

THE

# NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IF, as Count Hertling thinks, the European balance of power has always been maintained by England for the sake of England's world-dominion, how comes it that Japan and America, the two other world-Powers, feel themselves to be no less concerned than England to maintain the European balance? Is it that they are so inconsiderate of their own independence or so subservient to the dominion of England that they are willing to sacrifice themselves for her sole advantage? It cannot be pretended that on merely European grounds either Japan or America is vitally concerned with the dispensation of Alsace, Trentino, or Posen; and if upon world-grounds all the advantage of the war is to fall to England we must ask once more why these nations are in the war? No answer to this question is likely to be forthcoming from German Imperialists, or from our own pacifists; and we shall, therefore, proceed to reply to it ourselves. The European balance of power is not an English doctrine only; nor is it a European doctrine only. The maintenance of the balance of power in Europe is the condition precedent of the maintenance of the balance of power in the world; for whatever Power should succeed in establishing a hegemony in Europe would be compelled by force of circumstances to attempt to establish its hegemony of the world. The truth of this interpretation of the doctrine has become so apparent within the last few weeks that a great deal of misplaced ingenuity will be required to miss it. Hitherto it has been barely possible for our pacifists to maintain that the war is European; and that the intervention of America and Japan has been due to sentiment or to capitalism only. With the active co-operation of America and the immediately prospective active co-operation of Japan at the very moment that the former European balance of power has been broken down, this theory of the European venue and importance of the war must be finally abandoned. It is now demonstrated that the balance of power in Europe is as much an American or Japanese interest as it is a British interest. And now that Britain alone can no longer maintain it, Japan and America must needs come to their own rescue.

For the collapse of Russia by reason of which the European balance has been temporarily overturned (to the inevitable hegemony of Germany if it should be allowed to be permanent) we are not disposed to reproach Russia. To begin with, it is incongruous to reproach a figure of such immense tragedy as that of the present Slav race; it is a disaster beyond human blame. And, again, we are confident that Russia is still destined to be great and that her future will be as glorious as her present plight is tragic. We have only to reflect on the indomitable spirit of the Slavs as represented by the Jugo-Slavs who are now assuming the lost leadership of Russia in art, philosophy, literature and culture, to be convinced that the present obscuration is only an eclipse that will pass. But, at the same time, we must face the facts and draw the right inferences from them. And the first is this, that with the collapse of Russia, temporary or permanent as events may prove, the German hegemony of the European continent is a fact of exactly the same duration. No visible power exists that can prevent Germany's dominion of Europe from becoming permanent if Russia's collapse is itself to be permanent; for the one depends upon the other. This, indeed, has been seen at last even by such purblindly logical observers as Mr. Brailsford and the able writers of the "Call." For the former has referred to the defeat of Russia as a "disaster for civilisation" while the latter, in their current issue, can only regard the event "with humiliation and shame." The further facts, however, are of not much less importance. That the surrender of Russia has enabled Germany to contemplate hopefully her approaching hegemony of Europe is plain; but the means thereto must be carefully observed. In the sphere of "policy" what is the "blunder" (we are using M. Litvinoff's own word) that has brought about Russia's defeat? Russia's "blunder" lay in believing that a purely moral attitude would of itself induce a responsive moral revolution in Germany. With tragic idealism, Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky determined to stake everything upon their noble throw; and they have lost. But the moral, surely, is no less plain; and we wish to draw our pacifist readers' attention to it. If Russian idealism has failed to induce a response in Germany, can we expect that idealism alone in any other nation can

succeed? Would it not be madness to invite a second nation to become the victims of Prussia?

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Count Hertling's speech has received an adequate reply from Mr. Balfour; and no need exists to say more of it; it belongs to a past that must be buried. But we may remark upon the astonishing inconsistency of our Liberal Pacifists who profess to have seen in Count Hertling's speech an opening for negotiation. Negotiation, however, of what kind? In one breath our pacifists affirm that never again must secret diplomacy be practised; yet here they now are, in the next, rushing out to welcome Count Hertling's invitation, which is to a diplomatic conference of the very secretest description. "It is difficult," writes Lord Buckmaster, "to know why this proposal should be refused"; moreover, "it is impossible to deny the truth of Count Hertling's statement that common understandings cannot be reached by 'dialogues carried on in public.'" It is, however, to precisely this "impossible" method that we have always been led to think the Liberal pacifists invited the world in escape from the horrors brought about by secret diplomacy. Their enthusiastic support of President Wilson has likewise left us under the impression that they approved his new ideal of diplomacy which consists in avoiding the very kind of conferences to which Count Hertling now invites the Allies. How are we then to reconcile the pacifists' denunciation of secret diplomacy with Lord Buckmaster's endorsement of Count Hertling's repudiation of open or democratic diplomacy? Is it that the pacifists, too, have principles for every occasion and are now in favour of secret and now of open diplomacy just as the wind blows? The rest of the democratic world, however, is of a more stable opinion. In respect of the settlement of *this* war at any rate, no secret diplomacy is permissible for the purpose of arriving at a common understanding. We may go even further and say that whatever secrecy may be advisable at the peace-conference itself, the "common understanding" that must necessarily precede it cannot possibly be arrived at by the secret diplomacy advocated by Count Hertling and approved by Lord Buckmaster. The war is being fought not only in the sight of the whole world, but in the mind of the whole world; and a common understanding is only possible from "dialogues carried on in public."

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It has already been remarked that the war-aims of Labour as drawn up and agreed upon at the recent Allied Labour Conference are indeed war-aims; and they cannot be said to be relieved of the charge by the fact that they include proposals for the establishment of a League of Nations. The "New Statesman" plaintively observes that "it has to be confessed with shame that the Labour and Socialist organisations of Western Europe are, on this all-important point, in advance of the political philosophers of the British universities . . . and also of the European Governments"—to which, we may add, with modesty, that they are likewise in advance of events as well. For the truth of the matter is this, that a League of Nations without Germany is not a League of Nations, but an Alliance; while a League of Nations containing Germany presupposes what is not yet a fact, namely, that Germany has ceased to be a State and has become a nation. It will be seen from this simple observation that it is neither a matter for shame nor for surprise that the political philosophers of the British universities and the statesmen of the European Governments should fail to be as "advanced" as the Labour party under the direction of Mr. Sidney Webb. The philosophers and statesmen, whatever else may be their faults, are not likely to commit the error of creating a policy on a doubtful hypothesis. The League of

Nations, we repeat, requires as its first condition the very condition whose realisation is still problematical—the nationalisation of the Prussian State; and until that event has ceased to be speculative the talk about a League of Nations is Fabian moonshine.

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It is interesting, however, to observe the number and magnitude of the tasks remitted for solution by the Labour party to the proposed Supernational Authority. They are enough almost for omnipotence. To begin with, our Supernational Authority is to establish an International High Court of Justice, likewise an International Legislature. Next, it is to assume executive control in every case of disputed arbitration *with the sanction of war*. All foreign policy, as conducted by the constituent nations, is to be subject to its veto. It may at its discretion prohibit the increase or still further limit the armaments of each of its members. The regulation of sea-traffic and of navies in time of war and peace is to be in its hands; and in addition to all this, the Supernational Authority, directly or by commission, is to maintain or superintend the status and conduct of Belgium, Alsace-Lorraine, the Balkans, Palestine, the Turkish Empire, and all the tropical colonies. This piling of responsibility upon the Supernational Authority is, of course, an easy method of escaping our present difficulties. What is easier when you are in a tight corner than to invent a *deus ex machina* to spare your wits? But the implication of power in the new authority is, we are sure, not realised as yet. For with what power would it be necessary to arm an Authority thus charged with responsibility if not with power commensurate with its world-wide duties—that is, with world-power? Nothing short of an absolute and despotic world-power would, in fact, be adequate to the tasks the Labour party sets the Supernational Authority to perform. Having the duties of a Leviathan, it would need the power of a Leviathan. But where, we may ask, is the nation that would consent to the creation of such a monster? It is certainly not our own nation that would remit to any uncontrollable authority such tremendous responsibilities. Nay, the actual authors of the whole preposterous scheme would themselves be the first to oppose it if it were suggested from any other source but their own. Did not Mr. Warnock point out, only last week, that the selfsame advocates of a Supernational Authority were at that moment protesting against the transfer of a minor national responsibility from Westminster to Versailles? And if against this, we can imagine their opposition to an actual proposal to transfer even one-tenth of the responsibilities remitted by the Labour Party.

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But the inclusion of such a monster of pedantry in the Labour war-aims is not the only defect of the Labour manifesto. To say the truth as it appears to us, the whole programme is an evasion of the real point at issue, and consequently dangerous when it is not superfluous. As an instrument of conciliation, or even of friendly discussion with the German Social Democrats (against whom or nobody it is directed) it could scarcely be worse designed. To begin with, and as we have already observed, it is an elaborate statement of war-aims, complete almost to the last detail. Moreover, Mr. Henderson is foolish enough to claim for it the inspiration of "our irreducible minimum." But what the German Socialists may well say of it is that in that event it is a Government document, and that they are no more competent to consider it than our own Labour party is to offer it. How, in fact, does it differ in form from a Government programme? And how could an International Conference that discussed it fail to usurp the functions of a general peace-conference? In the second place, we cannot see

any general principle underlying the whole—unless it be the principle of expediency in particular cases. And even of this expediency there are two sides in every instance. Imagine now what must happen at a Stockholm Conference at which this Manifesto is presented as the agreed demands of the Allied Socialists. Upon every single point of it, discussion will not only be inevitable, it will be necessary; and discussion to infinity. An International Conference called to agree upon a programme could not possibly refrain from examining it with a microscope; and when we remember that the German Socialists number among them unscrupulous as well as able men, the prospect of final agreement is as remote as the end of the other war. To this interminable debate the Labour Manifesto positively invites the Socialists of enemy countries; and since the latter have nothing to lose by it but their time, they will, no doubt, jump at the chance.

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We must persist in saying that what is at real issue, and alone at real issue, between the Labour party and the German Social Democrats is the relation of the latter to the Prussian militarists. It is not a matter of the first practical importance what the German Socialists think of a League of Nations, or of the future of Palestine. It is of as little concern to the world as the opinions formed of the same by our own Labour party. In any event, moreover, such matters can only properly be settled by a peace-conference fully representative of all the nations involved in the war. They are not for settlement at any sectional meeting, even at that of an International. What, on the other hand, is of concern, and not only to the Labour party, but to the world, is, as we say, the relation in which the German people propose to stand in future to their present Prussian masters. Do they propose to continue to support them; or do they mean to make an effort to bring them under control? That is the really vital issue. When a man has allowed his dog to worry your sheep, you do not suggest an agreement with him whereby he shall confine his dog to certain hours of hunting or to certain fields—you ask him bluntly whether he will shoot his dog or give you the trouble of doing so. And, similarly, in the case of the German Socialists, who are at bottom responsible for having kept the Prussian militarist dog, we do not think it proper to ask but one question: are you willing to destroy your dog? It may be replied that in putting this blunt question our Labour delegates would be imperilling the success of the Conference; the German Socialists would not even discuss it in this form. Sooner or later, however, the question would need to be faced, since, as it is obvious, upon the answer to it depends all the rest of the conclusions, and, in fact, the whole upshot, of the Conference. The one condition, indeed, of the success of the Conference is that this question should be put in the forefront of the whole discussion. And we may say that an answer in the affirmative would render all the rest of the Labour programme superfluous, as an answer in the negative would render it nugatory.

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However, if the Labour party has come to grief from following wrong ideas in respect of international affairs, it is no more than it is on the point of doing in the domestic affairs. The same fatal attraction which Liberal and Fabian fancies have for Labour leaders in the one sphere, they have for them in the political sphere. The object of the new Constitution now finally adopted by the Labour party is, in Mr. Henderson's words, to make of Labour "the most powerful political force in the country"; and the means to be employed are the familiar means of running candidates in a sufficient number of constituencies to return a parliamentary majority and a Labour Ministry. Now we have nothing

to say against the attempt of the Labour movement to acquire political power; and we should even recommend the adoption of a Labour candidate for every constituency in the country. All we have ever tried to impress upon Labour is that political power without economic power is a sham, a pretence, and a shadow. But what is economic power in this connection? It is the organised power of industrial Labour; and its measure is the approach that organisation makes to a monopoly. The fact, however, is that so far from industrial Labour approaching the status of a monopoly under collective control, it is almost as much divided as it has been for the last thirty years. The movement for the amalgamation of unions in the same industry has been deliberately impeded in the interests of petty officials; common grievances have been carefully split into fragments in the interests of Labour politicians; and every spontaneous rank and file attempt to widen the scope or to extend the power of the trade unions has been opposed by the leaders with a venom not inferior in poisonous quality to that of the capitalist classes themselves. The consequence is to be seen in this striking fact that at the very moment that political Labour is uniting to obtain political power, not only is industrial power hostile to it, but industrial power is multiplying in divisions among itself. In other words, as the political power of Labour is growing orderly, the industrial power on which it is based is growing disorderly and chaotic. We can forecast with certainty the outcome of such a state of affairs. Political Labour may succeed in returning two or three hundred members of parliament at the next General Election. For all we know, it may succeed in returning a majority and in forming a Ministry. But when it comes into political power, it will find that its power is only nominal, and that, in fact, an effective veto will be exercised by the economic power of Labour which it will have neglected to organise and conciliate.

