides is a magnificent means to largeness and fruitfulness of life, a means which may be neglected like any other. Yet even if one is nothing but a reader, a passive recipient of noble thoughts, exciting problems, beautiful stories, deeply moving studies of human sorrow or adventure, one adds vastly to the pleasures of existence. That is to put the claims of Greek and Latin on the lowest plane. Of all pleasures there is only one which is followed by no reaction — the pleasure of literary study; of all literary studies this remains the most solid, most engrossing, most pleasant. But seek to turn your passive acceptance into a positive enterprise of creating, increasing, bracing the mental fibre, and you will find in no other literature so noble a discipline. These boons the Loeb Library is making possible for every English-speaking man and woman.

IN A REVOLUTIONARY FACTORY

BY K. UKHANOV

[This sketch originally appeared in Pravda, the Moscow Communist paper. Whatever one may think of the argument, it is probably an accurate picture of the evolution of Labor sentiment in Russia during the war.]

From *Die Rote Fahne*, May 3, 4, and 5
(OFFICIAL COMMUNIST DAILY)

1914

A two months' strike. Solidarity with the Baku strikers the issue. War. Mobilization. Volunteering. Hurrah patriots. Second mobilization. Third mobilization.

The lathe man, who had come back to the shop from the salesroom to escape the draft, scratched his head. 'It won't be long now before they drive us out of here.' This was just after the first great defeat of the Tsar's army.

1915

'Ivanov!'

'Yes?'

'Have you seen the paper?'

'No. What 's up?'

'They say General Rennenkampf has deserted to the Kaiser.'

'The devil! How long will it be before they get wise and string up those swine?'

'String up? There are other ways of doing it. They drowned a German over in the Zindel factory. He was a real one all right. He would n't go under. So the boys helped him.'

'I'll bet we've got some d——d scoundrels like that here!'

'Just my idea.'

It is early morning. There is a piercing whistle. What is the trouble? They are driving a German out of the

factory. The whole force refused to work with him. He lit out without looking behind him, the scoundrel. An excited crowd has gathered before the office.

'The Germans! They made all the trouble. They lowered wages, they ground us down. Clean 'em out!'

Timid clerks are peeping out the window. A burly fellow mounts the steps and roars: 'We 've got to get the Germans and spies out of the place!'

The crowd echoes back: 'Good! Quite right! Clean the scoundrels out!'

Just then a timid voice rises above the crowd: 'Comrades!' A curious silence follows.

'Do you want to know the real cause of your misery? Do you want to know who is to blame for this massacre? Do you? Do you want to know who has made these rivers of blood?'

The crowd is as still as death.

'Ask yourselves if you're on the right trail. What is this war to us? For whose profit is it fought? Our class enemies have always stirred us up against each other. They have sowed dissension in our ranks. Before the war they told us the Jews were to blame for everything. They got up pogroms — to divert our attention from the really guilty ones. The Government is to blame. The Government wanted war. They are trying now to place the blame for their own blunders