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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IT will be interesting to see what our pacifists have to say of the German terms now that these have at last been defined. Will they, we wonder, be still confident that the Allies can have an honourable peace for the asking? Or be still assured that the German military caste means well by the world, save for the present unfortunate little *misunderstanding? Being*, as we know, capable of much, they may be capable of this; but commonsense will turn to Count Hertling's speech itself and read there, what is not concealed, that Germany is still mad on militarism, still convinced of the practicability of her ambition to rule the world, and so little impressed by the world's censure that she is prepared to continue the war rather than admit even the least fault in her former or present policy. It is true that Count Hertling, or, rather, his military dictators, confess themselves willing to forgo a number of things and to discuss others in a superior academic way after the war; but in return for these "concessions" the Allies in general, and England in particular, are to be equally willing not merely to forgo or to discuss but definitely to surrender an even greater number of things. All of Germany's Allies, without exception, are to be maintained in their status quo, while Germany herself is to be enlarged by her settlement with Russia. But none of our Allies is to receive anything and England herself is to be weakened in her naval power by the potential Germanisation (under the name of the internationalisation) of strategic points. It must be admitted that such a string of demands is not what our pacifists expected to receive from Germany; nor would it, we believe, have been formulated in this fashion a year ago. But the situation has changed during the last twelve months; and we see now that German militarism is back once more on the war-map and is prepared to be "immoral" exactly to the degree of her imagined force. The folly of attempting to make a peace with such a caste ought now to be obvious even to the "Daily Express." Peace is not in the nature of such a mentality as that of Prussian militarism. The sooner, therefore, this is realised and the world agrees either to submit to it or to fight it, the better for progress. The issue now raised can only be settled by the final defeat of one party or the other.

It is something, however, to have got the German militarist terms in plain black and white. While they remained speculative, not only might we have continued hoping against hope that Prussia was not so red as she was painted, but the pacifist party here and the democratic party in Germany might have continued in the belief that all they had to do was to come to mutual terms and thereafter to leave the pan-Germans out of the question. But it is obvious now that the pan-Germans are not to be left out of the question. They have not only no intention of being ignored, but they mean and are at present able to ignore both their own and the Allied democracies. The lesson in actuality should not be lost on either group. If we may hope that our own pacifists will learn that the militarist leopard cannot change its spots, we may also hope that the German democrats may come to the same conclusion. After all, in a very broad sense it is true that the war is being fought for the political education of the German people; and from this point of view no lesson could be more striking than that which Count Hertling has just delivered. What has become, for example, of the German democratic theory that the war was undertaken for the simple defence of Germany—a myth which, as we know, has affected the German people more than anything else? M. Trotsky, on the one side, has compelled the German Command to reveal its hidden cards, showing the unmistakably aggressive and territorial designs of the Prussian camarilla. And now, on the western and world side, Count Hertling has clearly revealed the positive world-designs of his military masters. After this, can there be any longer the smallest doubt in the mind of any honest German democrat that his party and the German people have been ignominously and bloodily fooled? All the time that they have been fancying themselves to be dying in thousands for the defence of their country, they must now see that they have been dying to advance the ambitions of their ruling clique. And the very care bestowed upon them by their Prussian Government, to which they have pointed as evidence of its good intentions, is now revealed as the care of rulers for their prospective tools. The speech of Count Hertling, with its frank programme of aggression, its basis in the war-map, its affirmation of the unbroken joy of the German people in battle, and its confidence in military victory, is all we could have wished for as evidence of the unalterable character of Prussianism.

If our analysis is correct and the speech of Count Hertling, following close on the heels of the Brest-Litovsk pourparlers, should have widened, ever so slightly, the breach in Germany between the German people and their Prussian rulers, the Allied policy at this juncture is clearly indicated: it is to widen the breach still further. Our only hope, we have often said, is to bring about a revolution in Germany; and now that we may be certain that the germs exist, it is surely our policy to encourage them to develop. "La Victoire," we observe, suggests that the Allies might be well advised to announce in reply to Count Hertling that they are now determined never to make peace with the Hohenzollerns. Assuredly that should be our determination; but the immediate means may be a little different. What in our opinion it would be wise to do is to emphasise and italicise in the German popular mind the effect which M. Trotsky and Count Hertling between them cannot fail to have produced—the suspicion, namely, that, after all, it is the German militarists and not the present Allies who are pursuing an aggressive policy. Anything that tends to confirm that suspicion is plainly to our advantage; and hence it follows that our wisest policy is to intensify and enlarge the contrast between the aims of the German Government and the aims of the Allies. This is not to be done, however, at this moment by announcing that we will not make peace with the Hohenzollerns. It is true that we will not, if only for the simple reason that we cannot. It is moreover true that there need be no concealment about it. All we are urging is that at this precise moment and in reply to Count Hertling our proper policy is to aim at reinforcing in Germany the effect his speech has already produced; and by setting his speech in still stronger contrast with the declarations of the Allies to convince the German people that they have been betrayed.

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How is this to be done? In the first place, it is not to be done, we think, by trimming our present programme to suit our pacifists at home. There are, no doubt, clauses in the inter-Allied agreements, published by the Bolshevists, of which a democratic world ought to be ashamed. And as democrats we are, indeed, ashamed of them. Nevertheless they have this defence that, *if* the world is going to continue under the menace of militarist conquest, such precautions as the secret treaties contain are, *if not justifiable*, at any rate comprehensible. Society does not abandon its weapons against a criminal class merely because the greatest criminal has been put under lock and key; nor does it cease on that account to perfect its defences for the future. On the supposition that the Prussian military caste may survive the war, even the most stringent of the secret agreements of the Allies may therefore be intelligible, as defences designed (we do not say wisely designed) against its next attempt to dominate the world. To ask the Allies under these circumstances to repudiate all their measures for the future is in our judgment to invite them to prepare for suicide. These measures, the Allies can reply, are precautionary, but they are also necessary; for, in the contingency that Prussian militarism may survive the war, not only these but even more forcible measures may prove to be imperative. But, on the other hand, the contingency is only a contingency: it is not yet certain. And here we come to the alternative to the foregoing terms and to the circumstances in which our pacifists might really make themselves usefull. By requiring the Allies to repudiate their precautionary measures against a possibly surviving Prussian militarism, our pacifists, we repeat, are playing into the hands of the Prussians; but by inviting or compelling the Allies to define the terms they are prepared to give to a German democracy, they would be serving the double purpose of demonstrating the democracy of the Allies and encouraging the democracy of Germany. What, in effect, we are advocating is the promulgation in reply to Count Hertling, not of a revised version of the programme already laid down by Mr. Lloyd George and President Wilson. We would not see that programme weakened. It was addressed to Germany on the assumption of the continued dominance of Prussia; and for the safety of democracy its terms could not well be reduced. We are advocating, on the contrary, another programme altogether: a programme, no longer of defence against the Prussian dynasty, but of promise to the German people. To the German people we would say something like this: "Against the policy of your rulers as revealed at Brest-Litovsk and in the speech of the Chancellor, our reply is the declaration we have already made. We shall not water it down in any respect, but we may even have to strengthen it. On the other hand, if *you* are now convinced, like us, that your Prussian rulers are the aggressors in the world; and if *you* are prepared to assist us in getting rid of them—we, for our part, are quite ready to withdraw this programme, designed merely in defence, and to substitute the programme of a democratic peace in co-operation with the German people; which programme is as follows." This, in our opinion, is the proper reply to make to the speech of Count Hertling; and it would have, we believe, the effect indicated by us. On the one hand, it could not fail to unite in a common purpose the two schools of thought in this country—the school that justly believes we must be prepared against the survival of Prussianism, and the school that as justly believes we should be prepared for the democratisation of Germany. And, on the other hand, it could not fail to *divide* in Germany the Imperialist from the democratic school. What more could be asked of any policy than that it should unite our friends and divide our enemies?

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Whatever policy, however, is adopted, it is plain that the Allies must be prepared either for a worthless peace or for a long war. Good policy can considerably diminish the period during which the war must go on; but it cannot, while the militarists remain dominant in Germany, put an immediate end to it on any terms short of a virtual surrender. Even our pacifists, we believe, could not draw up a peace with the present Prussian rulers. Given carte blanche by the nation to offer terms to Prussia, they would, we are certain, return from a conference convinced, like the rest of us, that there is no dealing with the Prussian militarists. This being the case, there is nothing for it, if we mean to make the world safe for democracy, but to continue in the war; and for this purpose to overhaul once more our organisation at home in order to ensure that it may stand the further strain. What are the weaknesses that have been revealed? We need not enlarge upon them, since they have been the object of our criticism from the opening days of the war. The crux, however, is the treatment of organised Labour. Organised Labour, it has been frequently affirmed, holds the destinies of the nation and the world in its hands; but it has not been so frequently observed that the Government in that event has scarcely appreciated the fact; for is it not the case that at this moment after forty months of war it is precisely organised Labour that feels itself most aggrieved by the conduct of the Government? The issues, however, are too important to be made a dispute between the Government and Labour or even between Capital and Labour. That secular struggle is, indeed, of enormous significance; but for the moment the issue is not between these but between a world-hegemony and a world-commonwealth. What is being decided in these days is not whether Capital or Labour shall rule the world, but whether the world shall have a Prussian master. The occasion is not, therefore, one upon which either Capital or Labour in any given nation should stand upon too much ceremony—and least of all in our own nation. If Prussia wins we may be assured that neither Capital nor Labour in England will profit by any advantage either has gained over the other; while if Prussia is defeated, Labour will be entitled to demand a lion's share in reconstruction and in the future of the nation Labour will have saved. Our appeal must therefore be made no less to Labour than to Capital and the Government. To all alike we say that their differences, while real and never likely to be healed by any compromise, are for the moment comparatively unimportant in point of immediacy.

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An analysis of the existing causes of trouble in the industrial world—troubles, mark well, that threaten to break our resistance to Prussian designs—would show, we believe, that they fall into two main classes: industrial and political. We do not hesitate to say, moreover, that as regards the protagonists there are serious faults on both sides. Let us take as an instance the Government's dispute with the A.S.E. On the one hand, nothing is more clear than that the Government, having given a pledge to the A.S.E. last May, is now attempting to subtilise out of it; and from this point of view, nothing is more clear than the right of the A.S.E. to insist upon its pledge. But, on the other hand, it is equally clear that the trouble is not with the broken pledge itself, but in the objects of the Government and the A.S.E. in respectively breaking and keeping it. Why, we ask, is the Government anxious to break its pledge? Why, again, is the A.S.E. determined to keep it? The position of each party, when it is understood, is seen to be difficult. The Government would keep its pledge but for fear of the federated unions not included in the A.S.E. The A.S.E., on the other hand, insists upon its pledge in hostility to the federated unions. The whole dispute, in short, is an inter-trade union dispute, and turns upon the question of the future of trade unionism—whether it shall be amalgamation with the A.S.E., or federation with the federated unions. Much the same may be said of the Shop-Steward Movement, of which as yet we have only seen the beginning. Here, again, the situations of the respective parties are all difficult and all equally difficult. At bottom, we believe, the Shop Steward Movement owes its origin to two sets of circumstances, over neither of which the Government can exercise much immediate control. One of these is the circumstance of the shops themselves, the stupidity of foremen, the idiocy of managers, the rapacity of shareholders. Who is to say that an individual fool here and there shall not exercise his authority and so call into being a shop committee charged to defend his employees against him? But the other circumstance is this, that the shop committee, when formed, is no less a challenge to the existing trade unions than to the employers and to the Government. In this respect it therefore partakes of the nature of the A.S.E. dispute, being, as it is, in part inter-trade union as well as incidentally liable to affect the efficient prosecution of the war. But what is to be done? It is not enough to say that these industrial impedimenta are largely inter-trade union in character, or that they would never have arisen if our capitalist classes had never encouraged the multiplication to chaos of trade unions, or that, since they concern trade unions, the trade unions must settle their own differences. The internal differences of the Trade Union Movement have become of national concern. Since by their differences the nation may be ruined and the world of democracies be brought into Prussian servitude, the private affairs of the trade unions are public and world affairs. Whether we like it or not, we are bound to understand the dispute, to come to some conclusion about it, and, at any cost, to settle it.

We do not propose to say in detail what should be done; but it is clear that what is needed is publicity. To begin with, the public is entitled to know what the trouble is about, what complaints the various parties have to make, and what remedies each party has to suggest. In the case of the A.S.E., for example, there are three parties each of whose views we should like to hear. We wish first to know what the A.S.E. is really after; second, what the federated unions are really objecting to; and, in the third place, what the Government means to decide. To leave us in the dark is to leave us unable to oppose or support any one of the parties. Our immediate object is to save the world from the hegemony of Prussia—an object that, for the time being, swallows up every other object. If there are disputes between various organisations in the nation, certain to weaken our defence, let us by all means have their merits published, let us adjudicate on them, and let us, in the last resort, consider what action is necessary. But until these cases have been publicly heard, it is certain that they cannot be safely settled by any Government force. For the Government to employ force in the present state of public ignorance would infallibly be to invite disorder of a formidable kind. What is needed is a public conference or, at any rate, a public invitation to a public conference, at which each of the various parties would be required to present its case for the nation and the world to see. We believe ourselves that the A.S.E. has the right of the matter on its side; but that is not enough. We believe that the Shop-Steward Movement, properly handled, is harmless; but that is not enough. The issues have become public and only publicity will settle them. Unless the Government is prepared to insist upon publicity, it must prepare for a mine, the explosion of which will put an end to its life—and what else besides!

