

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THOUGH we appear to gain nothing by it but the bewilderment of our pacifist readers, we must continue to urge the absolutely paramount importance of the issue of the war. For some time now, we and our colleagues have been repeating the formula on which, we believe, Prussia went to war, the formula, namely, that by the enregimentation of the Slav races Prussia might obtain the hegemony of Europe and thereafter the dominion of the world. But everything, it can now be seen, tends to confirm the accuracy of this diagnosis. In other words, the plan is being carried out before our eyes. Should it succeed, we must not delude ourselves that the world after the war will be much what it was, or, still less, better than it was before the war. Certain pacifists, we know, are so unimaginative that they fancy that a peace may be patched up with Prussia and that thereafter things may continue at worst to roll along in their old style, and, at best, to roll progressively onwards towards a more complete democracy. But they are wrong. The victory or even the survival of the Prussian military system—by which we mean precisely the subordination of German policy to the decisions of the Prussian General Staff—would inevitably be followed by one of two things—peace at the discretion of Prussia, or the militarisation of all the democracies of the world. The first would mean the end of Britain as a Great Power in the world; and the second would mean the end of democracy for several centuries.

It is difficult, of course, for good-natured Englishmen, such as we will allow our pacifists to be, to conceive that there can exist in a modern civilised State like Prussia a ruling class that does not mean well, in their sense of the word. Human nature being, as they think, what they imagine their own to be, they cannot conceive that their wrong should be Prussia's right, or that the spark of divinity in Prussia would not leap into flame at the breath of an offer of democratic goodwill. It so happens, however, that the experiment of appealing to the "higher nature" of Prussia has been tried within the last few months; and the result should convince our pacifists that the ground for democracy in Prussia is, at any rate, stony. The circumstances under

which the Bolsheviks appealed to reason were as favourable as any that are ever likely to occur. There had been a Reichstag resolution in favour of peace without annexations; the Bolsheviks were pacifist idealists of an extremely logical Tolstoyan type (such as is scarcely grown in any Western country); moreover, the Bolsheviks were unable, even if they had been willing, to inflict any harm whatever upon Prussia. In a word, they were completely at the mercy of the "higher nature" of Prussia. Yet did all this sweet reasonableness and harmlessness call forth any answering benevolence from the German ruling caste? Did they at once proceed to meet the Bolsheviks half-way and to cement a fraternal peace? We know very well that they did not. Without any hypocritical sobs and tears they proceeded, on the other hand, to sort out territories and provinces of the largest size and either to annex them or to cut them up into morsels for easy digestion. No answering Tolstoyism was to be found in the German General Staff, but general and statesman beautifully agreed that the only thing to be done was to profit materially by the spiritual opportunity. And they have done it. With this example before their eyes, will our pacifists continue to maintain that they are likely to be more successful in their appeal to Prussia's reason? Should they succeed in persuading Britain to offer a Bolshevik peace, can they still dream that Prussia will be moved to mercy and goodwill by it? After other notable services, Russia, it appears to us, has performed this fresh great service for the Allies, that of trying the nature of Prussian militarism; and her failure ought to be our lesson.

For the humbling of the self-complacency of some of our pacifists, we should like to call attention to the behaviour of Ukraine. This province of Little Russia had for long been groaning under the tyranny of the Tsar when the Revolution offered it a chance of freeing both itself and its neighbouring Slav confederates. Common sentiments, based upon a common race and a common aspiration, would, you would have thought, have united Ukraine with the other liberated provinces of Russia and together they would all have at once allied themselves for the maintenance of both the Revolution and their independence. The Socialist Rada or governing council of Ukraine, though as full of impeccably fraternal sentiments as a bushel of Mr.

Lansburys, had other plans, however, when it came to the point of practice. As victims they were nothing but what was high and noble; but, with a little power in their hands, their song changed. From offering every possible resistance to the revolutionary central governing body of Russia they proceeded, wholly in their own interest, to offer every encouragement to the anti-Russian policy of Prussia; and in the end they have not hesitated to sign a peace embarrassing in the highest degree to their Slav brothers and correspondingly convenient to their common Teutonic enemies. Nor is that all by any means. Not only have the Ukrainian Socialists accepted an independence at the discretion of Prussia—a name rather than a substance—but they have accepted slices of territory carved out of Poland and Russia to incorporate with their own, thus adding to the shame of surrender the disgrace of annexations. And all with their eyes closed by greed to the Prussian motive of such generosity, the chronic embroilment of the three Slav provinces of Poland, Ukraine and Greater Russia! There is an example, we say, of the depths of treachery and stupidity to which Socialists can sink when they rise to power. It should serve to compel our own brothers to a little self-examination.

Unfortunately, it is something more than a moral lesson for moral infants that is involved in the arrangements of Prussia with Ukraine. What we see is our formula of the war being actually carried out. The process of the Prussian assimilation of the Slav peoples is in train. Ukraine "independent"—that is to say, dependent upon Prussia—Poland almost completely absorbed, Lithuania and Courland marked down for tomorrow's meal, and the rest of Russia in course of conveniently carving itself up for the Prussian table—what more is needed to establish our view that this division and assimilation of Slavdom was in reality the underlying motive of the Prussian expansionists? Whether it was the motive or not, however, the fact is the same. Slavdom is becoming the heritage of Prussia. But this is precisely the most menacing circumstance of the war; for with the subordination of the Slav peoples to Prussia, we can say, if it should be permanent, farewell to the old European balance of power. The European balance of power would become an historic phrase and no more. The Prussian hegemony of Europe would be the present reality. But even this, as our colleague Mr. de Maeztu points out again this week, would not be the end of it. Prussia's hegemony of Europe, obtained by means of the subordination of the Slav peoples, is merely preliminary to her further design of establishing Prussia's hegemony of the world. The evolution, if you will, is logical; but it is also inevitable. It is the logic of what the Prussians call *realpolitik*, and we call brute facts. From having obtained control over Europe, Prussia cannot but proceed, if only by the mere pressure of facts, to obtain control over the world; for only by controlling the world would she be able to ensure her continued control over Europe.

At least one of our pacifists has at last begun, though still only dimly, to realise what all this means. Commenting on the manifest expansion of Prussia in Central Europe, Mr. Brailsford in the "Herald" remarks that it is "a disaster for civilisation." We do not envy the intelligence of anybody who can come to any other conclusion, or who fails to appreciate the terrible vista thus opened before the world; and we congratulate Mr. Brailsford on being one of the first of the pacifists to be brought to his senses by the fact. What, however, still appears to remain in the minds of such as Mr. Brailsford is the illusion that the expansion of Prussia over Slavdom has become Prussia's object only in consequence of the present war. If we had not gone to war, they say in effect, Prussia would never have been

provoked to this ambitious purpose, but would have contented herself with remaining one among the four or five great Powers of Europe. Never let us believe it, however! The facts are otherwise. The nature of militarism, as we have often said, is such that it must continuously aim at power, and always at more and more power. It is a fire that must spread or find itself extinguished. The subjection of the Slav peoples, beginning with the Balkan Slavs, was the object of Prussia from the first; and if the war has unexpectedly thrown into her lap the Russian Slavs as well, the event is no more than an anticipation of her intention. But how are we to prevent it—this "disaster for civilisation"? How is the rest of Europe to prevent a Prussian hegemony of the Continent and the rest of the world the Prussian hegemony of the world? We will not assume that Mr. Brailsford, having now grown more or less aware of the designs of Prussia, thinks any longer with the "Herald" that those designs can be met by reason. The "Herald" is still under the delusion that "German Imperialism can be crippled and rendered impotent by diplomatic rather than by military means, by reason rather than by blood": thus assuming the existence of a mentality in Prussia for which Trotsky has found no evidence. But what, then, is Mr. Brailsford's alternative? How would he proceed to save civilisation from the disaster now more than threatening?

With it venturing to anticipate his reply, we may remark upon the misfortune of our party politics as exemplified in the present tendency to oppose diplomacy to military force. It is apparent even in circles which imagine themselves to be above party. There, too, the habit of opposing black to white in a world of grey reality is as inveterate as in the lobbies of Westminster. This is clearly to be seen in the division of schools now unhappily prevailing between what are called our Imperialists and our democrats respectively. Under each other's taunts, each school is pushed into the extreme of its opinion, until the one is driven to announce force as the *only* means of combating the German menace, while the other is driven to putting the whole of its faith upon reason. The folly is, of course, obvious, as anybody may see who can stand for a moment above the dust of the controversy. Nor is it any the less from the fact that at bottom both parties are right; in other words, from the circumstance that the controversy is really logomachy and nothing more. Upon the reasonable supposition that Germany contains people open to reason as well as people amenable only to force, the reasonable policy for ourselves to pursue is to address reason to the reasonable, and to employ force against the forceful. It is not a question of employing only reason or only force; still less is it a question of employing reason against force and force against reason. What common sense dictates is that we should employ reason against reason, and force against force. Now from this point of view what becomes of our present controversy between our Imperialists and our democrats? Is it not seen to be senseless and essentially unreasonable? Would reason prevail, do our democrats think, against a conquering Hindenburg? Would force, on the other hand, persuade the German people that we mean well by them? The solution of the whole wretched and wasteful argument is surely the reconciliation of the two views in a co-ordination of both; in an agreement to use force and reason simultaneously, each in its proper sphere.

We have to admit, however, that at the present moment our sympathies are with the democratic school. It is their weapon which at present is being neglected. In the House of Commons last week the once acute Mr. Balfour announced, with all the fanaticism of a Hindenburg, that "for the time being diplo-

macy is out of court." But what sort of diplomacy is out of court for the time being? While there is a German people—while, indeed, there is one German—open to reason, democratic diplomacy cannot be out of court. We must not give up reason while there is reason left to be reasoned with. But Mr. Balfour, it is plain, has only one kind of diplomacy in mind, diplomacy addressed to the Prussian militarists; and because—and we agree—diplomacy with them is out of court for the time being, he concludes, being no democrat, that all diplomacy is impossible. The confusion is lamentable; and we do not wonder at the protests of the democrats. Nevertheless, we must say that they, in their turn, are in a similar confusion. Not to recognise with Mr. Balfour that diplomacy is indeed for the time being out of court with Prussia is to our minds an equal failure with his failure to recognise that democratic diplomacy is always in court. And it is only mitigated, not excused, by the circumstance that it was Mr. Balfour who began the mischief. Once more let us state the truth about the matter. We have to combat force with force and reason with reason. Simultaneously with our efforts to destroy Prussian militarism, we must seek to build up German democracy. Exclusive devotion to either of these tasks is as foolish as in the end it would prove fruitless; for we cannot destroy for ever the menace of militarism unless we establish democracy in Germany, and we cannot establish democracy in Germany without destroying Prussian militarism. The task before us is, therefore, twofold; and two are the parties required to carry it out. In so far as our Government is truly national, it must employ the weapons of both parties. Not reason or force, but both.

The worst of it is that if this division is allowed to continue, the nation will grow more and more divided against itself. Already we have suffered an enormous loss of energy by reason of this untimely partisanship; and the consequences are to be seen in the map of Europe. And worse will inevitably follow if the breach is not healed. Mr. Balfour's rude rejection of the weapon of diplomacy cannot be expected to pass unchallenged by democrats. They will employ his admission to press their claim and carry it on once more to the other extreme of denying or counter-denying his right to use force. Thus, once more our reasonable men will be pushed into the camp of the pacifists. But this, again, will not be the end of it. As our pacifists grow in numbers and importance from successive additions to their ranks, their control of policy will grow, too, until, at last, they may succeed in actually forming a pacifist Government, or, at the very least, in paralysing the sword-arm of the present Government. What hope could thereafter be entertained that the impending disaster to civilisation might be averted? Force having failed by reason of its rejection of the co-operation of reason, reason would fail by its rejection of the co-operation of force. From one inadequate weapon we should turn to another; from a broken sword to a broken reed. Yet this is precisely what we have to fear from the present state of opinion if it should continue without reconciliation; and the disaster to civilisation would be irreparable.

It is pleasant to turn from our own domestic divisions to the spectacle of America under the leadership of President Wilson. At no time since America's entry into the war has President Wilson once forsworn either the use of force or the use of reason and diplomacy. Moreover, in the most precise terms he has addressed either weapon to its appropriate party—force to the Prussian ruling caste and reason to the German people. Without abating either the speed or the thoroughness of his military preparations, President Wilson has simultaneously continued and intensified his diplomatic campaign, which has now culminated in a realisable

vision of a democratic world-diplomacy in which he calls upon the German people to share. Here is nothing remaining of the old Vienna diplomacy, of piece-meal paces between potentates; but instead of this hole and corner diplomacy the world is invited to assist as a judge at every arrangement entered into. The fact of the Ukraine and Russian arrangements, the acceptance of which spells disaster to civilisation, President Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither likewise will he recognise any other of the potential but existing separate treaties between groups of European Powers. The war, he says, is a world-war; and only a world-peace of which the world must be the judge, can settle it. But this invitation, it must be remarked, is accompanied by a tacit threat; and a threat, moreover, that America is prepared to make good. Unlike our own pacifists, if President Wilson has a speech in one hand, he has a sword in the other. Unlike our Imperialists, if he has a sword in one hand, he has a speech in the other. His invitation to the German people is to a world conference to establish a world-fellowship; his threat is to destroy them if they refuse. Such an attitude is the reconciliation of force and diplomacy of which we have spoken. We can only pray that, before disaster is upon us, his attitude may be adopted here.

Land Power or Sea Power?

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

I do not know what the reader will think if he hears that I, the writer of this article, have set my mind on uniting in my own person the powers of the Tsar of Russia, the Emperor of China and the Great Mogul of India. I imagine that even if he does not think that I am mad, he will consider the small opportunities I have of achieving my ambition, and will think no more about it, for the ambition, always sinful, of a man or a group of men, is not dangerous to other men or groups unless it has reasonable calculable probabilities of realisation. The moral of it is obvious.