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But that is not the only consequence. As political Labour moves further and further from its economic base, not only will it be advancing into enemy territory with decreasing support, but its chances of being surrounded and captured by the advance guards of the enemy will multiply. We need not hesitate to name the enemy section most likely to effect this capture, since it is already taking the field. At a meeting of Liberal agents held last week Mr. Asquith did, indeed, maintain that the Liberal party must preserve its identity and beware of merging itself in an as yet embryonic political combination; but the hint of the "combination" was explicitly taken up by a Radical group that met later in the week and proposed "while working inside the Liberal party to endeavour to establish a working partnership with the Labour party." What this means is apparent from the history of the I.L.P. during the war. Everybody knows what has been the fate of the the I.L.P. from having established a working partnership with Liberals—chiefly of the pacifist type—there has been no Labour in the group, and nothing but Liberal pacificism. The I.L.P., in fact, may be said to have been captured by pacifist Radicals after having been cut off from its ultimate sources of strength in the rank and file of Labour. And much the same fate is now being prepared for the Labour party in general. Advancing, as it is, without moving its base in the industrial movement, it is already beginning to fall a prey to the political shibboleths of the Radicals who themselves, without being aware of it, are playing the role of capitalist decoys. And precisely as the I.L.P. is now indistinguishable from the Liberal pacifists in the country and in parliament, the whole of the Labour party will in time be indistinguishable from the mass of political Liberalism. This is certain from the neglect to which we have referred—the neglect of industrial organisation.

## Foreign Affairs,

By S. Verdad.

To what do I owe the honour of this call, Mr. Verdad?

It occurred to me that you, as a pacifist journalist—pardon the cacophony—could tell me better than any one else what your people expect to derive from their advocacy of peace. Do you think a satisfactory peace is likely in the present circumstances; and, if so, what kind of a peace have you in mind?

Of course we think a satisfactory peace is quite possible of attainment now; as satisfactory a peace, at any rate, as we are likely to get at any time. You have read Hertling's speech, I presume, and you see what an advance it is on anything previously said. See how moderate its tone is.

I have observed, at any rate, the advance of the German Army in Russia; there is no mistaking that. How can you reconcile your satisfaction with Hertling's definite statement that Belgium is not to be restored unconditionally—since "guarantees" are demanded that England and France are not to use Belgian soil as a jumping-off ground; and with the German occupation of Courland, Livonia, Esthonia, and Lithuania, not to speak of the Ukraine?

Let me take your remarks one at a time. Why shouldn't Germany demand guarantees regarding Belgium? It is all nonsense to pretend that a country, situated as Belgium is, can ever profess to be a neutral country. The place wasn't called the cockpit of Europe for nothing. When the tension of war became too great, someone simply had to go across Belgium. This time it was Germany. Next time—and there may well be a next time unless we take precautions—it might just as well be England or France. Are we not capable of it; or, rather, are not our imperialists capable of it, just as the German imperialists were?

Permit me to question some of your assumptions. I cannot allow German and British imperialists to be spoken of casually in the same breath as if they were one and the same type. They aren't. Our imperialists, however narrow-minded and stupid they may have been at times, could not help taking with them overseas a proportion, however small, of our national traditions; and that means, first, individual freedom; and, secondly, as little State as possible. Can you truthfully say that German imperialism represents either of those rather important factors?

It had not occurred to me to distinguish between two examples of the same evil.

Then between two evils you should choose the lesser. Apart from that—bating the absurdity of an aggressive country, the only one left in the world, asking for guarantees against aggression—how do you propose what you regard as the fictitious neutrality of Belgium is to be safeguarded? Why, there were guarantees before the war in abundance; I thought everybody recognised that by now. If Germany's signature was untrustworthy, and if you regard other imperialisms as being no different, what have you in mind?

We have in mind the only possible solution—a League of Nations which shall undertake the responsibility of safeguarding its members from the attacks of any unscrupulous Power. The League, by virtue of its executive authority, will be able to interfere as soon as ever any sign of aggression shows itself.

You know perfectly well that there is only one aggressive Power, so it is purposeless to talk in abstractions. You know that the military classes in Germany, and the whole of the people as well, unfortunately, are supremely elated over Russia's misfortunes and the resultant acquisitions of territory by Germany. How are you going to deal with Germany's next aggression?

Admitting the validity of your statements, the League will deal with Germany, if necessary, by armed

force, and by the still stronger weapon of the economic boycott. President Wilson has given his assent to this latter course, as you may remember, with special reference to an ambitious Germany.

Well and good. But Germany has been economically boycotted for close on four years, and the boycott seems to have been rather ineffective. Further, look at the armed force employed against her. Why, there has never been anything like it. How much stronger can the League be, apart from the fact that Germany, by her acquisition of Russian minerals, can snap her fingers at an economic boycott?

You are leaving moral factors out of the reckoning. The German people, I am convinced, could not withstand the unanimous opinion of the rest of the world—the moral condemnation would be too obvious and great. Besides, I think the democratisation of Germany after the war inevitable; and I cannot think that the German people, after their experience of this war, will ever want another. I see your incredulous look, but we cannot argue on the point; we can but agree to differ. I want to question another of your preliminary assumptions. You spoke of Livonia and so on. Why should not the Germans take over these provinces exactly as we have taken over Egypt and India, and as Austria has taken over Bosnia and Herzegovina?

I may remind you that there has never been any such agitation by the native population against our rule; or, rather, our administration, in Egypt and India, as there has been in Bosnia and Herzegovina against the Austrians, and as there certainly will be in the Russian provinces against the Germans, exactly as there has been in Alsace and Lorraine.

We may assume that the Germans will modify their attitude; but, in any case, they are bound to do good to the occupied districts. They are at least good administrators, not corrupt as the Tsar's representatives were; capable, scientific. They will develop trade, build roads and railways, drain the marsh lands, and so forth. Look at what the Austrians have done in Bosnia and Herzegovina—the administration of the places is excellent; much better than the Serbians or the Turks could do it.

I admit all you say about the excellence of German organisation; but I must remind you that down-trodden populations, such as the people of Alsace-Lorraine, don't like it. The excellence of the Austrian administration has not led to any decrease in the Pan-Serbian movement; on the contrary. And the reason is quite simple when you come to think of it. Thanks to the theoretical teaching of English philosophers, exemplified in practice in the French Revolution, all the peoples of the earth—except the backward Germans—want to be free to govern and to administer themselves, even though they may do it badly at first. Your arguments, applied in other directions, would keep a baby in leading-strings all the days of its life; and it would never have a chance to develop. Now, English imperialism, bad though you may think it, implants these seeds of freedom even if it doesn't know it. But German imperialism never does, and cannot do so by the very nature of the organisation of the German mind by the State.

A League of Nations might—

A League of Nations is out of the question. Those who support it in theory oppose its executive functions in practice—look at Asquith and the "Daily News" over the Versailles Conference.

At any rate, we must have peace if only to put an end to the slaughter.

A realistic nation will not allow you to stop. Be a realist. Look at what is, and when you have beaten the Germans you will be the better able to deal with what ought to be.

## Guilds and their Critics.

### VI.—DISTRIBUTION (*Continued*).

#### V.

It did not need the food-queues of war-time to convince the observant that our system of distribution is not merely inefficient but chaotic. Even if National Guilds had never been proposed, we should, nevertheless, have been compelled, sooner or later, to assume some control, possibly through the local governing bodies, over the disorganised retail system of this country. The rapid development of the centralised stores, the centipedal march of the multiple shops, the growing monopoly of food-stuffs, the obvious fact that thousands of retail establishments were "tied-houses," dummies of enterprising merchants, compelling small men to shoulder the debts while they captured the plunder—all these were gradually turning serious men towards municipal trading. The increasing cost of distribution, mainly by advertising, which inevitably fell upon the consumer—too often advertising in lieu of quality—the artificial house and ground rents thus created, falling in part upon the consumer and in part upon industry, the growing dominance of the middleman, whose function had long been exceeded, so that he could squeeze the producer on one side and the consumer on the other—these considerations were already a problem when war began. The war has taught us that probably a million men and women were working at uneconomic occupations in distribution on that fateful August in 1914. Nor can we forget the malign influence exercised by distributive firms upon our Press by the advertising lever. In short, distribution was in a bad way.

Beyond noting their general inadequacy, we need not here concern ourselves with the small retail shops. They were doomed in any event; they would certainly have succumbed when, with wage-abolition, fifteen to twenty million intermediate consumers passed into the final class, with an effective demand far beyond their reach. Yet, if Mr. Arthur Richardson is approximately correct, these small shops cater to 50 per cent. of the population. But that is only another way of saying that they are a parasite upon the wage-system. Granting that there are many "old-established" shops doing a "highly respectable" credit business in suburban areas, it is safe to assume that the great majority of retail shops live on the pence and shillings of exiguous wages. In the broad sense, they are "truck-shops," supplying only what wages can buy. Truck-shops, too, in another sense: they sell precisely what the capitalists, the present protagonists of consumption, choose to supply. They batten on the wage-system; they must fall with it. Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb, in their Report to the Fabian Research Department, say this:—

"Apart from the very poorest people who live on the crumbs that fall from the tables of others, it is still matter for doubt whether the Co-operative Movement can attract the mass of the wage-earners in low-paid employment. So far as Great Britain is concerned, the practice of catering for the class which prefers a substantial dividend, and is willing for this end to continue to pay the prices of the retail-shopkeeper, militates against the membership of the worst paid."

If this be so, then it follows that the shopkeepers in an industrial district must supply the most poorly paid wage-earners. They certainly take under their wing all who are casually employed or subject to prolonged periods of unemployment. We are safe in presuming that any change of *status*, or even any widespread increase in wages, would witness a movement of their customers either to the Co-operative Stores or to the better organised establishments. The small retailer automatically disappears with the disappearance of proletarian demand.

But Mr. and Mrs. Webb say this also:—

"Just as there is a class too poor for Co-operation, so there is a class too rich. So long as anything like the present inequalities of income endure, the wealthiest part of the population is never likely voluntarily to join the ranks of the working-class Co-operative Movement. The families enjoying substantial incomes—especially when the income is received at greater intervals than week by week—are not attracted by the quarterly dividend, which they consider they have unnecessarily paid for in the prices, and they prefer the more obsequious and usually more minutely particular service of the private shopkeeper."

True; but permit me to set it in a Guild frame.

Distinct from the suburban trader, who deals mainly with the salariat, the individual shopkeeper is concerned with the intermediate consumer. That is, more or less unconsciously he is the agent of the employer in the supply of raw material for the maintenance of the labour commodity. We must not let his apparent economic independence obscure the fact of his agency. He is absolutely in the hands of the capitalist class, supplying the goods they determine as suitable for the wage-earners and financially dependent upon the banks to carry on the petty profiteering, by which he contrives to continue a member of the middle-class. Within the limits imposed, and driven by the spur of a rather mean competition, he doubtless does his best for his clients. But his *raison d'être* is to keep the wage-earner as satisfied with his wage as the circumstances permit.

I have remarked that the small shopkeeper is a parasite upon wavery, a growth from the soil of economic subjection. May not the same be said of the Co-operative Movement? Yes—in the sense that, in all its stages, productive and distributive, it is practically confined to proletarian requirements, expressing in material things the life and habits of the wage-earning class; no—in the sense that, by its organisation, it is strong enough to persist through every change of wage-earning *status*, and, by its democratic basis, capable of adjustment to a new order of society; yet, again, no—in the sense that it is, in a marked degree, independent of that centralised capitalistic control so characteristic of the small shopkeeper. The capitalist says to the shopkeeper: Supply these goods or go without; the Co-operative Society says that it will please itself. But both supply practically the same commodities, and neither protests against the wage-conditions that confine their customers to such narrow limits of demand. If the industrial distributors were with one accord to declare that they would no longer insult their dignity by supplying wage-slaves, they would bring near a moral and economic revolution. The employers rely upon them to keep their customers content with the existing economic system. "Panem et circenses" is neither dead nor slumbering; but its meaning is judiciously veiled behind clouds of apparently unrelated simulacra.

Remain the great emporia—Harrod's, Whiteley's, Selfridge's, and the like, not forgetting those quasi-co-operative societies, the Army and Navy Stores, the Civil Services, and half-a-dozen others. We may say of them that, on the whole, they supply the best that can be got for the final consumer. The Distributive Guild of the future will absorb them, relentlessly crushing out their snobbery and obsequiousness.

#### VI.

The conclusions to be drawn from the preceding sections of this chapter are these:—

(i) Distribution, although most closely in contact with the intimacies of life, is fundamentally an economic process, the last stage of production, which only ends at the consumers' door.

(ii) But this contact implies a reciprocal relation, and as the family and community are vitally affected, it follows that the locality, composed of individuals

qua consumers, is entitled to representation in the distributive organisation.

(iii) Aesthetic craftsmanship is rooted in locality, and, accordingly, in the assertion of local interests we find a guarantee for individuality and quality in production.

(iv) To bring local government into line with National Guilds, great structural changes are essential, notably a more responsible parish life, and a larger municipal area developing into a Province.

(v) Existing retail organisation is chaotic and inadequate, and based upon the economic restrictions inherent in wavery.

Can these factors be reconciled in the municipal control of distribution? If the State be really the representative of the consumers, why should it not control distribution?

It is a material part of my argument that distribution is a stage, a phase, of production; that the cost of any commodity only ceases when it passes into the custody of the consumer. That means that transit enters into the cost of production, as is undoubtedly the case. It therefore follows that if the State, acting for its client the consumer, were to take control of distribution, it must also, in part at least, control transit. But the Transit Guild would be, beyond question, one of the productive Guilds. The result would be the re-entry into industry of the State, centrally or locally, when not the least of Guild motives is to exclude it from industry so that it may the more effectively apply itself to more spiritual ends. A critic might reply that the State could make equitable contracts with the Transit Guild and yet control distribution. I agree; but the ensuing friction is not pleasant to contemplate. The tendency to conciliate the consumer by throwing all blame on the Transit Guild would be irresistible. But that is the least of the objections. All the productive Guilds, from textiles to coal, would naturally decline to put their products at the mercy of an outside body, particularly the State, which might be powerful enough to reimpose the vanquished dominance of the consumer over the producer. They would say that not for this had they abolished wavery and established the producer's mastery over his own work. If we seriously reflect on this, the only possible conclusion is that distribution must be recognised for what it is—an integral part of production—and, accordingly, the Productive Guilds must, through their own machinery, deal with the consumer. To make the State a party to the inevitable (and healthy) bickerings of producer and consumer would be to weaken its moral authority, and render it ineffective in its own sphere of action. Organised local contact with distribution, yes; control over it, assuredly no.

