

# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE week has been full of rumours, most of which were set adrift by the unguarded remark of Sir J. Compton Rickett a few hours after he had breakfasted with Mr. Lloyd George. Rumours, however, do not and cannot affect the fundamentals of the situation which are to-day what they were close upon four years ago. To-day as then the Prussian militarist caste is in the saddle in Germany; to-day as then the actuality, if not the potentiality, of technique and matériel on the side of Germans are either superior or only doubtfully inferior. Under these circumstances there is just as good an excuse for continuing the war at this moment as there was for ever beginning it. Whoever was of the opinion that the invasion of Belgium by Prussia was a declaration of war on the world must be of the opinion to-day that the same challenge is being made and must for the same reasons be taken up. The situation is indeed in some respects more menacing than it appeared to be some forty or so months ago. Few people could have foreseen then that the hegemony of Prussia in Europe was so nearly within Germany's grasp as it has now proved to be; and still fewer people imagined that after three years of war Germany would be master over the largest part of Europe. To leave the war to-day under whatever disguise of compromise could not possibly therefore conceal the fact that Prussia has been neither beaten nor converted. On the contrary, it would be to abandon to a triumphant and unrepentant militarism the military and every other sort of control of Europe.

If the Memorandum purporting to have been written by Prince Lichnowsky, and now appearing in translation in the Swedish Socialist journal, the "Politiken," be authentic, it should be worth a moral campaign to the Allies and to this country in particular. Prince Lichnowsky was the German Ambassador in London during the two years before the war; and he, if anybody, should have known what impression our official diplomacy was aiming to make upon Germany. Well, what does he say? Does he confirm the theories popularly held in Germany and spread about in our own country by our pacifists that Germany before the war was the victim of Allied encirclement, that Eng-

land was bent upon confining a commercial rival, or that Russia and France were looking for the convenient moment to fall upon Germany? Not in the least. Assuming once more that the Memorandum is authentic, no more conclusive evidence can be desired that the very contrary of all these myths was the actual truth. Russia and France, Prince Lichnowsky says, were thinking of anything but an attack upon Germany. So far from wishing to hem Germany in or to isolate her from the rest of Europe, Sir Edward Grey, he says, was always anxious to establish a lasting rapprochement with Germany, and to include her within the existing Concert. On the occasion of the Balkan Conference in London in 1913 the British authorities, so far from siding with their diplomatic friends, usually took the side of Germany in order, Prince Lichnowsky says, not to jeopardise the friendly feeling which it was hoped was growing between the two nations in spite of the "unfortunate naval question" between them. We are left, in fact, after reading the Memorandum of Prince Lichnowsky with this impression, that the protestations of our statesmen regarding their pre-war policy towards Germany were true and that, whatever may have subsequently become the case, their attitude was one of hopeful benevolence rather than of the cunning malevolence commonly attributed to them in Germany and elsewhere. This, it may be again remarked, is the evidence not of an Allied nor even of a neutral diplomat, but of Germany's leading ambassador during the very period in most serious question. It should therefore serve as more than a set-off to the "secret" treaties that have done so much damage to the Allied case; and silence, into the bargain, a great deal of the specious nonsense of our enemy's self-appointed advocates.

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We are not going to despair of converting Germany because of the reply of "Vorwärts" to the Allied Socialists. The essential preliminary to repentance is confession; and it is a great step in advance upon the past to have got German Social Democracy to admit its moral surrender. Hitherto, as all who are familiar with the history of the International are aware, German Socialists have been in the habit of professing to be able, as they would, to bring their

Prussian Government to heel. It was always the other Socialist parties that were not ready to bring pressure to bear upon their Governments sufficiently to justify German Social Democracy in beginning the revolution. Now, however, the cat is out of the bag, and the truth is confessed. So far from having been at any time powerful enough to overturn their own system and awaiting only the moment when the rest of the Socialist world could join them, the German Socialists have now admitted that they have always been weak and are now quite helpless; in a word, their confession is abject. From having professed to be the strongest Socialist party on earth they have descended to the admission that they are really the weakest. But the process surely cannot end there. Bottom has been touched in this confession; and the moment is come when any change in German Socialist mentality must be for the better, since it cannot any longer be for the worse. We predict, in fact, that the moral change is now about to take place; and that, at long last, the German Social Democrats are going to begin that self-examination of which the impediment has hitherto been the amazing delusion of their strength. How to assist it, however, is now our question. It is, indeed, the chief question for Allied diplomacy in general. For exactly as it is the business of military strategy to discover and to concentrate upon the weakest part of the enemy's defence; it is the work of diplomacy to discover and to attack the point of the enemy's greatest moral weakness. For this delicate and psychological task, however, a finer directing mind than that of Lord Northcliffe, who is charged with it, is necessary. We want a Machiavelli. Have we one in this country? Could any of our statesmen recognise him if they saw him?

The treatment of Mr. Norman, the conscientious objector, is evidence that the Government has a long row to hoe before arriving at a winning psychology. As we have said before, we shall win in the end by our differences from Prussianism and not on our resemblances to it. But in the case of Mr. Norman not only is the Government imitating Zubernism in its most aggravating form, but the evil effects are not confined to Mr. Norman and his group, they are spread abroad throughout all the circles of pacifism and semi-pacifism in the land. As fast, indeed, as the German Government unmakes pacifists in this country, our own Government does its best to make them again. The facts, as we understand them, are clear in the case. For an offence against the civilian prison regulations of Dartmoor Mr. Norman was quite illegally transferred to military law, from which he was no sooner acquitted than he was again put under military arrest for a military offence committed while illegally under military jurisdiction. He was then sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour. This sentence, which, as Mr. Shaw points out in the "Manchester Guardian," is likely to be repeated and doubled upon the next occasion—for Mr. Norman is certainly an Englishman who will die rather than give in to what, even mistakenly, he is convinced is tyranny—can only be regarded as savagery in the immediate authorities and persecution-mania in the higher. It reveals, what is even worse, the helpless stupidity to which the Government has been reduced in its efforts to meet and to counter the conscientious objector. You would have thought, after all these years of experiment, that the Government would have learned how to handle the problem without, at the very least, multiplying and intensifying it in the process. Apparently, however, they have learned nothing but how to make pacifists more pacifist and more numerous.