The men or the nations that feel themselves neutral in this war argue as if the Imperialism of Germany were no more dangerous than the Imperialism of the Allies, and chiefly of Britain, Japan and the United States. And it is obvious that one could find in the political literature of these countries a considerable number of documents saturated with an Imperialistic spirit; although, of course, it is not true that this Imperialistic spirit has been cultivated among the Allies as systematically and thoroughly as in Germany. But the greatest fallacy of this argument, which is the main argument of Germany in both neutral and belligerent countries, consists in forgetting the obvious fact that it is not the Imperialist ambition that is the more dangerous, but the Imperialist ambition which is capable of fulfilling itself.

There is no nation more Imperialistically inclined than the Basque to which I belong; but as the Basques number only seven or eight hundred thousand, the rest of the world may sleep soundly in its bed. Even if it could be proved that Japan, Britain and America are as Imperialistic as Germany—and they are not—the assertion would still remain true that the only Imperialistic danger that menaces the totality of the world is, for the present century, Germany; and that the exact formulation of the war-aims of the Allies was given in the words of THE NEW AGE: "The aim of the Allies is to prevent Germany from making use of the peoples of other nations, and particularly of the peoples of the Slav race, to become the autocrat of the world."

This does not mean that the Imperialism of nations so powerful as England, Japan and the United States is entirely harmless. Countries which in the past have received injury from the expansion of Japan, say, or Britain, cannot consider the Imperialism of these coun-

tries harmless. What it asserts is that these Imperialisms are not dangerous for the totality of the world, although they have been dangerous in the past to small or weaker countries. And this is because England, Japan and America are separated by oceans and Continents from the dynamic centre of the world, while if Germany, as a result of the war, expands and consolidates the influence she previously exercised over the Slav nations and territories, the world will be confronted by an Empire unvanquished and invincible placed in the very heart of the oldest, greatest and most populous of its continents.

Let us think for a moment what this means. There will be created a central State geographically continuous and composed of seventy million Germans, fifty million Austro-Hungarians, twenty million Balkan Slavs, twenty million Turks and fifty, sixty or seventy million Russians of different denominations. Twenty years pass. The time necessary for regimenting these vast populations, and for laying the plants for their industrial exploitation. The new State then wants Belgium, let us say, or Holland or Denmark or Switzerland or all four. It can crush them with twenty million bayonets and two hundred thousand guns. Can anybody believe that there will be any Power or coalition of Powers that dare raise their hands?

The world, the average man—and this is the tragedy—does not realise the danger. How is it possible, people ask, that eighty million Germans, including those of the Austrian Mark, can dominate a world inhabited by eighteen hundred million human beings? But people reason as if forty-two months of war had taught them nothing about the value of railways and of a central geographical position. Even cultured men are still under the hallucination of the belief in sea-power as the decisive fact of history. Mahan, the American admiral who propounded this thesis, never expressed it so baldly. The criticism of some English thinkers, like the naval writer Mr. David Hannay, took serious objection even before the war to this assumed decisive character of sea-power. But few people have read Mahan in the original and of the enthusiasm for sea-power which Mahan felt in his youth, when Admiral Farragut took New Orleans and opened the path of victory to the Northern army, has remained the general conviction that sea-power is as decisive as land-power. *And this is why so many people in the world give credit to the German propagandist doctrine that British navalism is as dangerous to the world as the land-power of Germany.* The experience of the war proves that sea-power has lost as much importance as railways have won. Sea-power was one of the two decisive factors in history until the middle of the nineteenth century, when the network of railways began to be formed. While there were no railways, the sea was not only the cheapest method of commerce but also the quickest way for the transport of armies. While railways were scarce, their influence on the decision of wars could scarcely be appreciated, for even in the Franco-German war of 1870 and the Russo-Japanese war, their function was auxiliary although important. But now we are able to lay down the principle that if the sea is still in time of peace the cheapest method of transport, land is the quickest and safest way for the transport of armies in time of war. This superiority of the land-way over the sea-way explains that when the Allies had to send considerable reinforcements to the Italian army, it never occurred to them to send them by sea, but they transported them across the Alps by road, utilising motor-cars, or by rail, and this as the most natural thing and without the realisation of the world-wide meaning of the fact. Let us take another example. The liberation of the Peninsula a hundred years ago was partly due to the armies which England sent to Spain and Portugal, to assist the popular rising against Napoleon. These armies were able to arrive in time because the sailing vessels could move at a

speed five or six times greater than that of armies which proceeded at the pace of infantry on the day-march. But if the Napoleonic armies had found in the Peninsula a network of roads and machinery of transport as thick as is now to be found in European industrial countries, it is probable that the French would be still in occupation.

This superiority of land-transport allows us to assert with confidence that if the Old Continent, Europe, Asia and Africa, has to fall under the dominion of a single nation, this nation must be continental and must be situated in the centre of the Old Continent itself. This excludes the possibility that the assumed conquering nation can be either Japan, England or America, unless all continental Powers have previously disappeared or ceased to be Powers; because so long as there are great Powers on the Continent, it will always be much easier for them to accumulate at a given point an army of defence than for an insular or American nation to assemble there an army of attack which must be brought by sea. If with this principle in our minds we open an atlas, and pass our eyes over the vast surface of the Old Continent, we need no special knowledge of geography to realise that there exists only one Power capable of dominating it during the present century. Latin countries lack mass of population and industrial power; China, culture and energy; India, technique and unity; and Russia, for the present, lies prostrate.

It is true that so long as Germany has her hands occupied on the Western front and is obliged to devote almost all her energy to resisting the combined armies of France, England, Italy and America, she will be unable to spare the energy necessary for the exploitation of the Slav countries. But let us suppose that the Allies become tired of their sacrifices in the defence of the whole world; let us suppose that the Allies resign themselves to the present dispensation of Russia, on condition that Germany consents to withdrawing her armies from the Western conquered territories—and we are allowing that Germany will give more than she has ever offered; she has never renounced either the Western territories or her colonies—the new Germany will never need to strike again to obtain all the territories she wants. Her Chancellor will only need to open his mouth to obtain the surrender at discretion of central Russia, the Caucasus or Persia, if he wants the East; or of Scandinavia if he chances to want to expand in the North—not to speak of the Low Countries or of Italy. And it is obvious that if a single nation become the mistress of the Old Continent, she will also have the overseas countries as soon as she cares to devote the surplus of her energies to the creation of an irresistible sea-power. The reason for it is that sea-power gives access to land, but not domination, while land-power is already the ultimate power that is sought for, and gives besides access to the sea, and the necessary means of dominating it.

If the Allies win, our children will be citizens. If the Allies lose, our children will be serfs. But the tragedy of it all is that the world is fighting against Germany as if it were fighting for Empire and not for its life, while Germany is fighting for Empire as if for her life.

The Little White Hope.

A ONE-MAN PIECE
BY NOGOTINATION.

It is a packed house in spite of the threatening moonshine. There are indications of labour in the stalls which have been tricked out with very liberal padding specially designed to let the sitters down gently.

Manager, who is a rather shaky-looking old party, appears before the drop-scene, a downy, greyish representation of Whitewashall. Double columns support the inspiring headline, "England expects that every man will wait and see."

Audience, which has been waiting as per formula,

claps loudly on seeing the Manager. Latter proceeds to address the assembly :

Ladies and gentlemen, perhaps you will permit me to say a few words before the curtain rises on what I venture to predict will be nothing less than a foregone conclusion. [Uproar.] I am forced to welcome you here to-night not only as my victims—[Pandemonium]—not only as my victims and accessories before the act, but because, ladies and gentlemen, you are to bear with me the endless—er—privilege of witnessing what is positively the most long-drawn-out phenomenon of the war. Recognising the leaky—[House rises to the occasion, not to sing "Men of Garlic"]—recognising too well the leaky drainage on our man-power, we have patriotically—[cries of "Withdraw"]—we have nevertheless undertaken, at no matter what cost to yourselves, the responsibility of a one-man piece—not, indeed, limiting our cast to one character, but trusting the part of many characters to one man. I need scarcely dwell on the genius, nay, ingenuity, required for such a performance. You have only to turn to your programmes, ladies and gentlemen, to see that it is not every man, or rather that it is only Everyman—[pause for applause which is not deafening]—only Everyman who could handle successively, nay, simultaneously, the fund of parts you will find figuring in the bill. At this crisis in the nation's past history it is safe to assume that every personal interest is vested in the war. Well, ladies and gentlemen, we have studied our interest with the greatest concern, and with the result that you will all too soon find yourselves face to face with a war-piece exceeding your wildest dreams. At the risk of labouring the point, I venture to suggest, ladies and gentlemen, that we have here a piece that at first sight will appear attractive to every class feeling. What you are about to receive in the neck, ladies and gentlemen, is undoubtedly the greatest tragedy the war has produced. That this little masterpiece has had its rivals I will not deny; but while this is not the occasion to dwell upon the tricks, intrigues, calumnies, and scandals—[House rises as one man]—yes, scandals, ladies and gentlemen, which, thank God, have brought their every threatening triumph to noughts and crosses—while I say that this is scarcely the occasion to carry coals to the Coalition, I should have the greatest pleasure in doing so did advertisement space permit. Ladies and gentlemen, I will not prolong the agony; I will only ask you to think of what you would least like to see, add the fears you always had of it, divide the House by one, extract the desire nearest to your hearts—[Order! Order!] Ladies and gentlemen, you must forgive me if my partiality carries me momentarily into the realms of truth. But one word more and I have done. [Voice: "Who?"] In awkward moments, ladies and gentlemen, you must often have taken yourselves aside and asked yourselves whether, having contributed your shares—[Hear, hear]—in reducing the country to its lowest common editor—whether, I say, there does still exist in England to-day the man who is all things to all men, the man who is beyond good if not evil—the one radical cure—the only combined olive branch and rod in pickle—the one and only peoples' little panacea. The answer, ladies and gentlemen, is in the affirmative. In the words of one greater than your humble—Ring up the curtain!

Lights go out. Audience sits in darkness and composure, waiting to see. An air of peace settles on the house.

Invisible Chorus :

Now is the session of our discontent
Made glorious limelight for this son of York.

* * * * *

He does not die, we know, but cannot live
Till George be puff'd with Northcliffe out of print.

Curtain rises on scene of confusion : the painted background shows heavy clouds hanging over Westminster. [An ex-M.P. (Lib.) is carried out in excelsis.]

Whisperings in the wings pass enigmatically over the heads of the audience.

Prompter : To be or not to be : to wait, to see ; to see, to wait.

Spot lime grapes inquiringly round the stage : looks

into all the corners and, finding nothing, goes off sulking.

(More darkness, less composure.)

Manager [de profundis] : One moment, ladies and gentlemen, one moment while the hero chalks his cue.

Voice from audience : He has so many in his pockets, he doesn't know which to do. [Cries of shame.]

Another Voice : It's a long queue that has no turning. [Giggles.]

Prompter : Restitution . . . Never sheathe the sword . . . (Come along, sir.) . . . League of Nations . . .

Voice in the wings : Call him Gulland, you fool.

2nd Voice : Give him another write-up.

3rd Voice : Bracket him with Henderson ; hyphen him to Lansdowne.

Manager's voice heard in special pleading : Forgive us this day our daily news.

[The sound of a falling majority echoes through the house.]

Manager appears smiling outwardly : Ladies and gentlemen, I am afraid to let you go home in the dark. To be quite frank—the hero has mislaid his future. Just one moment, ladies and gentlemen, while we send for a ferret.

* * * * *

[Several weeks have elapsed.]

Manager appears : Ladies and gentlemen, perhaps you will permit me to say a few words before the curtain rises on what I venture to predict will be nothing less than a foregone conclusion. I am forced to welcome you here to-night, etc., etc.

[To be taken every three weeks or for the duration of the war.]

HORSE-MARINE.

A Second Round with Mr. Hobson.

By G. D. H. Cole.

MR. HOBSON'S reply to me in two recent issues of THE NEW AGE brings us manifestly nearer to agreement on a number of points; but at the same time it opens out a more fundamental point of difference. There is one sentence of Mr. Hobson's which so well expresses the central point that I must begin by quoting it.

"I believe that, providing there is the appropriate Guild organisation, no *impasse* can ever be reached between producer and consumer unless a fundamental question of *public policy* be raised."

Having expressed this view, Mr. Hobson proceeds to contrast it with another view which he takes to be my own. In order to remove a further misunderstanding, let me say at the outset that I fully agree with his statement of Mr. Hobson's, although I draw from it conclusions different from his own.

There are two phrases in the above sentence which I have italicised because I intend to make them the text of my reply. I agree that, if an *impasse* were reached between producer and consumer, it would almost certainly be on a fundamental question of public policy. Indeed, I go further, and say that, on whatever question such an *impasse* might arise, it would at once become a question of public policy, if only on account of its far-reaching effects. It would dislocate the economic machinery of Society, and therefore the citizen would be concerned, not merely as producer or consumer, but as citizen.

What, then, divides Mr. Hobson and myself? These two points at least. I do not conceive of the normal intervention of the State as arising out of an

impasse; and I do not regard the State as the sole, or the ultimate, exponent of public policy.

I.—THE "IMPASSE."

The almost inevitable tendency in thinking of the relation between the State and the Guilds is to think of it in terms of disputes, conflicts, impasses, opposition of interests, and the like. What would happen, our questioners always ask us, if the State and the Guilds disagreed? In answering such questions, we can hardly avoid giving the impression that we regard the normal relation of the State and Guild as a hostile, or at least as a bargaining, relation.

I, at any rate, certainly do not conceive of it in that way. It seems to me that the State would have, in the economic sphere, certain normal and necessary functions as the representative of the consumer, user and enjoyer, but that, in the vast majority of cases, these functions would be of a purely administrative character without any element of bargaining or opposition to the Guild point of view. Let me try to describe briefly the nature of these functions.

The main economic problem which touches producers and consumers alike is the co-ordination of supply and demand. It is necessary for somebody to formulate in advance a programme for such co-ordination. Take, for instance, the production and consumption of coal. How much coal is to be gotten from the mines in the coming month, quarter, or year? That is, no doubt, a problem which would, in the main, settle itself under a Guild Society without any very definite provision. But as soon as the problem of sinking new shafts or expending huge sums on new machinery arises, as soon in fact as the question of the supply of capital to industry is raised, there is at once a question on which it seems to me that the consumers in their collective capacity must have a voice. There will probably be no opposition between their view and that of the Miners' Guild; but there must be a consumers' department to express the view of the consumer on such a point.