#### VII.

The co-ordination of local supply must speedily follow the formation of the productive Guilds. The sale of their commodities by the most convenient and companionable methods would obviously become urgent. Not for ten unnecessary minutes would they entrust the work to existing agencies. It is possible that, to begin with, some of the Guilds might choose to open their own shops and warehouses and sell direct to the consumer. It is here that local consumers, through local organisations, would prove their weight by protesting against such a narrow-minded and short-sighted policy. Apart from the fact that such diffused methods are uneconomic, they would prove extremely inconvenient to all the consumers concerned. Against such a policy, even the local authorities might properly protest. And not only on grounds of convenience: Such an absence of local co-ordination would preclude that representation of the consumers which we agree is essential to effective distribution. But I do not think we need waste thought

on such a possibility; the success of centralised selling is too palpable to be ignored. A Distributive Guild is clearly indicated. One can picture the representatives of this Guild meeting a Public Purposes Committee of the local area to decide upon location, local transit, and upon the architecture of the Guild premises, not forgetting the lecture hall, swimming bath, gymnasium, library, rest-rooms, and (if I live in the neighbourhood) a secluded corner for a rubber of auction and a billiard table.

What shall be the constituents of this Distributive Guild?

First, all the productive Guilds whose goods it distributes will be represented on its Executive, or whatever its managing body may call itself. Reciprocally, the Distributive Guild will appoint its representatives to the directrates of all the productive Guilds. Secondly, representatives from the municipal bodies in each area covered by the Guild. Thirdly, consumers chosen by the general body of customers. A State representative, too, I imagine.

But what will be the locus standi of the general body of consumers? Every consumer ought to be a member of this Guild by the payment of a nominal fee. Representation upon the local and central authorities of the Guild would, I suggest, derive from the business meetings of these customers. We have the Co-operative movement before our eyes to know what to adopt and what to avoid.

Finance? That is the affair of the productive Guilds. All the cost of distribution goes into production; the producers must finance the cost of a pound of tea until it is delivered at Mrs. Smith's home. Alternatively, the Distributive Guild may arrange for ample credits through the Guild banks. Theoretically, I insist upon three points: (a) the control of production by the producer; (b) that, in consequence, the producer must finance distribution, either directly by subvention or credit from his own Guild, or through the Guild bank, which he controls; and, as a logical sequence, (c) the consumer should not be called upon for a farthing of capital.

This third proviso brings us into collision with the co-operative theory that the consumer should control distribution, with its corollary that, if he is to control it, he must finance it. Mr. and Mrs. Webb think that, pending a transformation of society, the Co-operative Movement can never exceed one-fifth of the national production. I suspect that the real reason is that the theory of consumer's control over distribution, to say nothing of production, runs counter to economic law. Not only economic law, but equity; not only equity, but habit and convenience. At the end of 1914, there were three and a half million co-operators who had raised nearly £70,000,000 to compass an annual sale of less than £150,000,000. Apart from such bad finance, why should the consumer be fined so heavily to procure the necessaries of life? It is a despairing protection against the profiteering producer. It is not that the co-operator really wants to control production, of which distribution is the final stage; he wants to share in the producer's profits. So first he began on distribution, and has gradually worked his way towards actual production. When he started, it was the cant of the period to proclaim the dominance of the consumer. He naturally enough shouted with his Manchester master. Fundamentally, he wanted to be a producer. Even now, it is the producer who controls the Co-operative movement. All the 28,000 employees of the Co-operative Wholesale Society are producers and not consumers. Of that number, nearly 17,000 are actually engaged on the productive stages prior to distribution. Guild organisation will ultimately absorb these. National Guilds and Co-operative theory are mutually destructive; but we can catch something of the finer spirit behind this movement,

finally adapting a large part of its organisation to the service of the final consumer.

Do we verge on some perfectionist theory of life, if we anticipate that an organisation, such as that I have so faintly outlined, will revive local life and turn its activities into more fruitful ways? Purged of profiteering, its wants supplied, its energies co-ordinated, producer and consumer functioning each in his own sphere, yet acting and reacting upon each other in mutual effort to achieve some substantial happiness, a local life so ordered need never lapse into inanition. Particularly do I contemplate the revival of the deserted parish, once the germ of English national vitality. But whether in small or large groups, it is reasonable to hope that the correspondence established between production and local life will kindle into flame the arts and crafts, providing elbow-room for genius, searching it out and sustaining it, so that beauty and pleasure may come again and in the way they have always come, not to the favoured few but to all folk, simple and gentle. S. G. H.

## Fate and Resignation.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

THE formula of THE NEW AGE says that the Allies are fighting to prevent the Germanic Government, by regimenting the peoples of other races, and mainly the Slavs, and by making use of them as cannon-fodder and as industrial slaves, to become masters of the rest of the world. This formula is not only the truest and most comprehensive of all the formulas that have attempted to express briefly the aims of the Allies. Its truth is easily tested when we have in view the immense superiority of land over sea-transport in contemporary warfare. With the advantages that Germany and her vassals derive from their central geographical position and the present disunion and weakness of the Slav peoples, it is impudent to assert in the face of these facts that the Imperialism of the maritime Powers, such as England, America and Japan, can be as dangerous for the totality of the world as that of Germany. The old Continent, Europe, Asia and Africa, cannot be dominated by sea; it can only be dominated by land. Only a continental nation can subjugate it; and the domination of the old Continent means the domination of the world.

But this formula expresses also, and, at the same time, the true moral character of the war. They fundamentally deceive themselves who believe that the best possible apology for the Allied cause is the proof that that cause is just. They have not penetrated deeply enough into the nature of this war who content themselves with maintaining that it is just. If what they mean is that a war needs only to be just to be justified, they must be told that they have not yet reflected profoundly enough on the nature of war in general; and that it is already time for them to do it unless they intend to leave the last word to the pacifist. A war is not justified merely by being just. A war that is only just may be a frivolous war, if it is not, in addition to just, both grave and necessary. There are too many injustices in the world to justify a war for each of them. The appeal to war means not only the unchaining of the primitive forces of men, but the chaining of the spiritual energies of men to purely mechanical ends; and this is a step so grave that it cannot be lightly ventured. And even this is not all. It is frequently said, for instance, that a war is justified when a nation is the victim of an unjust aggression. But this is doubtful. It would not be wise to lay down the principle that every nation that is the victim of an unjust aggression is under the moral obligation of appealing to arms in defence of its rights. Wisdom counsels the waiving of our rights

in certain circumstances. But not always. There are certain rights that we may renounce in certain circumstances. There are others which we ought to maintain even at the cost of war. Everything depends on the importance of those rights and on the possibility or impossibility of maintaining them by other means than war.

We have already fixed the three conditions necessary to justify war. First, it must be just; but that is not enough, for a just war may be a frivolous war. Second, it must be grave—that is to say, it must justify by the importance of the issues the gravity of the sacrifices incurred; but not even that is enough. It must be, finally, necessary, in the sense that the aims of the war cannot be achieved by any other means. From the justice of the cause springs the primary and indispensable feeling of righteous indignation. From the gravity of the cause springs another feeling of respect which moderates and harnesses the first feeling of moral indignation. But from the necessity of the war must still arise a third feeling, that of resignation, which is not only the deepest and the noblest of the sentiments which the necessity of the war may awaken in those already possessed by its justice and gravity, but which must be the characteristic feeling of the best men in face of a war that is just, precisely because it is not merely just, but also grave and necessary. A war in which the feeling of righteous indignation prevailed would be a moral war. If to this indignation were added respect for the importance of the issues, we should have a cultural war. But a war which added to this indignation and this respect the touch of resignation to fate would be a tragic war in that ultimate sense in which morality and culture are included in tragedy, and, moreover, overcome.

This feeling of resignation is characteristic of the present war. I was in Spain when the French mobilised. A gymnastics instructor in S. Sebastian was saying good-bye to his friends before joining his regiment. He was all smiles, body erect, proud front, bright eyes, and I was moved by his countenance. But perhaps I ought to have been more moved, because physical courage is, to my mind, the most admirable virtue in a man; only, the day before, I had seen another Frenchman, who held a well-paid post in Spain, and who was very fond of the comforts of life, bidding good-bye to his position and his friends in a very different mood. For a week, and after the diplomatic situation had become serious, his mind was full of misgivings. When his friends discussed the probabilities of war, his eyes were filled with tears. He wept before other men, and he wept again when he mused alone. One day he told me: "I am looking for a good excuse for desertion, but I can find none; I tell myself sometimes that this is a capitalist war; but I cannot believe it. I have lived in Germany and know how small is the influence of the wealthy over the military. At other times I say that it is not worth while to add the few drops of my own blood to the red rivers that will flow. I see coming upon the straight highroads of my country innumerable files of the Prussian caste; I hear the tramp of the invaders as they advance in step; I am filled with horror, for I hate war. But I am not alone in hating it. I know that I am afraid, for I was always pusillanimous in the face of fatigue and danger. When I think of this, I am ashamed of myself. A moment later, I am enraged against my own shame, and then I know that I could not stay here while my regimental comrades received the blow of the Prussian invasion." Then he shrugged his shoulders, and added—il faut marcher—one must go. And he went. He might have remained safely in Spain, but he went to the war.

No other incident of the war has impressed me more than this. And it is not that this reservist personified

the struggle of duty against our tendencies and the triumph of duty, for the type of Kantian man is not, to my mind, so sympathetic as that other which fulfils his duty as if he were drinking a good old wine, and not as if he were taking cod liver oil. I have not understood until now why that man moved me so much. But now I know. That Frenchman felt the bigness of the things involved in the war. It was in vain that he told himself he had not asked to be born. He protested in vain against a world that placed him in the dilemma of fighting against Prussia, which he conceived as not much less than almighty, or bowing to her victory. But he saw the dilemma. It was only his bad luck that made him thirty in 1914; and he resigned himself to the war. I saw afterwards this very feeling of resignation in some of the best men who have gone to the war. Some had very obscure notions of the problems implied in the war itself; but they all felt that life would not be worth living if the Germans should win. "Europe will need to devote herself entirely to union against the Germans for more than a hundred years," used to say our late friend, Lieutenant T. E. Hulme.

And only this accent of resignation can render full justice to a war that must be faced somehow as if it were of the nature of an earthquake or a flood. It is a matter partly of fate. The German State, by fortune and misfortune, by merits and failings, by the work and thought of the present generation, and by the work and thought of former generations, also through circumstances entirely alien to the will of present and past Germans, the German State cannot augment its power without becoming the master of the world. But many of the factors that make attainable by Germany the dominion of the world unless all other men set themselves to prevent it are not the work of the Germans themselves, but of their fortune and misfortune. These factors consist in their central geographical position, in the value of railways for warfare, and in the disunion, weakness, and vast numbers of the Slav peoples. And these factors give to the war its tragic accent of fatality.

The world can do no other than submit to Prussia or to fight against her. But to submit to the will of a single nation is to forgo consciousness and civilisation. This was said by a man whose authority will not be disputed by the present rulers of Germany. It was said by Treitschke: "Die Idee eines Weltreiches ist hassenwert; das Ideal eines Menschheits staates est gar kein ideal. In einem einzigen Staate Könnte sich gar nicht der ganze Inhalt der Kultur verwirklichen." (The idea of a universal empire is hateful; the ideal of a humanity-State is not an ideal at all. In a single State it would be impossible to realise the whole content of culture.) This used to be thought by all educated Germans in the times before they dreamed of becoming the rulers of a universal empire themselves. And this is what all awakened minds in the rest of the world still think—and, thank God, many Germans also.

One of these Germans recently asked: "What have we Germans done that the whole world is arrayed against us? We may have many faults, but have we not our virtues as well?" The reply is as follows: "Yes, you have your virtues. You have so loved your work, your thought and your dreams that you have not cared to concern yourselves with politics. You have allowed yourselves to be ruled by a despotic dynasty and a tyrannical caste. And by this political omission of yourselves you have created a State endowed with the fabulous power of that very work and thought but turned to the fulfilment of dreams of its own." This is the German failing; but let us be glad that we can attribute something to fate also. Had the German people been poor and insignificant, this accumulation of power in the hands of its State would have mattered little to the world. Had it occurred in a nation dif-

ferently situated or in a period of the world's history other than the present, or before the railways had superseded sea-power, or the railways themselves had been superseded; or had the Slav peoples been less divided and weak, the world would still have been more or less complacent. As it is, the world can do no other than it is doing.

## Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janko Lavrin.

### VIII.—CULTURE AND RELIGION.

#### I.

It is really remarkable how many psychological, political, and even social mistakes sometimes occur simply as the results of ideological mistakes and confusions. Thus many different, even opposite factors and values, have been, and are still being, confused; for instance, confession and religion, plebeianism and democracy, erudition and culture, culture and civilisation.

The last-named confusion, the confusion between culture and civilisation, is particularly unfortunate. Although even now no substantial distinction is drawn between them, the difference, nevertheless, is very great and very important.

This difference may be expressed in such terms as these: culture is the complex of all the inner or spiritual values of an individual, as well as of a nation (religion, ethics, art, literature), while civilisation represents the complex of all the external values (politics, industry, trade, science, etc.).