The Irish Debate in the Lords on Tuesday was remarkable for the unanimity with which the various

speakers carefully avoided the crux of the problem. Lord Salisbury attributed the growing disaffection of Ireland to "administrative feebleness"; Lord Meath to "German influence"; and Lord Sydenham to the sheer naughtiness of the Irish nature. All these explanations, however, either only touch the surface, or are indifferent altogether to the actual phenomena of the situation which are, it is obvious, an increasing hostility to the British Parliament and an increasing disposition to gamble upon a Prussian victory. But why, it should be asked, has British parliamentary government been more discredited in Ireland than elsewhere; and why, in consequence, has Irish opinion been driven to look for help to our enemies? The answer is not that the Irish are more irrational than the rest of us, or more disposed of themselves to be pro-German. The explanation, on the contrary, is that the Irish have been absurdly logical—so logical, indeed, as to miss the commonsense of the situation. When, after years of agitation and delay, the Irish Nationalists finally succeeded in putting upon the Statute-book of the British Parliament a genuine Home Rule Bill, it was naturally expected that an authority that had so long resisted the measure would have given reality to it when it was passed. The Irish minority, in other words, was expected to be invited to submit to Parliament when Parliament had at last been persuaded under its own rules to confer Home Rule upon Ireland. We know, however, what became of the Bill when it was passed. On behalf of Ulster and himself, Sir Edward Carson loudly announced that he would defy the authority of Parliament at any cost; and so considerable was his influence, when supported by the English Unionists, that he quite succeeded in over-awing Parliament, the Crown and the British people. The Act was virtually withdrawn. Now what was the logical conclusion for a logical people to draw from this event but the conclusion that British parliamentarism is a farce, and its Acts scraps of paper? And to what else but the most powerful immediate enemy of that system—namely, Germany—would a purely logical people turn? If, indeed, it had been intended by the most subtle statesman that ever lived to alienate Ireland and to throw her into the arms of Prussia, he could not have proceeded with more skill than was unconsciously employed by Sir Edward Carson and his friends. All this, however, is to explain, it is not to justify the Irish people. Tout comprendre is not always tout pardonner. Logical as it may have been to repudiate parliamentary government and to turn for help elsewhere, the Irish people should have calculated better both their ends and their means. Bad as Parliament had been proved to be, it was, and is, better than anarchy; and promising as a German victory might be made to look for Irish independence, it would be in reality to exchange a log for a stork. The choice before Ireland, in other words, was not in the actual circumstances the logical choice between the better and the worse—such ideal decisions are seldom to be made in politics—it was the choice between the bad and the worse. Logic, unfortunately, has led them to choose the better that has no real existence, and to fall upon the worse in an attempt to escape the bad.

The "Spectator" in its current issue endeavours, after its wont, to turn the Report of Expenditure by the Ministry of Munitions to the discredit of State Socialism. But more, unfortunately, has been discredited than a theory, a theory, too, which has long ceased to have any hold on Socialists themselves; what is discredited is the reputation for common honesty and common competence of our governing and capitalist classes. The revelations of the Select Committee demonstrate the existence of a considerable minority of persons in Government and contracting

circles for whom State Socialism is not inadvisable because it is impracticable, but because it is too good. It makes demands on commercial and patriotic morality which the "Spectator's" clients are unable as a body to satisfy; and hence its failure. But this is not all that must be said of the Report; for it further establishes the fact, which the "Spectator" has consistently denied, that "profiteering" has been continuous in its most indecent form, even under cover of the Government's pledges to abolish it in controlled establishments. It will be remembered that the assumption by the Government of the "control" of the munition factories was designed to safeguard the workmen in these establishments against being used as an instrument for robbing the nation. The "control" was, in short, a Government guarantee of fair-dealing. Now, however, it appears that in fact the control has been illusory. The Committee report that of 26 controlled contracting firms, taken at random, every one had increased its actual profits by five times the standard amount, and that when all the "control" had been exercised, every firm was left with twice its legitimate profits in its pocket. This is a sheer abandonment of the original agreement with Labour; and it would entitle Labour to regard the agreement as null and void, and to insist upon another, or to refuse to enter into any agreement whatever. This, and not the petty propagandist moral drawn by the "Spectator," is the real lesson of the Report; and we can only hope that on Labour's side it will not be too immediately learned.