Or take again the railway service. It is in the main for the organised users of this service to determine when and where trains shall run and at what intervals. A department is necessary to express the national will of the passenger users of the railway service. There is not likely to be any difference or *impasse* on these points between this department and the Railway Guild; but that does not make it less necessary that the department should exist. It is a matter of ascertaining the demand and its urgency in relation to other demands, i.e., of representing the community in its capacity as consumer or user.

This would, indeed, be the main economic function of the State nationally and of the municipalities locally under a system of national Guilds. They would have to ascertain and to express demand, and to set one demand in its proper relation to another. Mr. Hobson may contend that these functions come under the head of "public policy." I agree that they do; but it is one of my chief points that no sharp line between representing the consumer and standing for the principle of public policy can possibly be drawn. This point, however, I must hold over for the second part of this article.

In addition to the normal function of helping to co-ordinate demand and supply, the State as the representative of the consumer, user or enjoyer, would have certain optional functions—"exceptional" in the sense that they would probably seldom need to be exercised. Here let me return to my old instance of the pots and pans, or, rather, let me take a similar instance of a less ludicrous kind. Suppose the State, as representing the consumer to be dissatisfied with the price of household coal. Mr. Hobson suggests that, if there were no profits, an actuary could settle in a week whether the price was excessive merely by ascertaining the net cost of production. Could he? What

if the high price arose from a high cost of production due to inefficiency, obsolete machinery, or what not? Surely the consumers' representative must have the right to raise such an issue, and to carry it, failing an earlier settlement, to the ultimate tribunal available, i.e., to the Joint Conference of the Guilds and the State. The State and the municipality must be the watchdog of the consumer against waste and inefficiency.

I agree that this issue would probably seldom arise in practice, and I regard it merely as an exceptional function of the State to deal with such matters. The normal function, as I have said, would be that of joint action with the Guilds in the co-ordination of supply and demand.

II.—"PUBLIC POLICY."

This brings me again to the question of public policy. Mr. Hobson speaks of "relegating the economic function to the Guilds" and says that he "would reserve the life of the citizen (in whatever capacity, whether producer or consumer) to the care of the State. Here lies the real point of difference between us.

I do not regard the State as the sole, or the ultimate, custodian of public policy. It is my whole point that public policy has no sole or ultimate custodian. I regard the Guilds as the custodians of public policy equally with the State; and I feel strongly that any social theory which rules the Guilds out of "public policy" is not vitally or essentially different from Collectivism.

Obviously, full discussion on this point would involve the whole point round which another controversy has been raging in THE NEW AGE. Mr. Hobson's view is intimately bound up with the theory of State Sovereignty professed by "National Guildsmen" in their recent articles, whereas the view which I am advancing is at one with the view of Mr. Ewer which they set out to confute. I do not, however, desire to enmesh myself in that controversy at the present stage more than I must. I will therefore try to carry on the argument with Mr. Hobson over a narrower field.

When I refused to accept Mr. Hobson's sharp differentiation between the production and consumption of commodities on the one hand and the provision and use or enjoyment of services and amenities on the other, I was not simply quarrelling with words. My point was that "public policy" does and should, and would far more under National Guilds, enter into every aspect of economic life, whether it be regarded from the producers', or from the consumers' or users', or from the civic, point of view. In a democratic community dominated by the ideas of active citizenship and public service, the conception of public policy would permeate every human active. We should produce, render service, provide, consume, use, enjoy, live, breath and have our whole being under its influence. Surely it follows that whoever, or whatever body, had control of public policy, and was the custodian of public policy, would absolutely and completely dominate and control the community. Under such conditions, the Guilds could not be autonomous bodies invested with the control of their industries and services and responsible to the whole community; they would be merely administrative organs of convenience, entrusted by the State with certain menial functions, but essentially derivative and secondary. This is not my conception of National Guilds, nor, I suppose, Mr. Hobson's; but it seems to me to follow logically and necessarily from the attempt to make the State the sole custodian of public policy.

If the State is not to be the sole custodian of public policy, it seems to follow that, in relation to the rendering and receiving of services, the custodianship will be somehow divided between the Guilds and the State. Surely the necessary and proper line of division

is that to which Mr. Hobson has raised objection. The State (in the sense in which I have throughout been using the term, as I made quite clear at the outset) consists of certain organs of government based upon election by geographical constituencies. It was my original point, to which Mr. Hobson took exception, that such organs of government cannot express the whole will of the individuals who compose the community or of the community itself, and indeed that no single organ, or set of organs, of government can do this. Representative organs based on election by geographical constituencies seem to me to be admirably suited to represent the collective view, nationally and locally, of consumers, while they are entirely unfitted to represent the view of producers. Neither represents, or can represent, the citizen as such, and there is no form of representative organ which can do this. The nearest approximation to a representation of the community is obtained by putting together the various functional organs concerned in the question at issue and eliciting their common view. In the economic sphere, this means putting together the organs representing producers and consumers, i.e., the Guilds and the State. Only in the common judgments of these two does "public policy," which is imperfectly represented by each, achieve its least imperfect form of representation.

I felt it to be necessary thus briefly to restate my general point of view in order to make the issue perfectly clear. I can now go on to a point which is subsidiary, but none the less important.

III.—THE DISTRIBUTIVE GUILD.

Mr. Hobson desires to achieve representation of the consumer through the Distributive Guild, and adjures me to "help to puzzle out this vital problem." At a later time I fully intend to comply with his suggestion; but at the moment I want merely to put forward certain general considerations which must vitally affect its form and substance. Like Mr. Hobson, I desire to see consumers represented in the counsels of the Distributive Guild; but I cannot in any sense accept such representation as a substitute for the representation of the consumers by the State.

Mr. Hobson, I know, holds as I do that where one Guild consumes the products of another, it will usually be desirable for the consuming Guild to be represented on the governing body of the producing Guild, or for a joint committee of the two Guilds to be formed, or both. Surely the representation of the consumers upon the Distributive Guild is of a similar kind, and is designed to bring the renderer of a service into direct contact with the particular group of consumers for whom it is designed. Such co-operation or representation is no substitute for the representation of consumers through the State, because it is specifically directed to a particular commodity or service or group of commodities and services. The State, on the other hand, I regard not as the representative of this or that group of consumers of this or that particular commodity, but as the representative of the consumer as such. Let me try to make this point clear.

The individual consumer, having a limited income, is continually under the necessity of deciding between various forms of consumption (or use or enjoyment) which are open to him. He cannot have them all because he cannot afford them all. Similarly, the consumers (and users and enjoyers) in their collective capacity (i.e., in my view the State and the municipalities) have continually to decide between various forms of consumption or use or enjoyment. They have to decide what proportion of the nation's resources shall be devoted to the production of beer, to education, to public health services, to the production of commodities for immediate consumption, to the production of "capital" resources, etc., etc. In making these decisions they are acting in relation to the national income exactly as the individual consumer acts in relation to his

personal income. No representation of the consumers on a Distributive Guild can supply the place of the State in making these decisions. Mr. Hobson may say again that these are matters of "public policy"; but my reply is that they are matters of public policy in which the consumer is vitally concerned—and the producer as well. They are therefore in my view matters ultimately for joint determination by the organs representing producers and consumers, by the Guilds and the State.

I agree that it is most desirable that the "domestic consumer" should be represented on the Distributive Guild, as the consuming Guild should be represented on the producing Guild; but surely Mr. Hobson will agree that this does not affect the real issue between us.

It has become clear in the course of this controversy that the real point of difference between Mr. Hobson and myself is essentially the same as that between Mr. Ewer and the writers who call themselves "National Guildsmen." I am with Mr. Ewer in this matter: I want, above everything else, to destroy the conception of the Sovereign State, without at the same time destroying the State itself. This I have sought to do by means of a clearer definition of the functions of the State; and, in the economic sphere, this has brought me sharply up against Mr. Hobson, as it has brought Mr. Ewer sharply up against "National Guildsmen." Clearly it is a theoretical issue which, while it may not vitally affect immediate Guild policy, is of the first importance in relation to Guild propaganda. It is an open question, and I at any rate am convinced that Guildsmen have everything to gain by discussing it fully. Mr. Hobson and I have each had two innings. What do other Guildsmen think about it?

Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janko Lavrin.

VI.—THE "TWO ABYSSES." (The Tragedy of Ivan Karamazov.)

I.

THE hero in whom Dostoyevsky deposited some of his most tormenting secrets is undoubtedly Ivan Karamazov. He has many features in common with Raskolnikov and Stavrogin, but he is still more complex than they are. Raskolnikov fled in horror from the void of "beyond good and evil" after the first glance at it; Stavrogin endeavoured in vain to escape from it—in spite of all his efforts and self-deceptions; Ivan Karamazov, however, was poised upon that narrow and terrible brink which separates the absolute void from the possibility of an Absolute Value, being thus compelled—like Dostoyevsky himself—to contemplate the greatest depths of belief and unbelief at the same time.

The tragedy of Stavrogin was that he could not be a believer; the tragedy of Ivan Karamazov consisted in the fact that he could be neither a believer nor an unbeliever. In Stavrogin we see a superhuman will which cannot find an incontestable aim and therefore turns against itself; in Ivan we see a superhuman thirst and craving for life which cannot find its meaning and hence becomes paralysed. His vigorous, brooding and destructive logic puts the meaning of life before life itself and simultaneously forms an impenetrable barrier to the meaning of it. . . . His "pitiful earthly Euclidian mind" makes the most desperate efforts to solve the riddle of life, but the greater his efforts the more complex and indissoluble becomes the riddle. All that he could attain was the everlasting consciousness of two opposing truths: the truth of the self-will ("all things are lawful") leading into the void, and the possibility of the *other* truth which so far is neither determined nor revealed.

The everlasting struggle between these two opposite truths divided his consciousness, paralysed his will, his life, and finally also his mind.

Let us see some aspects of this struggle.

II.

Unlike Stavrogin, Ivan Karamazov admits the existence of God. He admits His existence *a priori*, realising that this problem is beyond his "pitiful Euclidian understanding." Nevertheless his "Euclidian understanding" at once puts this problem in such a manner that God can be accepted only as a mysterious possibility, but not as a Value.

If we accept God we logically must accept His whole creation with all the suffering and injustice in it. But how is it possible to reconcile all the senseless injustice on earth and all the mockery of life with a good and just God? This first stumbling-block between God and Value is put by Ivan in such a manner that it becomes insurmountable—in spite of its "naïveté." During his dialogue with Alyosha he asks this question of his brother:

"Imagine that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making men happy in the end, giving them peace and rest at last, but that it was essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature—that baby beating its breast with its fist—and to found the edifice on its unavenged tears, would you consent to be the architect on those conditions?"

"No, I wouldn't consent," answered his brother. And Ivan continues: "I say nothing of the suffering of grown-up people; they have eaten their apple, damn them all! But the little ones! . . . Without suffering, I am told, man could not have existed on earth, for he could not know good and evil. Why should he know that diabolical good and evil when it costs so much? The whole world of knowledge is not worth a child's suffering. . . . What comfort is it to me that there are none guilty and that cause follows effect, and that I know it—I must have justice, or I will destroy myself. . . . I want to be there when everyone suddenly understands what it has all been for. All the religions of the world are built on this longing, and I am a believer. But then there are children, and what am I to do about them? That's a question I can't answer. . . . I don't want more suffering. And if the suffering of children go to swell the sum of suffering which was necessary to pay for truth, then I protest that the truth is not worth such a price. I don't want the mother to embrace the oppressor who threw her son to the dogs! She dare not forgive him! Let her forgive him for herself, if she will; let her forgive the torturer for the immeasurable suffering of her mother's heart. But the sufferings of her tortured child she has no right to forgive. . . . And if that is so, if they dare not forgive, what becomes of harmony? I don't want harmony. *From love for humanity*—I don't want it. I would rather remain with my unavenged suffering and unsatisfied indignation, *even if I were wrong*. Besides, too high a price is asked for harmony; it's beyond our means to pay to enter on it. And so I hasten to give back my entrance ticket, and if I am an honest man I am bound to give it back as soon as possible. And that I am doing. It's not God that I don't accept, Alyosha; only I most respectfully return Him the ticket. . . ."

"That's rebellion," murmured Alyosha.

And, indeed, it is here that Ivan's cosmic "rebellion" begins. It is here that Ivan becomes a "God-struggler."

III.

This is, however, only one side of his inner tragedy,

* Quotations are taken from the translation by Mrs. C. Garnett.

because the question in its further development becomes more complicated. . . . If the world is filled with senseless suffering and injustice—then there are only two possibilities concerning God: either He does not exist at all, and the whole universe is only a meaningless casual "vaudeville of devils"; or He exists, but has concealed his "secret" (the meaning of suffering and life) from us for ever. In the first case there is no Absolute Value at all, and self-will is the only higher law for everybody; in the second case man is bound to "give back the entrance ticket. . . ."

This is the Scylla and Charybdis through which Ivan's consciousness and will must pass, but cannot. His dilemma is: either the void with its "all things are lawful," or the conquest of the "secret" which is beyond the limits of his intellect. . . . But if the "secret" is beyond his mind, then there is no hope of conquering it by mind. Nay, more, there is even no logical certainty that it really exists. It can be accepted only as a possibility, and not as a reality. . . .

Stavrogin's Golgotha was his indubitable void. Ivan's Golgotha was his uncertainty, his everlasting balancing between the void and the "secret." . . . Therefore he exclaims in such a desperation to his nightmare devil: "Is there a God or not?"

But the devil, his "trivial, paltry devil," answers ironically (quite in the style of a most perfect, "Euclidian mind"): "My dear fellow, upon my word, I don't know. . . . I have the same philosophy as you, that would be true. 'Je pense, donc je suis.' I know that for a fact, all the rest, all these worlds, God and even Satan—all that is not proved to my mind. Does all that exist of itself, or is it only an emanation of myself, a logical development of my ego which alone has existed for ever." . . .