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Unfortunately it cannot be said that the official leaders of the Labour movement, either in the Government or out of it, are of much national value in these days. It was to be expected that when certain Labour leaders allowed themselves to be drawn into the governing circles their authority over their constituents would *disappear concurrently with their sympathy with them.* But it was scarcely to be expected that the remaining leaders, who presumably were then doubly charged with responsibility, should be found no less out of touch with the rank and file and equally powerless to represent them. Yet this state has undoubtedly been brought about. It is true that Mr. Barnes, for instance, is as ignorant of as he is ignored in both the A.S.E. and the Shop-Steward Movement; but it is also true that Mr. MacDonald and even Mr. Henderson are in the same position. We can go further and fare worse; for it is manifestly true that the Nottingham Conference, together with its new programme, is as remote from the actuality of the rank and file as if its members had been the mere middle-class theorists we ourselves are commonly represented to be. The explanation, unfortunately, is simple in both cases and common to both. The leaders disagree in political opinions among themselves, being pro-war or anti-war as it happens—but they agree beautifully in thinking it no concern of theirs to re-organise industry *directly*. But the organisation and re-organisation of industry are practical problems at this moment. We may talk about going on with the war and leaving until afterwards the industrial problems now facing us; but the fact is that these problems are war-problems. In running away from them in two directions, the Labour leaders are behaving with the intelligence attributed to them by their enemies. It is, however, an intelligence that is as far from being national as it is from being representative of the interests of the working-class.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

WHATEVER subtleties of interpretation may be placed upon the speeches delivered last Thursday by Count Hertling in Berlin and by Count Czernin in Vienna, their essential content is clear. The situation in Austria-Hungary is so serious that Czernin would like to discuss peace. Still, he dare not abandon Germany; he must support his ally in matters pertaining to France and Belgium. The Pan-Germans, speaking through Hertling, recognise the strength of their military position. They insist on Austria-Hungary's securing good terms with respect to the Balkans, as they equally insist on supporting Turkey—the obvious conclusion being that good terms for Austria and Turkey must necessarily mean good terms for Germany. They want colonial compensations; and, in order to secure their development in the Near and Far East, they would like to see Great Britain abandon her chief coaling stations—Malta, Hong-Kong, and so on. Belgium and France are "valuable pawns"; they can be used for purposes of negotiation; and until the German Government is satisfied these areas will not be given up.

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Now, it is evident that all possible factors have been taken into account before these extreme terms were solemnly laid down in the Reichstag. The German attitude towards Russia and Poland makes it certain that the authorities are fully prepared to defy the Reichstag majority and the feelings of the working classes as represented by the minority Social Democrats. In these circumstances it behoves us not to express surprise at the stubbornness of the Pan-Germans—we should have known all about that long ago—but rather to consider how the war may best be prosecuted until these mediæval characteristics can be relegated to some kind of international Chamber of Horrors where they may be inspected at leisure by interested students as the grim relics of a primitive age. Let me hark back to the Germans and their careful consideration of factors in the war. I have insisted before on the weighty discussions which must have taken place before the Berlin authorities made up their minds to proceed with the submarine war to such an extent that the United States would inevitably be forced to fight. The plan was, indeed, so transparent that the newspaper organs of the German Government did not seek to hide it. America was to be allowed to come in simply because before she could prepare her armies and get them across there would be such a dearth of shipping, as the result of the unrestricted use of submarines, that it would be impossible to transport a big American army to Europe, together with its munitions, guns, arms, stores, equipment, and so forth. We know from articles which have recently appeared in this country—at first timidly and afterwards with more assurance—that this plan all but succeeded. For at least two years Mr. Archibald Hurd has been emphasising the paramount importance of our merchant shipping above all other weapons at our disposal. It is only within the last few weeks, however, that the Army Council have been compelled to realise the importance of shipping; and even now it is doubtful whether they actually do. Without shipping, as critics have exhausted themselves in trying to point out to the military mind, the British Armies in the field cannot be supplied with food and ammunition and reinforcements; the people at home, including those engaged in making munitions, cannot be fed; the armies and civil populations of our Allies cannot be supplied and fed; and, above all, the Americans cannot be brought over. The thing seems so elementary that we can hardly imagine even the Army Council questioning it. Yet question it they did; and the whole truth in the matter has only recently been told. The strong criticism of War Office and Army Council methods begun by Mr. Lovat Fraser in the "Daily Mail" of Monday week was supplemented by a full account of the long struggle between the War Cabinet and the Army Council in last Friday's "Daily Telegraph," and sorry reading it is. The main thing is that the War Cabinet have won; if the Army Council had won, we should have lost the war within six months. That is very evident from the articles I have mentioned.

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Consider the two policies. As more than one military correspondent has shown, and as the "Manchester Guardian," in particular, has openly declared, the men raised in this country and placed in the firing-line during 1916 and 1917 were not used to the best advantage. The offensives undertaken in France have not yielded the results expected. On this point the impartial Swiss critic Stegemann—one of the acutest critics of the war—has presented the Allies with several bitter pills to swallow. The country will tolerate no more useless offensives. That policy is at an end. On the other hand, the country is no less determined to continue the war if the other, the alternative, policy is adopted, as we must now understand it to be. We can spare no more men for offensives; but we have done our duty in inflicting severe losses on our adversaries and in maintaining a strict blockade of the enemy countries during two eventful years. Even in 1915, before our "New" Armies took the field, our Territorials had done their share, and more, in holding up the invaders. But we can spare a limited number of fit men for purely defensive purposes; we can hold the enemy in check for another year at least, and during that year our American Allies can and will send over their help in the form of men. As England is now organised, above and beyond all countries, for making munitions, it is possible for us to equip and to arm and to supply with guns as many men as may come from America before the end of this year, whether the number be two, three, four, or five millions. This is clearly the most sensible policy; but its efficacy depends upon the supply of ships. Cabinet Ministers have told us within the last week of the thousands of tons of wheat, the thousands of carcases of cattle, which cannot be brought from Canada and the Argentine because there are no ships in which to bring them; our own trade, and the trade of our Allies, have both suffered because the submarine has made steady ravages. Despite this, it is only within the last week or so that the War Cabinet has made up its mind to rely upon our strongest weapons—namely, our Navy and our mercantile fleet—instead of relying upon our Army. There was significance in Sir Auckland Geddes's remark when he introduced his new man-power Bill and besought the House of Commons and the country at large to return to the wisdom of our ancestors and rely upon the sea. This represented, for the first time in this country since the war, the triumph of sense over mere unscientific jingoism. Time after time at least five prominent critics, representing very different shades of opinion—Lord Beresford in the House of Lords, Mr. Houston in the Commons, and Mr. Hurd, Mr. Gibson Bowles, and Mr. Lovat Fraser in the Press—have begged the Government to tell the truth to the country about the submarine menace: the truth which was so well known to the enemy. The reactionary forces forbade it; for a knowledge of the truth a year ago would have prevented useless waste of men (let me cite Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Auckland Geddes in support) and would have compelled the Army Council to restore to the shipyards the eighty thousand skilled shipwrights still in the Army. But the triumph of reason is something, even if it comes at the eleventh hour.

Towards National Guilds.

SOVEREIGNTY AND THE GUILDS.—V.

WITH Mr. Ewer's assertion that the unlimited character of the State's activities and authority is a source of political "unfreedom" we agree. Likewise we agree with him wholeheartedly when he condemns the doctrine that the State is an end in itself. But what we must point out is that both these may be denied to the State without implying any denial of its sovereignty. If, for instance, we should at any time come to the conclusion on practical grounds that the activities of the State—in other words, the functions now performed by the State—are too numerous to be efficiently discharged by the State and would be better delegated to another body than the State, there is nothing in our view of sovereignty to make the transfer impossible. Still further, it is surely the opinion of Guildsmen that this is precisely the present condition of things, namely, that the State is attempting to carry on too many functions; and it is our opinion that the number of these functions should be reduced by transferring from the State to National Guilds the function of the control of industry. But to argue that the State has too many irons in the fire and to propose that the industrial irons shall be taken out and entrusted to the care of the Guilds is not to argue that the State must surrender its function of sovereignty; it is, if anything, to argue that the State should surrender every other function than the function of sovereignty. For sovereignty alone is essential to the State, while all its other functions (except in so far as they are necessary to sovereignty) are inessential and may be taken from it without trenching upon its sovereignty.

Similarly it can be denied that the State is an end in itself without thereby ranging ourselves with those who deny sovereignty to the State. If it were the case that sovereignty were a *claim* of the State, made, let us say, by virtue of a claim of divine right (as in the case of monarchs), we could then understand and sympathise with the denial of such a claim. The divine right of the State, or any other metaphysical or mystical interpretation of sovereignty, we deny upon the grounds lately adduced by our colleague, "A. E. R." We simply decline to consider the State and its sovereignty as metaphysical entities and attributes, and take our stand on the practical ground that the State or a final authority is necessary, and that sovereignty or final power to enforce final authority is indispensable to it. And with this we get rid at once of the objections to sovereignty raised by Mr. Ewer on metaphysical grounds. For, like himself, we deny the existence of State-right or of a self-regarding State, and of every claim to sovereignty based upon any such supposition. But we differ from him in affirming that such a repudiation carries with it the denial of practical sovereignty. It is just because the State is *not* an end in itself, but a practical and necessary means of government, that we allow it the sovereignty indispensable to its function.

We have already referred to Mr. Ewer's assertion that "the State is only one of many forms of human association." What we wish now to observe is that the human association we call the Nation, which has as its executive organ the State, which, again, has as its human managers the Government of the day—differs from other associations (such as Guilds) by reason of two things: first, it includes *all* the members of the nation; and, second, it exists for the sake of practical sovereignty. In saying this we are not, of course, saying that the nation exists for the sake of sovereignty. We are, in fact, saying precisely the contrary, namely, that sovereignty exists for the sake of the nation. The political association of the nation differs from all other forms of association by just this fact, that it is an association for the purpose of sovereignty. When we are asked for what purpose a Guild is formed, our reply is that it is for the sake of the "thing," its industry. To carry on an industry efficiently and justly is the reason for the Guild association. But when we are asked for what purpose the political association of the whole nation is formed, our reply is that it is for the sake of the "thing," sovereignty. Mr. Ewer must not therefore imagine that in reducing the State to one of many forms of human association he is thereby disallowing or weakening our claim on behalf of the sovereignty of the State. For while we are prepared to agree that the State is only a political association, we affirm that this political association is for the very sake of sovereignty and, essentially, for nothing else. In a word, the political association of the nation which we call the State exists for the exercise of sovereignty.

If this be the case (and we do not think it can be successfully disputed), the remainder of Mr. Ewer's deductions fall to the ground. For if, as is obvious, Mr. Ewer's conclusions depend upon his denial of the necessary sovereignty of the State which we, on the contrary, have re-affirmed, his conclusions fall with their premiss. Let us examine them. He concludes, in the first place, that "National Guilds involve the destruction of sovereignty." But this, as we have already observed, is to mistake both the nature of State-sovereignty and the nature of National Guilds. Upon a plain showing of the relation between the State and the Guilds we cannot see, indeed, that a change in one necessarily involves any essential change whatever in the other. The State exists, we say, for sovereignty, while the Guild exists for industry; what is there in the creation of the Guild that involves the destruction of the sovereignty of the State? The two associations are for different purposes—the one for political sovereignty, the other for industrial efficiency; and the two are, fortunately for the Guilds, by no means incompatible with each other. Were it the case, in fact, that "National Guilds involve the destruction of sovereignty," the outlook for National Guilds would be hopeless; for we are absolutely certain that in a dispute between an association of all and an association of some, the former will prevail. Mr. Ewer, we believe, has mistaken the means for the end. National Guilds do not involve the destruction of the sovereignty of the State. But what they involve is the transference from the State to the Guilds of more and more of the present accidental historical functions of the State, while leaving its sovereignty untouched. And in this we naturally agree with Mr. Ewer. The more inessential functions taken over by Guilds from the State the better. Our object, in short, is to take from the State every function but that of political sovereignty (which must include, of course, the means of sovereignty); and National Guilds, we may say, involve the destruction of everything else but the sovereignty of the State.

While denying sovereignty to the State, Mr. Ewer at the same time realises the need of "some political organisation." But this is to let in at the back door what he has just turned out of the front. His motive is plain, but the means are inadequate. What Mr. Ewer has in mind is the limitation of the functions of the State to two or three forms of political association, all of them bereft of the function of sovereignty. If, however, the function of sovereignty is the sole raison d'être of the political association, any form of political organisation must involve sovereignty. Mr. Ewer cannot allocate to the State a number of political functions and deny it the one function upon which all the rest depend. Either the State has no political functions whatever, or sovereignty is indispensable. No sovereignty no political function. Given any political function and at once there is sovereignty.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

The Formula of the War

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

IN its issue of January 17 THE NEW AGE wrote: "The most comprehensive, and, at the same time, accurate formula for the meaning of the war is this: 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 formula has apparently been partially accepted by Mr. Belloc, for he writes in "Land and Water" of January 24: that "it is this which gives truth to the general statement that in forming her great Central State Prussia is 'enregimenting' the Slav to the menace of Western Europe." Mr. Belloc is not quite so comprehensive as THE NEW AGE. He should have added to his sentence these words: "and hence to the world." Compared with THE NEW AGE formula, all other formulas are either too long or too short, or only partly or locally true. Perhaps the best among them is that of President Wilson: "the world must be made safe for democracy." But this is too general, and can only be accepted once the premisses have been granted from which it is derived. This premiss, however, is not difficult to understand. President Wilson starts from the supposition that democracies are pacifist by nature, and little apt for military preparations. They cannot devote themselves to organising a war of aggression with the secrecy, the unity of plan and the continuity of purpose of autocratic governments which are not bound to render anybody an account of their policy. Both assertions are, in the actual case, sufficiently or practically true, but neither is strictly accurate. The fact that the present Western democracies are pacifist does not mean that they must be so by nature. There is nothing naturally impossible in the contingency that a democracy may aspire to subjugate and exploit the people of another race. It would not be the first time in history that this phenomenon has been produced; and when a democracy sets its mind on conquest it is not fatally less efficient than an autocratic government. And to this objection of principle must be added an objection of fact. Not all the Allied countries are democratic. Japan is not. Roumania was not. And among the Allied democracies there are many men who have given their lives in the war—no class has been more generous of its life than the aristocracies of France and England—who were not democrats, and who could not truthfully proclaim that they fought for democracy.