A nation, as well as a single individual, can be civilised, although, at the same time, without any (inner) culture, and—vice versa. History affords examples of races which had a very high culture, but a considerably lower degree of civilisation (the ancient Indians), as well as of such as had a great civilisation, but a relatively low, eclectic and borrowed culture; for instance, the ancient Romans, and, in modern times, the Americans.

But the most important feature in all this is the fact that the tragedy of history is an everlasting struggle between the external and inner values of mankind, i.e., a struggle between *Materia* and *Spirit*, between "civilisation" and culture. And if we look deeply at this struggle—which, in many respects, corresponds to the struggle between "body and soul" in a single individual—we see an interesting fact: we see that the external values (the values of civilisation) always endeavour to subdue to their purposes the inner, the cultural values, and—vice versa.

As long as the speed of cultural evolution is as great as the speed of civilisation, culture can offer a firm stand against all purely external values. But as soon as the speed of civilisation becomes quicker, there arises a danger for culture. And the greater the difference between their rates of speed the greater is the danger, for—in this case the speed of civilisation develops at the expense of culture. The cleavage can go even so far that the values of culture become completely subdued, exhausted and absorbed by the values of civilisation.

In such a case we arrive at a most tragic paradox: the stronger the civilisation the weaker becomes the culture. The more civilised we are the less culture we possess.

Unfortunately, the entire so-called modern progress goes in this respect in the direction of civilisation, but not in the direction of culture. All European culture is being, more and more, engulfed by civilisation. Modern Germany presents an especially striking illustration, for there the *salto mortale* from the sphere of culture into the sphere of the "iron" civilisation took

place more rapidly than in any other European country.

But the other European nations are going, so far, on the same path without being capable of finding a means, a "higher idea," which could change this direction, i.e., save them from civilisation for civilisation's sake, and pull them out from the foul marsh of everlasting economics for economics' sake, and politics for politics' sake.

In other words: Europe is without any cultural perspective, without any idea or value which could pour a new life into our tired, disillusioned and "civilised" souls. In the manner of a Tartuffe we are repeating the old hackneyed phrases about liberty, fraternity, and even about morals and honesty in politics—knowing beforehand that nobody believes them. The great boredom gnaws at our hungry and thirsty souls, and our desperation has only one answer—the ironical grimace of the "iron" Moloch, which is crushing the spirit of mankind.

We are now at the great parting of the ways where the most tragic dilemma of mankind must be solved: either we must find a "superior idea" which can subdue civilisation to the cultural values, or culture as such will perish for ever—crushed by the modern Tower of Babel.

But where is the possibility of making such a transvaluation not only in words, but also in deeds? Or is there yet such a possibility? Are we not too "poor in spirit," too "civilised" for such a task?

## II.

By this question Dostoyevsky was haunted more than anybody in Europe. More than anybody he was aware of the terrible mechanisation and materialisation of contemporary mankind. The Tower of Babel of the self-styled modern civilisation grew with an incredible speed before his eyes; it grew to infinity—without any higher aim and meaning.

All the inner values became substituted by the external ones. The true religion and culture became separated. The result of this cleavage was that religion degenerated into paralytic confessions and mechanical "creeds," while culture lost its chief impetus and guide. Thus culture could not subdue and give the direction to the rapid growth of civilisation, and the only thing that remained for it was to adapt itself to the aims of civilisation and to make way for all the external values. The great kingdom of the dead whose only meaning of life lies in gain and business spread over the earth. And the dead even are not capable of being conscious of their spiritual deadness.

Dostoyevsky was one of the first who saw the chief cause of this materialisation in the loss of a true religious idea, i.e., in the differentiation between religion and culture, between religion and life. "In the origin of any people or any nation, the moral (i.e., religious) idea has always preceded the birth of the nation, because it was the moral idea which created the nation. This moral idea always issued forth from mystical ideas, from the conviction that man is eternal, that he is more than an earth-born animal, that he is united to other worlds and to eternity. Those convictions have always and everywhere been formulated into a religion, into a confession of a new idea, and always so soon as a new religion began, a new nationality was also created immediately. Consider the Jews and the Moslems. The Jewish nationality was formed only after the law of Moses, and the Moslem nationality appeared only after Koran. Therefore, civic ideals are always directly and organically connected with moral (religious) ideas, and generally the former are created by the latter alone. Therefore, self-perfection in the spirit of religion in the life of nations is the foundation of everything. But when nationality

begins to lose the desire within itself for a common self-perfection of its individuals in the spirit which gave it birth, then all the civic institutions gradually perish"—he writes in his "Diary of an Author."\*

The complete absence of such a spirit in our "civic institutions" was perhaps the reason why Dostoyevsky declared that in Europe—"this Europe where so many treasures have been amassed—the whole social foundation of every European nation is undermined, and perhaps will crumble away to-morrow, leaving no trace behind."

Even in the great socialistic movement Dostoyevsky saw only an agent of civilisation as such, but not an agent of culture—at least, as far as socialism is based on merely external values: on utilitarianism, on "science and reason," and on economic interests. He was against socialists as far as they were a-religious. "They have science; but in science there is nothing but what is the object of sense. The spiritual world, the higher part of man's being is rejected altogether, dismissed with a sort of triumph, even with hatred. The world has proclaimed the reign of freedom, especially of late, but what do we see in this freedom of theirs? Nothing but slavery and self-destruction." And on another occasion he says: "Human nature is not taken into account . . . they don't want a living soul. And it comes in the end to their reducing everything to the building of walls and passages in a phalanstery. . . . You can't skip over nature by logic. Logic presupposes three possibilities, but there are millions! Cut away a million and reduce it all to a question of comfort! That is the easiest solution of the problem. . . . The whole secret of life in two pages of print!"

The a-religious and even anti-religious character of socialism Dostoyevsky emphasised on several occasions. In spite of all its "progressive" ideas he saw in it many dangers for culture which, in Dostoyevsky's opinion, is and must be indissolubly connected with the "spirit of life," i.e., with the highest religious idea. In a merely utilitarian and "scientific" socialism he saw only a quantitative but not a qualitative difference between it and all the present social forms which also are built on external, on forensic bonds.

Dostoyevsky knew too well the inner nature of man. This knowledge prevented him from believing in the possibility of a real love between man and man only in the name of the compulsory utilitarian principles. In a compulsory brotherhood, in a "fraternité ou la mort!" Dostoyevsky could not see a real brotherhood. On the other hand, he was not against socialism as such; he was only for a deeper socialism, for a brotherhood built on an inner, on a religious basis.

Like his antipodes Nietzsche he also hated the great cultural dilettantism peculiar to the contemporary utilitarian socialists. He saw in them the apostles of "half-truths" which he defined as "the most terrible scourge of humanity, unknown till this century and worse than plague, famine or war. A half-truth is a despot such as has never been in the world before. A despot that has its priests and slaves, a despot to whom all do homage with love and superstition hitherto inconceivable, before which science itself cringes and trembles in a shameful way." . . . He saw in them almost the same representatives of the spiritual plebeianism and of the spiritual "sansculottism" as in the contemporary bourgeoisie.

"What are the men I've broken with?" exclaims his repentant revolutionary Shatov. "The enemies of all true life, out-of-date Liberals who are afraid of their own independence, the flunkies of thought, the enemies of individuality and freedom, the decrepit

\* The quotations from the "Diary" are taken from the translation by Kotliansky and Middleton-Murry; the quotations from the novels from the translation by Mrs. C. Garnett.

advocates of deadness and rottenness! All they have to offer is senility, a glorious mediocrity of the most bourgeois kind, contemptible shallowness, a jealous equality, equality without individual dignity, equality as it's understood by flunkeys or by French in '93. And the worst of it is there are swarms of scoundrels among them, swarms of scoundrels!"

This exaggerated and malignant hatred may be explained by the fact that Dostoyevsky wanted, first of all, a complete *spiritual* revolution on which a social revolution could be built and based. He wanted a radical regeneration from within, not merely from without. In his opinion a real social regeneration—not in the name of external civilisation, but in the name of a true culture—could occur only as a result of a complete inner, i.e., *religious* regeneration of mankind.

But where is the possibility and the path of such a regeneration?

Dostoyevsky saw it only in a deep religious idea which could change our *consciousness* and outweigh all the utilitarian, economic and merely "scientific" values. This idea he found in Christ and in His truth. Outside Christ he saw nothing but materialistic civilisation with its "progress," with its deadness and rottenness. The loss of Christ was equivalent for his consciousness to the loss of the only "higher idea" which could give a meaning to the earth and to the mankind. "On earth, indeed, we are as it were astray, and if it were not for the precious image of Christ before us, we should be undone and altogether lost, as was the human race before the flood"—said his Zossima. And even the "man-God" Kirillov exclaimed: "He (Christ) it was who gave a meaning to life. The whole planet is a mere madness without Him."

Hence the chief question of contemporary mankind: Is there still any possibility of subduing our entire civilisation to the aims of culture?—may be also formulated in the following manner: Does there still exist any possibility of reconciling and regenerating life by a true religion which so far has been strangled by the dead and dogmatic confessions, as well as by the petty external values based on "science and reason"?

Christ has been accepted so far only externally—by our "reason," while our consciousness remains as far from Him as 2,000 years ago. But a dogmatic, as well as a "rational," Christianity has nothing to do with the real Christ. The era of a real Christianity will begin when Christ enters and changes not only our "principles," but the entire *consciousness* of mankind. And this would be the greatest spiritual, and, at the same time, the greatest social, revolution on earth—the revolution from within and not from without. . . .

### III.

Such a revolution was the aim of the two spiritual giants—of Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky.

Both of them were equally convinced that mankind remains mankind only if united by an inner religious, free bond, and that every society built up on a forensic and utilitarian basis is more or less slavish. They equally believed that the standard of a real progress cannot be the development of science, trade and industry, but the development of mankind's *consciousness*, which is possible only by religion and through religion. Both of them saw the possibility of regeneration of mankind only in an organical reconciliation between life and religion. They rejected every compulsory, purely legal association because they realised that such an association either abolishes God as an inner (religious) reality of our consciousness, or gives Him a utilitarian conception, i.e., makes of Him a kind of supplement to the gendarmes and policemen. (A classical formula of such a conception we have in the famous aphorism of Voltzire: "Si Dieu

n'existait pas il faudrait l'inventer.") Further, they realised more deeply than anybody that in such a union religion successively must be replaced by "science and reason," the inner conscience by the external law, ethics by etiquette, (i.e., simply by the rules of behaviour and of—hygiene), Christ's love for the man by "economic interests" and by the respect of the "Contrat social."

In his utter aversion and hatred of any compulsory forensic union between men Tolstoy came to a complete negation of all purely legal authorities and laws. Like Dostoyevsky, he saw in them a degradation of man and a wide path to a subsequent moral death of all mankind. He came to a complete social anarchism in the name of an inner brotherly, i.e., religious union of mankind, while Dostoyevsky preferred even the orthodoxy of Russian peasants to the most perfect scientific theories and social organisms. No "progressive" ideas, no learned statistics and statements could convince him that Karl Marx might be more right than Christ. "If our hope is a dream, when will you build up your edifice and order things justly by your intellect alone, without Christ?" asks he. "If they declare that they are advancing towards unity, only the most simple-hearted among them believe it, so that they may positively marvel at such simplicity. They aim at justice, but, denying Christ, they will end by flooding the earth with blood, for blood cries out for blood."

Hence Dostoyevsky saw the only salvation of mankind in a complete subjection of civilisation to culture on a true religious basis. Therefore, he preached so passionately his religious idea and his conception of Christ. Finally, he conceived the future of mankind even as a realisation of the "second advent" of Christ—as a universal religious union of all individuals and of all nations in a universal Church which would replace all the dead and paralytic contemporary "churches." "If it is true, the Christian society now is not ready, and is only resting on some seven righteous men, but as they are never lacking, it will continue still unshaken in expectation of its complete transformation from a society almost heathen in character into a single universal Church. And so be it! So be it! Even though at the end of ages, for it is ordained to come to pass," says his elder Zossima.

In all revolutions and reforms hitherto there have been only quantitative improvements. Dostoyevsky believed that the Earth is awaiting a spiritual revolution, which will and must give a new path and a completely new basis to the future history of mankind.

The nucleus of this belief was partly included in Dostoyevsky's Russian or Slav Idea which will be the topic of the next article.

## Out of School.

Do we ever, in the practice of teaching, ask a child to exercise his intuitive faculty? It depends upon what we call "intuitive"; but I want, for the moment, to give the word the widest sense it will bear, so as to see whether existing method contains any germ of that intuition culture to which I referred, last week, as a possibility. If it does, we shall find it so much the easier to work out a scheme that can be grown, rather than grafted, in the educational garden.

We have already had a look at the practice of encouraging sensible guesswork, especially in mathematics, as a preliminary to calculation; of the same order is the very valuable method, in history teaching, that consists in going ahead of the history-book record, and deliberately jumping to conclusions (in so

far as the jump can be deliberate) about the next thing that will happen. Here, again, we proceed to verify afterwards; not, this time, by calculation, but by turning to the record to see what did happen—in so far as the record tells the story truthfully. These methods, with practice, induce quick and eager thought, and lead to a healthy attitude of criticism; but it can hardly be said that they are, in themselves, intuitional. They furnish, rather, a training in rapid provisional reasoning from approximate data; a power that we all have to exercise, often enough, in real life. At the same time, an intuition can occasionally emerge along this passage-way: I have cited, in "Education for Liberty," the case of a boy who jumped to the method of solving quadratics, without knowing how he had arrived at it, and I have known the historical guess to be equally supra-rational, at times.