And all that he himself knows about the "secret" is this tirade à la Svidrigailov:—"Before time was, by some decree which I could never make out, I was predestined to deny. And still I am genuinely good-hearted and not at all inclined to negation. No, you must go and deny; without denial there would be nothing but one 'hosannah.' But nothing but hosannah is not enough for life; the hosannah must be tried in the crucible of doubt, and so on in the same style. But I don't meddle in that, I didn't create it, I am not answerable for it. . . . Yes, till the secret is revealed, there are two sorts of truths for me—one, their truth, yonder, which I know nothing about so far, and the other my own. And there is no knowing which will turn out the better. . . ."

The devil continues to prompt him ironically in the name of his own truth: "Since there is no God and no immortality, the new man may well become the man-God, even if he is the only one in the whole world, and promoted to his new position he may light-heartedly overstep all the barriers of the old morality, of the old slave-man, if necessary. There is no law for God. Where God stands the place is holy. . . . 'All things are lawful,' and that's the end of it." . . .

But immediately he adds still more ironically: "That's all very charming; but if you want to swindle, why do you want a moral sanction for doing it? But that's our modern Russian all over. He can't bring himself to swindle without a moral sanction. He is so in love with truth." . . .

Ivan's greatest torments were due to the fact that he was really too much in love with "truth"—which he could not reveal, in spite of all his passionate secret longing to reveal it, in spite of all his craving for belief. "I shall sow in you only a tiny grain of faith, and it will grow into an oak-tree—and such an oak-tree that, sitting on it, you will long to enter the ranks of the hermits in the wilderness and the saintly women, for that is what you are secretly longing for. You'll dine on locusts, you'll wander into the wilder-

ness to save your soul"—thus the devil characterises the inner torments of Ivan who (in spite of all his longing for faith) is too "serious a conscience" to accept a truth only on probability, i.e., without being absolutely certain that the truth is really a truth.

There are people who do not believe simply because they are too superficial; Ivan does not believe because he is too deep, too serious; he cannot decide himself to accept a truth without any guarantee—even if it were the truth and the value of Christ.

Christ gave us truth, but He gave no proof and no real guarantee that His truth was an absolute one. The decision for Him must be taken freely, "in spite of logic"; but such a free and, at the same time, uncertain decision is too difficult for a mentality like that of Ivan. Hence, his "Grand-Inquisitor" reproaches Christ in the following words which fully express Ivan's inner lacerations: "Thou didst desire man's free love, that he should follow Thee freely, enticed and taken captive by Thee. In place of the rigid ancient law, man must hereafter with free heart decide for himself what is good and what is evil, having only Thy image before him as guide. But didst Thou not know that he would at last reject even Thy image and Thy Truth, if he is weighed down with the fearful burden of the free choice? They will cry aloud at last that the Truth is not in Thee, for they could not have been left in greater confusion and suffering than Thou hast caused, laying upon them so many cares and unanswered problems. So that, in truth, Thou didst Thyself lay the foundation for the destruction of Thy Kingdom, and no one is more to blame for it. . . ."

That is why the Grand-Inquisitor consciously went over to Satan and proclaimed "by Mystery and Authority" a masked lie for an incontestable truth by which the majority of mankind could get rid of the "fearful burden" of the free choice, and become happy. And it is most strange that Ivan's Grand-Inquisitor, who hurls reproaches into the face of Christ, is also a saint—an unbelieving saint. His exploit is still greater, more difficult and more tragic than the exploit of any saint. His suffering beneath the terrible knowledge and his everlasting fronting the void are his Golgotha; and this Golgotha is not easier than the Golgotha of Christ. . . . Even his love for mankind is not weaker than Christ's love for them. . . . And, finally—we do not know which of the two is right: Christ or Anti-christ (i.e., Inquisitor).

Ivan does not know either. And this is the crux of his tragedy. . . .

IV.

This everlasting uncertainty, this balancing on the brink between the "two truths" paralysed his will, and each of his actions was performed—so to speak—only by one-half of his ego, i.e., half-involuntarily. This we see especially in the case of the fatal murder of his father by the lackey Smerdyakov. Almost in a trance, half unconsciously, Ivan gave Smerdyakov the moral sanction ("all things are lawful") to commit murder. In the same trance he went away to give a free hand to Smerdyakov, who took leave of him with the significant remark: "It's always worth while speaking to a clever man."

But after the murder had been committed, he returned from Moscow extremely nervous, "mournful and spiritless"; he suddenly began to feel that he was anxious not for the escape of Mitya (who had been arrested instead of Smerdyakov), but for another reason. "Is it because I am as much a murderer at heart?"—he asked himself. Something very deep down seemed burning and rankling in his soul. . . .

He suddenly became frightened by the possibility that Smerdyakov might have been the real murderer. He visits him three times not for the sake of his brother Mitya, but only to make certain if Smerdyakov was murderer or not, i.e., he wished to be rid of moral

responsibility—in spite of his "all things are lawful." . . . And during his third visit Smerdyakov flung the following words at him:—

"Here we are face to face; what's the use of going on keeping up a farce to each other? Are you still trying to throw it all on me, to my face? You murdered him; you are the real murderer. I was only your instrument, your faithful servant. . . . I did have an idea of beginning a new life with that (i.e., stolen) money. I did dream of it, chiefly because 'all things are lawful.' . . . That was quite right what you taught me, for you talked a lot to me about that. For if there is no everlasting God, there's no such thing as virtue, and there's no need of it. You were right there. So that's how I looked at it."

"Did you come to that of yourself?" asked Ivan, with a wry smile.

"With your guidance."

"And now, I suppose, you believe in God, since you are giving back the money?"

"No, I don't believe," whispered Smerdyakov.

"Then, why are you giving it back?"

"Leave off . . . that's enough!"—Smerdyakov waved his hand again—"You used to say yourself that everything was lawful, so now why are you so upset, too? You even want to give evidence against yourself. . . ."

After this remarkable visit Smerdyakov hanged himself, while Ivan passed the most delirious and awful night talking with his nightmare devil who tortured him with the most tormenting questions accessible to man's mind and consciousness. Especially typical are the devil's hints to Ivan's firm resolution to give at the trial evidence against himself:—

"You are going to perform an act of heroic virtue, and you don't believe in virtue, that's what tortures you and makes you angry, that's why you are so vindictive. . . . No matter if they disbelieve you, you are going for the sake of principle. . . . Why do you want to go meddling, if your sacrifice is of no use to anyone? Because you don't know yourself why you go! Oh, you'd give a great deal to know yourself why you go! . . . You must guess that for yourself. That's a riddle for you. . . ."

Thus Ivan repeats to Alyosha the meaning of the devil's tirades, and exclaims almost in a rage:—"I hate the monster (i.e., his brother Mitya, whom he wishes to save by his evidence against himself). Let him rot in Siberia! Oh, to-morrow I'll go, stand before them, and spit in their faces. . . ."

"The anguish of a proud determination, an earnest conscience," thought Alyosha. "God, in Whom he disbelieved, and His truth were gaining mastery over his heart, which still refused to submit. . . . He will either rise up in the light of truth, or he will perish in hate, revenging on himself and on everyone his having served the cause he does not believe in. . . ."

He really gave evidence against himself, "spitting in their faces." But he did not rise in the "light of truth." The indissoluble riddle crushed him and his "pitiful earthly Euclidean mind": he became mad. His strong brain was not able to bridge over his inner cleavage, though it had tested and exhausted the deepest depths of all philosophical "truths." His mind perished in its daring attempt without being able to find out the "secret" . . .

And the catastrophe of Ivan is the catastrophe of the whole "pitiful Euclidean" philosophy which is fated to dance eternally in its vicious circle. For a "serious conscience" like that of Ivan who is not longing for a comfortable philosophical recipe, but for the *whole* truth, there is no satisfying answer. One must either try another way or lay down one's arms.

Dostoyevsky, who could not lay down his arms, tried the other way, too—the only way which still remained to him: the way of religion.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

It is more interesting at the moment to turn from the actual theatre to the ideal, to argue about what should be instead of criticising what is. Miss Maria Lohr is lucky in living when even bad wine needs no bush; when I did go to see "Love in a Cottage," I found the theatre crowded, and after hearing the "beauty" of Nurse Bruce mentioned about six times in the first act, I left the new manager to her own triumph. God willing, she may yet learn to act. But "H. W. M.'s" recent plea for an after-war theatre has not exhausted its interest; the current number of the "Nation" contains the first of two articles on the subject, and a letter from three of the younger school of writers. What conclusion the writer of the articles will come to, it is impossible to predict; at present, he is flirting with the idea that industrialism is death to drama, while the three correspondents allege that commercialism in drama is the real enemy.

The industrial argument is familiar. The invention and use of machinery has simplified the industrial processes to such a point that no intelligence is required (and certainly little is used) in the manufacture of anything except machinery. Everything, even the ownership of machinery, has become impersonal, for a limited liability company is a corporation, and not a collection of persons, has an existence separate from that of its constituent members, has, as we say, neither a soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked. The sense of "ownership, creation, distinction," as "B." puts it, has disappeared from most of our national life; and in its place we have impersonality, and a monotonous routine of life. Vulcan was a lame god, and his creations have lamed us so that we cannot wander far from them. The result is, in "B.'s" opinion, that "we are forgetting how to feel," we are becoming incapable of being impressed by new experiences even if they were accessible to us while we live in this squirrel-cage; consequently, says "B.," "the art of to-day is only popular in so far as it 'takes people out of themselves.'" But "expressive art should carry the audience into itself," and I expect that he will come to the conclusion that the miracle is somehow possible in spite of the machinery.

But there is a flaw in this psychology. Monotony is not only the ideal form of marriage, as the schoolboy defined it, it is also the necessary condition of setting free the soul. All Yoga is based on the principle of excluding impressions, and hypnotism is induced by reducing the impressions to a minimum and tiring the attention into relaxation by the inescapable monotony of such impressions as are allowed. It is a well-known fact that the mind works much more freely in this state, and imaginative conception is as natural to it as the delusion of sense impression that is its most common feature. In an industrial age, art should find it easier to flourish; precisely because the chief occupation of life needs the exercise of so little intelligence, there is more of us that is unexpressed in our work and needs to be satisfied by imagination. Indeed, the industrial exclamation breaks down while "B." handles it, for he is constrained to admit that "the blackest tragedy of all history has set our poets singing, and even found for them an audience . . . nor has the painter flaged in his creation . . . only the play has fallen." Dramatic creation does not differ from the creation of any other art form; drama is individual in creation, social in representation and enjoyment, and the dramatist is no more and no less than the painter and the poet affected by the prevailing condition of his time. If, therefore, poetry and painting can flourish, while drama seems to languish, in an industrial age, and the industrial age is alleged to be the cause of the

decline in drama, it must also be alleged to be the cause of the progress of poetry and painting. The probability is, as I have suggested, that the industrial age has nothing to do with the matter, one way or another. There is as much industrialism and monotony in the neighbourhood of the New Cut as anywhere else, but drama, in a form acceptable even to "B.," or "H. W. M.," flourishes at the Old Vic, although it has difficulty in paying its way.

If we turn to the letter by the three young playwrights, we are told that "the necessary rescue from 'State and Stage Philistines' will be effected only by a higher idealism and greater consecration to art . . . that the future theatre must aim at giving the fullest opportunity for expression to those whose sincerity raises them above the usual stage enterprise in artistic profiteering." What this means is that because what is called "commercial drama" gives the people what they want, artistic drama must give them what they do not want—and the new principle of æsthetic judgment is that art is never successful. Shakespeare, by this canon, was no artist; he actually made money from his plays. But if the artists are going to hand over to the profiteers the whole business of giving the people what they want, or want sufficiently to pay for, and devote themselves deliberately to the writing of unsuccessful plays, I, for one, have no use for them. They will neither take me out of myself nor into their art; and their insistence on the fact that "the primary need of such a theatre will be endowment" (it will be) is no more than a claim that deliberate and wilful failure shall be subsidised. If the drama is to be rescued from "State and Stage Philistines," it will not be done by writing plays that do not appeal to the people. That it is possible to be original and successful in our generation, Shaw has proved; his intention was not the interpretation, but the instruction, of the English spirit, and his intellectualism always made him present a nervous system instead of a man. But the fact remains that his farces, such as "You Never Can Tell" and "Candida," are masterpieces of dramatic art; and at his worst, his wit saved him from the dreary dullness of showing us workmen having bloaters for tea, and saying "bloody" every now and then to prove that the author was a strong writer, and calling that drama. When Shakespeare made Othello say: "Blood, Iago, blood!" he had led up to it, knew that the squeal and the roar of rage would manifest the primitive passion, knew that it was dramatic language that did something. But this "bloody" business is the whole stock-in-trade of our young men, who quite rightly recognise that they need to be endowed—not with money only, but with the dramatic instinct.

I distrust the whole diagnosis of the decline of the drama. It is not bad art that takes us out of ourselves; for the best art could do no more, and ecstasy is nothing else but being taken out of ourselves. The only question is: "Whither are we taken?" Are we "borne darkly, fearfully afar" with Shelley, or taken to Lancashire by Stanley Houghton to see Fanny Hawthorn asserting the right to illicit sexual intercourse? That there is much twaddle on the stage is admitted; so there is in literature; but that is no sign of decline but of that "wild growth" that "H. W. M." thinks is necessary. How many plays are written every year, I do not pretend to know; but when Miss Lena Ashwell was at the Kingsway, and offered to read plays, she was deluged with about two thousand a year. And there are people who actually get a living by reading plays for managers; and I knew one man who offered to read plays for authors and give advice for a fee, and fided himself over a crisis in his financial affairs by this means. When we think of the twaddle on the stage, let us not forget the twaddle that is kept off it, and gives rise to the legend of unrecognised genius.

Out of School.

INTUITION reaches out from a vantage-ground in the conscious mind—not necessarily an apex of intellectualised idea; I must return to that point in a moment—and extends its grasp towards something not consciously realised, but superconsciously believed in. This something is not the inspiration; it is rather a sensed harmony of things, a region of order and fitness wherein the desired inspiration is sure to be found if we can penetrate far enough, and stay for long enough. This region of harmony ("region," of course, is the merest picture-language) has to be believed in, whether or not the belief is consciously formulated, before intuition will work, just as much as Dick Whittington had to believe in London as a region of unlimited wealth before he could go there and become an idealised plutocrat. Incidentally, it does not matter that Dick Whittington pictured London as having pavements of gold. The same symbol is to be found in Revelations, with the addition of a mystical transparency of the metal, a thing that no prospective Lord Mayor would appreciate.