The same objection must be made against the formula current during the early months of the war, when it was being said that it was a war for liberty and against militarism. That was true up to a certain point; it was also, if you like, practically true—but only up to a certain point. For when compulsory military service was established in England then came the protest of the conscientious objector, the man who affirmed that it was contrary to Liberal principles to compel a man to fight against his will; and this objection has never been theoretically refuted, nor can it be; although it is absurd. The absurdity, however, does not lie in asserting that compulsory military service is contrary to the Liberal principle, but in the acceptance of the Liberal principle as an absolute principle. The same holds good for the formula of the war against militarism. It may be so; it is so—up to a certain point. But with what instruments are the Allies making war—with Sisters of Charity and district nurses or with civilians? Are they not waging war with armies, directed by professional soldiers? And although it is true that among the belligerents the chief enemy of the Allies, Germany, most deserves to be called militarist—and here we find the relative truth of the formula—this truth is not absolute, but quite relative, and the grain of truth in it will certainly not please the families of professional soldiers in the Allied countries, who have also generously given their lives in the war. There is also a great deal of truth in the assertion that the Allies are fighting for the principle of nationality. But a truth that is a truth becomes a falsehood when an absolute character is given to the principle of nationality. For the principle of nationality does not hold good in the case of backward races which cannot rule themselves in a manner compatible with the existence of common civilisation. And, besides, the Allies cannot carry their respect for the principle of nationality to the point of permitting Ireland, for instance, to fight with Germany against the common Allied cause—as Ireland certainly would if the most extreme Sinn Feiners had had their way! Thus, it is true that the Allies are fighting for liberty and democracy and nationality, and against militarism; but it is not a truth entirely free from contradictions, which, in given circumstances, must fill with perplexity the minds of the defenders of the common cause.

The same objection must be suggested against the new formula that the Allies are fighting for the League of Nations, and for constituting the world in such a way that it may solve, in the immediate future, all international conflicts by juridical means. There are many men who seriously doubt the feasibility of this project. Some people say that the reign of Law will not prevail in international affairs until an organism arises with sufficient material power to impose its will on every national organism; and these people maintain that the rise of such an organism is undesirable, because it forms in itself the "Universal Monarchy," probably the object of the dreams of the German dynasty, but the very thing against which the Allies are fighting. And those who so reason say that if the peace of the world can be made secure only by requiring every nation to abdicate its independence and sovereignty to the "Arbitral Organ," be this what it may—national or international—the remedy would be worse than the disease. In any case, the idea of the League of Nations is a hypothesis which owes its momentum to the war, which cannot therefore constitute the reason of the war itself, and which can only be realised by the prevention of German hegemony.

When from reasons of a universal, we descend to reasons of a particular character, we must begin by reluctantly admitting the painful fact that in international affairs the conscience of mankind is not sufficiently embued with the juridical spirit to consider as a common injury an injury inflicted upon one of its members. It would have been highly desirable if when France was dismembered in 1871 the whole world had felt itself injured; but it is obvious that the fact was otherwise. And it is not less obvious that even at this moment it cannot be said that the Allies are fighting principally and, much less, fighting exclusively, to restore to France her lost provinces. Not even France is fighting to redress the wrong of fifty years ago, but to defend herself against the invader. We may go further and say that even if the question of Alsace-Lorraine were a world-question, the majority of men outside France would not feel it to be so, and would consider it only as a private question between two European nations.

The same occurs with the questions of Italia Irredenta and of the Roumanian populations, subjected to the Austro-Hungarian yoke. They are just causes. The whole world ought to make them their own. If moral progress were a law of human evolution, the day would soon come in which the whole of humanity would feel injured in the injury of a single nation—but this day has not yet arrived. In the present stage of mankind, nations only leap to the armed defence of international law when the injury is directed against themselves or their Allies, or when the success of the aggressor would menace their own interests.

It is true that England went to war, in defence of Belgian neutrality, when the German armies invaded the soil of Belgium. The violation of law was in this case so glaring and scandalous that in all nations of the world the moral protest was unanimous. But the scandal did not move other hands as it moved the British. Several American statesmen have subsequently said that their country ought to have been in the war from the day of the invasion of Belgium. But America only joined the Allies thirty months later. And the reason is that it was psychologically impossible in 1914 to force into the war a democratic country merely in defence of right. England herself did not enter the war *merely* in defence of right, but also because the conquest of Belgium would have proved a permanent menace to herself.

The United States could have also entered the war in 1915 when Germany first announced her submarine campaign. But neither had the world realised then the nature of the submarine campaign, and, still less, the nature of the war; and when finally the United States was compelled to join in the war and brought with her a dozen other nations, it was not by this time *merely* the submarine campaign, but the nature of this war itself. It was already felt that the men of our generation were confronted by a crisis of centuries, although the issue had not yet been clearly formulated. The new formula has this advantage over all others of being at the same time realist, idealist and true. It states that the aim of the Allies is to prevent Germany, by making use (or, better, by regimenting) the peoples of other races, and immediately of the Slav race, from becoming the autocrat of the world. If we lived in a purer humanity, it would be sufficient that the Germanic Governments attempted to subjugate the peoples of other races to bring the world in arms against them. But the new formula does not postulate the actual existence of an ideal humanity; it addresses itself to present-day humanity—which can be moved only if it feels itself menaced both in its ideals and in its interests. It addresses itself to all the nations of the world, and says that if Germany wins the war, the whole of mankind will suffer immediately under the hegemony of Germany, and ultimately under her direct sovereignty; unless an historical miracle should occur.

But is it true? Not only true but obvious. Even before 1914 the Germanic Governments, with their sway over the German countries and forty million Slavs, Danes, French, Italians, and Roumanians, constituted the greatest power on the Continent, and were able to impose their will on every decisive occasion. In this war, the resources of men of Serbia, Roumania, Poland, Courland, Lithuania, besides those of the most powerful coalition ever known, have been employed against Germany. If as a result of this war Germany is allowed to annex the territories peopled by more than forty or fifty million of northern, southern or western Slavs, to make use of their resources and to enregiment their men, to strengthen her already enormous military power, it is no longer likely that there may in future be found any coalition of Powers that would dare to oppose the omnipotent will of the Germanic Governments. The new Germany, composed of a ruling race—the Germanic—and a ruled race—the Slav—would expand along the ample centre of the old Continent; and as soon as she had digested and assimilated her conquests, she would be able to take possession of any country that limited her on the north, the south, the east, or the west—in complete security that no nation or coalition of nations would dare bar her way; unless, that is to say, all the peoples of the world should devote themselves from this day onwards to military drill and consecrate their energies, their brains, and their resources to the one task of preparing themselves against the next Germanic expansion.

The war is not being fought for the independence of the Slav nations, merely for the sake of the principle of nationality. It is being fought, above all, because the balance of power in the world having been lost, Germany cannot be permitted to control the Slav races, for if she succeeds, there will be no means in a few years of preventing her becoming the master of the world.

Beauty and the Beast.

By Anrep.

A FRIEND, who is an enthusiastic disciple of Art, arrived the other morning from Paris. It was his first visit to London, and he was scarcely out of Charing Cross before he demanded to be shown the Art of England.

"The National Galleries are closed," I said, "on account of the war. Won't you have a rest first?"

"National Galleries! No, not those archives; I want to see the living testimony of Modern Art—the aims of young painters, the problems they solve, the mysteries they fathom. I want to see the achievements of the modern masters, to be delighted by the beauty that gladdens their souls."

I was not a little abashed by this prophetic clamour, but soon I fell under the magic spell of his hieratic Russian manner and disposed myself to serve him.

"Come, then," I called up to him, "I will take you to the New English Art Club, which is close by. There you will see the gentle flowers of our genius." So we turned up Suffolk Street.

"You say Club," he hesitated; "do you mean one of those abodes of comfort and ease, renowned beyond the seas, where Britain supplies her sons with the beatitude of Nirvana?"

I glanced suspiciously at him. He looked innocent and alarmed. "This is sacrilege; the Club I am taking you to is the most vigorous display of artistic activity in town. The remarkable trait of it is the liberal union of those who have attained and those who strive: young shoots pruned by the elder wisdom. Every appeal to beauty is sustained, every claim to individuality verified and introduced to the public, the sole condition being that the work should bear witness to the gentle taste of its maker. You will not venture to call in question the infallibility of *this* standard—for the English gentleman is without doubt the finest achievement of our race?" To my amazement, I only elicited a perplexed and uncertain assent.

At this point we entered the gallery. "I will show you only the masterpieces," and I led him straight to the Central Gallery, and brought him to the "Whernside," by C. J. Holmes. "He is one of our well-known impressionists."

"On the contrary, he is far from being an impressionist," hissed my friend; "impressionism means ultro-realism, and this picture is the production of a synthetic constructive art. Tense colour . . . large and bold conception of landscape . . . feeling for the structure of the world." I was delighted with him; but he added, "Something is annoying in these pictures—they are too well-bred."

I looked at him derisively and adopted his superior, didactic air; "This is wrong, and this is a wrong way of criticising. You must accept the personality of artists as they reveal it in their work; you must learn their language if you wish to converse with them, their code of æsthetics if you wish to criticise them, their dogma if you wish to enjoy them; you must accept them as a whole."

He smiled in a grand manner and patronisingly tapped me on the shoulder. "I see your point, but to criticise means also to compare with a conceived ideal."

Anxious to demonstrate the liberal tendencies of the

Club, I dragged him to Nevinson's "Wind." "Look! although the painter is a radical and the foremost cubist on our island, he is on the selecting jury of this exhibition."

"I see the reason he is here; there is but little left in him of the fanatical cubist orthodoxy; his cubes seem trimmed to take the breeze of public favour."

"How far he is an authentic cubist does not concern me. Do you not see the dynamic effects of the picture, the cold grey-green tone helping the sharp sensation of the wind, its decisive and abrupt rhythm, the impressive massing of the trees?" I felt elevated and infallible.

"This Blast, somewhat conspicuously introduced to the public, knocks against the frame. Hold your hat, my friend; the man is simply blowing at you!"

I thought him very provincial. "You don't like such pictures, I see."

"It has some mediocre qualities skilfully exhibited; but I wonder if so trivial a conception is worth the cubing?"

"Come, then; here is another aspect of the storm," taking him to Rothenstein's picture. Not relying on his perspicacity any more, I decided to commend the picture. "You see this sandstone cottage filling the whole canvas, blocking out the sky and earth and leaving these elements little place to display their temper. The channel chosen by the artist to convey his emotion is the electric illumination of the cottage walls, enforced by the extra blackness of a window."

"Which, in vain, is blacker than nature can produce. What a shocking display of tedious routine!" And he grimly turned away from the picture, by reaction picking out for his praise an insignificant young effort of Miss Letnikoff, another storm, called "On the Long and Weary Path." "This has certainly some feeling," he said.

I brought him next to Wilson Steer's landscape, explaining all the importance this distinguished artist had for new English Art, but he pointed to Steer's mild vision of English weather. "This brushwork seems to be an end in itself."

"English eyes look beneath the jewel-like brushwork and see those momentary atmospheric effects which could be rendered only by this medium." We then approached McEvoy's "Portrait." I secretly looked upon it as a revelation; and could not resist the temptation to whisper—"Gainsborough re-incarnated."

"He appears to inherit the British tradition, which he evaporises," said my friend.

"Now, be fair; you cannot deny him the remarkably skilful treatment of soul, flesh and dress."

"I grant him a romantic perception of these, but his ingenious facility will prove a fatal temptation to multiplication. Do his wildest dreams ever carry him beyond a delicate Duchess?"

In despair I hoped to please his virile taste and brought him to the "Portrait," by Nina Hamnett, emphasising again the broad-minded tendencies of the Club. "Like Nevinson," I said, "she is a Post-Impressionist."

"This label does not convey much to me, but I see she is an honest, hard-working girl." I knew he would seize this opportunity for perorating. "The impressionist seeks to redouble the reality of the sensation; this school subordinates the natural objects to an abstract principle, the emphasis on three dimensions endowing the ideal conception with reality again. The technique of the face, dress, bottle and inkstand transforms them into items of a uniform substance, all agreeing in the picture, all giving a rather earthenwary effect. This is a great advantage, as it extorts from them all their absolute pictorial value; her picture, though young, surrounded by these well-mannered, well-groomed companions, shines with individual vitality; but there is a certain matter-of-factness and monotony in the opposition of values. Her work benefits by the good traditions of her school."

I was happy with this success, and, craving another, I pointed out Mr. Schwabe as the sole representative there of a certain Romantic school; but my friend was not impressed, saying the young man seemed hampered by this school, and clogged by the traditions of Grand Art. He wondered also at his obtrusive robustness. I did not want to argue, and we entered the South-west room, where, I explained, were collected the victorious records of our "old guard"—the masters in water-colour: the English effects of Muirhead; the value effects of A. W. Rich; the sober and restrained beauty of D. S. McColl; the skilful freshness retained in the flower pieces by Mrs. Ursula Tyrwhitt. To my satisfaction he admitted without undue emotion that these were distinguished.

Suddenly, I heard a loud laugh. "What a fine, intelligent epigram," exclaimed he, leaping on Henry Tonks' picture, No. 213.

"You are mistaken; this is a quite serious portrait of the Most Hon. the Marquis of Clanricarde."

But he laughed irresistibly, pointing to the next portrait of the Rt. Hon. Lord Northbourne. "I wish Mr. Tonks would apply his Hogarthian gift to the whole scope of modern life."

I did not feel it was my vocation to direct Mr. Tonks' future steps. It was getting dark in the gallery, and we walked towards the door, passing in the dusk Lilies, Full-blown Roses, Apples, Apple-blossoms, Apple-laden Boughs, Shiny Lights, Lanes and Grottos, hardly seeing the "Aeroplane Passing," or "Teddy telling how it happened," or other charmingly entitled pieces. Just before leaving the Gallery, we found a simple little picture called "Allotment," by Miss Coke, which I agreed showed pleasure in its making, and the "Seated Woman," by Meninsky, which he thought the only sensitive drawing there.

We found ourselves in the street and marched in ominous silence. "Well," I ventured, "all things considered, you thought highly of some of them?"

"My heart is with Nina Hamnett and Holmes; also, I am not so narrow-minded as not to value the slight but noble game of McColl and the wit of Tonks; but the show on the whole——" here he made a gesture of distress—"What exasperation!"