Though the provisions of Mr. Fisher's Education Bill are not on the heroic scale of the war, they appear nevertheless to be too heroic for some of the advanced thinkers of the new Unionist group. Mr. Basil Peto, in particular, distinguished a lethargical debate on Wednesday by opposing the Bill on the ground that the raising of the school-age to 14 and of the continuation period to 18 would infallibly ruin industry. It is strange amid what convulsions of events and ideas the materialistic notion survives that industry can profit at the expense of the people upon whom it depends. It is likewise strange that at a moment when the results of years of industry are being destroyed for the lack of brains to preserve them, men like Mr. Peto should still attach more importance to industry than to education, to last year's fruit than to the everlasting tree. Yet so it is; and for such minds not only the war but the world will have been lived and fought in vain. Mr. Fisher was modest, however, in his claim for his Bill; and we do not think he was far wrong in saying that, if it were passed, "the whole spirit and outlook of our elementary education would be changed for the better." It does not need a practical teacher to prove to the lay world that a profession that can look forward to handling its material for eleven instead of for six or seven years is likely thereby to be inspired to take a longer and a larger view of its work. So long as teachers were working under the loud demands of industry for child-labour, so long it must have continued to seem to them that their education was of small account: the less of it the better, and the more superficial the better again. With the extended period, however, in their charge, they may themselves come to think of their profession with more self-respect.

The period of demobilisation may be still a long way off; but it is not too soon for the Government to prepare and publish its plans and for the nation to examine them. If we may take Mr. Roberts, the Labour Minister of Labour, as the official spokesman of the Government on this problem, the plan now in the oven is clear. The troops are to be demobilised as and when their respective industries demand addi-

tional labour; and any subsequent unemployment from industrial or any other causes is to be met by Government weekly grants. Like the Education Bill to which we have just referred, the demobilisation scheme of the Government is not heroic; but it has the additional disadvantage, unlike Mr. Fisher's Bill, of failing to be heroic enough even for our miserable age. In the first place, it entirely, so far as we can see, leaves out of account a problem that is precedent even to the problem of military demobilisation, namely, the demobilisation of the dilutees recently taken into industry. What is to become of the millions of persons now engaged in industry whose occupation will be taken away not merely when military demobilisation begins but long before? Mr. Roberts leaves us to conclude that when the nation has no longer any need for their services, they will be dismissed with a ribbon and a medal to live on their memories. In the second place, it is obvious that not only does the Government contemplate an early return to the status quo in industry—where alone, it appears, the status quo ante bellum was wholly satisfactory—but it contemplates the restoration of the pre-war conditions both of employment and unemployment. Industry—private industry—is still to be master in its own house and to employ the working-classes as servants; and unemployment as a normal contingency of Labour is specifically assumed. Finally, Mr. Roberts' outline of the Government's proposals both in its omissions and commissions manifests the unteachableness of our governing and capitalist classes. They imagine themselves to be able, after such a war as the present, to settle down to their old routine, with a little more seriousness, it is true, but with no new ideas, and to make up the leeway of the war at their leisure. But it is impossible that it should be so. Assuming even the best that can happen at the conclusion of the war, the world will be a different place for England than as we have ever known it before. For us, at any rate, the demands of the war will not cease with war, but they will merely take a new form.

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The second Whitley Report which was published last week is good enough to demonstrate graphically our case against the politicising of the Labour movement. As our readers know, we have always maintained that the entry of the Labour party into politics was premature; and that in any event its power in politics is limited by its economic power, in other words, by its industrial organisation. Further than this, we have lately been at pains to remark that in spite of the appearance of strength of the present political Labour party, with its alluring prospect of a Labour Cabinet after the next General Election, such a party, or such a Government, would be just as weak as the organised Trade Union movement behind it. How weak, however, the organised Labour movement is can be seen from the classification of industries adopted in the new Whitley Report. There are three classes, A B and C, and they range from industries well, through industries ill, to industries wholly and almost unwholly organised. Now to how many industries is it supposed that the description of A will apply? The answer is no more than four or five. But all the rest of the industries fall with descending momentum into one of the classes B and C, where organisation is either incomplete or non-existent. This, we do not hesitate to say, is the Achilles-heel of the Labour movement as it exists at present. Mr. Henderson and his merry men may continue to stomp the country on behalf of their new programme; "producers by brains" may be applying for candidatures at a great rate; the ball may appear to be at the foot of Labour. But when the moment comes for Labour to legislate for Labour it will be found that the weakness of its economic organisation will be fatal.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

It has become customary during the war for writers to quote the best-known saying of Clausewitz, that in which he tells us that war is simply a continuation of politics by other means—truly an adequate enough commentary on the peace terms forced by Germany on Russia and Roumania. Let us not, however, overlook that other aphorism of his in which he tells us that the result of a war is not necessarily absolute or final; "for the vanquished State often looks upon it as a transient evil, for which the political conditions of later times may afford an opportunity of redress." (Book 1, ch. 1, aph. 9.) While a war lasts, no event arising from it can be regarded as definite and fixed; and it is as well that a German, of all people, should be found to admit that not even a crushing victory, which is what Clausewitz had in mind, necessarily results in a settled state of things. The peace with Russia and Roumania, however disheartening some of us may find it, and however much we may be inclined to blame the Bolshevik administration for bringing it about, may yet have a quick reaction; and an ultimate reaction can hardly be doubted. In a somewhat loose statement, the "Nation" (March 2) informs its readers editorially that the populations of the annexed provinces (Courland, Lithuania, Esthonia, Livonia—annexed for all practical purposes) are not Russian. It would be interesting to know what, then, they are; for, with the exception of a number of landowners, they are not German. The Hanseatic League had at one time, when the Hohenzollerns were not known to history, a certain commercial influence in these areas, as it had in England, Denmark, and Spain. But the Germans would hardly, on that account, claim the three countries just named as German property merely on the strength of what a trading company did five or six centuries ago. That the people in the Russian provinces mentioned are not Great Russians in the sense that the inhabitants of Moscow are so regarded may be freely admitted; but that they are Slavs with a distinct leaning towards the Great Russians is not open to question. The Ukrainians, however much they clamoured for their national freedom before the war, have never, to the best of my knowledge, professed to be Teutons.