We must pause a moment to consider what this belief, this prior necessity of faith, really is. No phrase for it can help being symbolical; but it might be represented as trust in the ultimate reality of truth, beauty and goodness. That covers the sources of inspiration for the philosopher, the artist and the saint. It does not matter which of these the individual happens to believe in "most"; but it is as well not to have a rooted objection to them all, whatever the horrible associations of the words. Some people cannot hear the word goodness without a revulsion; and Mr. Chadband's children (I forget whether he had any) must have grown up with a positive detestation for terewith. This is misfortune; and it is part of the business of education to see that the misfortune does not happen. I have made a few gropings, in earlier articles, after a scheme of education in philosophy, art and fellowship, which would lay the groundwork for a triple faith. Some consider that this faith ought to be got clear of religious mummery, and others that religious teaching ought to be made big enough to include it; it is only necessary to point out here that they have got hold of opposite ends of the same stick.

Given the faith, then—and I suggested last week that the law of symbol determines it as being faith in a hypothesis, not the assertion that any formula we may have found can embrace an absolute and ultimate truth—what is the nature of the intuition, which brings some aspect of the faith to utterance? We have considered the special attitude of the mind that invokes it, under the heading of "plasticity to inspiration"; and the conclusion emerged, then, that something beyond a mere passive receptiveness is involved. There is at least an active receptiveness, an act of grasping and drawing in, if not an act of moulding the material into form and expressiveness. Here it might seem that intellect, the moulding force that is within our conscious experience, must come into operation; but here we find that conscious intellect has to be in abeyance. It is a matter of experience that intuitions come *after* a conscious effort of the understanding; but they do not come *during* such an effort. More often than not the effort, the reaching out of conscious thought to an apex, proves rather to have gathered obstructive ideas into a convenient heap out of the way, and the intuition quietly emerges from round the nearest corner. In writing music, I have often had to score pages of clumsy counterpoint before two themes, which had come to me separately, would play themselves together to my ear in the one and obvious way that brought out their joint meaning. Thinking helps; but it seldom helps in the way that you expect.

The root problem of psychical research, in its

present phase, is whether there is any superconscious power of intellectual construction or not. Dream-fantasies do not help us: they may show us nothing but the structures of the conscious intellect more or less broken down and re-symbolised. But the artistic fantasy that introduces a new element of synthesis; is this something made, or something appropriated? Again, in the immensely difficult psychology of evidence for survival, the source of the veridical detail that is proffered by, or through, the unconscious mind of a medium, may or may not be traceable to thought-reading at a distance; the more important psychological question is, in cases where conscious or unconscious fraud can certainly be ruled out, whence the elaborate building up of detail into coherent evidence? We have to postulate, either a superconscious constructive faculty in the individual, or a something beyond, for which a world of spirits is our nearest, and may be our rightest, symbol.

I do not think the state of the inquiry justifies the refusal of either hypothesis. The only comparative certainty is that there is a hiatus between consciously intellectual construction and the intuitive attainment of a structural idea. The two processes are not continuous, though intellection seems in a way to tune up the superconscious faculty—perhaps by establishing a strong enough wish, perhaps also by raising the standard of effort in the mind as a whole. A pragmatical test may be applied to our two hypotheses, in default of an inductive judgment. The belief that intuitions are entirely "given," out of a world of spirit, leads straight to superstition and the putting down of normal events to supernormal causes. You begin to believe that all dreams, including the dreams of indigestion, are spiritual warnings. On the other hand, an absolute faith in the capacity of the mind to have produced everything that comes to its conscious surface leads to a recognisable Freudian complex, characterised by a dull hostility to evidence and a tendency to snatch at flimsy arguments—analogueous to the attitude of the child who knows he is in the wrong but is past admitting it.

This seems to suggest that the two hypotheses may be complementary half-truths. In that case, we begin to define intuition as an act of the unconscious in collaboration with something beyond itself. The idea at any rate restores the relativity of things. The dream of indigestion is a bio-chemical phenomenon resulting in certain nerve- and brain-stimuli; but it is also a message from the soul, in contact with the Absolute of Health. The poet's and the prophet's intuition of immortality, and the trance-medium's fumbling production of evidence for survival, give us symbols of some actual continuity; but they also come about because the interpreter, for normal, traceable reasons, wants them to come about. The mistake lies in the antithesis between function and purpose—an antithesis that never works in any of the relations in which we can try to make it work, and is only held by abstracting two complementaries entirely from one another and from experiential reality. The falsity is in the idea that when you have explained a function you have explained away a purpose, and that when you have posited a purpose you have short-circuited function.

Purpose is another term for God, and function is another term for the known universe. Faith is contact, so far as contact is attainable, with pure purpose; knowledge is contact (again, so far as contact is attainable) with pure function. With that statement there comes a sense that the two contacts are ultimately one. The sense is intuitive; in fact it is, as nearly as possible, intuition. An intuition, then, if I may try to define the particular from so brief a discussion of the general, is the moment of union between a conceived purpose and a perceived function.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

Readers and Writers.

I HAVE lately had sent me the recent issues of an American magazine of belles-lettres, to which reference has been made before in these columns—"the Little Review" (1.50 a year. New York). Mr. Ezra Pound has for some months been the "foreign" or exile editor of it; and I gather from the nature of the contributions that he has practically commandeered most of the space of the recent issues. A series of letters and some stories by Mr. Wyndham Lewis; letters, stories and verse by Mr. Pound; ditto, ditto, ditto by other—shall I say London?—writers—are evidence that Mr. Pound's office is no sinecure. He delivers the goods. The aim of the "Little Review," as defined without the least attempt at camouflage by the editress (that is to say, the real American director of the venture) is to publish articles, stories, verses and drawings of pure art—whatever that may be. It is not demanded of them that they shall be true—or false; that they shall have a meaning—single or double; that they shall be concerned with life—or fancy. Nothing, in fact, is asked of them but that they shall be art, just art. Less explicitly, but to the same effect, both Mr. Pound and Mr. Wyndham Lewis subscribe to the same formula. They, too, are after art, nothing but art. But in some respects they define themselves more clearly. From Mr. Wyndham Lewis, for instance, I gather that the aim of the "Little Review" artists is to differentiate themselves from the mob. Art would seem to consist, indeed, in this differentiation or self-separation. Whatever puts a gulf between yourself and the herd, and thus "distinguishes" you, is, and must be, art, because of this very effect. And Mr. Pound carries on the doctrine a stage by insisting that the only thing that matters about the mob is to deliver individuals from it. Art, in short, is the discovery, maintenance and culture of individuals.

We have all heard of this doctrine; and there is no doubt that it is very seductive. But to whom? I have remarked before that the appeal of Nietzsche has often been to the last persons in the world you would have thought capable of responding to him; or, let me say, to the last persons that ought to respond to him—weak-willed, moral imbeciles, with not enough real intelligence to be even efficient slaves. These, as Nietzsche discovered, were only too often the sort of person that was attracted by his muscular doctrine of the Will to Power. It is the case likewise with the doctrine of individuality. Among its disciples there are, of course, the few who understand it; but the majority of them are precisely the persons who prove by their devotion their personal need of it. Individuality is for these as much a cult as health is a cult among the sick; and it is to be observed that they also have to take a good deal of care of themselves. They must never, for instance, associate with the mob; they must be careful what they eat in the way of æsthetics; they must pick and choose among people, places, and things with all the delicacy of an egg-shell among potsherds. Above all, they must keep their art pure. Now, I am not, of course, going to say that Mr. Wyndham Lewis or Mr. Ezra Pound belongs to this class of æsthetic valetudinarians. Both are robust persons with excellent digestions, and with a great deal of substantial common sense. Nevertheless, both of them, to my mind, pose as invalids and simulate all the whimperings and fastidiousnesses of the malades imaginaires. Read Mr. Lewis' letters, for example, in the issues of the "Little Review" here under notice. The writer is obviously a very clever man, with a good experience and judgment of life, and possessed of a powerful style. But he has chosen to exhibit himself as a clever gymnast of words, with innumerable finnick-

ing fancies against taking this or that lest he should be confused with the "mob." And Mr. Pound is in much the same state. What is the need of it, I ask, in their case? Unlike most of the other writers (I specially except Mr. T. S. Eliot, whose poem the "Hippopotamus" is impressive), neither Mr. Lewis nor Mr. Pound has any need to "cultivate" an individuality, or to surround it with walls and moats of poses. Neither has any need whatever to appear clever in order to be clever. On the contrary, both of them have need to do exactly the reverse—namely, to cut their too exuberant individuality down to the quick, and to reveal their cleverness by concealing it. Simplicity, as Oscar Wilde said—he, of course, only said it, he never really thought it—is the last refuge of complexity. And I put it to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Pound that with just a little more individuality and with just a little more cleverness their ambition will be to be indistinguishable from the mob either by their individuality or their cleverness. They will not succeed in this, of course. Individuality and cleverness, like murder, will out. The aim, however, of the wise possessor of either is to conceal it in subtler and subtler forms of common sense and simplicity.

* * *

Among the clever poses of this type of "stage-player of the spirit," as Nietzsche called them, is the pose of the enfant terrible. They are mightily concerned to shock the bourgeoisie and are never so happy as when they have said something naughty and actually got it into print. Now it is, of course, very stupid for the bourgeoisie to be shocked. The bourgeoisie would be wiser to yawn. But it argues a similar kind of stupidity—anti-stupidity—to wish to shock them. But we do not wish to shock them, they say! We are indifferent to the existence of the bourgeoisie! Our aim is simply to write freely as artists and to be at liberty to publish our work for such as can understand it. Publishing, however, is a public act; and I maintain with the bourgeoisie, that the art of an intimate circle or group is not of necessity a public art. Between private and public morality, personal and public policy, individual and communal art, there is all the difference of two differing scales of value. Queen Victoria did not wish to be addressed by Mr. Gladstone as if she were a public meeting. A public meeting does not like to be addressed as if it were a party of personal friends. The introduction of personal considerations into public policy is felt to be an intrusion; and likewise to treat your friends as if you were legislating on their behalf is an impertinence. And from all this it follows that to thrust all private art into the public eye is to mix the two worlds. Only that part of private art that is in good public taste ought to be exhibited in public; the rest is for private, personal, individual consumption, and ought to be left unpublished or circulated only privately. That, at any rate, is my view of the question. Let the artist, I say, write what pleases him; let him circulate it among his friends; the only criterion here is personal taste. But immediately he proposes to publish his work, he should ask himself the question: Is this in good public taste?

* * *

Among the issues of the "Little Review" now lying before me is one the distribution of which was forbidden by the New York Postal Censor. It contains a short story by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. The story is clever—obviously clever; it is hard and brilliant; and, in the millionth case, perhaps, it may be a true account of a piece of reality. Circulated among writers exclusively, as a kind of studio-experiment in stylistic realism, it might be of service to art; for new methods of writing are of more concern to writers than the substance of the things written. As a public document, on the other hand, to be circulated among readers as well as writers, I have no fancy for defending Mr.

Lewis' story. It interests me, but I do not want it to interest my neighbours.

In giving judgment against the proprietors who appealed against the Post Office, the Judge in the case delivered himself of some sensible remarks, but of at least one sublimity of unconscious satire upon American culture. "I have little doubt," he said, "that numerous really great writings would come under the ban if tests that are frequently current were applied; and these approved publications doubtless at times escape only because they come within the term 'classics,' which means for the purpose of the Statute that they are ordinarily immune from interference, because they have the sanction of age and fame, and usually appeal to a comparatively limited number of readers." The classics of limited appeal include, of course, the Bible and Shakespeare.

R. H. C.

A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.

XVI.—L-RD D-NS-NY.

(We regret that we are unable to reproduce the picture which should accompany this story.)

"A Dream of Yedd." By Lord D-ns-ny.

One evening, having nothing to do, I suddenly be-thought me of lovely Yéhi Ghazul. And I said: I will take some bash, and I will go to Yéhi Ghazul, even to the beautiful city that dwells alone among the plains in distant Surd. So I went out and bought bash at a little shop which is there only when some man needs it, in the street of twisted souls, and which sells only merchandise that the spirit needs, for with the body it has no traffic, and is not of this world.

And I said to the old man with the long beard and the eyes crossed so that he could see both your body and your soul, "O man of the trailing beard and peculiar eyes," I said, "give me bash." And when he had given me it, I said, "O man of the flowing whisker, even you of the wandering eye, obtain for me from your little store the green-faced idol of Kammeruk, for I would pray to the idol with the green face." And I paid for my purchases in hasheesh, which in Kammeruk is worth more than gold or diamonds or hope of heaven, and I returned to my rooms and prayed to the idol, even to the green-faced idol, which is the forsaken god of the vanished races of Kammeruk.

"O Idol," I said, "the hills of Ithara are far away, and thou comest from beyond the hills of Ithara, where rises the mighty river of Yann and into the heart of which no man has penetrated." And the eyes of the little god moved as though he would contradict me, and I went on quickly: "Beyond the hills of Ithara lies Kammeruk, and is not Yéhi Ghazul the chief city of Kammeruk, O idol of the green face and moving eyes?"

And now the eyes of the god no longer moved, but his lips moved as if he would murmur to himself prayers he once had heard in far Ithara and Kammeruk, where he was a god and not a green-faced idol the size of a man's hand.

And then I ate some bash, and I saw his hands twitch greedily when the incense reached him, and I spoke again, in low tones and in his own tongue.

"O mighty little god," I said, "give ear to me or I will find a god of some other race than thine, and to this god I will pray, since thou wilt not hear me when I abase myself before thee." Then did the god's eyes flash fire and his lips give forth strange sounds, and I knew it was not the god of Kammeruk to whom I prayed, but that the man at the little shop had cheated me, and that I was praying to a god of the awful city of Yedd. And fear laid hold of me; but already the fumes of the bash were in my head, and the walls of

the room were fading away and I was flying through the night.