But the main problem that has been set for us, at this stage in our discussion of the superconscious, is whether some process of meditation (this is the best word I can get for it) can be made part of our customary thought-equipment—the meditation that sets free the exploring superconscious tendril, without leaving the consciousness entirely in the dark as to what it is doing. The question is whether we can learn to co-operate with our own souls; it would certainly save a great deal of muddle and self-contradiction if we could, apart from any more positive value.

It is with some reluctance that I admit, though I shall try, in a moment, to explain away the worst features of the admission, that the best cases I have come across, in school work, of a meditative extension of the thought-range, with a superconscious "emergence" as the result, have been during the deplorable processes of preparing Latin and Greek translation, and of muddling through Latin and Greek prose composition. As a rule, "prep." is a mere waste of the learner's energy (if he expends any), and a false economy of the teacher's; but now and then—perhaps the exquisite boredom of the business reacts hypnotically upon the mind—a boy will lapse into a dreamy state, the meaning of a passage will suddenly come to life for him with an extraordinary still intensity, and he will be filled, for the moment, with scholarly inspiration. If he is writing down his translation or his prose he will do a remarkably fine bit of work; when he shows it up the next morning he will very likely have no idea that it is particularly good; and when the form-master praises the achievement, with a sub-acid reflection upon the things that can be done by really trying, and a hint of the trouble that may be expected if work of the same grade is not shown up in future, the schoolboy, somewhat regretting the odd fluke, will end by regarding this deduction from it with his usual puzzled equanimity. (The master, meanwhile, will be confirmed in his advocacy of the classics—if only boys could be induced to work!) If the boy's "prep." has been for an oral lesson he will probably get into trouble for knowing nothing about his work, and will only be able to explain, not convincingly, that he seemed to know it all right, yesterday. Or, very occasionally, the mood will recur when he is "put on" to translate; he will forget his school self-consciousness, the unpopularity of fine thought, and everything else, and translate for a few minutes in a style that might make Gilbert Murray envious.

Now, the boy who is doing this doesn't "know" his grammar; he has never been taught grammar, which is the philosophy of words, but only an endless string of more or less disconnected rules of thumb, few of which he can call to mind when he wants them; he is guiltless of real equipment in the simplest technique

of scholarship. (I am speaking, of course, of the average secondary school boy, not of the exception to whom the classics will eventually mean something.) I am open to correction, but I think it is true that he gets his rare moments of intuitive work, his simultaneous perceptions of a vital purpose in the work and of a vital function in the machinery of expression, at the very times when the school method to which he is subject is at its lowest ebb of vitality. This need not be an argument in favour of dull teaching, still less in favour of "prep." in its usual form, which atrophies the intellectual conscience, and does nothing to train the intuitions, even if it occasionally induces a polarity of mind that is suitable for their uncomprehended emergence. Let us see what the essential conditions are that favour this bemused emergence of the super-conscious, whether the results are as striking as they sometimes can be, or show only a small lift above the customary muddle-headedness.

First, we can apply the wish-criterion. The boy is dimly aware of a vast classical tradition that makes Latin and Greek scholarship the object of very high respect; a thick atmosphere of half-conscious suggestion has put a University scholarship, a first in Greats and the fellowship of a college, in the position of a uniquely status-giving career. And for him, the average boy, all this has the charm of the unattainable—matter for day-dreams, when he is not dreaming (or was not, before the war) of hitting innumerable sixes, off fast bowling, at Lord's. The faith-criterion also applies: belief in salvation by the classics is largely humbug, but we have seen that a faith which is largely humbug can nevertheless free an intuition. The principle of release is observed, for in "prep." the perpetually inhibiting influence of the form-master is withdrawn. What remains, to represent the particular process which I have classed as "meditation"?

We have considered the probability of a kind of auto-hypnotic process, due to boredom; but it is not necessary to be bored in order to meditate—though it is an especially English trait to avoid meditation except under the extremest infliction of boredom. It might be worth while to institute a new kind of "prep.," eliminating the tedious and futile job that has to be worried through to make up for the teacher's ignorance of the art of presentation, and putting in place of it a definite exercise of the creative or interpretative faculty. It is quite possible, I know from experience, to get a class to meditate quietly; and wait for an intuition; the process interests children in a perfectly natural way, if it is approached in a scientific spirit and without mystery-mongering. They play at the game of inspiration-catching, and the inspirations come. Only your class must have been reasonably taught, and accustomed to respect their own minds and to welcome the springing of an idea, beforehand, otherwise your Quakers' meeting will be moved by nothing better than the Spirit of Giggling, or some similar manifestation of group consciousness in its lower and feebler workings. But it should be unnecessary to point out, for a reader who has any idea of what teaching is, that children need not be imbecile, any more than they need be priggish, unless they are goaded into imbecility or decoyed into priggishness.

The first practical step in any educational reform is to begin it; and I very seriously suggest to any teachers who may be following these notes that they should try, in their own way (nobody else's way is any use), to develop a method of inspiration-catching in class, and, if possible, to discover a name for it that does not sound eccentric. I have found that the composition class makes the best point to take off from; and (in day-school practice) that the "inspiration," once caught, tends to exceed the bounds of class time, overflowing freely into voluntary homework.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

## Some Japanese Poems.

JAPANESE poetry, like all Japanese art, is built on suggestion. The language itself, subtle, ambiguous, lends itself to fine nuances of meaning. If a poem in Japanese says all that is to be said—describes a thing fully—gives a detailed description or account of anything, then the poem is not "Japanese." This, of course, renders it difficult of translation.

There are various forms of Japanese poetry, all purely metrical, rhyme being unknown. One of the commonest forms, and the most attractive, is the Hokku, the short poem of three lines only, the first of five syllables, the second of seven, and the third of five again. Thus:

Furu ike ya  
Kawasu tobi komu  
Mizu no oto.

A little picture poem of a hot summer day roughly rendered into English as:

An old pond  
A frog jumps in  
The sound of water.

The following poems are of all periods—some from the Hyakunin Isshin, that famous old anthology of Japanese poetry, and some, as will be seen, quite modern. They are also of all types, or of a sufficient number of types, at any rate, to be fairly representative. The difficulties of translation would have been insuperable but for the collaboration with me of Mr. Clifford Bax. If I may use the simile, it is as if I had torn the souls of the poems from their Eastern bodies and thrown them to Mr. Bax to clothe in English.

R. B. MARRIOTT WATSON.

1.  
The first fall of snow . . .  
The footprint of dogs . . .  
The flower of the plum.

(A "picture" poem of the Hokku form. The next is also of the same variety.)

2.  
The first fall of snow . . .  
The barrel-collector  
There in his rags—  
He too is a man.

3.  
The tortoise, holding back his head,  
Who neither sees nor hears  
Nor covets aught within the world outside,  
Lives for ten thousand years.

4.  
The Waters of the Mountain that shall mingle with  
the Sea's  
Must for a little while endure the Shadows of the Trees.

5.  
The moorhens on the water  
Seem without any labour to float by.  
Their travail is beneath the placid water.  
Like the moorhens am I.

(Composed by a celebrated Daimyo to indicate to his friends the numerous troubles of statecraft which he endured despite his outward calm.)

6.  
In spring before the leaves unclose  
All the young plants are green.  
It is the later Autumn shows  
How multi-coloured were the flowers within.

(A philosophical poem pointing out the compensations of age.)

7.  
The little sparrow that hops and flutters  
Picking up food in the garden, knows not—  
How should it know?—of the eagle's eyrie.  
(This is a very well known philosophical simile, of

which there are many both in China and Japan, expressing the same thought: "As well talk to a grasshopper of Winter as to a pedagogue of Tao, for what should it know, the creature of but a season, of the ice and snow?" (Chang Tzu) and "What does the well-frog (i.e., the frog that lives in a well) know of the boundless ocean?")

8.  
See, how across the plain  
The oxen go,  
Unheeding, imperturbable and slow,  
Through the sharp summer rain!

9.  
On Kamakura hill  
An ancient pine-tree standing very still . . .  
No noise, but here and there  
A thin and sultry humming of cicadas in the air.

10.  
Full moon: and in the house  
The koto sweetly played . . .  
Ah, that I could but peep at her,  
The music-making maid.

11.  
At hoary, many-historied Oitcho  
The small cicadas, chattering as they go,  
Still tell the hero-stories which they told  
There in the times of old.

12.  
(The following poem was written on visiting an ancient famous battlefield.)

Of all the noble dream, the lofty thought,  
For which the samurai once lived and fought,  
How much remains? Alas,  
Only the summer grass!

13.  
Though strange are all the faces here  
In the old village where I spent my prime,  
Still have the flowers at least  
The perfume of that time.

14.  
(A mother has lost her child, and the recurring season with its characteristic children's amusements stirs in her the memory of her lost boy.)

Last year, too,  
The children chased the dragon-flies.  
Little unforgotten boy,  
Where now are you?

15.  
What loveliness they make—  
Unlabouring, unaware—  
The water-mirrored moon,  
The moon-reflecting lake!

16.  
Stepping out of my humble cottage  
Lonely of heart, I beheld around me  
Everywhere the autumnal twilight.

17.  
Wandering among the maple-leaves, I hear  
The cry of mountain-deer . . .  
Ah, the sweet woe of autumn, the beautiful waning year!  
(Another poem of the Hokku type.)

18.  
Coming late, I found the spot  
Where they brought him—dead.  
It was a little time ago,  
And tears were shed.  
It was a little time ago . . .  
The weepers have forgot.

(Written by the son of the late General Nogi on visiting the grave of an old comrade in arms killed in the Russo-Japanese War.)

## Music.

By William Atheling.

### A PROGRAMME, AND THE MALADMINISTERED LYRIC.

A CONCERT in a concert hall is a performance, a presentation, not an appeal to the sympathies of the audience. It is, or should be, as definitely a presentation or exhibition as if the performer were to bring out a painted picture and hang it before the audience. The music must have as much a separate existence as has the painting. It is a malversion of art for the performer to beseech the audience (*via* the instrument) to sympathise with his or her temperament, however delicate or plaintive or distinguished. That is the gist of what I wrote in my last criticism of the studio-method, Stimmung, and "atmosphere."

From the "studio" manner (in concert halls), from the domestic manner, from the rural church manner, and from the national festival manner, may the surviving deities protect and deliver us! They have not, they do not, but we do not cease to pray that they may achieve it.

Having written the above paragraph I went to hear Miss Daisy Kennedy. She understands perfectly well the principles I have laid down. She kept her music on the stage, independent of the audience. It was a presentation, it had its own existence, an existence as distinct as that of painting. Moreover, there was some intelligence used in the arrangement of her programme. We are tired of the aimless programme, the programme that is made up of just the pieces the musician happens to know; we are tired to death of the programme, *sic*: 1. Ancient. 2. Less Ancient. 3. Fusty. 4. The Last Thing. Miss Kennedy treated us and music as if music were an art with what is called "its literature," a thing one might take seriously. The programme was Bach and as follows:

- Concerto in E major (Allegro, Adagio, Allegro assai).
- Adagio and Fugue in G minor (unaccompanied).
- Aria on G string.
- Chaconne in D minor (unaccompanied).
- Gavotte in E.
- Andante in C (unaccompanied).
- Prelude in E.

Despite the fact that there were several points in the Chaconne at which the composer "might have stopped but didn't," and despite Miss Kennedy's lack of certitude in execution, this programme served fully to demonstrate that Bach is *not* monotonous; and that the people who find him monotonous do so on the same principle that a man finds a foreign restaurant monotonous having, in his ignorance of the language of the menu, attempted to dine off six soups. Here we had an hour-and-a-half of one composer, and I would have gladly sat through another hour.

I want to be explicit in my commendation, for I take this programme as an example of what an intelligent programme can be. I commend also the manner of Miss Kennedy's playing, the "no nonsense" attitude. Her execution is another matter. It is useless to blink the fact that she is not certain. In one place her tempo is good, but the tone not quite satisfactory; in another place she attends to the quality of her sound; but never during this recital did she show herself in the same class with a player like Salmond. One's pleasure is rather ruined if one has always to hope that the player will do the next passage in a satisfactory way. Most, perhaps all, the elements of playing were present *seriatim*.

The Aria disposes once and for all of the contention that Bach is lacking in romance. It was quite beautifully played. Considering how much the composer has put into it, one is inclined to ask how much "liberty" is needful in music? Miss Doenau accompanied excellently, and gave the opening passages of the second

movement in the Concerto with great beauty. (Wigmore Hall.)

Madame Kirkby Lunn's song recital demonstrated by contrast, if demonstration were necessary, that a lyric is not invariably good, merely because it is dated "sixteenth century." An era of bad taste probably gathers to itself inferior matter from preceding periods. An indiscriminate rummaging in the past does not help to form a tradition. Moreover, there was nothing in the setting or rendering of these Old English songs to show that they had not been done in the heyday of the Oxenford period under the eye of the respected Prince Consort. Madame Lunn began "Westron Wynde" rather throatily. Her voice sounded as if it were being strained through a bag. She did not add to our pleasure by dragging "can rain" into "kerrain"; "kiss" into "kees"; "queen" into "kuh-ween"; "my" into "hmi"; "she's" was blurred into "shees" (as in "backsheesh"); "love" turned into "lav." The opening of "Lover's Complaint" was either ill set or ill rendered ("green-eh willow," "garland" or "barland"). The singer continued producing a placid and mournful sound. The idea that all old music was sung at a crawl has been successfully disposed of. We now know that it was not. But if singers of established position will not keep up to time in these matters, who can be expected to do so? Though Madame Lunn is for the most part above it, I caught a faint trace of the church choir manner in "Fortune is my foe." By the time she got to "Chanson de La Mariée" it was evident that the whole programme was likely to continue in the same placid manner. Exit the critic. (Æolian Hall.)