"I enjoyed seeing it again."

My innocent remark enraged him suddenly.

"A great pleasure indeed to have met so polite and well-bred company, a highly correct and well-conducted show, exuding benevolence and moderation! The aim is, I see, to make pleasant little pictures to finish the tasteful drawing-rooms about town. What a stuffy atmosphere of gentility! The parlour accomplishments of idle spinsters—at its best, learned caligraphy! No desires, no passionate devotion."

"You mustn't expect from us the blatant Parisian passions to which you are accustomed. Ours are more subtle and controlled."

The maniac went on raving. "I could swallow any enormity that seemed born of a religious devotion to Art; but most of these people are indifferent to its sanctity; there is no exaltation, no sacrifice, no austerity. What self-conscious posturing! Their poor imagination and insignificant observation are satisfied with trivial formulas at second-hand. They are browsing sheep. They do not search for truth."

"What is truth?" I said, and waited not for an answer.

"In Art," he shouted, oblivious of my irony and taking a deep breath, "truth is——" I felt exhausted, so I took his hand and parted from him, escaping a new eruption of his fervour. I invited him, however, to my club that evening, hoping that in its soothing atmosphere my barbaric friend would come to understand the milder forms of English entertainments.

Notes from France.

The chateau would seem agreeable, except for my fellow-visitors: this old maid from Norwich Close, converted to Catholicism and Caillauxphobia: this rosy, featureless manufacturer from Lyons who is always talking of "benevolence, the great philosophy of life," while he rubs his hands and seconds the old maid, his green eyes glinting: this elderly Mrs. Winchester or other cathedral, who has left a house and four servants in England to come over here and help.

I have no brief for M. Caillaux. He is an ordinary rich Republican, and still convinced that Germany is the right and natural alliance for France. It needed, however, all the brutality of Prussia to make most Frenchmen prefer us English! Even the war has not induced M. Caillaux to love us—whereby bourgeois France has been deprived of a great financial head, great as such go; a regular rogue, of course, judged by democratic principles. France, outside the Chamber, is divided into two parties, one composed of the old maid, with her glee over the details of the prison searching and stripping of its one-time Prime Minister, the other is the village which exclaims, as half France exclaimed when Almereyda was found strangled, "Voilà de la sale politique!" M. Clemenceau invites the world to say what it thinks of him. Well, one may remark that since his accession, France has become a pot of scandals and the military *communiqué* has gone to the inside of the newspapers. He behaved facetiously, the old man mad on power, when someone mentioned Caillaux. "Caillaux? Caillaux?" tapping his forehead. "Ah, yes! All that I can tell you is that he has changed his address."

The old maid and the manufacturer are patriots. She passes her life in travelling and getting England disliked by foreign servants, waiters, and railway guards; he raves of business in Russia, and would not be over-benevolent to the revolutionaries. If one's native land is to be the object of one's life affection, then the exact spot where one was born should be that which one would die to defend. Alas! I was born in Hackney, and I would rejoice to hear that it was inundated. The world is my country, thank God.

It would be heavenly to be nothing but a poet and never speak of anything but lutes and Muses. But these times are not heavenly. You might think that they were on looking out of my window over peaceful miles of forest, a soft dusk of many shades. A great cedar stands on the lawn just wide of the long view. On the horizon, smoke rises above some hamlet below a hill. The pond in front has its flat-bottomed boat. Everything would be charming if only the servants, as usual, had not all the attics. I love attics: a passion conserved from my childhood when the attic was the only place where one was safe to read "grown-up" books. My rooms here are as near being attics as might be dreamed. It was impossible to have smaller and higher. A coronet appears on the iron behind the flames when the fire is lighted. The wood everywhere is sculptured. But why not give the great salons, where nobody ever goes, to the servants? I asked Helena, who did not deign to reply. Such a lot of this house is left as if merely to make work. What a lovely house to look at. And there is no reason why the poor as well as the rich should not live in houses built like this, so beautiful with its long front and peristyle to the sun. Helena is not too tyrannical. The milkman brings his cows over the lawn unchided. The horses go to their stables passing along the gravel paths, nibbling on each side. I wait for my lamp sometimes half an hour—nobody gets the sack!

Monsieur Severino Rappa, for whom the great Galerie Bernheim predicts a posthumous fame, has come to draw Helena. He looks like an old picture himself with his olive skin, great eyes, and beard. A fine conversationalist, acquainted with international literature. He showed me a drawing of his mother, an aged Italian peasant-woman with a thousand vigorous wrinkles, and one of Madame Judith Gautier, and those of a hundred other celebrities, and invited me to be drawn! I was, immediately. I sat down in great haste, and now have a charming picture of myself to defy time with. Monsieur Rappa spoke enthusiastically of a young fellow-countryman, the sculptor Alfredo Pina from Milan, as the only possible successor to Rodin. M. Pina is famous for having sold during the war a bust of Beethoven to the museum of Montpellier, the University town of the Midi. Montpellier is a dream-town. I have only seen it under snow and ice, but its beauty was not to be frozen. I remember the pretty house where Rousseau used to live, and its view over the lake of salt water which fills from the sea some miles away. These stretches of salt water run in for many miles in parts of the south. Long before one gets to Marseilles, one imagines oneself to be on the sea-coast.

The spring sun comes out gloriously—in January. Where are the snows of last year, only three weeks ago? I long to wander and find, like Heine, poetical themes. On this subject, why should a man be free to rhapsodise his passing loves, sweet, tender fisher-maidens, lovely milkmaids, maidens at wayside inns, and so on, while a woman would be thought mad who raved of handsome fishermen and milkmen? I feel a perfect flood of passion at the sight of the milkman, and am condemned to add that it is merely for the milk, a miserable fiction, albeit supported by the fact that town milk is a luxury now for babes and invalids and the rich. *There* he goes, the angel! Come to my breast, O child of the spring! (This is not ironical, as it well might be in town.) Gustave, I love thee! I'll write with a slender reed on the dairy door these heavenly words, "Gustave, I love thee." Pure Heine! But why not pure Alice? One of these days I will lose my heart to Gustave, and, by Heine, the English literature shall serve my flame! How much more genial such a traveller, for instance, as Vernon Lee would seem if we only knew how often her soul expanded in presence of such things as made Heine tremble? What inexhaustible pleasure it is to guess how often Sappho blushed, a problem not disdained by the gravest critic of the ages! Apropos de Colette Willy, who has written a new book, the French critic asks why women are such hypocrites, etc. "There are some good enough reasons, our frailty being one," replies a correspondent. But, my word, what miracle may ever bridge the gap between English and French popular literature? For one thing, an English writer who knew as much of psychology as the most ordinary Frenchman would have to be marked as a great genius. English novelists are free, like Meredith and Hardy, to make their characters act as their author chooses; but a French character has to act as it *must*, for the Frenchman is born with, at least, the alphabet of psychology. Consider a book like our "Three Weeks." The French reader would strip off the trappings and perceive merely an old husband, a young wife amorous, yet resolved to maintain her marital position, and a lover. This trio is ancient as comedy, and yet was capable of ruffling Mrs. Grundy! Make all the ententes cordiales you please, but a wholesale translation into English of French popular novels would bring Mrs. Grundy's grey hairs with horror to the grave. As a foundation, however, for anything like a popular entente, Stendhal's "L'Amour," in translation, is worth all the meetings of ministers. The French, for their part, must understand that we are a nation ferociously monogamic, with easy divorce for ideal safety-valve, a way of living which, with all its cleanliness and humaneness, we do not pretend to impose on other people.

The sky in this open country seems often in preparation for a festival. The colours, blue, silver, and pearl of all shades, and changing, suggest wonderful people in costumes of happiness. One's heart jumps as one feels momentarily there, in the clouds, ready to take one's place. But it is all only clouds. And there are not enough of us here on earth to make a festival. I went to a festival once, but when the feasters sat down and the Fairy turned on the light, what sad figures were present, who before had seemed the true joyous article! There was a banker dressed like a gentleman of Verona; he was busy negotiating a loan with a man with a hat like Napoleon's. A long-haired poet-seeming individual, evidently supposing himself to be in heaven, began a discussion on religion and proposed a hymn. Faust was there, and Tartuffe, and Don Juan, and Mr. Pecksniff, and Mrs. Malaprop. Beside me, clad in a rough coat, sat a personage, Greek or Jew, or both. He smiled now and again, sharing with me a cake which he took from his pocket. Suddenly the feasters became angry. They glared at us. It was *we* who offended them. And the end of the business was that they put us out because we had not on the festival garment. We went and made a feast of our own. Since the Russian revolution, I have often thought of that festival where the poor and the weak were only invited by hypocrisy, and were expelled by snobbery, the servant of tyranny. The Bolsheviks have made a feast of their own! ALICE MORNING.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

I HAD intended to devote this article to Miss Marie Lohr's first production; but as I am obliged to write before she begins her managerial career, and I have the unprofessional habit of seeing a play before criticising it, Miss Marie Lohr must be satisfied with "Love in a Cottage," by Somerset Maugham, until I am able to offer her "Drama," by John Francis Hope. I will not speculate on the possibility of the Shavian authorship of "Annajanska"; such an occupation afflicts me with a sense of futility similar to that experienced by Disraeli's Countess at the Duke of Montacute's house-party. "What a party, where the countess was absolutely driven to speculate on the possible destinies of a Lord Hull!" and in like fashion I should say: "What a period, when dramatic critics should absolutely be driven to speculate on the possible authorship of a sketch played by Miss Lillah McCarthy!" But there are one or two points that I have dealt with before which "H. W. M.'s" recent article in the "Nation" reminds me are worthy of continual recognition and occasional elaboration; and this is the mischief that I have found for my idle hands to do. When you find a fallacy, refute it; when you find a truth, embrace it; if you cannot find a truth, invent it. There is no commoner fallacy (I fell into it myself at the beginning of the war) relating to drama than that expressed in the "Nation" in these words. "Outside, on the stage of the world, rages the most stupendous dramatic action in history. Our country is one of the two protagonists. But this drama of deeds would seem to have sucked up all our available resources of representation. Not a whisper of the struggle, not an echo of its suffering, not one voice of complaint or irony or pity, penetrates the theatre which once was Shakespeare's. Even its later tendencies and impulses, inimitative (? imitative) as they mostly were, have deserted it. The Scandinavian drama, the Russian drama, have both disappeared from London boards. The fanciful, rather rococo, Shakespearianism of Mr. Barker is dead," and so forth. It would be easy to pick holes in the terms of the indictment, to remind "H. W. M." that Ibsen's "Ghosts," for example, had its only successful run in London last year, that two of Brieux's plays were equally successful at the same time, that at the present moment the stage of the Ambassadors' is making an audible "echo of its suffering," that "Loyalty," which recently failed, made more than "a whisper of the struggle," that melodramas such as "The Man Who Stayed at Home," "Seven Days' Leave," or "Inside the Lines," all dealing with the war in their own way, have been among the most successful productions of a most successful period. But I do not want to insist on the matter of fact, but on the matter of principle, on the fallacious assumption that drama is, or should be, a part of actual life instead of a relief from it.

It is necessary to preserve the clear distinction between drama and religion. Religion is the direct expression of the impulse to perfection or completion; in this bearing, the religious man is his own actor, and in dance, song, ritual, or myth, he directly expresses or sublimates his own aspiration to unity of spirit and power of command over a hostile environment. His religious activity makes him one with his God ("I and My Father are one"), one with Nature, one with humanity; in this sense, we can say that his drama does not represent life but is life. He does the thing he desires, he does not contemplate it: he finds the meaning of existence in his own assurance of well-being, and not in any intellectual or æsthetic representation of it. There are no mysteries of experience, because experience is knowledge; there are only mysteries of interpretation, of translation, of representation to other people. The life of faith, the religious life, is the life of works; the man is whole, and not divided against himself; he has no problems to resolve because he is assured of verity, and nothing is interposed between the man and his objects. The archangels have no need of theology, nor do the cherubim seek in art the satisfaction of their souls. It is only when life abates its urgency, when we come down from these heights, that we desire to "see of the travail of his soul, and be satisfied," and we invent our art-forms as a scientist invents his experimental procedure. We do not unify the phenomena; we isolate a phenomenon, contemplate it, and try by understanding it to restore ourselves to our primitive unity of being.

If this argument has any validity at all, it follows that if a man is completely expressed, and therefore satisfied, with what he does, he does not require any mimic representation of it. The Puritan denunciation of the play-house as godless is, in this sense, strictly accurate: it does not offer life but a simulacrum of it. At its best, it offers "apparent pictures of unapparent natures" which the Puritan insists should be known by experience and not by representation; and although it was Iago who said: "A man should be what he seems," he was only stating the first and final command of religion throughout the ages for his own villainous purpose. Indeed, I have sometimes wondered whether Satan's original sin was not pride, but simply doubt whether God could be as good as He looked; and was so proud of this first essay of the intellect that he attempted to support his contention by heavy artillery—but the speculation would lead me too far from my present object.

But if religion is, as modern theologians contend, the whole of life in action, and conduct, in Matthew Arnold's old phrase, is three-fourths of life, the contemplative life should satisfy those desires which are not expressed in action. The psycho-analytic explanation of the source of artistic inspiration, that all art is an expression and sublimation of a conflict in the soul of the artist, shows us clearly that imagination is only necessary to complete the circle of experience. If the man knew, he would do; it is because he does not know and cannot act, cannot be the man that he seems, that he symbolises and represents life instead of presenting it in his own person and activity. Just as Arctic explorers dream of luxurious banquets, so the men at the front hunger for that England that never was, the England of imagination that ranges from the country that is "over the hills and far away" to the land of Turkish delight which our sentimental songs applaud. It is never from them that we get the demand that drama should reproduce in any way "the most stupendous dramatic action in history"; it is only the civilian, who lacks the direct experience of this "dramatic action," to whom the war is really only an extension of the life of the theatre, an exercise in contemplation, who needs to complete his own experience by imaginative sublimation, by representation in symbols of a reality that he cannot directly know by experience. But whether or not the civilians sympathise with the war, they certainly sympathise with the soldiers; and the theatre, so far as it does ignore the war, offers the soldiers a relief from it, and to their civilian friends a subtle means of being at one in feeling with those who are performing "the most stupendous dramatic action in history."