As my soul took its flight through dead centuries and trackless forests (of lush verbiage), I tried to remember tales that travellers had told me in lonely taverns of this city of blackness and evil, and of its terrible ruler, Aghra Gad, and I tried to create a god of my own of dead dreams and spiritless phrases to whom I might pray for help. But my spirit, drugged with the fumes of bash, refused the effort and fled on and on, over fiery deserts and seas blue with cold, until presently out of the darkness arose the sound of chanting and playing on the tittibuk, and I knew that I was come to Yedd.

I was overcome with fatigue and sank down on the stones of the street, which received me like cushions, and two men ran to me and lifted me up and carried me into a cool place shut off by curtains from the noise of the street, and offered me a dish of syrabub flavoured with bash, which I drank greedily. I felt better and looked at the men, and their faces were dark with cunning, and their limbs bent with evil living. It is many a year since Yedd became desolate, and I knew that my soul must have fled back many centuries, and a deadly fear took me that it might never be allowed to go out from Yedd. But they gave me more syrabub, and when I had drunk it they led me to Aghra Gad.

He was seated on a high throne of pure gold, draped round with curtains made from the wings of dragonflies, and his crown was of onyx studded with opals, and he was fat and yellow with sin, and his eyes were sometimes green and sometimes red, red with anger and green with vengeance. And behind his throne towered the awful god of Yedd, to whom, unknowing, I had prayed in my room in London. And first I was made to abase myself before this god, as I had abased myself before the little idol, then I was led to Aghra Gad. And Aghra Gad looked at me and spoke in a tongue which I did not understand, so I answered him in Yannish, which I found he spoke with difficulty.

"O king, I am a stranger to Yedd; I come from a far land, a land of light but without gods except false gods of steam and iron, and when gods die men dream no more, but I have made me gods of my own, or I have prayed to the gods of other men, and they have rewarded me with empty tales which—in an appropriate style—I have narrated to the people without gods or prophets, and they have listened tardily, but some have listened, and that is all I care for."

And the king said: "It seems you have spoken, in this style flavoured with bash, of the lands where we dwell to these people without gods?"

And I answered, touching the floor with my head: "It is true."

Then, "Tell me one of these tales," he said, "which you prophesy to the people without prophets, betraying our secrets to them of the outer light."

And I told him a tale I had told to the applause of my people, of how the bad old woman in black ran down the street of the ox-butchers. And when I had finished, the king yawned. "You lie," he said, wearily. "Tell us another."

So I told him another which had found great favour in my own land—of how they, they never came to Carcassone. It is a long tale, and when it was ended the shadows had deepened, and I could see the king no longer; but his voice came to me drowsily from the darkness. "You lie," he said, "and are the son of lies. One more story, however, shall you prophesy to these heathen, and then return to us, O you who know so much of our ways, and we will appoint you composer-in-chief of lullabys, so that our sleep may be heavy and dreamless," and he waved his arm.

And suddenly fear left me, and I was alone in my room again, and I was on my knees as I had been, but the idol was gone.

Music.

By William Atheling.

DAMMERUNG OF THE PIANO.

CONDUCTOR CAPT. A. WILLIAMS, M.V.O., Mus.Doc., Oxon, in a red sash, sword, white gloves, etc., opened the concert of the Grenadier Guards Band, with no perception of the roof or enclosing wall of the building (Queen's Hall). I have inspected the savage rites of our little Island; for twenty years nothing like it has happened to me. (I write this almost immediately after the operation; I hope my ears will be in condition to hear the concerts next week.) Still, one does not want to hear chimes from inside the belfry. Mr. Harry Dearth sang his comic song (serious ending) with clear enunciation. The singing of Miss Lett is a sort of combination of "Deutschland über Alles" and Sunday Service in a thoroughly Presbyterian village. Her attack on the Italian language was, without qualification, distressing. Captain Williams made heroic efforts, and in great measure succeeded in keeping the band almost quiet during Felix Salmond's 'cello playing. Salmond can do anything he likes with the 'cello. He is one of the rare artists who are really worth hearing (I had almost written "even with a band in the background"). For the rest these rites of Boadicea are beyond my comprehension; they are an imperial or political manifestation; the performance was obviously creditable of its kind, but the language is one to which I have lost the dictionary.

The first impression of Miss Annabel McDonald is that she is in some ways competent, sings in tune, and has learned correctly to pronounce Italian; then appear traces of the Christmas festival manner. Her defect of passion is only too apparent when she attempts the Kennedy Fraser interpretations of Hebridean Songs. These things were painted in woad, but Miss McDonald gives them swathed in blue baby-ribbon. One can only pray that the original wilderness of the songs will be apparent at a performance to be given under the indefatigable collector's own supervision at Æolian Hall, March 11th, at 6 p.m.; for the melodies are among the finest of our national heritage, as Wagner found out rather before the English musicians, gaining no inconsiderable advantage from the priority of his knowledge.

The McDonald afternoon was relieved by Salmond's 'cello, resonant, fully mastered, but impeded by the accompanist. Mr. H. Samuel was determined that the audience should realise to the last drop of gore that the Rachmaninoff op. 19 in E minor is entitled "Sonata for the PIANOFORTE and Cello." "Cello" is really printed in the same size type as Pianoforte, but we must admit that the word "pianoforte" comes first in the title. As Mr. Samuel's piano playing is, to put it mildly, without the least vestige of interest, his insistence on the order of words in the title was at times rather trying.

The programme had been chosen without any musical significance and descended to simon-pure suburbana in the second group of songs. I fled before. Mr. Samuel was permitted to reach the section labelled Pianoforte Solos. We should be profoundly grateful if Mr. Salmond would give a recital by himself.

THE PIANO.

Why, indeed, the piano? This instrument has many sins on its keyboard. I leave aside the unending bickering over the tempered scale, even though one interiorly protests against the argument that it is no use bothering over an accuracy of pitch that only one person in two hundred can perceive. People without absolute pitch-sense do, and do very often, get a certain definite pleasure from correct playing even if they are incapable of detecting a single error, or even a series of errors save by a vague dissatisfaction or by an even slighter and more vague diminution of pleasure.

All keyboard instruments tend to make into performers people not born to be musicians; and the very fact that one can play a keyboard instrument quite correctly without in the least knowing whether a given note is in tune or is correct in itself, tends to obscure the value of true pitch. What is the first requisite of any player upon strings is therefore left perhaps wholly unconsidered by the piano student. The piano-tuner is responsible for all that. His services are inexpensive. This argument could be used against the earlier keyboard instruments, but they were never sufficiently loud to drive out and predominate over the rest of the instruments. They did not "fill the building."

From carelessness about pitch the piano has gradually progressed to a carelessness about actual sound. The attention centred, in earlier music, upon purity of tone, upon sound quality, has been weakened and weakened, till I have seen a composer of no small talent utterly impervious to the quality of noise he was making. The notes were in the right order; they followed each other as he intended; he was satisfied.

I long, perhaps not too vainly, for the day when the piano shall be as the hansom, which vehicle it not a little resembles; and when the pianist shall be as the cab-driver, so far as the concert hall is concerned. The instrument will abide with us yet, for there is the pianola attachment, and if for some time it is necessary to train acrobats to play Bach-Busoni for pianola records, surely human invention will lead to, and has already discovered, a means for making the records direct. The future composer will do his work, not with a pen but a punch. "You couldn't pack a Broadwood half a mile," says Mr. Kipling, but there is always the gramophone.

But the platform pianist? These remarks are not all due to the last performance I suffered, but that performance has nevertheless been unable to arrest them. She opened, indeed, with delicacy, with prettiness, getting a good variety of sounds out of her instrument. She had no *forte*. I recalled indefinitely some Berlin critic's outburst to the effect that the piano was not a "Slaginstrument." Then we had the "Stimmung" of the studios; and the "Ahnung" in the stealthy on-creeping bass notes. She was really doing quite well. At least "it took me back twenty years." Have we not all, with the shades of Murger, with the well-known death mask gaping at us, and with the plaster cast of the drowned girl hanging in the other corner, have we not all of us known the charm? (The Schumann quality that has been read into Chopin by generations of conservatoire young ladies to the obscuring of Chopin's austerity.) The pathetic thing is that the pianist had thought about music, and had considered the art, to some extent. It was the studio "mood" as opposed to the piano of Sir Frederick Leighton and the Leightoniana, the instrument at which the very young mother sits with her numerous well-washed, fresh offspring clambering about her, receiving the cultural rudiments. The pianist in this case had merits; so has the cab-driver.

In the next piece there were fireworks; the pianola would have compassed them. Attention faded. I left the hall. I observed the more distinguished critic sitting patiently in his seat, his nose deep in a French book.

I do not say that I am above the studio manner; that I would not willingly recall the past, forget my bald spot. "Four and forty times would I," as Mr. Kipling has it, listen to the wailful note as the more reserved couple wait until it is time to walk home, and the less reserved, or more "bohemian" couple hold hands under the sofa cushion,—*Jugend, Jugend, Jugend!* and the inefficient illustrator (aged sixty) who once hoped to paint like Raphael, looks at the ceiling or the performer.

But what has all this to do with the concert hall? A certain crop of female pianists always hoped to produce in the concert-hall the atmosphere of the studio;

to bring to the hoarse old gentleman from the Thames valley and to the large-waisted lady from Roehampton a "breath of the real meaning," to "show them that life . . ."; and sometimes the female pianist succeeded . . . After the final uncalled-for encore, when all but her dearest friends had left the building.

Nevertheless, the concert-hall is not the studio. Some musicians may actually play better in studios; they may get some force from the "atmosphere"; or the general state of emotion and personal sympathy in the company may merely blur the critical senses; but these things do not concern the concert-hall. The magnetic theory is invalid. No performer can rely on emotionalising the audience. Music in a concert-hall must rely on itself and the perfection of its execution; it is, as it were, under glass. It exists on the other side of the footlights, apart from the audience. With apologies to the language, the audience are spectators, they watch a thing of which they are not part, and that thing must be complete in itself. They may be moved by the contemplation of its beauty. They are not moved, or at least can be moved only in an inferior and irrelevant way by being merged into the action of the stage.

I labour this point rather heavily, but it is not a trifle, and hundreds of musical careers have been muddled simply because the performers have not understood how entirely the music must lead its own life; must have its own separate existence apart from the audience; how utterly useless it is to try to mix up audience and performance.

Views and Reviews.

GOOD HEAVENS!

THE human mind has a persistent habit of elaborating conclusions from given premisses (as hypnotic subjects do), instead of criticising the premisses; and I am strongly of opinion that the decline of belief in immortality is due to the fact that immortal life is usually regarded as life beyond the grave. The question is usually presented in the form preferred by Job: "If a man die, shall he live again?" the fact of death, and not the fact of life, being the starting point of the inquiry. If we ask ourselves, "If a man live, can he ever die?" we at least escape the apparent discontinuity of state implied by the usual conception of immortality, and make it possible to preserve the distinction between life and its manifestations. "Each material thing has its celestial side; has its translation, through humanity, into the spiritual and necessary sphere where it plays a part as indestructible as any other. And to these, their ends, all things continually ascend. The gases gather to the solid firmament; the chemic lump arrives at the plant, and grows; arrives at the quadrupled, and walks; arrives at the man, and thinks." We are such stuff as worlds are made of, and our little lives contain, in summary and in prospect, the history and potentialities of the universe. Embryology tells us that "man's ontogeny is epitome of his phylogeny;" modern psychology tells us the same, and more, that man's psychology contains also the history and the knowledge of the life everlasting. It is life, not death, that makes immortality possible and desirable; and if we free ourselves of all the clutter that the cowards have invented, we shall be able to speculate concerning the everlasting here and now of eternal life.

It is easier for the layman to bend his mind to this task if he throws overboard all that he has heard of Heaven, and begins with what he knows of life, takes the most vivid experience he has had as his type of eternal life. For just "as a foolish jest sleeps in a knavish ear," as Hamlet said, so the Heaven of the clerical hierarchy is unintelligible or repulsive to those who know more of life than is to be learned from the celebration of religious ceremonials. What engineer,

for example, could be happy in the everlasting High Mass of Heaven that the usual clergyman offers? He would be happier in discovering whether the universe does really work without friction, in calculating the stresses and strains of the whole structure, and criticising the margin of safety allowed in its construction. This may seem to represent the engineer as a person without a soul; actually, it represents him as being like the rest of us, a person with a soul that does not require to be saved but to be exercised. He might even invent some more efficient form of planetary attraction than gravitation, and teach the comets to be more symmetrical in their orbits; anyhow, until he does think of Heaven in this or some similar way, he will not want to be there.

In the volume to which I referred last week (*Immortality*: published by Macmillan), Mr. Clutton-Brock constructs his own "Dream of Heaven" from the experience most vital to him. To him, as to Campion, "Heaven is music"; and all art is prophetic of Heaven. For the characteristic of all experience, all apprehension, all myths of Heaven is that they present life stripped of irrelevance; if we may adapt Emerson, we may say that they show us that "life only avails—not the getting a living." For to Mr. Clutton-Brock, the supreme irrelevance of life is that most of it should be devoted to getting a living, to the struggle for existence; we are most of us, like Martha, "careful and troubled about many things," and the "one thing needful" seems to be that we should be free from these cares so that we may learn the word of wisdom at the feet of Christ. Heaven, for Mr. Clutton-Brock, is still an escape from, and not a conquest of, the material conditions of life; but it is at least an escape from getting a living to actual living, an experience that music can give us here, and Heaven may offer hereafter. And by music, he does not mean the very material harps and tabors and trumpets that the musical instrument makers advertise as examples of eternal life, but the élan vital which is released or manifested in the flood of sound and which enables us to see life in being and striving towards manifestation. Music does more than show us life: it contains it in so slight a substance that it radiates the soul, does not so much prophesy as restore to us the consciousness of our spiritual nature. "The man that hath no music in his soul is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils"; he succeeds better in getting a living than in living, is rich in the irrelevance of things, but has so little experience of life that he is as helpless as an actor without his "props," in any condition that does not give him the support of his possessions.