Miss Carrie Tubb sang with spirit. Her concert may well serve to illustrate that a sense of rhythm covers many defects. One can listen to a singer who possesses this sense; one can listen to her for an hour or so, without exhaustion, even though she be unable to take a high note *forte* without an uncontrolled squall (and Miss Tubb appears unable to do so). The pain caused to the ear by occasional horrid sounds is quickly obliterated in the succeeding flow of the music. Singers hoping for platform success will do well to notice this. A drag, a lack of the wave force, deadens, tires, utterly wears out the audience. Rhythm-sense is not merely a *temps mesuré*, it is not merely a *clock-work* of the bar-lengths. Measured time is only one form of rhythm; but a true rhythm sense assimilates all sorts of uneven pieces of time, and keeps the music alive.

The next thing that strikes me is the appalling state of the lyric as presented in current concerts. Both the arrangers of words and the arrangers of notes appear inexcusable. Miss Tubb enunciates her English words clearly; and she dared to sing her Schumann, Schubert, Mozart, Brahms in English translations. But despite her abilities it is, in the second verse of the English version of "Mein Ruh ist hin," utterly impossible to sing "His hand's dear clasp" to the notes given. The Mozart melody was exquisite and the words inadequate. (I omit to mention the exact points at which the singer elected to squall.) The Beethoven song was an apparently needless concession to the supposedly low taste of the audience, but it provided the first moment of real enjoyment to the accompanist (Sir Henry Wood). To sing (*sic*) "O had I a HELL-met and doublet and hose"; to repeat this with increasing volume, such as cannot be rendered by any capital letters at our disposal, must be regarded as purely comic by any vigilant listener. We fared no better when lyrics of confessed verbal quality were exposed to our contemporary composers.

"Let those which only warble long,  
And gargle in their throats a song,  
Content ourselves with UT, RE, MI;  
Let words and sense be set by thee."

wrote Waller in conclusion of his poem to Henry

Lawes, and, with Lawes' work and example at the disposal of any of our springall composers who have the patience to inspect it, there is no excuse for the repeated botches, and for the particular sorts of botches continually poured upon us.

In this programme, in a setting of A. E. Housman, the words were clear but not enhanced: in the last line the emotion of the music had no connection with the emotion of the words. Matthew Arnold's verses were over-sentimentalised by the music; and what sense is there in accenting the line, "And sometime by STILL harder fate"? The setting of Blake was rubbish. Stanley Hawley was encored, which perhaps served to show that the singer was at any rate commercially right in singing down to "the public." Vaughan Williams was immeasurably better than the setters who had preceded him; he had at least grasped the spirit of Christina Rossetti's poem. Bantock was experimenting with Arabian exoticism.

When I say the words were clear but not enhanced, I distinctly point out that words of no particular import or value may become part of a complete and excellent song, as was illustrated by the group of *Bel Canto* songs, by Monteverde, Lotti, Marcello, Pergolesi, Durante, though Miss Tubb is not artist enough to do them credit. Perhaps she can only "get into" songs in her native language. At any rate, her interpretations showed no depth of comprehension. It was curious to note the substitution of the sentimental rendering for the proper emotional quality of the Italian. She was better in the Old English, but I think she is wrong to judge by the volume of applause. People who hear Lawes with slight defects are put off thereby and do not burst into cheering, but it is not necessary to suppose they are fewer than those who clap for a poor thing bawled out lustily. Again, I would point out Lawes as an example of how the words of a poem may be set and enhanced by music. There are different techniques in poetry; men write to be read, or spoken, or declaimed, or rhapsodised; and quite differently to be sung. Words written in the first manners are spoiled by added music; it is superfluous; it swells out their unity into confusion.

When skilled men write for music, then music can both render their movement, as Lawes does often, tone by tone, and quantity by quantity; or the musician may apparently change the word-movement with a change that it were better to call a realisation. Music is not speech. Arts attract us because they are different from reality; yet differ in some way that is proportionate to reality. Emotions shown in actual speech poured out under emotion will not all go into verse. The printed page does not transmit them, nor will musical notation record them phonographically; but, for all that, a certain bending of words or of syllables over several notes may give an emotional equivalent.

This is an art by itself, differing from poetry, and from the art of harmony or of counterpoint. Nevertheless, it has occasionally and triumphantly appeared in the world, and is well worth an effort to recover. Lawes was English of the English; he was no obscure man in his day, being a King's musician and a man lauded of poets. He was English of the English, but he did not fall a prey to the pig-headed insularity of the British Association of Musicians; he did not shun foreign competition. He set Anacreon's "Εὐς Ἀύραν" in the Greek, and he set songs in Italian and Latin. He was, for all that I know, the last English composer to know Greek. Our decadence may be due to the fact that the educated are now too stupid to participate in the arts. This lack of lineage shows in modern art in all its branches. As a French singer said to me yesterday: "When these people (English artists, composers, etc.) have done (i.e., written, painted, composed) anything, they seem to think that that is the end, and that there is nothing more to be done about it."

## A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.

XVII.—MR. M-X B—RB-HM.

"He walks among men, but his soul dwells in solitude. . . . Deep calls for him unto Deep."

*Alter Ego.* By M-x B—rb-hm.

In an essay written many moons ago (in the third volume of my collected works) I ventured to adopt the idea that it is spirit which informs with life the dry bones of a word, drags it from its musty seclusion, its stagnant harbourage, and clothes it (such, if I remember rightly, was the gist of what I said) in its own peculiar ritual. Herein, by the way, lies the secret of my own little success, and explains—if I may pursue the idea—why dead authors have always been dead to me. No worshipper I of their "perpetual self-reproduction"; it is a thought which must bring tears to the eyes of my own gentle folios that they could find ever so comfortless an anchorage. Indeed, little ones, nor will you ever know it; I will give instructions in my will that they bury you with me. In that last resting-place of noble minds, that "still resting-place, from much sick fret and fever and stupidity, which in the night watches often made my strong heart sigh," deeper (as Miss Rossetti sang) than the sound of showers, I shall have that only, though cold comfort.

But if the man it is that invests with his own peculiar passion every phrase, nay, every word he writes, what tone shall I give to the common symbols I have chosen, what symphony—when I have arranged them—shall I play on their outstretched strings? Shall it be *ennuyé*, *blasé*, pregnant with affected languor, subtle with dying moods and a super-delicate indecision? Or shall they be touched with a lighter, more mocking art, to animate a pose of gentle satire, a gay *insouciance*? Words are all I have to play on: what tune shall I play?

No Cato I: I shall never be forced to leave the theatre or the world's stage because I cannot unstart my gravity—no Carlyle to turn on the tap of thickly flowing rhetoric. I belong to the post-Carlylean period, the Restoration, when the inevitable reaction had set in and folly was enthroned again, under the patronage of Art, with more pomp than ever. Even in those decadent days, it is true, I never quite went with the mob, never quite lost my head in the mincing steps with which the Revolution surged on, ever on, to take—in a last pretty rush—the very stronghold of Philistinism itself, the Press, and dwell there triumphant, waving its hand over the margin to the aspiring throng, which will arrive, perspiring and dusty, poor thing, when a generation has arisen that knows not its fathers' catchwords, seeking the honours that were nowhere offered. It had better have gone in for limericks.

I am no lover of Demos. I love "most voices" above his. The "great heart of the people," for me, throbs in vain. Did their salvation depend on a raising of my eyebrows or a flourish of my pen, I would make the effort (applause and cheers: you were expecting something different, I know), but (groans from the gallery, and from the stalls angry mutterings—assumed in honour of Demos, to whom all honour due: pale not, my countrymen, to whom honour and hypocrisy are twin virtues) if it depended on a misplaced word in this essay or a false note of seriousness, soever *désiré*, reader, by you, I could not do it. A friendly eye could never see such faults?—A flatterer's would not, Cassius; I write neither for friends nor for a vulgar, prying posterity, but—like Whistler—for my enemies. They are my friends—whether it like them or no. Look not to me, good people all, that fear to waste like weeds away. Is

there any good reason for your survival? If you love me, practise an answer.

Singly, and minus catchwords, I rather like you. You have a sober mien, not always, and are sometimes unobjectionable. That sentence is mannered, I know, but I am writing for the people. They love a pose, and there my heart is with them, indeed it is; but they must not expect me to soil my cuffs in a gambol. I observe very well your frolics, good Demos; I see you from here, quite well. I notice the way you eat that rich and fruity bun, quaff that bowl of sparkling ginger beer, indulge in those harmless, though inelegant, capers. It pleases me, indeed it does, to see you enjoying yourself. It is not every day that you have such a treat, I feel sure. No! I quite understand. Yes, glorious, is it not? Not 'arf, as you say. There, there, that's quite enough now; run away, my child, run away. Look at the nice old gentleman over there, waiting to play with you.

An uncouth creature, but I love him, "in adversity full patient," "whose weary race," as Wilde sang, "is never run." I have a secret horror of "all the loveless land" he inhabits, but what can I do? Were I a millionaire I would build him an orphanage, with a free library attached thereto, and a recreation-room. During the day he could go out, armed with a pipe and dinner-can, to gaze stolidly at the work I had allotted him, smoking in his shirt-sleeves (with that incurable contentment that is our chief bulwark against Socialism); when the buzzer blew at one o'clock he would lunch (lightly) off bread and cheese (provided by the orphanage—or the free library, I forget which), then smoke again till six, when he would return to the orphanage and attend a temperance lecture (provided by the orphanage), or, for choice, play dominoes with his grandchildren. It is a pretty picture, and could be duly filled in, but alas! "I am heinously unprovided."

Possibly, gentle but fastidious reader, for whom only this is written, I weary your impatient if expectant ear by the recital of so wild a utopia. Ours is a nobler heritage. We breathe a rarer, more essential air.

"Here the air is keen and quick,  
And there the air is slow and thick."

It is to the discredit of our age that we have discovered the under-world—as Wilde said, or ought to have said (*q.v. passim*). Nevertheless. . . . Well, it is there; we have discovered it. . . . Bear with me. *Je ne suis qu'un enfant*—though *fin de siècle*. I have not learnt to take life as seriously as you, who are younger and more earnest, I doubt not. But I have learnt, as you have not, to dislike my niche, that I wrote of (you remember) with so many vain tears. Courage, mon enfant, courage—and humour. There is life in the little child yet. He will reform, bless us. Little reader, I have outlived you (as, in my heart, I swore I would). You smile? Nay, you need not! My once bright brow is clouded; and, for the period of my probation, my passion. . . . Ah, Demos hath conquered! Already, in imagination, I feel his breath on this page. Here, as I was hoping, is a truly Britanic climax.

"I do recant"—indeed I do, though I do it in my "inimitable" manner, and with reservations. It is too late to "go the whole hog," as doubtless my new friends will express it; "my voice is past"; but I am making an effort. The younger generation (of Mr. Shaw and not of the late Mr. Houghton) is knocking at the door. The young bloods are "egging me on." Too soon, perhaps, they will be "egging" me off, not less heartily; though, as they hesitate, what I have here written must surely frighten them into silence. Know, then, that I have written carefully and of a purpose, glorying, with tardily

recovered *verve*, in the tricks and conceits I was so soon to discard. I shall write no more. *In this vein*, I shall write no more.

"'Twas I, but 'tis not I. I do not shame  
To tell you what I was, since my conversion  
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am."

*J'ai vu naître la vie.* I enter the lists. My battles (it is announced) will be fought in the salons and boudoirs of Mayfair ("not on Ilion's plains"). A happy hunting ground! I shall make many converts. Prythee, take my name and my handicap—or no! enter me "anonymous," lest, like Timanthes startled at the echo of his fame, I shrink back into retirement.

## Views and Reviews.

### RE-INKARMATION.

It is not merely a desire to economise paper that has led me to invent the portmanteau word at the head of this article: the doctrines of re-incarnation and karma are always presented together; indeed, re-incarnation is alleged to be the method by which karma is fulfilled. If karma is the purpose of which re-incarnation is the expression, no injustice is done to the twin doctrines by embodying them in one word. I may take this opportunity, also, of removing a possible misapprehension of these articles; my prime purpose is not a review of the book, "Immortality," but the discovery of what I think about the subject prompted by the speculations of the writers of the various essays. In my last article, for example, I did not do justice to the fact that the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," in addition to some sound criticism of the theory of psychical phenomena, also provided some very interesting evidence of more complex telepathic communication than is usually believed possible. In this article, too, I shall probably not do justice to the fact that it is her very searching criticism of the doctrines of re-incarnation and karma which has aroused my latent hostility to them, and it will probably be impossible even for me to distinguish between my own and her contribution to the destruction of this phantasy. I acknowledge a general obligation, and disclaim any intention of limiting myself to a review of her essays; and therefore am not concerned either to criticise or accept her conclusions, but am desirous only to state my own.

Karma is, at first sight, a very attractive doctrine to those who have science enough to appreciate a mechanical theory of justice. It became operative in European thought at a time when scientists were insisting on the "iron laws of Nature," when the only conception of evolution was that it progressed by gradual additions and eliminations, "Natura non facit saltum," and at a time, too, when religious people, scared by the scientific picture of "Nature red in tooth and claw with ravine," were hard put to it to reconcile the justice with the benevolence of God. Now, when astronomers tell us that the "iron, inexorable law" of gravitation alone is "incompetent to explain completely the observed motion of the moon," when biology has had to invent the mutation theory to explain observed facts of the leaps made by Nature, when the protests both of Carlyle and Matthew Arnold against the mechanical conception of the "machine of the Universe" are becoming intelligible, Karma is losing its appeal as it is losing affinity with the psychology of our time. The doctrine is dated: it has the sanction of antiquity, but not the sanction of futurity. It is definitely pre-Christian because it limits God to justice, and allows Him no scope for mercy, definitely mechanical, and not theological, because it recognises only process and not personality in the universe, and definitely dead because it contains an anomaly which it cannot explain.