Readers and Writers.

To the current issue of the "Quest" (2s. 6d. quarterly) the editor, Mr. G. R. S. Mead, contributes the first of a series of articles, expository and critical, on the subject of Psycho-analysis. The first of the series is entirely expository, and covers the field of recorded research from Freud and Jung to Eder and Nicoll. Already, however, we begin to discern the critical ideas which Mr. Mead will afterwards develop. If I may guess, they will be directed to showing that Psycho-analysis has not yet distinguished in the subconscious the "higher" from the "lower," the rudimentary from the vestigial, the past from the future—in a word, the psyche from the soul. As this line of criticism promises to be constructive; and, moreover, as from his lifelong study of ancient mysticism, Mr. Mead is better equipped than any other English scholar to subject the psyche v. the spiritual to historical criticism, I look forward with appetite to the succeeding articles. The study of Psycho-analysis can only profit by the treatment Mr. Mead is likely to give it.

* * *

I owe an explanation, if not an apology, for a possible misunderstanding of my attitude towards psycho-analysis induced, perhaps, by my recent polemics with "A. E. R." on the subject of "Hamlet." Never fear, I am not likely to raise the ghost of that discussion again; but I must say this that it was on my part without prejudice to the value and even to the conclusions of psycho-analysis. Hamlet, as I think I said, may have suffered from suppressed incestuous desires, and the suppression coupled with the failure to discover and to confess to himself their nature may have resulted in the inhibition of which his will in particular directions was the victim. All this, I say, may be true, and probably is true; and in this event the play of Hamlet is a dream of Shakespeare, of which the key has been found by psycho-analysts. My objection, *however, to this interpretation or diagnosis was the* purely literary objection of irrelevance to literary criticism. Literary criticism, I maintain, penetrates no further than literature on peril of being transformed into another kind of criticism altogether. Exactly as on passing from the appreciation of a pearl as a pearl to the examination of a pearl as the disease of an oyster we pass from æsthetics to biology, so in psycho-analysing the mood of Hamlet we pass from literature to therapeutics. That was my attitude then; and it is my attitude now when I understand a good deal more of psycho-analysis than I did a few years ago. And I hope this explanation will be sufficient.

* * *

This said, I am free to affirm that of all the new sciences, psycho-analysis is the most inviting. Its immediate practical applications in the hands of competent psycho-analysts are already considerable; but the field both of theory and of practice has scarcely begun as yet to be cultivated. The first results, as is only natural, are mainly therapeutic; but obviously the method and conclusions of psycho-analysis will prove to be applicable to education, history, religion, and to statesmanship in the very widest sense. Mr. Kenneth Richmond, who is acquainted with the literature of the subject, has already begun to apply its conclusions to practical education. Others have begun to apply them to history and religion. In course of time, some publicist is certain to apply them to the conduct of public affairs we call politics with results, I venture to say, that will surprise the empiricists of to-day by their accuracy and effectiveness. For, in essence, the problem of statesmanship and the problem of education are one with the problem of mental therapeutics as well as with the problem of psychology. All are equally concerned with the mind of man and with the characteristics of its activity; and hence the discovery of its peculiarities made by psycho-analysis is a discovery of use in every branch of human activity. I commend the subject and all the literature available upon it to my readers in the certainty that its study will repay them. The age before us is the age of psycho-analysis; and it behoves pioneers to be early afield.

* * *

Someone gave me the other day an edition of Plotinus' essay "On the Beautiful." It is a magnificent exercise in abstract thought, and, as such, an essay to be read and re-read at frequent intervals. Plotinus, of whom Coleridge said that "no writer more wants, better deserves, or is less likely to obtain, a new and more correct translation," has lately been translated into excellent English by Mr. Stephen Mackenna (*not* the author of "Sonia," by the way). For all Coleridge's demand and Mr. Mackenna's supply, however, I doubt whether Plotinus is likely to be read as much as he deserves. Abstract thought, by which I mean thinking in ideas without images, is a painful pleasure, comparable to exercises designed and actually effective to physical health. There is no doubt whatever that mental power is increased by abstract thought. Abstract thinking, in fact, is almost a recipe for the development of talent. Nevertheless, it is so distasteful to mental inertia and habit that even people who have experienced the immense profit of it are disinclined to persist in it. It was by reason of his persistence in an exercise peculiarly irksome to the Western mind that Plotinus approached the East more nearly in subtlety and purity of thought than any other Western thinker before or after him. In reading him it is hard to say that one is not reading a clarified Shankara or a Vyasa of the Bhishma treatises of the "Mahabharata." East and West met in his mind.

* * *

Plotinus' aim, like that of all thinkers in the degree of their conception, is, in Coleridge's words, "the perfect spiritualisation of all the laws of nature into laws of intuition and intellect." It is the subsumption of phenomena in terms of personality, the reduction of Nature to the Mind of man. Conversely it will be seen that the process may be said to personalise Nature; in other words, to assume the presence in natural phenomena of a kind of personal intelligence. If this be animism, I decline to be shocked by it on that account: for in that event, the highest philosophy and one of the lowest forms of religion coincide, and there is no more to be said of it. It is true, of course, that the danger of this reasoning from mind to nature and from nature to mind is anthropomorphism. We tend to make Nature in our own image, or, conversely, à la Nietzsche, to make ourselves after the image of Nature. But the greater the truth the greater often is the peril of it; and thinkers must be on their guard to avoid the dangers while, nevertheless, continuing the method. Plotinus certainly succeeded in avoiding the anthropomorphic no less than, of course, the crudely animistic dangers of his methods: but at the cost of remaining unintelligible to the majority of readers.

* * *

In the small space left at my disposal (for we are all rather crowded in THE NEW AGE in these days) I may remark that the little quarterly, "Root and Branch," edited by Mr. James Guthrie, shows signs of improvement in its literary contents. Mr. John Freeman's sketch in the current issue, "Coming to Glasgow," is particularly good. The wood-cuts by Mr. Guthrie only half reveal the light and grace he intends to convey in them. They are still rather wooden-cuts.

R. H. C.

Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janko Lavrin.

THE "COSMIC MUTINY."

III.

IN the last article we tried to differentiate man's consciousness into two opposing elements—the mystical and the magical, the eternal struggle between which is sometimes carried in Dostoyevsky's works so far that it attains the proportions of the struggle between cosmic Powers in the soul of a mere mortal.

We now propose to demonstrate some aspects of the magical path which begins with the inner protest against Cosmos and may end in a state of active mutiny and active struggle against God and His world.

The analysis of the chief manifestations peculiar to this state of consciousness is of great importance in understanding those depths of the human soul by which Dostoyevsky was haunted.

I.

The broken hero of the "Memoirs from the Underworld" exclaims in his strange confession, so abounding in maledictions and anathemas upon all commonplace ideas, ideals and values: "So at length, gentlemen, we have reached the conclusion that the best thing for us to do is to do nothing at all, but to sink into a state of contemplative inertia. For that purpose all hail the underworld! True, I said above that I profoundly envy the normal man; yet under the conditions in which I see him placed, I have no wish to be he. That is to say, though I envy him, I find the underworld better. . . . Yet I am lying. I am lying because I know that it is not the underworld which is so much better, but *something else*. . . ." *

This, he says, after having lived his whole life in the "underworld" as a crab in its shell. Offer him all—normal happiness, comfort and riches—he will laugh; he finds the underworld better, or rather—*something else* connected with the underworld. . . . And this "something else" is his indignation, his everlasting protest against the world, his malignant scorn of it.

The world has rejected him because he was too weak for it; but he takes revenge—by rejecting the world consciously, on principle. In his "contemplative inertia" he dares to oppose his wrecked, revengeful and impotent "ego" against the whole social order, against the whole world: thus he changes his greatest weakness into an illusion of the greatest strength. . . .

The greater his personal misfortune the more reasons he finds to reject the world, to protest and to curse; and the more violently he protests the stronger, the "happier" he feels. . . . Take away from him his indignation, his "unavenged suffering," and he will lose from under his feet his only moral support, the only illusion of strength, of power, and of individual self-assertion. The necessity to protest, to take revenge on the world, becomes his inner, his organic necessity and his chief spring of life. And as only the "underworld" could give him an everlasting right and pretext to protest, so he chooses suffering, pain and shame; he prefers his "underworld" to the world: he finds it "better. . . ."

Another striking example of a similar psychology we have also in Nastasya Filippovna (in the "Idiot"), who is characterised by Prince Myshkin in the following terms: "Do you know that in that continual consciousness of shame there is perhaps a sort of awful, unnatural enjoyment for her, *a sort of revenge on some one*. . . ."

II.

If we transfer this indignation, this craving for suffering and revenge, to a higher, spiritual, or even religious, plane we get the most typical category of Dostoyevsky's heroes: the category of "God-strugglers," of cosmic nihilists and cosmic mutineers. . . .

The chief characteristic, common to all of them, is a protest against the order and the will of the whole of Cosmos; the difference exists, however, in the philosophical conception of this will. The "mutineer" who sees God behind the Cosmos becomes a God-struggler; but if he sees behind it only a dark Power, a blind will and a senseless complex of blind forces—he then becomes a cosmic nihilist.

A characteristic representative of the latter is the consumptive Ippolit (in the "Idiot") who—before his tragi-comic attempt to commit suicide—designates the whole of Nature as "an immense, merciless, dumb beast," as a "dark, insolent, unreasoning and eternal Power to which everything is in subjection. . . ." "If I had the power not to be born," he adds, "I would certainly not have accepted existence upon conditions that are such a mockery. But I still have power to die, though the days I give back are numbered. It's no great power, it's no great *mutiny*. . ."

"As I find this comedy stupid, unbearable and offensive to myself, I sentence this Nature—which created me insolently only to make me suffer—to disappear with me. As I cannot fulfil my sentence in the whole by destroying Nature together with myself, I absolve at least myself, to be rid of a tyranny of which nobody is guilty"—declares another "mutineer" in the "Sentence" (the most curious psychological document of this kind, included in the "Diary of an Author").

"All the planet is a lie and rests on a lie and on mockery. So, then, the very laws of the planet are a lie and the vaudeville of devils. What is there to live for? Answer, if you are a man!"—exclaims the "God-tortured" Kirillov (in the "Possessed") who kills himself with the object of manifesting his "non-obedience" and his "new, terrible liberty. . . ."

"It is not that I don't accept God, it's the world created by Him I don't and cannot accept. . . . Even if parallel lines do meet and I see it myself, I shall see it and say that they've met, but still I won't accept it," declares the God-struggler Ivan Karamazov who prefers to remain with his sufferings and "unsatisfied indignation" even if he "were wrong. . . ."

Their protest, as we see, is directed not against the social, but against the mystical, against the transcendental order of the world. And their psychological motives are almost analogous to the motives of the man of the "underworld." But the standard and the tension are far deeper and higher. The magical element of consciousness is craving for an absolute individual self-assertion—in spite of the "dark Power," even in spite of God. And the greater the "unavenged suffering and unsatisfied indignation" the stronger is the illusion of an individual, daring strength, and self-assertion by the "self-will."

The highest pitch of Kirillov's mutiny was his suicide; but however strange it may appear—his suicide, his self-annihilation, gave him a complete illusion of the highest self-assertion.

And this was what he was craving for.

III.

The God-struggler, Ivan Karamazov, as well as

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* This quotation is taken from the English translation by C. J. Hogarth. The quotations from the "Idiot," "Possessed," "Crmazov and Punishment," and "Brothers Karamazov" are taken from the translation by Mrs. Garnett.

Kirillov, is, however, rebelling against God from love of humanity and in the name of mankind. "I must have justice, or I will destroy myself. And not justice in some remote infinite time and space, but here on earth and that I could see myself," he declares, and lacerates himself rather than sing "hosanna" to a God in whom he sees neither Justice nor Value for mankind.

But a cosmic mutiny is also possible not for humanity's sake, but for *one's own sake*: the individuality wishes to take revenge for its *personal* tragedy—to take revenge on God, on His world, on mankind, on everybody, on everything. In such a case the God-struggler changes into a satanist.

The former wishes to receive an answer to mankind's tragedy, as well as for the sufferings of the last tortured creature, but the satanist is ready to torture as many creatures as possible—if only he may strengthen and emphasise his rebellion against God who is the cause and the witness of his shame. . . . The God-struggler is a spiritual masochist; the satanist is a spiritual masochist and sadist at the same time. . . . And the stronger he feels his own nothingness, weakness and eternal shame the more hysterical become his spiritual sadism, his daring, his cynicism.

"This conscious despising of everything sacred and this pushed to the utmost point, a point which could not be surpassed even by the most delirious imagination: there was the essence of his enjoyment"—in these words Dostoyevsky characterises one of his heroes. . . Such an enjoyment was known to the proud Stavrogin who married the demented cripple Marya Timofeevna "through moral sensuality—simply because the shame and senselessness of it reached a pitch of genius. . . ." And still more was it known to the tragic clown—Svidrigailov who wished even eternity to be turned into a fetid peasant-bathhouse "black and grimy with spiders in every corner . . . and do you know it's what I would certainly have made it."

The greatest blasphemies, the most daring sacrileges and crimes, the greatest depravity (derived not from the physiological, but from the spiritual, from "moral" sensuality), as well as the everlasting consciousness of struggling against God, of being voluntarily a castaway for all eternity not through God's will, but through "self-will"—all this can become the source of an incredible satanical pride and a perverse spiritual enjoyment. The mediæval "witches' Sabbath," distinguished by its extremely sacrilegious rites, is typical in this respect, and it has very deep psychological roots. . . .

Therefore the satanist is a practical destroyer of all existing values. He is directly obsessed by a moral and organic necessity to destroy everything—including God.

A return to "normal" values, a return to "happiness" becomes for him an organic impossibility—since to do this would be an offence against the majesty of his "unavenged sufferings" which are necessary to him as the only evidence for his greatness and the only justification of his mutiny against God. . . .