However, it is our business to take the immediate factors into account, and, from that point of view, it is obvious that the German militarists have, for the time being, scored a victory. It is a victory which does not, apparently, appeal to a fairly far-seeing man like Harden, whose objections are based on grounds of expediency—Germany cannot absorb so many foreign elements. It is a victory, too, which does not appeal to the Independent Socialists, whose objections are founded on worthier democratic principles. But a temporary victory it is. The total population now under German influence, if not actual German rule, is calculated to number more than fifty millions. In addition, Germany has established a "political and moral" ascendancy over Finland; temporary possession has been taken of the Aaland Islands, and German troops are to occupy Odessa in order to see that certain food supplies, chiefly grain, reach the Central Powers. Roumania loses her access to the Black Sea, and most of her oilfields. In addition, Kars and other fortresses are to be given back to Turkey, and the port of Batum becomes a German possession. This puts the Central Powers in close touch with Persia and Afghanistan. Let us see, then, what the political possibilities of this new situation actually are. For the present, a great belt of territory, from Finland to the Black Sea, comes entirely under the influence of the Central Powers—for the Dobrudja is taken from Roumania and handed over, not to Bulgaria, but to

the "Central Powers," or, rather, to the alliance. The Baltic becomes a German lake; Poland is ruthlessly cut off from the sea, like Roumania; and Germans, or German vassals, are established on both sides of the Black Sea, at Odessa and at Batum. General Freytag-Loringhoven, whose book, "Deductions," has become fairly notorious, lays great stress on the importance of economics as a factor in war, and the German negotiators have not been unmindful of this in making their bargains. Whether the dealings were with Ukraine, Northern Russia, or Roumania, economic questions have been fully dealt with. Hitherto the annexed areas have exported chiefly wheat, oats, and cattle; but the item of "minerals" figures to the extent of twenty millions sterling or so, and the mineral deposits of Western Russia, as yet hardly scratched, will be developed by German capital and German brains, and important results are expected. The manufactures established in Ukraine within the last generation will also be stirred into new life; and all this will be grist to the Teutonic mill. What Poland means in an industrial sense is well known, and Poland is now as completely under German dominance as Silesia or the Rhineland.

From a strategic point of view the consequences are not encouraging. The possession of the coast of the Baltic provinces and of Finland is essential to the country possessing Petrograd; for otherwise Petrograd is as hopelessly cut off from the sea as Bucharest under the new régime. It will now, perhaps, become clear to some correspondents of this paper why I have never sympathised with the Finnish agitation, and as little with the Ukrainian. Noble patriots were engaged in both; but their minds were circumscribed, local. The Finnish agitation was fostered from Germany and the Ukrainian from Vienna, and the reasons, as I tried to explain before the war, were clear. There were only three barriers to the German dominance of Europe and consequently of the world—France and England in the west, the one by land and the other by sea; and a strong Slavdom in the east and near-east. How to break down these barriers, as I said so far back as 1910, exercised the minds of German statesmen for years, and they adopted the best courses possible—a strong navy to hold England in check, a strong army to defeat France, while leaving a surplus of men for the east, and agitation in Finland and in the Ukraine to split Russia up into a number of warring States which would be incapable, when put to the test, of uniting to defeat the German plans. How well these plans have succeeded up to this hour is shown by the war-map and by the condition of things in Russia.

The prospect elsewhere is no more inviting. Germany is now in control of the Black Sea; she menaces Denmark and Sweden to the north as much as her own allies to the south. Up to the very last moment of that fateful day in the autumn of 1915 Russia strove to keep Bulgaria on her side; and up to the outbreak of the Russian Revolution there was a strong pro-Russian party at Sofia itself. If things had gone hard with Bulgaria in the war, that party would not have hesitated to make its influence felt at Petrograd; but who will now intervene for Bulgaria in the day of reckoning? Her appeal, if made at all, must be made to strangers—to England, to France. But the uselessness of such an appeal if Bulgaria despairingly holds out to the end may be taken for granted. King Ferdinand's successor may, perhaps, be better advised to turn to the neighbours he betrayed. For, amid the welter of Balkan politics, two factors have always been prominent: the determination of Serbia never to lose her complete liberty and the doggedness of Bulgaria's desire not to be "beholden" to anybody. There is something of the Scotsman in the Bulgarian, and Berlin must learn this lesson as Petrograd learnt it.

## Guilds and their Critics.

### VII.—FUNCTION AND THE CLASS STRUGGLE.

"It must be clear that no Report which sets out to secure 'a permanent improvement in the relations between employers and workmen' can be consistent with the first principles of National Guilds. We seek, not 'a permanent improvement in relations,' but the abolition of the wage-system and of a master-class."—VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL GUILDS LEAGUE.

"The genuine Socialist cannot fight against the working class. He must be with that class even when it blunders."—M. LITVINOFF.

"The functional principle implies a continual adjustment and readjustment of power to the functions, and of the functions to the values recognised as superior or more urgent. As all men, or societies of men, will believe themselves to be capable of filling the highest function, and will claim for this function the greatest possible amount of power, it is not to be denied that the functional principle will bring about a permanent struggle, and that only eternal vigilance will prevent this struggle from relapsing into war. More than once the difficulties inherent in the application of the functional principle will cause men to lose heart and fall into the temptation of abandoning themselves to liberal principles and let the individual grasp the position he covets; or giving themselves up to authoritarian principles and let a tyrant re-establish order as best he can. But in such moments of dejection the memories of this war will act as a tonic. Men will recall that the liberal principle let loose, in modern centuries, the ambition of individuals, whilst when the liberal principle was corrected by the authoritarian the worst of monsters was unbound: the dream of universal monarchy, the real cause of world-wide wars. And then they will realise that it is worth while going to the trouble of binding the individuals, the authorities, and the nations in the functional principle; for only thus will it be possible to spare the world the repetition of these horrors."—RAMIRO DE MAEZTU.