For in morals, even more than in biology, a mechanical theory excludes the idea of progress. Biology can demonstrate a gradual alteration in the conditions of life which would act selectively upon individuals, and gradually give survival-value to tentative faculties. But if in morals, "as a man sows, so shall he also reap," if the consequence is equal to the cause and retribution, whether of good or evil, is apt and fitting as "poetic justice," then moral evolution is impossible. No evolution is possible without the introduction of a new element; if God, like Polonius, is determined to use us "after our desert," we shall never become like unto Him. Hamlet's retort is apt here: "Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Use every man after his deserts, and who shall 'scape whipping? Use them after your own honour and dignity. The less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty." If God only geometrises, He gives us nothing, not even hope; and justice which excludes generosity is not justice but reciprocity, balance, anything which conveys a mechanical idea of an equivalent return. Goethe truly said that "man never knows how anthropomorphic he is," but in this matter we have to consider how anthropomorphic he ought to be. If our conception of God should be, as Matthew Arnold put it, "the best we know," God must use us at least as generously as Hamlet would, must use us not "after our desert," but after "His own honour and dignity." Besides, it is precisely in the doctrine of Karma that the anthropomorphic tendency is most manifest; ask the average man to define justice, ask even Señor de Maetz to do it, and it is always an impersonal process; throughout the history of law, people have always objected to judgment in equity, that is, by a person, and demanded judgment by law, that is, by a process. "When Savoy was united to the kingdom of France, the first favour the Savoyards asked of the King of France was to be no longer judged in equity but according to some law, no matter what"—but I need not multiply evidences of a well-recognised fact. Karma, pretending to be absolute justice, insists that we shall not be judged in equity but by an iron, inexorable law, denies personality and demonstrates only process in the universe.

But moral evolution is a fact; Christianity is an improvement on the doctrine of Karma; and so far as the advocates of Karma are compelled to recognise the fact, they attempt to explain it (as they are compelled to do) by introducing a new principle. Man learns by experience what to do and what to avoid, they argue; during his period in Devachan, he looks over the whole of his life, sorts out his experiences, works them up into faculty, and dives back into physical existence for another trial of Fate. But here the very thing that is denied by the theory, moral intelligence, is invoked to explain the theory, although for the Divine remission of sins is substituted the human avoidance of them. Man can learn by experience, but God cannot, on this theory; man has learned that suffering has no reformatory power even in penology, and every mother knows that "for every devil you knock out of a child, you knock seven in." Only when the wrong-doing is conscious, and the punishment recognised as just, is reformation possible; and the theory of Karma offers us this illumination not while we are suffering, not even in the life in which we suffer, but in Devachan when we are not ourselves, or in another life when we are somebody else and have forgotten who we were. But if man learns by experience, he cannot learn from a history of apparently unmerited suffering the theory that it was merited; there must be resident in him the consciousness of the Christian theory that the theory of Karma denies, the theory of a process of moral augmentation, and not merely of moral equivalence, at work in the universe, and as that consciousness obviously cannot be derived

from his experience, it must be derived from an intuition of another purpose of the universe. But such an intuition is a denial of law, it is a judgment in equity, so to speak; and it re-introduces the very element that Karma had banished, the element of intelligence. If God gives us no more than the intelligence to avoid sin, He has departed from the strict law of retribution, He has used us not "after our desert" but "after His own honour and dignity," and given us reason to suppose that other modifications of the law may be made in our favour. Instead of our being worth to God only what we do, instead of His rewarding us, as Paul desired for Alexander, according to our works, it may well be, as Browning hoped, that

All I could never be,  
All, men ignored in me,  
That I was worth to God.

As for re-incarnation, it has no advantage over any other theory. If it seems to explain infantile genius, it does not explain the peculiar limitations of infantile genius and the almost universal lack of infantile genius. It looks easy and satisfactory to explain precocity in music or mathematics by the argument that the faculty must have been developed in a previous existence, but when we discover (as we can easily do by reading psychology) that these faculties are compatible with idiocy, we want to know the explanation of the idiocy. We are further disturbed by the reflection that music and mathematics do not sum up the activities of mankind; but when we ask where is the engineer, the doctor, the statesman, the financier, the soldier, and the rest, who, like Mozart, has nothing more to learn from his tutor at the age of eleven, the advocates of re-incarnation can provide no examples. And if we ask them to produce anyone who has any knowledge of a previous existence, apart from jests like Thoreau's "when I was Euphorbus at the siege of Troy," none is forthcoming, for we must rule out every experience that is explicable by telepathy. I remember once asking a Scotsman the history of a scar on his face, and being told that it was received in a fight in Colorado, when his assailant chased him round a narrow path along the edge of a cliff. As the Scotsman stooped under a boulder at the turn of the path, it flashed upon him that, fifteen years before in Scotland, he had dreamed of this very place, knew exactly what was on the other side of the boulder, and therefore how to escape. This man knew nothing of re-incarnation or telepathy; but if he had not remembered his dream, and had been confronted with the theory of re-incarnation, he would probably have jumped at this explanation of his knowledge. But he did remember the dream, and the telepathic explanation is the only possible or necessary one.

Besides, this theory of re-incarnation, while seeming to explain the existence and progress of personal faculty, does so by ignoring the necessity of demonstrating the re-incarnation of personality. If a man's functions can be perpetuated, why not his consciousness of them; why should he remember what he did, and not who he was? Why should what was consciously attained not be consciously retained; if the substratum of faculty is the soul, the soul, ex hypothesi, is the seat of personality, and if Mozart could remember what he had learned in a previous life of music, or Pascal of mathematics, there is no obvious reason why he should not have remembered who had learned it. If it be objected that they did not remember what they had learned, but had a specially developed faculty for learning the same thing, then where is the child psychologist, why is not a re-incarnated Theophrastus prying over "Traumdeutung" in the nursery? There is no escape from the difficulty: if faculty is a proof of pre-existence, memory is the very basis of faculty, and in the absence of any proof of continuous memory, we cannot accept

a theory of continuous faculty, more especially as it does not permit a man to do anything other than he has done, and does not explain how he first came to specialise in this activity. A. E. R.

## Reviews.

**The Education of Engineers.** By H. G. Taylor. (Bell. 2s. net.)

The recent debate on the importance of science v. the classics in education must have been peculiarly exasperating to the author of this brochure; for engineering is a subject that has not been ignored by the Universities, and the general argument of this "lecturer in civil and mechanical engineering in the University of London, King's College," is that a University education is worse than useless, it is positively harmful, to an engineer. In his own words: "In the sense that education means that higher perception which enables a man to gauge his own power, and which constrains him to direct that power to the ultimate benefit of his fellows, the main burden of this book is to show that engineers are not educated." Chapter I is mainly historical. Chapters II, III, and IV deal with such schemes of education as are in vogue, showing that the University schemes count for nought; and that such schemes as are successful are either spontaneous and not applied intelligently to the common welfare, or deliberate and applied to the ultimate detriment of mankind. These three chapters also show that science, in its commonly accepted meaning, is contributory only, and distinctly secondary to those powers in man which enable him to command the material wealth of the earth. The last chapter deals with the higher biology of man, and shows how, since man's intelligence has not yet perceived the power of these higher functions, the brute power of man, so superior to that of the animals, is now being used for his own destruction in the present world-war. Certain ideas upon which present-day society is based, and which must be eradicated before any reforms can be attempted, are briefly but adequately outlined in the last chapter. The chief objections to the University engineering course seem to be that it is not a course of instruction in engineering, but in the science of engineering, that is to say, that it divorces theory from practice with the disastrous results that the practical engineer usually cannot, and does not, take the University course, and that those who do take the course do not become practical engineers. The University course emphasises mathematics, which it can teach, at the expense of engineering, which it cannot teach; and, further, as practical engineering demands as a necessary condition the successful direction of men's effort, the University course actually deprives men at their most impressionable age of the valuable experience in the handling of human nature that successful engineering requires. The problems set are rarely the problems that engineers actually have to solve (Mr. Taylor quotes a German examination paper to show how much better these things are done in Germany), and the course, even when completed by a pass, is a disqualification for practical engineering. Mr. Taylor finds an ideal system, from the practical point of view, in the course given to naval officers at Osborne and Dartmouth, but there is his example of the successful course which is "deliberate and applied to the ultimate detriment of mankind." He insists, again and again, that engineering is not a science, but an art, and an art on which the whole of civilised life as we know it depends; that as an art, "engineering is the medium through which the discoveries and attainments of science pass in their application to industry." Precisely because it is an art, the practical knowledge of workmen and working conditions is necessary to the student of engineering; and

it is not his business to pursue scientific theory to its ultimate emergence in philosophy, but to devise by its means, simpler and more efficient services to the human race. The facts that many successful engineers have had no University education, and that no successful University student of engineering has ever come to the front rank of engineers, remind us that practice is the pioneer, and until theory subserves practice, it is only a parasite.

**Militarism and Anti-Militarism.** By Dr. Karl Liebknecht, with an Introduction by Alexander Sirnīs. (Socialist Labour Press, Glasgow. 2s.)

As it stands, this little volume is not a particularly appropriate contribution to the literature of the war; and its publication, if anything, is more likely to damage Liebknecht's reputation than to raise it as it deserves to be raised in view of recent events. The book was published in 1907, and Liebknecht's object, apparently, was to show how militarism was used internationally to quell working-class risings whenever they were attempted. A number of instances are given, some going back as far as 1886. Further, the evil influences of a military career on the individual are pointed out, and emphasis is laid on the oppressive influences exercised by armies upon the workers. As a counterpoise to all this Liebknecht proposed general strikes in the event of war; but his ideas met with strenuous and unceasing opposition in his own party, Bebel himself leading the chorus of abuse against him. Bebel was, above all, a "patriotic" Social Democrat, and at the Stuttgart Congress of 1907 definitely refused to commit the party to a pacific course of action in the event of war. We know that other Social Democrats went even further and energetically supported the North-Sea-to-Bagdad scheme. Apart from giving us an historical record of strikes crushed by armed force in several countries, therefore, Karl Liebknecht has nothing to offer. He traces the tension between England and Germany in 1907 and the few years previously to "economic rivalry" and "unbridled capitalist development and international competition," but he fails to draw a distinction between the militarist capitalist enterprises of Germany and the merely profit-making investments of other countries. Further, he fails to recognise the essential importance of industrial power, and such remedies as he proposes are of a political nature. Like Trotsky, he sees (so we gather) that proletarian action must be international; but, unlike Trotsky, he never succeeded in converting even one of his colleagues to his views. Indeed, remembering Liebknecht as the solitary figure refusing to vote the war credits at the outbreak of war, yet refraining from voting against them, we may come to the conclusion that he saw further, perhaps, than his colleagues but hardly dared to express himself fully in print. One more point. THE NEW AGE's analysis of the wage system and of industrial power was discussed in more than one English Labour and Socialist organ long before the war started. So far as Social Democratic propaganda in Germany goes, however, these analyses might as well never have been made. The Social Democrats—110 strong in the Reichstag at the last election in 1911—are still groping blindly towards political power as a means of securing industrial power; but hardly one of them yet realises that political power is only a means and that industrial power is the end—and this even with the Russian example before them; not to speak of the futility of our own Labour Members of Parliament. Nearly two years ago Liebknecht had to go to jail for even his elementary political opinions, and now Dittmann has joined him for having dared to utter what we should regard as commonplaces on the conduct of strikes. Scheidemann "moved on" when the policeman told him to do so.

## "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.]

### WAYS AND MEANS.

It is time to consider the practical question of a constituency, and I shall be glad to hear from any one interested on the subject. The only time I have ever gone to the poll was in 1895, when I shared the common fate of the Independent Labour candidates in that election, who were everywhere thrown out through the fear of "losing the seat." One of my successful rivals in the Merthyr Boroughs was the present Lord Rhondda, a strange representative for a constituency of colliers. Under the new scheme an Independent candidate has a better chance; at the same time I feel it a duty to say that I can see no difference between our platform and that of the Labour Party, and I shall consider it a matter for very grave apprehension if the constitution of that party excludes the class I represent.

I ought perhaps to explain that I am one of the best platform speakers in the country; in fact, I have more than once heard my audiences comparing me to Gladstone. I am also a practical electioneer; I may claim to have launched the "Chinese Slavery" cry which put the Liberals into office in 1906. I launched it in conjunction with my friend the late Palmer Newbould at a by-election in the Chertsey Division. The other side at once recognised it as a winning card, and my friend, Lord Northcliffe, issued posters accusing me of blasphemy and hooliganism. My own side were frightened and ran away, but then it is the common lot of the pioneer to be deserted by those whom he has served too well.

My handicap as a politician, apart from physical weakness, is my weakness for the truth. When I was adopted as the Liberal candidate for the Newark Division before 1906, my enemy, the late Joseph Chamberlain, had just started his campaign against Free Trade. In my preliminary address to the Liberal Association I stated that I was not a bigoted Free Trader, and was prepared to listen to any argument Mr. Chamberlain had to offer. My chief supporter at once rose to say that unless I pledged myself to be a bigoted Free Trader, and to listen to no argument on the subject, he could not vote for my adoption. In the end my health broke down in the effort to raise funds for the election expenses, an American literary agent having embezzled certain sums due to me. I made way for a financier of somewhat uncertain standing—he was shortly afterwards bankrupt—who was much more congenial to the average Liberal Association.