"Oh, there are some who remain proud and fierce even in hell, in spite of their certain knowledge and contemplation of absolute truth; there are some fearful ones who have given themselves over to Satan and his proud spirit entirely. For such, hell is voluntary and ever consuming; they are tortured by their own choice. For they have cursed themselves, cursing God and life. They live upon their vindicative pride like a starving man in the desert sucking blood out of his own body. But they are never satisfied, they refuse forgiveness, they curse God who calls them. They cannot behold the living God without hatred, and they cry out that the God of life should destroy Himself and His own creation. And they will burn in the fire of their own wrath for ever," says Father Zossima in his manuscript ("Br. Karamazov").

In other terms: a voluntary martyrdom is really possible also in the name of Satan; and this martyrdom can also be "sweet"—as being an expression of the highest individual mutiny and an illusion of spiritual titanism.

IV.

The more organic and intense this mutiny, the more inverted become all moral instincts and values; the craving for revenge and suffering enlarges itself in a craving for evil, for the abnormal, for the ugly. Every value becomes "à rebours"—though in this case not as a consequence of the so-called æsthetic longing of a bored dandy for "new emotions," as in good "Dorian Gray" or in Huysmann's "Monsieur des Esseintes" (Dostoyevsky was not shallow enough for such conceptions . . .).

A point is even possible where the magical element in man's consciousness attains a complete preponderance over the mystical one. In such a case we get a fact of extreme importance: the famous "Categorical Imperative" of Kant receives an *inverted* direction—changing into the imperative for evil and for crime. . . .

And so we have reached the point which connects the satanist with the transcendental criminal.

There is no longer any doubt that such criminals exist—quite apart from any "milieu" or "social circumstances. . . ." The man with an absolute preponderance of the magical element in his consciousness is fated to become a criminal (in the same manner as a man with an absolute preponderance of the mystical element in him is fated to become a saint: thus the saint and the criminal represent the two poles of our consciousness. . . .).

A man who becomes criminal by such inner, subconscious impulses is a transcendental criminal. *The transcendental criminal is an unconscious satanist, while the satanist becomes a conscious transcendental criminal.* . . .

In each of them the "Categorical Imperative" becomes inverted: the good becomes evil and vice versa; therefore, the so-called repentance is unknown and inaccessible to them. . . . Dostoyevsky, from whom criminology could learn a great deal in this respect, confesses in his "House of Death" that in the professional, *i.e., in the greatest and boldest criminals, he did not* see any traces of repentance, of remorse; nay, more, in their conscience they felt themelves completely right. . . . Once he asked the greatest criminal in the galley—the robber and murderer Orlov—if he felt any remorse when remembering his past crimes. Orlov looked on him with the contempt with which one looks on an inferior being and then began to laugh at the "naive question. . . ."

Every transcendental criminal would give the same answer.

Let us mention that the so-called "demonical natures" almost always are transcendental criminals. Sometimes they become great murderers (not by external, social, but by inner, subconscious impulses); sometimes great conquerors, sometimes great reformers or even—great artists, for instance Villon, Paganini, Verlaine, van Gogh. The latter may happen especially in cases where, parallel with the magical tendency, there exists at the same time an as strong opposite tendency—consciously struggling with the former one, as we see in Dostoyevsky who was rebelling against God in the name of Satan and against Satan in the name of God at the same time. . . . Though his tragedy seems to have been not only in this double struggle, but also in the fact that he, as a child of "unbelief," did not believe *fully* either in God or in Satan against whom he was struggling. . . .

To understand him in this respect we must analyse the tragedy of Stavrogin and of Ivan Karamazov.

A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.

XV.

"THE FAUN." A COSMICAL FANTASY.

BY ALG-RN-N BL-CKW--D.

THESE mind-forces (evoked by irresponsible ego) convey an astonishing impression of depth, while appearing to force the imagination back on itself, to produce a state of spiritual impotency. ("The Human Discord.")

CHAPTER I.—BERNARD LE FÈVRE.

. . . He laughed his weird, buoyant laugh. My whole being went out to his in an involuntary and intuitive expression of surrender, and I waited for him to produce the key of my psychic chamber as trustfully as I would for a conjurer to extract a rabbit from a hat. Meanwhile the narrative of his own colossal experiment was weaving itself into my being.

"It is terrific—simply terrific!" he cried, his face aglow.

And I nodded in assent, for he had altered the scale of life I knew, and whether it was in time or in space or in sound or in sight I neither knew nor cared; he interpreted the universe, and I interpreted it through him, through his own splendid personality.

To argue bored him. He loved to state his idea, repeat it over and over again, each time with greater emphasis, talk round it, and then leave it, reluctantly.

"Life is all a cosmic nightmare," he would exclaim, and laugh heartily at his own phrase. Then, suddenly grave, "but it is my—our task to put it on a rational footing." Then he would be off like an express train into his own peculiar cosmos, with my insignificant self hanging on to the tails of his words.

"Heaven," he said, explaining to me, "Heaven is not a goal, a desire; it is a mere manifestation of cosmical activity realised in terms of time and space."

"A mirage, my dear fellow," I stopped him, thinking to pin him down to greater detail. "You have been reading William James."

"By George, though," he replied hotly, "but these old buffers were on the track of it, and I mean to find it, and now!"

"Subjectively——" I began.

"Of course. The universe is a chaos of unconscious activities. The riddle is to translate them into consciousness through one's own ego, render them personally active. To quicken the pulse of time, to radically alter the scale of space or vision, these things have been made possible by the use of drugs; but we get no further. To correlate the changing, protean cosmic forces in a consistent inter-relation real and perfect, that is our task!" and he spread his arms out to the heavens, as if he would bid them bow down at his command. It was profound, immense.

"Then this great Experiment you have in view——" I began.

"Is nothing less," he caught me up, "than the accumulation of all time and all experience in one minute of eternity and through the limited power of my own will. The Simple Life! Power to unite past and future, here and beyond, self and not-self in one minute human entity. It is portentous, prodigious! I feel life surging through my bones, tingling in my nerves. Shall I be content with a limited, subjective power, with a slow round of meaningless growth and decay, when the whole universe, eternity is crying to me?" And through the temporary darkness of our minds he began to roar Bainall's beautiful and passionate ode to the Anti-climax.

"The murmur of thoughts unbidden
Is surging through my brain,
With the song of dreams deep hidden
And the sun and the moon and the rain. . . ."

Then, seeing that I was not yet entirely with him, he dropped to a lower note:

"Life is not really a detached 'thing' at all. It is everywhere, everything. You see?"

CHAPTER XX.—ON THE EDGE OF SANITY.

What remained with him perhaps most vividly, he says, was the sensation of rapidity. Everything spun. Thoughts flew through his brain like lightning, and before he could catch their purport dissolved themselves in the surrounding etheric matter that was beating and pulsing round him at an incredibly accelerated rate of vibration. The vibratory force of the atmosphere was stupendous, while he found his own scale of vibrations sensibly diminishing. Forces, tidal in strength, oceanic in volume, swept past him with a boom, and he knew that any moment he might be dragged into the whirlpool and spun into nothingness. Wtih an unspeakable effort he managed to drag back a few of the thoughts that were dashing through his brain, but the effort to manipulate the scale of vibrations even for the tenth of a second lifted him on to a higher level of space; and with a crash of indescribable grandeur the walls of the room crumpled up and disappeared in the opened gulf.

We have only his limited phraseology to draw on; but, from the torrent of broken phrases and confused imagery he uses to describe it, this is apparently what happened.

He had just time, by surrendering himself to the rapidity of his quickest thought, to absorb some of the forces that were flowing through his being, when he was caught up and whirled revolving rapidly through space. The sense of exaltation was sublime, ecstatic. Even in his ignominious flight, his whole atmosphere was transfigured; he had shifted the frontiers of consciousness and was manifested outside of human laws. Nevertheless, he was still the victim of a relentless reality, and having lost the key in the first shock of his unpreparedness, he preferred the safety of his ordinary, normal existence, dull though it might be. He willed, prayed. . . .

And then, suddenly, the whole portentous business slackened, gyrated slowly, finally stopped; and he found himself prostrate on the floor where he had been flung, with the fragments of the key still clutched in his hand, when (he says) unconsciousness claimed him.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE CALL OF TIME.

"My scale vibrates with yours"—he heard a voice, infinitely far away, followed by a burst of merry laughter. And he opened his eyes to find Someone bending over him, . . . but in speaking of this he simply becomes hysterical.

OCTOBER EVENING.

A while ago
The Sun's rays set the hawthorn berries aglow
In the olive-green dusk beneath the trees,
And a gentle breeze
Came whispering, as you came long ago:
And then although
I knew it could not be
I saw in the green obscurity
Your red lips and your innocent eyes
And your white arms stretched out in suppliant-wise,
And your pearly form inaureoled
In the fluttering leaves' autumnal gold,
For a moment's space:
While the breeze was stirring, and the leaves were falling in the Sun's last rays.

DESMOND FITZGERALD.

Views and Reviews.

THE BANKERS' INTERNATIONAL.

IT is usual in these times to assert that the spirit of goodwill is abroad (it ought to be at home), but we only appreciate the truth of the assertion when we read some extended survey of the activities of mankind. After reading "The Times Annual Financial and Commercial Review," I can only regard goodwill as a "liquid asset" of much greater value even than fixed or movable plant. Commerce, banking, finance, are overflowing with goodwill towards one another, and the world in general, except Germans; and it is difficult, amid such a variety of goodwill offerings as is here recorded, to choose one as more worthy of notice than another. My recent interest in Canadian affairs makes me wonder which of its packing houses and cold storage plants made "profits equal to 80 per cent. upon the capital invested"; and if I could be surprised by anything done by the British Government, I should exclaim at this record of affairs in the United States. "Money was easy; in fact, the market was gorged with funds. In consequence of a misunderstanding regarding a ruling of the Federal Reserve Board in the previous December, England and France had withdrawn from the market their prospective offers of Treasury bills, and instead there had come from Canada, on British account, a veritable deluge of gold. This kept up throughout January, February, and March, notwithstanding the successful sale here of the third United Kingdom issue of short-term notes, amounting to $250,000,000. In the first two months alone, the gold efflux was no less than $118,000,000. The fact that the "misunderstanding" (could not the Treasury have cabled?) was only corrected by America's entry into the war, serves to prove the Christian contention that no man can resist goodwill.

But I turn from interesting details (and the "Review" is full of them) to the one supreme example of goodwill. That banking should be the servant of industry is the contention of every business man and the profession of every banker; the ideal is, I hope, inscribed over the altar of the Church of the Industrial Commonwealth. But it is necessary to make confession that, before the war, the English bankers were "miserable sinners" in this respect; they "erred and strayed like lost sheep" from the intention of the commandment; and, as Mr. Arthur Kitson is never tired of showing, they were alternately the life and death of British industry. But the bankers are not immune from the influence of the spiritual reformation that everybody has described and nobody has observed; while some of us have been denouncing the bankers as "sharks" and "Shylocks" (anything with sibilance), the bankers, God bless them, have been taking thought for our welfare. The "Times Review" says so; and if you see it in the "Times," you do not read it anywhere else.

The article is entitled: "Banking: Encouraging Developments"; which means that the bankers are very pleased with their progress in goodwill. "In so far as earnings are concerned, therefore, the banking position continues to be a very happy one, for as a result of that inflation, which is so inevitable a concomitant of war finance, deposits increase almost automatically, while also, owing to war exigencies, surplus resources can be fully utilised by depositing them at interest with the Bank of England, or by investment in Treasury Bills." Señor de Maeztu (was it he?) has demonstrated that we find happiness in the performance of our functions; the function of a banker is to bank, and, behold, "the banking position continues to be a very happy one." It will be even happier when, as Mr. Kitson predicts, our currency is deflated by restoring the gold basis, and the "cheap" pounds of loan are repaid by the "dear" pounds of gold.

But I am forgetting the "goodwill" created by the bankers' happiness. The bankers are really preparing to do good to British industry, really and truly, according to the "Times Review." The first symptom of goodwill, according to all the theology I ever read, is associating with the elect, the putting on of the new man, as St. Paul said; and here I am sure that Señor de Maeztu insisted that men associate in function, and nothing else. The bankers, having determined to do good to all mankind (except Germans), are organising themselves into a brotherhood; "in particular," says the "Review," "the year has proved fruitful of amalgamations of a class not open to the common criticism that their only object was the aggregation of huge deposits. It is evident that the banks recognise a duty broader and weightier even than their responsibility to shareholders—an obligation imposed upon them as custodians of the country's wealth to do their utmost to stimulate production." For example, the London City and Midland and the London County and Westminster have invaded Ireland, not to make profits, not to swell aggregates of deposits; "the deposits of the Belfast Bank and those of the Ulster Bank are by comparison so puny that it would be absurd," etc.—oh, quite absurd! Besides, it would not acknowledge the fact that, from sheer goodwill, the invasion of Ireland by these banks has been "dictated by a desire to develop Irish industry." Alas, my backward brother! The London County and Westminster, in alliance with the Anglo-South American banks, has also invaded Spain, but apparently not with such good intentions, for the "Review" speaks of it as "the lead given to British commerce." Of notable amalgamations there are those of the National Provincial with the Union of London and Smiths Bank, and of the London and South Western with the London and Provincial. The National Provincial has also made an arrangement with Lloyds Bank, whereby the two banks become joint proprietors of Lloyds Bank (France). The "Review" says: "The interests of the two institutions are in every respect identical, and by its amalgamation with the National Provincial the Union of London and Smiths Bank will also become a partner and share in the benefits of this excellent example of banking co-operation. An arrangement such as this is not entirely novel, for it will be remembered that a number of interests, headed by Lloyds Bank and the London County and Westminster, joined forces in forming the British-Italian Corporation. There is besides the case of Cox and Co., which is owned jointly by the London and South-Western Bank and Messrs. Cox and Co., Charing Cross. Various banking interests are also identified with the British Trade Corporation . . . which will no doubt play a very important part in co-ordinating our financial machinery by bridging the 'gap' between investment and banking money." The London City and Midland now has an office in Russia, and the London and South-Western has an "intimate working arrangement" with the Banca Italiana Disconto.