#### I.

In the preceding discussion on producer and consumer, it is presumed throughout that the commodity valuation of labour must be rejected, or, in other words, wavery must be abolished. Guildsmen, with damnable iteration, must reiterate that wage-abolition is the foundation of National Guilds. When, therefore, from the inevitable mental confusion of the uninitiated emerged the popular idea that the Whitley Report was a practical acceptance of Guild principles, it was imperative that Guildsmen, in no uncertain accents, should proclaim the abyss that divided them from any proposals that predicated the continuance of wavery. The Vigilance Committee of the National Guilds League were quick to assert that "we seek, not a 'permanent improvement in relations' but the abolition of the wage-system and of a master-class."

It is here that we discover the germ of the class-struggle. The class-struggle and not the class-war—*lutte de classe* rather than *guerre de classe*. If we can regard it in a detached spirit, we shall find that it is not primarily a struggle for mastery of one class over another so much as a struggle *in classes* to secure ever improving conditions. Thus, a Trade Union aiming at higher wages is not consciously struggling to overcome the master-class but merely to better the conditions of the wage-contract. It blindly accepts the capitalist system, yet continues its class-struggle. But the spirit and direction of the struggle are changed when one class consciously claims economic dominance over the other, on grounds either of equity or function. The class-struggle is ultimately transformed into a class-war when capitalism, finding its function exhausted and its justification gone, resorts to a Capitalist-governed State to maintain it in power, first by starvation, then, that failing, by the police, finally, by military force. It is not always easy to distinguish where the class-struggle merges into the class-war. The struggle is unceasing; the war is sporadic. The

difference may be expressed in the terms passive and active.

Nor is the distinction merely academic. It is vital; for it involves the seaching question whether we shall settle our economic problem by a resort to reason or to force. If the master-class, when faced with the settled determination of Labour no longer to sell its labour as a commodity, accepts the inevitable without further demur, the struggle between class and class is ended and a new struggle between function and function is begun. Señor de Maetzto does well to remind us that even this new struggle, happily conducted on a higher plane, may, in its turn, degenerate into war. Eternal vigilance is not only the price of liberty but of peace.

In so far as it remains a struggle—that is, follows its normal course—we can apply our critical or constructive faculties to the processes of life, with such social or economic changes as reason or influence may determine. But when war begins, law and reason lapse, and the gods decide whether we are to pass into a better ordered society, or into anarchy and chaos. When war begins, not only does reason fly the field, but the finer and more nicely balanced issues disappear into the black and white of the war chess-board. Each man must decide on which side he will fight; his intellectual reservations must remain in suspense. This, I presume, is what M. Litvinoff means when he says that no Socialist can fight against the working-class, even when it blunders. But if he means that in normal circumstances we must support the working-class, right or wrong, then one cannot dissent too strongly. It would be the justification, long sought, of the nationalist, with his discredited motto, "My country, right or wrong." In a class-war, we have a confrontation of classes, aligned on an economic basis; but the normal struggle involves other considerations, not least a patient exploration of the principles of society and a constant re-valuation of function. The need for this becomes clear even in the titanic class-war now raging in Russia, the dominant faction being represented in England by M. Litvinoff. M. Nickolai Rubakin, a popular Russian author, writes in glowing terms of the Maximalist revolution. We are told that "the whole of Russia has transformed herself into the most absolute democracy in the world, as we must acknowledge, even if we take the anarchy into account. Russia is at the present time covered with a network of every possible germ-cell of self-government—Councils, Committees, Commissions, etc., for the greater part based on universal, equal, and secret franchise. . . . A number of Agrarian Councils, which are chiefly composed of simple peasants, many of whom cannot read or write, but are, nevertheless, showing themselves capable of grasping the most complicated agrarian questions with extraordinary exactitude, and who approach this cause as though it were a religious ceremony, are working out the material form for a unprecedented system of agrarian reform." Even the factories are feeling the effects of the new régime, the eight hours day, and even the six hours day, being adopted. A cataract of intellectual life has been loosed, flowing over the broken dam of Tsarism. All of which strengthens the democrat in his belief that democracy is the reservoir of spiritual and economic power. But M. Rubakin begins to doubt. "Everyone demands something, everyone speaks of rights, but scarcely anyone speaks of duties." If for "duties" we read "functions," we begin to realise that blind support of the working-class, even when it blunders, may become a subtle form of infidelity. Without inquiring too closely into the persecution of Kerensky, or the suppression of the Constituent Assembly, we are not far wrong in assuming that a class-war relentlessly waged without a real appreciation of function or duty, waged purely on class lines, may bring disaster in its train. The National Guildsman may pointedly add

that the Soviets, being industrial bodies functioning in the alien sphere of politics, have brought the Germans to the gates of Petrograd.

The conclusion is that the class-struggle does not comprehend all the activities, and must be related to life, as a whole, if its fruits are not to turn to bitterness.

## II.

We are compelled, on this train of reasoning, to inquire whether any good thing can come out of the master-class. Is its purpose purely that of exploitation, or do more permanent functions inhere in it? Is it the creature of historic development, or has it consciously and purposely guided events to its own aggrandisement and to the horrors of existing social conditions? If the answer to this last question is in the affirmative, then it is a criminal conspiracy, a predatory combination, calling for merciless extirpation.