So Mr. Clutton-Brock imagines Heaven (including Purgatory in the conception) as a dual process of stripping and enriching, of stripping of our possessions and enriching of our capacities. Nietzsche's counsel of perfection: "Become what thou art": will be realised in actual fact when life is exalted above the struggle for existence; we shall not be able to be anything else when we have lost what we have, and are dependent upon what we are for what we get. For our enriching will depend upon our receptivity, our apprehension of other ways of life, our actual development of what are now latent powers. If our souls have dwindled through lack of use until they rattle like dried peas in a canister, our re-vitalisation will be difficult; but the spirit of life will not be denied, and even the dried pea will lose its wrinkles, swell and burst into creative activity, and learn to grow according to the Mendelian theory. All the old logomachy concerning Heaven, whether it is a state or a place, is swept aside by this conception; Christ came that we "might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly," and Heaven is the condition in which this is realised.

But it is still a defect, I think, that Mr. Clutton-Brock imagines that this conception is of a life beyond the grave. He is still concerned with the idea that

life has extension, whether continuous or discontinuous, and that immortal life is described by duration rather than intensity. Extension is a property of matter, not of force; force does not extend to a point, it operates at it, and although this statement is not scientifically accurate (for even light takes time to travel), yet the idea needs to be preserved for the sake of contrast. It is possible that we may not live forever in the sense of persisting for all eternity, it is possible that, as Browning put it, "he, the moment makes immortal, proves that he is mortal in the moment," that we attain immortal life only by giving up the ghost, by yielding mortal life to the moment. Until we consider the evidences of survival, we cannot be sure that our faith is anything more than the substance, the understanding, of things hoped for; and if the Kingdom of God is within us, our only Heaven must be realised while we are here "in the body pent." I shall consider the evidences of survival in my next article.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Monarchy in Politics. By J. A. Farrer.
(Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

The revival of interest in republicanism that is becoming so marked a feature of Colonial political speculation, and has found here no better exponent than Mr. Wells, will doubtless be stimulated by the appearance of this book. For Mr. Farrer examines with considerable impartiality the practical working of Constitutional Monarchy in England during the reigns of George III, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria. He has drawn his evidence from the letters, memoirs, diaries, and speeches, of contemporary statesmen, and especially from the letters of the Sovereigns themselves to their Ministers. The most obvious development of the whole period is a development of style; Ministers no longer address the Crown in the slavish language employed by Lord Chatham. Curiously, there has been during the war a revival of the extravagant language which used to be addressed to the Crown; but in this case, it is used not by Ministers to the Crown, but by the Attorney-General to the judges in defence or justification of the Government's use of the Royal Prerogative.

The value of such a study as this is that it does correct many false assumptions. Our Constitution is so constantly explained in the terms of democratic and republican theory that it is difficult to remember that it is a constitutional monarchy which, in spite of appearances has actually increased its power during the nineteenth century. "Although the actual Veto has passed into disuse," says Mr. Farrer, "the Veto precedent has become a more serious barrier against any legislation distasteful to the Crown. Mr. Lecky's statement that English sovereignty is so restricted in its province that it has, or ought to have, no real influence on legislation, is hardly borne out by the influence exercised over legislation by George III, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria." Indeed, Mr. Farrer goes so far as to say that "A monarch who chose to exercise his full prerogative of making peace or war, or of dismissing his Ministers, would probably find that his powers were much less restricted than the text-books define them." The chief consequence of our Constitution being, in the main, unwritten is that the powers attaching to each element of it are undefined; and its nature is therefore deter-

mined by the character of the person or persons representing the particular element; he has; or they have, just as much power as they like to, or can, exert. Particularly is this the case with the Monarchy; "the high, monarchical pretensions" which were so luxuriant in the reign of Queen Anne by no means died with her. In a limited Constitutional monarchy they lie never far below the surface, and need but favourable conditions for their revival. Was it not so lately as 1911, the first year of the reign of King George V, that an address to him was signed by many peers and others, urging him to thwart the policy of the Ministry by vetoing the Parliament Bill? A monarch of strong character can, under our Constitution, play a much greater part in politics than is usually recognised; Queen Victoria fought inch by inch to restore to the monarchy that "right to more than a concurrent control where Imperial matters were concerned." The story of her feud with Palmerston is one of the most dramatic passages of this book, told, as it is, in the actual language of the parties. On this question of foreign affairs, the historical fact is in opposition to those democrats who think that the people are more pacific than their rulers: the truth of the argument depends entirely on the character of the ruler. "It was Queen Victoria, for instance, who mainly kept us at peace with Germany in 1864, when the people would have jumped at war. A democracy under modern conditions, sensitive to every gust of rumour, and to every whiff of passion that is fanned by the Press, is subject to no restraint from war like that which may operate on a pacific monarch. . . . It may be said of every war, what the Prince Consort said of the Crimean War, that it places Parliamentary Government on its trial." It has to be remembered, in this connection, that the extreme doctrine of the power of the Crown has been revived during the war not for the benefit of the Crown, but for the benefit of Ministers, which suggests a temporary transformation of our Constitution from an hereditary to an elective monarchy. On this point, Mr. Farrer concludes: "That an hereditary monarchy has advantages over an elective one is among the few things that historical experience can claim confidently to have proved. . . . But hereditary monarchy suffers from the drawback of placing that prize [of supreme power] too much within the sphere of pure and uncontrollable chance; and the same system which made a Queen Victoria possible is also responsible for a George IV. Experience, therefore, though it has proved the superiority of an hereditary to an elective monarchy, cannot yet assert the superiority of an hereditary monarchy to a republican form of Government." We commend this last quotation from a fascinating book. "If Lord Salisbury's view be right, whatever other merits a democracy may have, it is not to the spread of popular forms of government over the earth that the pacifist can look with confidence for the realisation of his dreams of a world from which the curse of war has been eliminated. On this point, the rival claims of the rival systems of government must remain open questions: the commercial incentive to war may operate as strongly on the American or the Russian republics as ever it did on monarchical countries; and centuries more of experiments in Government must be added to the world's experience before a decisive judgment can be formed. But if it be the destiny of the world to become more addicted to war as it becomes more democratic, no republican transformation can be looked to as making for the increase of freedom, and military democracies can hardly escape a metamorphosis into military despotisms, with as crushing a control of individual liberty as the worst autocracies have ever exercised."

"Producers by Brain."

[THE NEW AGE has placed this column at the service of Mr. Allen Upward for the purpose of carrying on his Parliamentary candidature as a representative of literature and art.]

SELF-DETERMINATION.

It is curious how a new label sometimes succeeds in popularising an old idea. The view that every nation should have a free choice as to its political allegiance is the first principle of Liberalism, but as long as it was called Home Rule it roused little enthusiasm outside Leinster, Munster and Connaught. Under the sounding style of "self-determination" it is suddenly discovered to be the political gospel for every community outside Ulster.

The whole difficulty consists in the application of the principle, as we see in the case of Ireland. What is to be the unit of self-determination, and who is to fix it? The case of Macedonia, or, it may be said, of the old Turkish dominions throughout, is much more complicated than that of Ireland. In one province, not so large as Ulster, there are Greek, Bulgarian and Turkish villages all mixed up together, and many villages and towns in which the three races are still more intimately associated. The only satisfactory solution would be a wholesale scheme of emigration and exchange of territories, and even that must involve great hardships.

In reality the old Turks managed things better than a more civilised Government, because they applied the principle of self-determination in the form of privilege, or personal law. Turks, Greeks and Bulgarians, considered as Muslims, Patriarchists and Exarchists, formed independent communities living under their own laws as regards marriage, inheritance, and so forth, administered in their own courts. This is a system which the British Government applies to some extent in India and Nigeria. But in Christian countries generally the influence of monotheist and monogamist fanaticism forbids such self-determination on the part of minorities, if they have the misfortune to be of European race. Thus we allow a plurality of wives to the Hindu or Moslem or Pagan, while forbidding it to the Englishman dwelling beside them; and the United States was moved to interference with the Mormons while respecting the customs of the Redskins.

The frank acceptance of the principle would do more to promote human happiness than any revolution that has yet taken place. The Roman lawyers laid down the true limits of State interference with the individual in their maxim—"So use what is yours as not to hurt your neighbour." At present we are suffering from too much solidarity. If a group of Englishmen wish to organise their lives on healthy and rational lines they are obliged to set to work to convert more than half the nation to their views before they can proceed. The dead weight of an ignorant and conservative majority is a drag on all human progress. Before we can build the New Jerusalem we must make endless experiments, at the cost of countless failures; but every such experiment is a real service to mankind.

Now that almost the whole surface of the planet has passed under European control the question has become a burning one. To what region are the Pilgrim Fathers of to-day to bend their voyage? Where can the new Order of the Temple or the Hospital find a Malta or a Rhodes? Whither can youth escape from the tyranny of age?

What we have to do meanwhile is to insist on the full sense of this fortunate phrase. There must be an end to the old, mischievous arguments about race and language as the determinants of nationality. Allegiance must be a matter of free choice. Free trade must obtain in citizenship, and patriotism be no longer decided by birth.

ALLEN UPWARD.

Pastiche.

WAR GEOMETRY.

(With acknowledgments to the Author of "Boarding-House Geometry.")

1. All wars are the same war.
2. A war is length without bread.
3. The extremities of a war are hard lines.
4. Nations in the same war and on the same side of it are equal to the same lies.
5. An enemy victory is that which has no parts and no magnitude.
6. A war-aim is a figure that is enclosed by one or more boundaries, but that cannot be described and is equal to anything.
7. A bee-line may be made from any war-aim to any other war-aim.
8. A wrangle is the disinclination to each other of the governments of two nations that meet together in the same alliance and say they are in perfect accord.
9. All the other lines being cut off, a war is said to be a war to end war.
10. A lie may be produced any number of times.
11. A circle may be described by any Cabinet Minister from any question, at any distance from that question.
12. The speeches of a Cabinet Council, stretched ever so far both ways, will not meet.
13. War-lords may be reduced to their lowest terms by a series of democratic revolutions.
14. Any two statements in war-time are together less than one square truth.
15. On the same newspaper and on the same side of it there should not be two contradictory lies about the same defeat.
16. If there be two governments in the same war, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, and the wrangle between the one government and peace be equal to the wrangle between peace and the other government, then shall the peace terms of the two governments be equal. For if not, let one be the greater. Then the other is less than it might have been, and peace may come sooner than it need, which is absurd.

V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

WARRIOR SONNETS.

I.

In this I have not failed; my hand has ta'en
Fate by the hand, and bidden lead whereso
Suffering and strife were blossoming; although
Youth in my heart had paled before Christ's pain,
And in my soul the dreams of summer's gain,
Of gold, of singing maidens, flowers ablow,
Had almost made me falter; now the flow
Of stronger things has taken me in train.

I shall no more be weak because of sloth,
Spoiled by sweet things and rendered fool by lust,
Pain with my soul has plighted mystic troth,
Strife to my sinews granted holy fire.
Youth that I am, I have grown old in trust,
White is my hand and clean my strong desire.

II.

God granted it, that trumpets challenging
Should bring to dust the city's girding wall
But once! Now have His chosen ones the gall,
The spear of grief; His Son, the mystic King,
His crown of thorns, the leaden scourges sting;
Then who will say I am not feared at all,
But still would lift Faith's burden and be thrall
To none but Truth; march out, the banners swing.

The mighty hand, the vision and the sword,
The shout of spearmen, and the heraldry
Of goodly deeds, shall make the youthful lord
More of a king than ever gauded crown
Or cloth of purple, or the boasts that be,
Dead, as the bones of ancient battles strown.

III.

To them the singers who have held on high
Lust in a brimming goblet, be there shame!
To them new-born who fan the holier flame,
Our warrior recognition. . . . Let us cry,

"Hail!" for our hearts would let the vain things die,
 We who are born to bear another name,
 To scorn the honeyed phrases of men tame,
 To reaffirm what pleased fools deny.

Wrath and the combats call us from afar,
 Empty, the scented gardens of our youth,
 The mountains beckon, echoing our war;
 March we in order, and, if we shall fail,
 Say but of us, we asked nor tear nor ruth,
 But strength to thresh out Justice with God's flail.

B.E.F.

FRANCIS ANDREWS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CONSUMER.

Sir,—In "Notes of the Week" of February 7 occurred the strange statement that Mr. May's defeat at Prestwich constitutes a reply to my view that the State should represent the consumer. Surely it is somewhat fantastic to base so large a conclusion on so small a circumstance as the defeat, on a rotten register, of the first candidate put forward by the co-operative movement—to say nothing of the claim of Co-operation to represent the whole body of consumers. On this showing the defeat of the first Socialist candidate away back in the last century might have been construed as meaning the defeat of Socialism. Moreover, I have never said that the State of to-day primarily represents the consumer. My point is that it would do so under a system of National Guilds. G. D. H. COLE.

PAINTED DRAGONS.

Sir,—I have no desire to quarrel with your correspondent, "W. D.," on the main issues of his book; order is always better than disorder, and the more complex our lives become in detail, the more necessary it is that the principles, whether legal or other, explaining those details should be clear to us. Codification of the law is impossible until the principles of jurisprudence are clearly defined and agreed upon; and much has already been done in this direction even in England. Mr. Edward Jenks, in his "Short History of English Law," tells us that "another Royal Commission on the Criminal Law, which sat for several years prior to 1861, was responsible for an important group of consolidating statutes which, though not in themselves amounting to a Criminal Code, gave fair promise of the appearance of such a code in the future. These are the five great enactments of the year 1861, which deal respectively with larceny, malicious damage to property, forgery, false coinage, and offences against the person. They still regulate to a great extent the every-day business of the criminal courts; and in the opinion of so well qualified a critic as the late Sir FitzJames Stephen have been productive of much good. An attempt was made to add an Homicide Law in 1874; but the times were not propitious and the effort was unsuccessful. A very recent enterprise in another direction has been more fortunate; and the value of the consolidating Perjury Act of 1911 may be gathered from the suggestive fact that it repeals, in whole or in part, no less than 131 other statutes, amongst which the statutory law of perjury had previously been dispersed." The Criminal Procedure Act, the Costs in Criminal Cases Act, the Criminal Evidence Act, the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act, are all examples of the trend towards greater simplicity and more accessible justice that the advocates of codification desire; while in Civil Law a similar trend is manifest from the Uniformity of Procedure Act, 1832, through the Civil Procedure Act, 1833, the Real Property Limitation Act, to the Common Law Procedure Acts, the Common Law Courts Act, the Judicature Acts, the County Courts Act, and many others, including the Bankruptcy Acts. That the law should operate at least as well as tailors effect repairs, "with neatness and dispatch," is not merely a desirable ideal, but a necessary condition of an ordered and reasonable social life; and so far as codification, by simplifying and systematising our jurisprudence, enables the law so to operate, so far it is a boon.