It is my belief that if a small band of real workers in any urban constituency, but preferably in London, were to invite me to address them, and thereafter to give me their support, it should not be difficult to win the seat. My original idea, there can be no harm in saying, was to come out in Chelsea, which has many claims to be considered the natural headquarters of art and literature in this country.

But the election agent is at least as important as the candidate. Who will help?

ALLEN UPWARD.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

### GUILDS AND THE STATE.

Sir,—Mr. Cole's challenge to "other guildsmen" emboldens me to say a word on "the State as the representative of the consumer"—a view which repels me by reason of its materialism. Man does not live by bread alone. As the life of humanity expands, so will the proportion of human energy expended on the production of commodities diminish. Industry looms big now, but it ought not to fill our field of vision when we look towards the future. Collectivists have always been apt to worry too much about wealth, but Guildsmen need not follow in their steps. Nothing can be gained and much may be lost by forcing an analogy between the pursuit of goodness, truth, and beauty, and the production of useful commodities such as coal and boots. We do not consume education, science, and art. We do consume coal and boots.

But there is another objection to this view. The State has a province as producer.

In other words, there are certain responsibilities which ought to be undertaken by "representative organs based on election by geographical constituencies," and in virtue of these functions such bodies are certainly producers.

As an example of such an "organ" take a town council, and as an example of such a function take the provision of a park. I maintain that the park is "produced" by the citizens of that town when they decide to devote space and money to its creation, rather than by the guild of agriculture to whom the town confides the task of planting it, or the building guild who undertake to build in it a winter garden or people's palace.

Civic functions—town-planning, the provision of civic buildings—should be undertaken by citizens as such; county functions—the founding of a university or a county asylum—by dwellers in the county as such; national functions—defence, planning of national roadways and waterways, provision of national museums, and monuments—by the inhabitants of the country as such.

These activities and many others are extra-guild in the sense that they are undertaken by a community which is based on locality, not on occupation.

E. TOWNSEND.

### PAINTED DRAGONS.

Sir,—Your reviewer and I are in agreement in essentials—namely, the advantage of codes if they are good; the mischief wrought by cruel and barbarous codes and the impossibility of any code, however perfect, controlling the vagaries of juries.

We begin to differ when your reviewer holds that the long recital of legal readjustments in recent years contains provisions that are of a nature to clear the ground for codification in a distant future. I am unable to share this optimism. Nor does Judge Parry, when he dedicates "The Law and the Poor" to "the Man in the Street in the hope that he will take up his job and do it." The job is legal reform! Nor did the late Professor Maitland when he expressed a hope that "we may be able to borrow a code from the Japanese."

Our difference is acute as regards the question whether the exercise of judicial functions should be a career in itself or the crown of the advocate's career. There is no substance in the objection to the former in the fear that judges would become agents of the Government. In a corrupt period—under the Stuarts, for example—the existing system did not protect us from that abuse in its worst form. Such horrors are unthinkable to-day.

But if such grave anticipations be set aside and the problem resolves itself into the respective advantage accruing to the laity in prescribing a special training for those who are to exercise judicial functions, or in recruiting them from the Bar, it so happens that there is a ready means of settling a vexed question and concluding this controversy which might otherwise prove interminable or provoke the fatal shears of the editor. A certain proportion of judges in India are recruited from the Civil Service. The experiment is said to

have been suggested by Bentham to the elder Mill. This is a sporting suggestion: that your reviewer should stake his case for the barrister-judge as against the civilian-judge, on their respective records during the last quarter of a century. That is a definite issue.  
W. D.

MUSIC.

Sir,—Your correspondent, Mr. Sorabji, refers with contempt to "newspaper reporters of the daily press, devoted to the puffery of anyone who cares to pay for it." At the same time he proceeds to puff certain foreign makes of pianos and certain foreign singers. Is he paid for this?

As he is, perhaps, one of those who move through a world which always justifies their prejudices, he will never, I suppose, hear any great British singer. But great British singers exist, nevertheless. If he were to ask Mr. Cyril Scott, or Mr. Holbrooke, he might hear of a Scottish mezzo-soprano who is more than competent technically and who is supreme in interpretation. As I am not a newspaper reporter, I shall not imitate Mr. Sorabji's method, by advertising an artist who cannot be "puffed"; that is, I shall not name her. And there are others.  
W. MACINTYRE.

MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Sir,—The condescension of Mr. Atheling is sublime; his capability as a critic doubtful, judging by the cheapness of his satire and the crudity of his suggestions: why call upon "the immortal Gods"—they would care as little for the programme as Mr. Atheling's criticism of it!

The song "Homing" is unknown to me, but what can it have to do with the harmless and defunct Madame Tussaud? The description of the piano as a decorated hearse is in questionable taste, as surely the admirers of D'Alvarez may offer her flowers without being accused of delirium. Probably the artist would be delighted to sing "Bonjour Suzon" in a café chantant if we could boast of one. I entirely agree with Mr. Atheling when he states that he has the right to "find fault," but to write that D'Alvarez is "the servant of any public," that "one endures the slush for the sake of the beauty," is more in the nature of vulgar abuse than decent rebuke.

I contend that honest criticism should be expressed according to one's conception of the good and the beautiful, and be inspired by a genuine attempt to instruct the public without any deliberate intention of hurting the feelings of the artist. Some of us who criticise are apt to forget the labour, self-denial, and anxiety of those who provide the pleasures of a fickle public: all the more, then, let us be generous and just: we need not, in consequence, stultify our opinions. Perhaps Mr. Atheling is lacking in sympathy—courtesy is obviously absent.  
ERNEST WILTON SCHIFF..

DRAMA.

Sir,—From among the irrelevancies, inconsistencies, and bludgeonings in Mr. John Francis Hope's "Drama" column of last week we have extricated one serious misapprehension which seems to need correction underlying his criticism of our recent letter on an "After-War Theatre." He assumes in our letter a plea for the recognition of a particular school of dramatists. We cannot point out too emphatically that our immediate concern is with the Theatre and not with the Drama.

The theatre is the fundamental need of all who are concerned with plays, be they actors, stage-carpenters, or dramatists. The art is approached through a complicated and expensive medium, and creative work cannot be begun until the artist in each branch of the art is given the freedom of his medium.

It is absurd to allege that the artist of the theatre has in any existing institution an adequate or permanent freedom of medium. Moreover, Mr. Hope's illustrations in support of the status quo are decidedly unfortunate. He reminds us of the "Old Vic"—a triumphant example of the wisdom of endowing "failure." He then throws Shakespeare at us. Has

he ever heard of the Earl's Players? Rich patrons were, at any rate, not found wanting when a little pornographic poetry was judiciously thrown in. Finally, he quotes the case of Mr. Bernard Shaw. . . .

We reiterate our feeling of the need for an endowed, experimental theatre, not because we think that all unacted dramatists are geniuses, or that all art is good because it is unwanted, but because we believe that it is in the interests of the growth of an art that the instrument of its production should be in the hands of those who produce it.

HERMON OULD.  
HORACE SHIPP.  
HAROLD SCOTT.

ART NOTES.

Sir,—May I be allowed to thank you briefly for the admirable art criticism which has recently found its way into your pages? Mr. Dias's notices are very harsh, and probably painful to the artists and their friends, but after reading a Dias criticism one does at least know what the exhibition is like.

R. BIGGE.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

Militarism lives on power and by power. Prussia's short cut to world-power and world-peace would be the longest and bloodiest road that humanity could choose.

We cannot put a time-limit on our wrestle with the embodied fate that is Prussia.

A war of defence, though necessarily carried on by military means, is not a militarist war.

The kultural and every other kind of exploitation of Russia alone would provide Prussia with a means of choking with batter every German democrat that opened his mouth.

Russia has made herself a Tolstoyan martyr in vain.—"Notes of the Week."

All social and economic theories spring from mankind's unweary search for equitable distribution.

Distribution is the basis of society.

All architecture is public.—S. G. H.

The "later-on," for the drawing together of knowledge, never comes.

It is the penalty of bad thinking that all thinking should be told to keep its paws off the live things of the spirit.

We have no art of meditation, and the primary example, prayer, has been imprisoned in the cage of Sunday religion.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

There have been thousands of fine artists, and few good critics.

It is a safe rule to distrust all diagnoses that are followed by the prescription of a miracle.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

Man used as an excuse for a study in sunlight, or even woman used as a clothes-horse, cannot rise to the apex of portrait-painting.—B. H. DIAS.

Facts do not contradict each other, they co-exist. We are only at the beginning of a mystical interpretation of reality.—A. E. R.

Few greater boons can be conferred on humanity than a good school book.—ALLEN UPWARD.

## PRESS CUTTINGS.

A few paying guests received in a Bishop's House in the country, away from air raids; every modern convenience; good garden; riding, driving; near golf links. Address, Episcopos, Box L.114, "The Times."

Now the difference between a paper like the "Daily News" and a paper like THE NEW AGE (for it is more graceful to adduce some independent organ other than the "New Witness") is a difference fundamental and not superficial; a difference in origin, nature and aim. They resemble each other in being printed in black ink on white paper at a certain cost, and therefore, of course, they resemble each other in the fact that the money to print them comes from somewhere, that some subscribers give their support for some reason. But the difference is not merely in the reason the subscribers have, but in the only reason that they could have. Certain people support Mr. Orage's paper because they support Mr. Orage's views, or at least his right to express them. If it lost those views, it would lose those subscribers. In other words, the policy of the paper is the paper. Without it the paper has no existence and could have no support. With a paper like the "Daily News" this is not so, either in practice or theory, either in detail or design. Such a paper will talk about itself formally as an organ of opinion, but that is not how anyone talks of it, when he talks freely, not formally. Mr. Gardiner is not and never could be the "Daily News," in the sense in which Mr. Orage is THE NEW AGE. Charles Dickens was not the "Daily News," though he was its first editor; when he very rapidly resigned, nobody felt that a Dickensian thing had ceased to be Dickensian. Primarily, the "Daily News" merely meant what it said; it was news to be given every day. Men invested in it as in daily milk or daily mutton, and, even apart from the alloy of advertisement, opinion was never its substance and never will be. Even in my own lifetime it changed from an old-fashioned Radicalism to a Rhodesian Imperialism, then to a Pro-Boer policy tending to Pacifism, and so on. If there were such changes in THE NEW AGE, we should say that THE NEW AGE had ceased to exist; we should say so even if, somehow or other, the name still existed. In short, the man who confuses those two types is, in that respect, the supreme example of the fool in philosophy; the man who does not know a thing when he sees it.—Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON in the "New Witness."

Speaking in the Reichstag, Herr Haase, Independent Socialist, said:—

After the ultimatum to Russia there can no longer be any question of a peace of understanding; Ludendorff reigns over us. Give proofs of German faith, even towards our enemies. (Laughter.) The alleged motive for the march into Northern Russia is the protection of the maltreated population. I am sceptical concerning reports of cruelty. Russia is now passing under the Caudine Forks. We protest strongly against this policy. Our posterity will experience the certain consequences of this peace with Russia.

We are against an English, French, or Italian, but also against a German peace. It is asserted that the strike was made with foreign money, but that is completely false. The workers acted from the purest idealism, the Government alone is culpable for the bloodshed in Moabit. The workers' discontent is due not least to the treatment of the Franchise Bill; the workers know that they will not obtain equal suffrage through the Government's grace, but must fight for it.—"Times."

The German workers are faced with a terrible responsibility, which they must meet if the hope of a league of peoples is ever to be revived. We have consistently declared that it is the duty of the workers to combat the militarist power in their own country. German militarism is crushing Russia. The German workers can, and must, prevent it.—"The Call."

During his 33 years' connection with journalism Mr. Spender says the power of the editor and writer has been constantly diminishing and the power of the proprietor constantly increasing. In the past, he says, "proprietor and editor were necessarily agreed about the general policy of the paper, but its daily control rested entirely with the editor, and it was part of his contract that he should be free from dictation or instruction of any kind. . . . The working journalist was seldom, if ever, compelled to write against his judgment or his conscience. These are the only conditions in which the journalism of opinion can be honest, vigorous, and independent, and the working journalists must make an effort to get them re-established if they wish to keep up the repute of their profession. Journalists can neither do justice to themselves nor serve the public honestly in a syndicated Press, producing opinion to a pattern designed by its proprietor. If that Press is to be the model, the profession of journalism will not be recruited from independent and self-respecting men.—"Daily News."

The Soviets, backed by 200 millions of people, had immense power, and if they had acted up to their programme things would be different to-day. But they preferred the advice of the Opportunists and the power fell to those very Liberals who had worked with the Czar. Once more we had secret diplomacy and every effort was made to undermine the power of the Soviets and to get command of the army. This Government was overturned and the Bolsheviks victorious in every part—took its place. If they had blundered it was in exaggerating the revolutionary force in other countries. An invitation was sent out to join them in bringing about a general peace. A reply was asked for within ten days. It was a fortnight before the people of the various countries knew anything about it. The appeal had been kept back. In the Germany Army, with whom they were in direct touch, a favourable movement began, but was not sustained. This was due perhaps more to their opportunist leaders than to the Government. The former were still boasting that they stopped the German strike. The same kind of thing applied to other countries. The genuine Socialist cannot fight against the working class. He must be with that class even when it blunders. The Bolsheviks had to fight against capitalists, Germans, and Opportunist Socialists. The Ukraine obtained liberty through the Bolsheviks, but as the Government was in the hands of bourgeoisie, it was sold to Germany. The working class must rely on the working class, not on members of the middle class who proclaim themselves as Socialists. The position to-day in Russia was critical, but not without hope. German regiments that had been in contact with Russian revolutionaries were refusing to advance. The Russian workers were realising that they could not of themselves do away with militarism, but they felt that the Russian revolution had done its duty to the International and that the International must now do its duty to the Russian Revolution.—M. LITVINOFF in the "Call."

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