For my part, I am not minded to quarrel with history. Capitalism was originally a reaction from the inertia of the mediæval guilds, subsequently stimulated by feudal oppression. It was the child of its period, and it seems futile either to praise or condemn it. If I were its apologist, I could make out a tolerably good case for it, from its inception down to yesterday. It has a record of great achievements to its credit, even though it has cut a swathe of mutilated men, women and children, and left a trail of unspeakable cruelties. Upon its inherent vulgarity, its debasement of moral and intellectual life, it were superfluous to enlarge. The business man of to-day stands morally in a low grade. His banker's reference is no criterion of character. Yet there he stands, not quite so dominant as formerly, more than a little puzzled, but still undaunted.

The capitalist rests his defence on two grounds:— (a) that he has led, managed and ventured; that for his leadership and management he is entitled to remuneration and to profits commensurate with his risks: and (b) that whatever he has done, whether good or ill, whether cruel or human, he has had the sanction of law and public opinion. The second ground seems indisputable, particularly when we remember that even the exploited working-classes have not until recently fundamentally disputed his claims, accepting the wage-system, and so tacitly parting with the product of their labour to the capitalist in exchange for the commodity price of their labour. But law and public opinion may withdraw their sanction, and, consequently, that defence may be penetrated; is, in fact, already pierced in more sectors than one. It is, then, to the first defence we must look if we are to discover any continuing function of social value in the master-class. Is it true that he has led and managed? It is. But is it true that leadership and management are his monopolies? It is not; but it is true that circumstances have developed these faculties in the master-class when circumstances have precluded or retarded their development amongst the wage-earners. One has had the training; it has been denied to the other. Allowing for many exceptions, it is the training of an hereditary caste. Now, whether we like it or not, management is a function, and if generally it reside in the existing master-class, it can hardly be denied that the functional principle cuts across the class-struggle, to the extent that Labour depends upon management, to the extent that, in the transition to the new order of society, management can be separated from exploitation and utilised in the public interest. The Labour guns must be levelled at exploitation; if they destroy management, they may retard the economic change we seek: may, by the lack of efficient management (as in Russia to-day), create a reaction, and so defeat the purpose of the revolution.

In this connection, it may be well to note carefully the growing importance of a function in itself. Mr.

Sidney Webb has recently been trying to define it.\* "What we are concerned with here, whether we are considering any grade of managers or superintendents, is the quite distinct profession of organising men—of so arranging and dictating the activities of a band of producers, including both brain-workers and manual workers, and to create amongst them the most effective co-operation of their energies in achieving the common purpose. What the manager has principally to handle, therefore, is not wood or metal but human nature; not machinery, but will." "In my opinion, the profession of the manager, under whatever designation, is destined, with the ever-increasing complication of man's enterprises, to develop a steadily increasing technique and a more and more specialised vocational training of its own; and to secure, like the vocation of the engineer, the architect or the chemist, universal recognition as a specialised brain-working occupation." Nor is the manager to be concerned with profiteering; his skill is to be applied without regard to profits and losses; "his concern is primarily with output, not profits." And so we come to Mr. Webb's conception of the efficient works-manager: "He who makes his industry efficient in quantity and quality of product in comparison with the human efforts and sacrifices involved."

Whilst, therefore, National Guildsmen cannot compromise with the wage-system or with a master-class—both have outstayed their welcome—we have not been unmindful of the non-manual functions, and have declared that there is both room and welcome for them in the National Guild. Here, nascent, is the functional principle, but, as yet, juridically unrecognised.

S. G. H.

## Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janko Lavrin.

### X.—DOSTOYEVSKY AND HIS SIGNIFICANCE.

#### I.

ALL that has been said about Dostoyevsky does not sum up even approximately his significance and his place in contemporary European culture. Apart from his literary importance, he has given in his synthetic art so many new spiritual, philosophical and psychological aspects that a full appreciation of them belongs to the future.

First of all, it may be emphasised that it is not Nietzsche but Dostoyevsky who forms the landmark and the bridge between the present culture and that of to-morrow. Nietzsche transvalued most of the values of our positivistic epoch, but positivism itself he could not transvalue and overcome. In spite of all his scorn for the so-called science for science's sake, he remained a victim of the scientific view up to his death.

Dostoyevsky went further: he transvalued not only the values but also the transvaluer, i.e., Nietzsche himself. He it was who undermined the scientific idea as such, and demonstrated by his "psychology" that "science and reason" cannot give a sufficient basis of life. He it was who realised, before Nietzsche and deeper than Nietzsche, that "reason is reason, and no more, and satisfies only the reasoning faculty in man, whereas volition is a manifestation of all life (that is to say, of human life as a whole, with reason and every other sort of appendage included). . . For what does reason know? Reason only knows that man possesses a certain capacity of apprehension. Anything else, believe me, it does not know."†

\* "The Works Manager of To-day." (Longmans, Green & Co.)

† The quotations are taken from the translation by C. J. Hogarth.

Dostoyevsky realised deeper than anybody that the truth of our rational reason and the truth of our "irrational" consciousness may be different and even quite opposed. And if so, then the question arises which of them is right—the truth of my logical "pitiful Euclidean mind" or the truth of my deeper "psychological" (and, sometimes, extremely illogical) Ego? And if the latter is right, why can I not bring it into harmony with the truth of my logic?

Contemporary European culture and education have the tendency to subdue entirely our "psychology" to logic, to base and to regulate the whole of life by "science and reason." Dostoyevsky revealed the absurdity of such attempts. He rejected by his "psychology" such a basis of life and struggled passionately to discover another basis which could "satisfy all the faculties and not the reasoning faculty alone," i.e., a basis which could give the highest assertion, the highest expression to the individual, as well as to the collective life.