But a Code does nothing of itself; it has to be used

and interpreted by men, and Equity surely has its place in the interpretation of Law. I may remind your correspondent that the French Code did not secure the conviction of Madame Caillaux for murder, nor until the matter had become of world-wide interest and importance did it secure the acquittal of Dreyfus. It is therefore possible to argue that although a Code may be a great good, it may not be unmixed good; to say, as Faguet says: "I do not dream of wishing that a judge should judge in equity, and I think it a good thing that he should judge in accordance with a precise law. I only wish to point out that everything has its bad side, and if judgment by the text has incomparable advantages (incomparable I think is the word), the practice of judging by the text has also this drawback, that it discharges the judges completely from moral responsibility. It leaves them responsible for having understood or failed to understand the law, for having been successful or unsuccessful in applying the law to the case or the case to the law, and for failure to observe the forms; but that is all the responsibility it leaves them. In a word, it leaves them only an intellectual responsibility and it discharges them altogether from moral responsibility. This is perhaps only the drawback of a great good, but it is a great drawback."

And if this is not substantial enough, let me turn to a man whom "W. D." regards as "worth many Faguets and Diceys," I mean Sir Henry Maine. After all, Codes are not things of yesterday, and may not be the only things of to-morrow; their very rigidity makes necessary liberal interpretation if they are not to hamper the development of society, and how they operate will depend on the people who interpret them. In chapter I. of "Ancient Law" Maine says: "The Roman Code was merely an enunciation in words of the existing customs of the Roman people. Relatively to the progress of the Romans in civilisation, it was a remarkably early Code, and it was published at a time when Roman society had barely emerged from that intellectual condition in which civil obligation and religious duty are inevitably confounded. Now, a barbarous society practising a body of customs is exposed to some especial dangers which may be fatal to its progress in civilisation. The usages which a particular community is found to have adopted in its infancy and in its primitive seats are generally those which are on the whole best suited to promote its physical and moral well-being; and if they are retained in their integrity until new social wants have taught new practices, the upward march of society is almost certain. But unhappily there is a law of development which ever threatens to operate upon unwritten usage. The customs are, of course, obeyed by multitudes who are incapable of understanding the true ground of their expediency, and who are therefore left inevitably to invent superstitious reasons for their permanence. A process then commences which may be shortly described by saying that usage which is reasonable generates usage which is unreasonable. Analogy, the most valuable of instruments in the maturity of jurisprudence, is the most dangerous of snares in its infancy. Prohibitions and ordinances, originally confined, for good reasons, to a single description of acts, are made to apply to all acts of the same class, because a man menaced with the anger of the gods for doing one thing feels a natural terror in doing any other thing which is remotely like it." Maine proceeds to show how the code of Hindoo law maintains to this day "an immense apparatus of cruel absurdities," while he argues that "from these corruptions the Romans were protected by their Code. It was compiled while the usage was still wholesome, and a hundred years afterwards it might have been too late. The Hindoo law has been to a great extent embodied in writing, but, ancient as in one sense are the compendia which still exist in Sanscrit, they contain ample evidence that they were drawn up after the mischief was done. We are not of course entitled to say that if the Twelve Tables had not been published the Romans would have been condemned to a civilisation as feeble and perverted as that of the Hindoos, but thus much at least is certain, that with their Code, they were exempt from the very chance of so unhappy a destiny." I can afford to make the concession to "W. D.'s" advocacy of a Code of this last sentence, because the general argument reinforces my contention that the value of a

Code depends mainly on interpretation, allowing that the Code perpetuates reasonable usage—and, by the way, Maine contends that case-law "has no characteristic which distinguishes it from written law. It is written case-law, and only different from Code-law because it is written in a different way." My contention is, assuming that the codification of English law would perpetuate reasonable usage, it is necessary that a judge should, in Montesquieu's phrase, "have nothing but eyes" if its benefits are to operate almost automatically. Once permit "interpretation," and Equity returns to the Law Courts, and "judge-made law" begins to pile up its precedents again. But by refusing "interpretation" its rights, we are committed to the letter of the law; Beccaria said: "Nothing is more dangerous than the generally accepted maxim—consult the spirit of the law. To adopt this maxim is to break all the dikes and toss the laws to the tides of opinion." But a judge who is "nothing but eyes" has no conscience because he has no moral responsibility; and when the Bench is also a career as in France, instead of the crown of a career as in England, we do get the situation described by Faguet not, as "W. D." thinks, as relating to the Second Empire, but quite recently to the Third Republic. "Who selects judges in France? The prince. Who pays them? The prince. Who favours their advancement or leaves them indefinitely at the foot of the ladder? The prince. Then 'the act of the prince'—that is, the will of the government—controls them, and they judge according to the will of the government, except in cases in which the government has no interest. In France, there is but one word for it: the government is the judge."

I have written at too great length already (my apology is the interest of the subject), but I should like to correct one misapprehension of your correspondent. Faguet is not "mistaken in thinking that we have redress against judicial freaks at present"; "W. D." is mistaken in supposing that the passage referred to the judiciary. For, in England, the judge is not a Government functionary, but a representative of the King's Justice; and Faguet's remark refers only to those functionaries "who molest you in the exercise of their function. The Anglo-Saxon legislator understands that there is justice to be invoked against an agent of government as well as against an equal"; and, so far, English judges are not "agents of government." If ever they become so, we shall have no more redress against judicial freaks than at present; but, in addition, we shall have no redress against those other functionaries who exceed their powers or do damage to us in the performance of their duty.

YOUR REVIEWER.

* * *
MUSIC.

Sir,—After suffering nearly four years' infliction from concert platforms of the musical monstrosity known as the "British Piano," one can sympathise without wholly agreeing with Mr. Atheling in his wish for the relegation of the piano to the back parlour. With regard to the British caricature of a piano, its rightful place is not the back parlour, but the rubbish heap.

Happily, the piano at its best, i.e., as exemplified by the products of the great American makers, such as Mason and Hamlin (easily the greatest but, of course, absolutely unknown here) or Steinway, is a very superb and glorious instrument, the discovery of whose well-nigh limitless possibilities is one of the most significant and conspicuous facts of modern music. The piano works of Ravel, Scriabine, Roslavets, and Sabanéiev mark the advent of an entirely new and original piano technique, as far removed from that of Chopin or Liszt as theirs from the clavier technique of Bach.

It is very pleasing to see Mr. Atheling's appreciation of that great artist Mme. D'Alvarez. In the wilderness of fifth-rate mediocrity and incompetence summed up in the words British singers, this lady, Mlle. Rosovsky, M. Stroesco and Mme. Marchesi stand out as rich oases. It will be noticed that not one of them is British.

One had never fully realised, before Aug., 1914, the hideous deficiencies and delinquencies of British

singers, but it was not long before one *did* realise them, and the yawning void created by the absence of the great artists who used to visit this country. And it was not long before that part of the musical public with any pretensions to discrimination realised it too, despite the vulgar boastings of the so-called "musical press," i.e., the journals devoted to the advertisement of a particular publisher's wares, and the "critics," i.e., newspaper reporters of the daily press, devoted to the puffery of anyone who cares to pay for it.

It is highly significant that when Britain *does* produce singers or instrumentalists of the highest rank, they invariably reside permanently outside this country, and set foot in it as seldom as they possibly can. I may mention Mary Garden (whom Debussy admires so greatly that he has dedicated a group of songs to her with the remarkable tribute "à Miss Mary Garden inoubliable Mélisande"), Maggie Teyte, and the pianist Frederick Lamond, all three of them possessing European and American reputations.

KAIKHUSRU SORABJI.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

Unlike the Russian steam-roller of which all that is now left is only the red flag, the Prussian steam-roller is still in being; but the red flag is more evident to-day than it has ever been.

The Labour Party is no doubt increasing in popularity daily; but whether it is increasing in power is another question.

Trade union problems are national problems.

It is hard to be unable to hasten Labour's triumph by so much as an idea.—"Notes of the Week."

There are differences of opinion even among judges.

Capitalism is internationally organised; peoples are not.—S. VERDAD.

The evils of tyranny are not inherent in sovereignty but only in the mode of its exercise by removable human agents of sovereignty, to wit, the Government.

When every non-sovereign function is exercised autonomously, the sovereign function remaining to the State is sufficiently checked to rob it of the chance of tyranny.—NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

Talent implies duty.

Liberalism ceases to be decent when it only defends the selfishness of individuals against the common good.

I do not mind being a serf in a State in which all men are serfs.—RAMIRO DE MARZTU.

Woe be to the next world if it be run by rule instead of by law.—ALICE MORNING.

A faith which is largely self-deception does help the intuitions.

A dogma must, sooner or later, be insincerely held.

A dogma is only a hypothesis suffering from catalepsy.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

Faith is the source of fact.—R. H. C.

One bad turn deserves a good turn.

The dramatic conflict of our time is the class war, expressed for dramatic purposes in the conflict of standards.—"Reviews."

A great many of the clergy are underpaid, and more would be so if they were worthier of their office.—ALLEN UPWARD.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

It may be stated authoritatively that President Wilson sought, not only in specific paragraphs, but by the whole tone of his address, to make abundantly clear that America will never make peace with German military autocracy. In this the President admirably interprets the unanimous opinion of the United States, and also satisfies the hopes of those who have most closely studied internal conditions in Germany and are convinced that German Liberalism cannot go on with its work of political revolution without repeated assurances that America and all the Allies will never compromise the most vital issue of the war.—"Times" Washington Correspondent.

Mr. Belloc's remedy for the ills in which he appears to believe is the extension of what he pompously terms the "Free Press." This expression connotes such publications of limited circulation, written, one hastens to declare, with the most conspicuous brilliance and ability, as *THE NEW AGE*, the "New Witness," and "Justice," to name three of the best known. In regard to the influence of these organs of opinion, the present writer is perhaps more optimistic than even Mr. Belloc. They are undoubtedly doing extraordinarily good work, and their influence tends to increase weekly, but we of the "Official Press," as Mr. Belloc pleasantly calls the morning and evening papers in general, also have moments which may be accounted unto us for righteousness. The good is not all on the one side and the evil all on the other. Indeed, some of the most vindictive exhibitions of partisanship pure and simple, and of the other vices castigated by Mr. Belloc, stand to the discredit of his "Free Press."—*The Globe*.

But we are sadly afraid that there never will or can be a Press corresponding to Mr. Belloc's ideals. For that would be a Press in which certain opinions which he holds strongly are told daily or nightly to the sorrowing earth—e.g., his opinions about Jews, about Catholicism and the Reformation, about the worthlessness of the House of Commons, about the conspiracy of party politics, the corrupt nature of politicians and political lawyers, the "servile state," the iniquity of liquor legislation—and none others deemed honest or independent, except a selected group of other opinions which Mr. Belloc does not hold himself personally, but which, if expressed in a vehement, challenging, and unpopular way, command his sympathy. There are two papers which in his view conform to this standard, *THE NEW AGE* and the "New Witness," and we are heartily glad that they should have a helping hand, even though the rest of us must suffer in the process. But what strikes us as really odd about Mr. Belloc is that he seems honestly unable to realise that a great many other writers do not hold these views and are restrained from expressing them, not by sinister and corrupt motives, or even by the heavy hands of capitalist newspaper proprietors, but simply and solely because they do not believe in them.—*Westminster Gazette*.

From all parts of the country there continue to reach us reports of the quite extraordinary progress of the Agricultural Labourers' Union. Take, for instance, this report from a district hitherto totally untouched by agricultural organisation. Mr. W. E. Crawford, a railwayman from Doncaster who is the son of a farm-labourer and himself worked on a farm as a young man, has been appointed organiser, and is carrying the fiery cross of Trade Unionism through the East Riding. Since the New Year, branches of the Agricultural Labourers' Union have been formed at Bawtry, Wombwell, Skirlaugh, Sproatley, Coniston, South Elmsall, and Market Weighton, and Mr. Crawford is forming further branches as fast as he can get round from place to place. This is only one example among many. All over the country the labourers are organising as they

have never organised before, even in the days of Joseph Arch. A blackleg-proof Industrial Union for the whole countryside is no longer impossible if Trade Unionists in other industries will put their back into the task and give the Agricultural Labourers' Union all the help they can, alike in money and in men.—*The Herald*.

To the Editor of the "Times."

When will employers realise that until they convince their employees and the consumers (who must always be in the vast majority) that their interests are identical—as will be the case only when every economy in production results in a corresponding reduction in the selling price—they cannot hope to secure the support of Government, for the obvious reason that Government is going to be more and more influenced by the votes of the majority, rather than by the riches of the few?

When the interests of employer and employee—manufacturer and consumer—are unified, then such a problem as Tariff Reform versus Free Trade will in a large measure cease to exist, for the reason that the manufacturers and consumers combined in each trade will be able to prove to the Government—conflict of interest and therefore, as in most cases, of opinion being removed—that either Free Trade or such-and-such a tariff in their own particular line of business is of a definitely calculable advantage to nation as a whole.

I would apologise for this somewhat lengthy letter upon this vastly important subject, and in doing so would emphasise the following ennobling extract from Mr. Hichens's paper:—"No man can serve two masters; he cannot serve himself and the community; for then the kingdom would be divided against itself; he can only serve himself by serving the community, and this is surely the only sound foundation on which industry can rest. If we are ever to solve the great industrial problem, it can only be by recognising that industry is primarily a national service, and that the object of those engaged in it is first and foremost for the good of the community as a whole."

EDGAR P. CHANCE.

"If for any reason whatever we fall short of victory—and there is no half-way house between victory and defeat—what happens to us is this: Every relation, every understanding, every decency upon which civilisation has been so anxiously built will go, will be washed out, because it will have been proved unable to endure, the whole idea of democracy—which at the bottom is what the Hun fights against—will be dismissed from men's minds, because it will have been shown incapable of maintaining itself; together with every belief and practice that is based upon it. The Hun ideal, the Hun's root notions of life will take its place throughout the world."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

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