But the bankers, being real and not theoretical internationalists, have not stopped here; their power of doing good to mankind would be limited unless the really national banks which manipulate the Government finances understood each other. Accordingly, we find that a "very important reciprocal arrangement" has been made between the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Bank of New York; and because of "the close working arrangements between the Bank of England and the Bank of France the closest co-operation will exist between the three great financial centres—London, Paris, and New York." "Briefly, the intent of the plan is to provide for stabilizing exchanges and for eliminating unnecessary shipments of gold. Means are also established whereby it is anticipated financing between the two countries will be accomplished in times of stress without undue strain upon the exchanges." But as there is no suggestion of eliminating either the gold currency or the private ownership of the banks, or even of abolishing the free gold market of London, it is clear that so far as industry is carried on by bank credits, and so far as bank credits are based upon gold reserves (that is to say, industry in the main), industry will be more than ever dependent on the goodwill of bankers, and production will be dependent not upon the productive power at the command of the manufacturers, but upon the facilities granted by an international organisation which exists for purposes of private profit. Labour has its C.W.S. Banking Department, but I have not yet heard of arrangements similar to those quoted being made between the financial organisations of the workers of the world. It is time (as Mr. Leighton Warnock showed in the last issue of THE NEW AGE) to stop talking of pacifism, or of militarism, to remember that even in international affairs, economic power still precedes political power; and that democracy, in the sense that working men attach to the word, is impossible without democratic finance. The defeat of the Socialist International is that its only economic power is the general strike, which it can never exercise internationally, and with only partial success nationally; the difficulty even in Russia is the organisation of a system of credit which shall operate beyond a parish, and to that problem Labour must turn its attention unless it is content to let the bankers govern the world.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Living Present. By Gertrude Atherton. (Murray. 6s. net.)

Mrs. Atherton devotes the first part of her book to a eulogy of the work performed by the women of France, most of whom, to judge by her examples, were members of the nobility and haute bourgeoisie. If these ladies had not organised the distribution of soup, the working class population of France would have starved; if they had not organised the manufacture and distribution of "comforts," including the comfort of their own charming presence, the Army, we are told, would have lost hundreds of thousands of men. The moral of French troops, it seems, is based upon flannel shirts made by Paquin, or sticks of chocolate presented by Mlle. Javal; and we must believe that, while the men are fighting, the women are doing the work of France better than it has ever been done. They even put flowers in the wards of hospitals; and everybody knows how they have increased the food supply—in fact, it is now known that the magnificent rally of women to war-work has left us face to face with a world shortage of food. Apparently, that does not matter; the women munition-workers of France are putting on muscle, says Mrs. Atherton, and are so enjoying the experience of ordering men about that they do not intend to relinquish the privilege. Man, it seems, is to be relegated to the inferior position of a draught-horse; the women have developed so much muscle, in Mrs. Atherton's opinion, that they could knock any man down, but they are not strong enough to do the heaviest work. Men must do that under the command of women: Mrs. Atherton even suggests domestic service (more particularly in boarding-houses) for discharged soldiers, while the poor-maid-of-all-work develops her muscle in the factory or the field. In her breathless style, Mrs. Atherton proceeds to deduce so many consequences from her premisses that we feel that we have reached the end of the world. She arrives, somehow or other, at the opinion that man is a short-lived animal, and that his best work is done during his early maturity. American husbands, she tells us, are so exhausted by the struggle for existence and the maintenance of their wives that they die at about fifty, frequently without having insured their lives for the benefit of their widows. But early maturity, she tells us, is not the time when most women do their best work; Nature is calling them to other activities than the industrial or commercial, and, to secure the best results from women, they must be saved from strain or over-work until they are about forty. After forty, they can astonish the world, if they have managed to get a man to work himself to death while they have been conserving their energies during the period that Nature, not civilisation, commands. At the first hint that the husband has developed organic weakness or disease, the wife should begin to qualify herself for the most lucrative professions. If the husband is not dead by the time that she is qualified, it is wise for her to begin establishing her economic independence; he will soon be dead, anyhow, and by this time he will be so exhausted that any protest that he may make cannot be effective. The middle-aged wife will thus enter into competition, nay, not competition, she will thus begin her conquest of the stronghold of man under the best conditions; she will be trained, she will be fresh and vigorous and not disturbed by the passional demands of Nature, she will have the advantage of experience that has not been limited by too early specialisation. Against her there will be only the jealousy of the married men who are already developing organic disease in the struggle to keep their wives "resting," and the younger men who are born specialists, and have not her common sense, sound judgment, and physical stability. On these terms, she can win easily, and the Matriarchate be restored; women, or at least Feminists, by taking all the best-paid labour for their province, will govern the world, although while affairs are so complicated they are willing to allow men to muddle along in command. With the assurance that this statement is not a parody, but an almost literal transcription, we may leave the book to our readers, with the caution that if war has brought the Matriarchate nearer, it is not likely to take the form the Feminists desire.

The Lawyer: Our Old Man of the Sea. By William Durran. (Kegan Paul. 4s. 6d. net.)

That Mr. Durran's attack on the legal systems of England, India, and America should have been produced in a second and cheaper edition is a remarkable fact which indicates a considerable public dissatisfaction with the present state of affairs. As a polemic, it is perhaps more vigorously than brilliantly written; Mr. Durran cannot be said to argue the case for his suggested reforms, he is chiefly concerned to show what happens in the absence of them, and he has sufficient skill as a special pleader not to allow one good point to his adversaries. Codification has many attractions; it is manifestly absurd to multiply legislation without bringing into some order the mass of historial legislation and jurisprudence, to add new offences without at least summarising the old. While so large a proportion of our law is case-law, it is exceedingly difficult for the layman to know what is the law on a given point; and that fact does deliver him bound hand and foot into the hands of a body of professionals whose expertness is not infallible and is always expensive. Actually, we never know the law in a given case until the judges of the House of Lords have declared it; and the cost of such a judgment is so great that we may say with truth that there is a law for the rich and no law for the poor. Codification would at least simplify, and thereby render cheaper and more accessible to the ordinary public, the law of the land; and in the ordinary affairs of life, it would make fair dealing more common. But it is by no means certain that it would, as Mr. Durran seems to suggest, work the miracle of dispensing Justice automatically. Codification, by its very nature, implies a mechanical theory of everything to which it applies; it thrives exactly in those countries, Germany and France, where the mechanical theory of the State prevails; and with regard to France, we offer these two quotations for Mr. Durran's consideration. After all, the French system has its scandals, and such a writer as Faguet can show reason for preferring our system to the French. But the particular point on which we wish to quote Faguet's "The Dread of Responsibility" relates to the legal protection afforded to the citizen against the functionary: "In England and America you can bring suit against a functionary who, even in the exercise of his function, seems to you to have injured you. In France, you cannot do it. You really can do it, but if you do, the functionary makes a plea of incompetence which brings the case before the court of conflicting jurisdictions. This court, being composed chiefly of functionaries of the State, cannot decide for the citizen as against the functionary. As a matter of fact, the right of the private citizen to bring an action at law against a functionary does not exist in France." Let us remember that it was Napoleon who codified French law, and also laid the foundations of the modern droit administratif; and that he thereby adapted and perpetuated the governmental fabric of the ancien régime. Now Dicey tells us, in his "Law of the Constitution," that "droit administratif is in its contents utterly unlike any branch of modern English law, but in the method of its formation it resembles English law far more closely than does the codified civil law of France. For droit administratif is, like the greater part of English law, 'case-law' or 'judge-made law.' The precepts thereof are not to be found in any code; they are based upon precedent; French lawyers cling to the belief that droit administratif cannot be codified, just as English and American lawyers maintain, for some reason or other which they are not able to make very clear, that English law, and particularly the common law, does not admit of codification. The true meaning of a creed which seems to be illogical because its apologists cannot, or will not, give the true grounds of their faith, is that the devotees of droit administratif in France, in common with the devotees of the common law in England, know that the system which they each admire is the product of judicial legislation, and dread that codification might limit, as it probably would, the essentially legislative authority of the tribunaux administratifs in France, or of the judges of England. The prominence further given throughout every treatise on droit administratif to the contentieux administratif recalls the importance in English law-books given to matters of procedure. The cause is in each the same, namely, that French jurists and English lawyers are each dealing with a system of law based on precedent." We draw particular attention to these two quotations because they seem to show that the cheap and mechanical justice done between individuals has been obtained at the price of an established tyranny of the State. Faguet argues that it is practically impossible to get justice done in France in any case into which politics enters; and of another cherished reform of Mr. Durran, the special training of judges instead of their promotion from the Bar, Faguet says: "The great vice of the bench in France is that it is a career, like the department of registration, which one enters very young, at a very small salary, and in which, as everywhere, one advances very slowly if he confines himself to the correct performance of his duties, and where, as everywhere, one advances rapidly if he renders services to the Government." And Faguet traces the corruption of French justice by politics to that very codification which by relieving the judge of the responsibility of judgment has put him at the mercy of the executive. A Government that can command verdicts in its favour is a tyranny, whatever it may be called; and Mr. Durran does not consider the possible consequences of his suggestion of codification. With his attack on the supremacy of the advocate, and his sheet-anchor, the jury, we heartily agree; and by exposing some scandalous abuses of our legal system, he has made clear the necessity for some reform in the direction of simplification and expedition. But he has not shown that any of his reforms (all of which are mechanical) would make Justice (which is ideal) any more common to the people.

Cinema Plays: How to Write Them; How to Sell Them. By Eustace Hale Ball. (Stanley Paul, 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Hale Ball accepts the limitations of the cinema, insists that he who would use it successfully must think in pictures, without any help from speech; and he devotes his book chiefly to the explanation of the technique used in preparing the scene-plot, and to a discussion of the most suitable themes for the peculiar audience to which the cinema appeals. They are what Hamlet's uncle called "the distracted multitude, who like not in their judgment, but their eyes"; and Mr. Hale Ball apparently judges them by the sort of Sunday paper that they prefer, and insists on the appeal to a similar standard of culture. They do not want "the milk-and-water morality of 'the Sunday-school tale,'" but they do want the moral teaching of melodrama. Mr. Hale Ball goes so far as to say that "every good serious play is a melodrama pure and simple," which simply shows that he does not know the difference between a person and a type. But types only are immediately intelligible on the screen, and Mr. Hale Ball shows good judgment in insisting on the fact. The problems, too, must be sufficiently simple to be capable of statement in one sentence, for, as the medium is continuous, there would be difficulty in focussing attention on the unity of an involved plot or on the subtlety of a play of character. So we are offered such plots as this: "His old-fashioned mother. . . . A society girl refuses to marry her fiancé when she believes him to be ruined in business, until his luck changes, when she finds that the old-fashioned mother whom she has ridiculed has proved to her son the difference between false and true—changing her mind too late." Such is life—on the cinema; there is no milk-and-water morality in that plot, or anything else that we can discover. But Mr. Hale Ball's book will be valuable to those who wish to earn an occasional £5 or £10, for he tells them not only how to prepare their scrip, but where to send it. The way to sell these plays seems to be similar to that used in selling less soul-stirring articles; the author worries a possible buyer into purchasing them, and apparently does not bother to reckon the cost of paper (which must be of good quality), typing, and postage, when he calculates the reward of his labour in this profitable market. But if the above-quoted plot is an example of originality in cinema drama, any ordinary man ought, with the technical assistance of this book, to be able to write a dozen a day and perhaps sell a dozen a month.

Senlis. By Cicely Hamilton. (Collins. 3s. 6d. net.)

Apparently Miss Hamilton is preparing the way for the horde of tourists that is threatening to descend upon Europe at the end of the war to view the ruins. Certainly her study of Senlis is primarily a guide to the ruins, and many of the photographs illustrate the devastation wrought in one quarter of the place. She demonstrates the antiquity of Senlis, and its connections with European history; even England would not have been what it is if Senlis had not existed, if we may accept her judgment of historical fact. If that be so, the tourists, if they come from England or America, will really be returning to their birthplace when they visit Senlis; but Miss Hamilton warns "the seeker after desolation" that he may be disappointed when he gets to Senlis. The place is being made tidy, the ruins are "orderly ruins"; but she suggests that "he may get his thrill in remembering how narrowly and nearly the city escaped from destruction." He will get it, apparently, from this book which records the fact; it is a guide-book for ghouls who may be disappointed because Senlis will not cry: "Come and look at my lovely ruins": but will set to work to repair the devastation.

"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.]

WORK FOR THE WOUNDED.

My friend Dives has been speaking to me very indignantly about the action of the Carpenters' Union in declining to teach their trade to the wounded. I share his surprise that any class in the community should be selfish enough to grudge the wounded a share in its privileges, but I am not sure that carpentering is an ideal occupation for a wounded man, particularly if he has lost one or more arms; and it seems to me that there are one or two other callings which might well be asked to give a lead to the carpenters in this matter.

For instance, Dives himself is a banker. The business of a banker, I understand, consists in borrowing money at about 2 per cent., and lending it at 6; and as most of the banks declare dividends of 20 per cent., it seems to be fairly remunerative. That is work which I should think a wounded man would find easier than carpentering, and I cannot understand why Dives does not shame the Carpenters' Union by setting up some of the wounded in his own business, accordingly.

Again, the mention of carpenters naturally turns our thoughts to bishops, who, in their humble way, profess to be the representatives of a Carpenter. Their principal functions are believed to be the laying on of hands, and the appointment of the most deserving curates to the best livings. The first of these duties would certainly call for the possession of at least one arm, but the second might be discharged by a blind man; and, in fact, generally seems to be. I cannot believe that the bishops would take up the selfish and unpatriotic attitude of the Carpenters' Union, though they would naturally claim to exercise a wise right of selection among applicants. We could not expect the Bishops of Oxford and London to consecrate one who had been guilty of Christian fellowship with other Protestant communions, but surely there must be some uncharitable bigots among the wounded to whom no objection could be taken.