Hence Dostoyevsky's "philosophy" is not a mental sport (as, for instance, the self-styled German philosophy). He not only thought his thoughts like those official truth-seekers who usually reduce the great mystery of Life and Cosmos to the narrow size of their "scientific" brains; he lived them.

In other words: his philosophy was not so much a result of his "reason" as of his total psychology.

## II.

However, Dostoyevsky's psychology cannot be understood in the common meaning of this term.

Our official psychology is too dogmatic and almost entirely bound on the Procrustean bed of physiology. All that is beyond the psycho-physiological norms and dogmas is considered as abnormal, as pathology and sickness, which are to be reduced back to the "normal" and sound psycho-physiological conditions.

This strict differentiation between the "normal" psychology and so-called pathology is a great misunderstanding. Who can tell where the normal ends and the abnormal begins? Moreover: a strong and original individuality begins only where the normal commonplace psychology ceases. All that is really individual is eo ipso "abnormal"; and the more individual one is the less chance and the less wish one has to be included within the precise formulæ determined by the learned psychologists.

"As a matter of fact, if ever there shall be discovered a formula which shall exactly express our wills and whims; if ever there shall be discovered a formula which shall make it absolutely clear what those wills depend upon, and what laws they are governed by, and what means of diffusion they possess, and what tendencies they follow under given circumstances; if ever there shall be discovered a formula which shall be mathematical in its precision, well, gentlemen, whenever such a formula shall be found, man will have ceased to have a will of his own—he will have ceased even to exist. Who would care to exercise his will-power according to a table of logarithms? In such a case man would become, not a human being at all, but an organ-handle, or something of the kind. What but the handle of a hurdy-gurdy could a human being represent who was devoid either of desires or volition?" exclaims Dostoyevsky's hero from the Underworld.

Unfortunately, the chief aim of our official psychology seems to be—to find such a formula, such a psychological "table of logarithms." And even those who attempt to overstep the narrow domain of psycho-physiology—even those take for their standard the "normal" average (i.e., the most unindividual) type; all that is beyond these limits is simply "pathology."

All such methods can be very misleading. We must not forget that the growth of individual consciousness

often goes through stages of abnormality: the quicker this inner growth the further one arrives from the average (normal) type. And if man's consciousness develops too quickly—so quickly that his "physiology" cannot follow and adapt itself to the new conditions of his "psychology"—then man becomes either perfectly abnormal, or he dies, since he cannot "become physically changed."

In other words: real psychology is the psychology of individuality, and it has more to do with so-called pathology than with psycho-physiological "tables of logarithms." It is also more than a science, because it needs, sometimes, as much intuition and as much synthetic spirit as any work of art.

A true psychologist realises that the actual man is only a small part of the real (i.e., of the whole) man whose psychological and spiritual potencies are still to be discovered. He realises that the great unconscious domain of human personality is yet a mare tenebrarum, although the riddle of Microcosmos is perhaps hidden there.

Dostoyevsky was a psychologist of this kind. He made the boldest attempt to bridge the abyss between the conscious and the unconscious, between reason and Spirit, between rational and irrational. And he demonstrated that the abnormal may be not the opposite, but, rather, the amplification of the normal, i.e., a higher intensity of our consciousness.

In his effort to divine the riddle of human personality he penetrated into the farthest spheres of that mare tenebrarum where man's Soul and Spirit are engaged in terrible "pathologic" battles of which "normal" psycho-physiologists have not the slightest idea. And it was there that he found the most opposed elements and values interwoven in a wild chaos. It was there (and not only in his "reason") that he met the great Sphinx who told him: Either divine my riddle or perish!

We already know that the great riddle of the Sphinx was the problem of Value, the problem of God.

The spiritual pigmies (under the pretentious title of modern spirits) tried to kill even the idea of God—in the name of "science and reason." Dostoyevsky demonstrated that the problem of God is and remains the chief-problem of mankind, because it is identical with the problem of Absolute Value. He showed that in killing God mankind would morally kill itself, and that history would revert—from man to the gorilla.

And while attempting to solve this problem he revealed another (and more complicated) riddle—the riddle of God-man and man-God. He revealed it, and he was one of the first who consciously tried to solve it—for his own sake, as well as for the sake of humanity.

## III.

Among all modern spirits only Dostoyevsky was strong and deep enough to demonstrate in his apocalyptic works that man's consciousness is the arena of Cosmic struggles. All the Cosmic antinomies—God and Devil, Ormuzd and Ahriman, Madonna and Sodom, Christ and Satan—all are struggling in their eternal struggle, and the battlefield is man's soul, man's consciousness.

This fact is of extreme importance for the growth of individual consciousness. The more we become aware that the greatest struggles of the Universe take and must take place in our consciousness the more contact and participation we have in the world-building, in the world-formation and in the evolution of the whole of Cosmos: the great drama of Cosmos becomes our personal drama, and—vice versa. Only realising this, we realise also that every one of us is answerable for the Whole of the World and for the whole of Life, answerable for all and for everything. . . .

This is one of the deepest ideas Dostoyevsky reached in his transvaluation—and the essence of the latter was nothing but a titanic struggle with all the Cosmic

antitheses for the sake of his own salvation. In his struggle he pushed all the chief problems of mankind to their utmost "psychological" limits. And mankind cannot ignore Dostoyevsky when attempting to solve these problems.