Another calling that would impose no excessive strain upon a crippled man is that of a landlord, admittedly the most honourable and beneficial of all employments. It is true that landlords usually exert themselves in shooting pheasants and other game in order to protect the crops of their tenants. But I am satisfied that most British farmers are patriotic enough to undertake the work of destroying these pests themselves, for the sake of a landlord who had been wounded. If that were not so, there would still be the position of ground landlord open. His task is strictly limited to raising the rent whenever a lease expires, and that imposes merely a moral strain. This is one of the best-paid forms of unskilled labour, some of the hands engaged on it earning as much as a quarter or half a million a year, so that it is most unlikely that any wounded man would insist on becoming a carpenter if he were offered such a job instead.

An occupation particularly suited to a deaf and dumb man would be that of a member of Parliament. One whose mind had been affected by shell shock might do well as a reviewer. I will only say in conclusion that I shall be happy to teach any wounded man to think. ALLEN UPWARD.

Pastiche.

MALOON.

Maloon's a little nigger and she lives in a hut;
When she grows a little bigger she will wear a band of gut
Round her black tummy-tum, which is round as a drum;
But now she thinks it best to be imperturbably undrest.

She wakes in the night. All her little friends are there
In the bright moonlight—There is tension in the air!
And they creep to the pot where the missionary hot
Is stewing all alone.
"Is he done? is he done?"
Thinks little Maloon, as she stirs him with a spoon
Very softly, very still, lest the gravy she should spill. . .

C. E. B. (after J. C. Squire).

COMB OUT BRAINS FROM LABOUR!

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

(Secreted from the "Times" Literary Supplement.)

["British workmen . . . do not want any intellectual patronage, and they will go their own way massively, as they always have."—"Times" Literary Supplement, January 24, 1918.]

We have every confidence that our plea for the combing-out of the intellectuals from the Labour movement will rapidly commend itself to the public's infancy. On the side of the King's enemies, however, are the slackers who, in the hour of need, refuse to respond to their country's call not to lay down their brains for Labour; and it is in particular to counteract the ignorant and selfish stand made by these shirkers hiding in the loopholes of intellectual superiority and patronage that we feel it our duty to appeal once more to the stupidity of the nation. Even at the risk of making our motive too clear we propose, therefore, to run over the main theme of our discord which we have set to the tune of "Will you walk into my parlour?"

At present we are safe in assuring our readers that, thanks to strikes, public opinion is inclined against the working-man, whilst the only tie between Capital and Labour is red and somewhat threadbare, and almost the only industrial dispute that has yet been settled is the problem of squaring a Labour leader. But in their crass selfishness and ignorance the intellectuals associated with Labour seem incapable of apprehending the pitfalls their ideas present to employers. Once let them provide a skeleton key to the differences between Capital and Labour and assuredly Capital will find itself out on the doormat of public opinion. (We need scarcely assure our readers what a draughty position this would be for Capital: we have known cold feet to result from this self-same exposure.) For what section of the public could be trusted to keep its prejudices intact against the working-class if Labour once so far forgot itself as to offer employers a constitutional solution to industrial problems? Personally we would not be responsible for the disorderly effect in the Labour world of one little practical idea; and we warn our readers that the only safe method is to see to it that every one of these little ones should perish. In a word, we must not only discourage intellectuals from joining the Labour movement; we must deride and oppose their influence when in it. Socialist class hatred (which on the proper occasions we do not hesitate to deplore as the chief obstacle to Labour and Capital reconciliation) is now serving us one good turn after another. Labour, thank Heaven, is prepared to do its bit in despising its middle-class supporters and in rejecting any idea coming from them. We must encourage this attitude of theirs: it serves us well. Let it never be said that the playing-fields of Eton failed Labour in its great fight for freedom from ideas. Let us as becomes a fly-democracy unite with Labour to cast out its spider-devils. We appeal to Lord Rhondda for a little sugar-coating for one last dose to the patriotic British workman. (Hats off to the margarine queues!) It is really so simple. Once comb out brains from the Labour movement, and the only undiluted thing about Labour will be its temper. Need we say more? Do we really need to point out to our unintelligent readers that in Labour's unguided temper is its own destruction? Verb. sap. *Remember Russia!*

We ask our readers to go forward with a good heart, strong in the faith that hitherto all the best opinions contributed to Labour by the intellectuals have been either bought or sold. What we have done once we can do again. At the first sign of a great practical idea likely to be useful to Labour all the Capitalist Press will put their headlines together to nip it in the bud; and should they fail, we can assure our readers that the Northcliffe wind will blow hot and cold on every threatening blossom of it. Down with the intellectuals in the Labour movement! Comb out Labour's Brains! And let us be truly thankful to Providence that Capital and Labour are united in this work.

HORSE-MARINE.

BLASPHEMY.

When I was last home wounded,
Safe lying in a bed,
I told this to the matron—
Because I lost my head.

They gave me bread and milk sops,
I took them with a grunt.
I told this to the matron,
"It's better at the Front."

France. WILL Y. DARLING.

IN A DUG-OUT.

To-day I read a leader in the "Daily Mail";
It said, "The heart of Britain will not quail
Before the insulting foeman's insolent glance.
No; our brave soldiers steadily will advance
Until victory at last is safe within their reach.
—Births, marriages and deaths, five shillings each."

C. E. B. (after Siegfried Sassoon).

BUSHIDO.

THE REAL RIGHT SORT AGAIN.

SHELL-SHOCK.

One furrow on your skull,
A spell in Blighty,
Then one great quaking from the big blast
And light duty well earned.

BERMONDSEY HOSPITAL (Private T——, R.A.M.C.).

Sister said I had half France in my ear;
La belle France must be pretty putrid in her opinion.
I can hear well now, thank goodness and the surgeon.

But the new stretcher-bearers are a pretty feeble lot,
And if Intelligence doesn't want me
I reckon the old Div. could do with me again.

WEST KENTS.

"Oughtn't you to see the surgeon about that plate in your wrist?
Shouldn't it come out? Doesn't it give you pain?"

"Well, I did faint once on parade in that cold snap,
But I'm due for France this week,
And I reckon I ought to be able to stick it."

LAZARUS WARD.

Rotten business getting laid up like this.
Just slipped downstairs, and now my hip is fractured.
If it had been in France now! But before I've been abroad!
There's only pain in this wound, and no service done.
It'll be a long job, I'm afraid.
But I hope they won't discharge me.
(Thanks much for your paper.)

ARCHIE.

Paul trod the earth he's buried in
When he ministered to that heathen Salonika lot.

Only an over-age postie,
But the Black Watch got their letters "reg'lar" when he was on the job.

Now a gun-shot wound in the abdomen,
Three days' pain—and the joy of his Lord.

Come up higher, faithful servant, who kept your post valiantly.

JACK PARKER.

One bullet unkindly guided,
A note dropped in our lines by his adversary.
Farewell, dear old Jack.

LESLIE SHAVE.

Killed and buried at one stroke,
On Vimy that he helped to win.
Oh, woe and pride of the sorrow-bowed!

TRITSCHLER.

No more scene-painting, old chap;
Livelier colours greet your eyes now.
But the grass grows thick and green above your dug-out.

SIGNALS.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

DISILLUSIONED LIBERALS.

Sir,—In a Note of the Week you warn Labour against certain "disillusioned Liberals," including myself, and predict that we shall soon be opposing Labour again. Your only ground for this attack is that you suppose me to be a recent convert. A party which places recent adherents under a ban of suspicion will make few converts. In my case you are mistaken. I have been for ten years a member of the I.L.P.

H. N. BRAILSFORD.

[As the context showed, our warning was addressed to the Labour Left. During at least the last ten years the I.L.P. has been steadily "Liberalising," and is to-day virtually the Radical Party in politics.—ED. N.A.]

Memoranda.

(*From last week's* NEW AGE.)

What we are entitled to ask of power is not that it shall not exist, but that it shall be exercised rationally.

If an unsatisfactory peace must needs come, let it be by the action of any other class than that of Labour —by the action of any other section of Labour than the Labour Left.

Rumour runs where the Press is forbidden.

As the heir-apparent to the present political régime, Labour is beginning to take its politics seriously.—"Notes of the Week."

In the proposed League of Nations we are once again to see the idealism of the idealists jockeyed into serving the very interests which the idealists profess to be opposing.—LEIGHTON J. WARNOCK.

Public policy may, or may not, be inscribed on the Statute Book; nevertheless, we know instinctively as citizens when it is threatened.—S. G. H.

It is erroneous to imagine that physical vigour will make up for musical vigour. A slender noise and precision are the musician's means, for in mere volume he cannot compete with even the lightest howitzer.

A bad period in an art does not mean the final end of the art.

In affairs of tempo the *beat* is a knife-edge and *not* the surface of a rolling-pin.—WILLIAM ATHELING.

The jolly young romancer in the region of fancy is apt to be also the jolly young romancer in the region of fact. Something besides the soul begins to see prospects of advantage in the weaving of fantasy.

Education has always to look out for risks, but in order to see how to take them, not how to avoid them. —KENNETH RICHMOND.

The world cannot expect a high culture to be maintained by writers alone. Readers make writers.— R. H. C.

The British Museum may be said to be especially consecrated to the worship of the dead, but it is at least pretended to be kept up for the benefit of the living.—ALLEN UPWARD.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

To the Editor of the "Daily News."

Our elderly patriots who have "given" so freely of their relatives will do well to think about giving something of their own. It will be better for them in the end. Take the case of a man earning two thousand a year who has saved ten thousand pounds. Wipe off the National Debt, and his income tax at the outside will be two shillings in the £. He would be three hundred a year in pocket. He will have nothing to leave to his children, true. He will leave them instead freedom from an heritage of poverty that otherwise will darken all their lives, and lead inevitably sooner or later to bankruptcy. JEROME K. JEROME.

If any call should be issued for an international Conference of workers of all countries of the world, the American Federation of Labour will not participate. The people of Germany must establish democracy within their own domains and make opportunity for international relations so that life shall be secured and so that the people of all countries may live their own lives and work out their own salvation. Unless this has been accomplished by the German people themselves, the Allied democracies in this struggle must crush militarism and autocracy and bring a new freedom to the whole world, the people of Germany included. Until these essentials are accomplished an International Labour Conference with the representatives of all countries, Germany included, is prejudicial to a desirable and lasting peace.—MR. GOMPERS.

It will be recognised that it is the duty of an industry—of all engaged in it, primarily the employers who direct it, but secondarily and along with them the workpeople—to maintain its own unemployed. The unemployed fringe became during the peace a regular part of the organisation of certain industries. There was always labour to fall back on in busy times which might stand idle in slack times. This was an arrangement of which all the benefits went to the employers and the regular workmen, while all the burden was borne by those upon the fringe. It was a bad and unjust arrangement, and not one to be tolerated in the future. The mechanism of the industrial councils and of insurance against unemployment will, we believe, be found to provide the means of coping with the problem. The workman will secure, what he has lost for a century, something of a *status in his industry*, and with it a definite right of maintenance from it in times when his work slips away from him. The council of the industry will have to regulate the demand for labour accordingly, not rushing into expansions at every chance without regard to the possible fate in the near future of men taken on, but forming a more careful forecast of the industry as a whole, as having a responsibility to provide for those whom it brings into its ranks.—"Manchester Guardian."

To the Editor of "The Call."

I consider a thirty-hour week will be more than sufficient to enable us to produce not only the requisites of life on an adequate scale, but also to provide an ample margin for pioneer and research work. Our powers of production are equal to an enormously greater output than we have yet produced. The chief obstacle to much further advance is the willingness of workers to do the bidding of profit-makers, whose object is private or sectional profit. The six-hour day and a five-day week will only be required for a short period pending reconstruction—*i.e.*, many hundreds of roads are wanted, many hundreds of thousands of houses, and millions of motor vehicles to meet the requirements of a sensible community living up to a high standard of life on a basis of international peace, and making straight for social and economic freedom.—TOM MANN.

The annual musical and social evening in connection with the above was held at Queen's University, Belfast, on Saturday evening. Professor Valentine presided, and a short and very interesting address was delivered by Mr. M. W. Robieson, M.A., on "The Present Status of the Teacher in Scotland." In the course of his remarks Mr. Robieson said that the really distinctive features of Scotch education was the parish school board system, established by the Act of 1872, and since supplemented in various ways. The new Bill proposed to abolish the school board and substitute for it the education committee of the county council working through district and school committees. This would be a great advance, because the present system had broken down hopelessly, even from the point of view of efficiency in administration. The real defect of Scotch education was that the teachers, who were after all presumably the people who knew something about the matter, were the last to be consulted. "Democratic control" had come to mean that the only absolutely necessary qualification for membership of the educational authority was that you should not be an educationist. The aftermath of this disastrous system was the present great deficiency in the supply of highly-qualified teachers. This could only be remedied by a fundamental alteration in the status of teaching which would put it on a level with other professions. Teachers ought to be able to lay down the conditions of entrance to their own profession, and should be represented as a matter of right on all educational authorities, local and central. Mr. Robieson said that he thought the ultimate aim which should be set before teachers was to render teaching a self-governing profession, entrusted by the community with full responsibility for the conduct of education. In the meantime their business was to develop their professional organisation and take care that it had a fighting policy. The vested interests in charge of education were very strong, and the country would not pay for education until it was compelled.—"Northern Whig."

Mr. Hichens said (1) that no business is entitled to make unlimited profits. Labour, the entrepreneur class, capital, and the consumer are all partners in the business of the community, and no one class is entitled to benefit unduly at the expense of another. The principle of the profits tax should therefore be retained after the war. Effect must somehow be given to the principle that no section of society is entitled to an unlimited share of the wealth of the community, that free competition has proved an impossible solution, and that profit-sharing with the State—which is what, in the effect, an excess profits tax is—is more equitable and more expedient than other forms of profit-sharing. It follows (2) that the reward of labour must in the last resort be determined by the State as representing the community. Labour has no more right than capital to make a corner in its own commodity and hold the community up to ransom. In practice it is clear that the tendency will develop for wages to be settled by joint industrial boards representing employers' and workers' organisations, but in the event of disagreement or collusion to exploit the community the State must have the right of intervention. The principle of national service requires (3) that the status of labour as a whole should be raised. The workers are clearly entitled to have an effective voice in regard to the general conditions under which their work is carried on.—"Glasgow Herald."

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