After having proved the insufficiency of any scientific basis of life he came to an inner necessity of a religious basis. After having shown that the path of man-God leads into the void and self-destruction, he came to an inner necessity of God-man as the only issue. This issue he found in Christ whom he accepted, or, at least, tried to accept—in spite of logic.

Did he fully succeed in this?

We have no right to answer this question. In any case, Dostoyevsky was the man who dared to conquer his God. Moreover: he made manifest to us that to attain God we must first conquer Him—through all the inner pains and doubts and suffering.

A higher consciousness cannot and will not accept God at second hand, i.e., through intermediary or by means of a mechanical "creed." Only a "man of creed" accepts his belief and his convictions at second hand—more or less passively. But such convictions have nothing to do with really religious convictions which are not imposed but always organic, i.e., they are the result of an inner individual experience of one's consciousness.

This distinction between creed and religion is very important, because most of the so-called "religious" people have nothing to do with a religious consciousness: they simply take their miserable "creeds" for religion. Such believers are nearer even to the atheists than to really religious men—because there exist also atheistic and scientific "creeds." A fanatical bigot believing in devils and a fanatical atheist believing in Büchner are equally "men of creed." The difference between them is not substantial—it only lies in their premises. . . .

Nothing is so easy as to arrive at a creed; nothing is so difficult as to attain to conscious religion. The consciousness must make a long journey before it becomes mature for the religion. And the path to a religious belief leads not through "creeds" but through the most terrible depths of disbelief and of negation—through those abysses which were so familiar to Dostoyevsky.

Therefore, the weak average spirit is doomed to have his creeds (either scientific or unscientific—it does not matter), while most of the religious are among the chosen, among the strongest and highest representatives of mankind.

A real Superman is the man with the deepest and widest consciousness. He includes within his consciousness God and Cosmos and Eternity. Therefore he is and must be religious; and—above all—he is the man who is strong enough to conquer God by his individual daring and suffering. And this is the highest conquest accessible to man's consciousness.

#### IV.

In his longing and daring to conquer God such a Superman has only one path—the path of Dostoyevsky. And though he should perish on this path—he is great and sublime even in his downfall.

Dostoyevsky travelled on this path without fear of his own perdition—though he also often took refuge in his "creeds" (Slavophilism, Orthodoxy). And if he did not conquer his God definitely he is still greater in his tragedy proving once more thereby that the most difficult path is the path towards God.

This path leads through self-crucifixion, through individual Golgotha. Only those can reach God who have first crucified themselves: all other ways lead towards idols but not towards God.

This is the reason why we know so well the ways to all the idols; while the way to God is forgotten. For the latter we are too weak, or, rather—too "civilised." We have even no time to think about such problems as

the problem of God. And who is mad enough to aspire even to a conquest of God through self-crucifixion as Dostoyevsky did?

We prefer to make our consciousness poorer and pettier; we prefer rather to go back than to go forward—since for every step forward we have to pay with suffering and pain.

Our spiritual growth has been sacrificed to the idols of the Spirit of the Age. And these idols are so accessible, so pleasant, and so—comfortable. And—the worst of all—we are not only idolators but victims: the idols have penetrated so deeply into us that in crushing them we should crush ourselves. And this is what we are afraid of. . . .

In any case, we, "good Europeans," prefer spiritual comfort to spiritual martyrdom. Besides this, our "enlightened" science pretends to be able to solve, or even to have solved, all the problems and riddles of life. We can get the "whole secret of life into two pages of print."

Is this not comfortable?

Therefore, Dostoyevsky—this great martyr of the Spirit—is not "contemporary." He belongs to the future. The whole Dostoyevsky will be discovered and appreciated only by the future.

(THE END.)

## Music.

By William Atheling.

HERBERT FRYER (Wigmore Hall) belongs to the blurry and rippling type of pianist; he has variety and liquidity of sound, but it is tiring to wait for the beat. He was doing (or attempting to do) something with sound-retention, but the effect did not reach the Press seats. It sounded at times as if he were beating a pile of feathers; the apparent tiredness of the performer transferred itself to the critic. From his performance one might argue (I should be glad to do so, as it falls in with my own views) that even the pianists are tired of the piano, disillusioned; that the practical inconvenience of admitting this is the chief reason for keeping the admittedly sound article of commerce so to the fore on the platform. With Fryer one felt a constant effort to express *via* the piano a greater musical comprehension than the piano will express. This limitation by *instrument* is never felt with violin, or with the better wind instruments. Digital dexterity will not supply the lack of emotional depth. Fryer began his transcriptions from Purcell with charm. I thought I should have to swallow my condemnation, but his tiredness made itself apparent before he reached the end of the Minuet. He went off into cinema-twinkle in his own composition, and Bridge is of the ripple school.

Margaret Fairless, the rising flapper violinist, is giving a series of three recitals at the Wigmore, with what is, and in this case may very well be, called great promise. The performance opens most of the questions concerning the treatment of students and talented young musicians. It is unfair to criticise this sort of performance in the same terms that one uses for a mature musician, though the praise of "Little Eyasses," whose future is problematic, is more fascinating than the measurement of riper performers who will obviously never be any better than they are at the moment of observation.

Little Miss Fairless was quite good in her Mozart. Nothing but the music occupied her attention, and she had no assistance from her accompanist; but the Bach fugue was too much for her. On the other hand, the Corelli was satisfactory and admirably in her grasp.

She needs, of course, to be "restrained," not in the repressive sense. I mean she needs a master who will insist on the finer precisions, a master highly pedantic, but pedantic with the pedantry of oversensitiveness, not of conventional fixedness. The value



of pre-Bach music for such young players cannot be over-estimated. They should begin with the old, for modern music (except the most recent) is but a relaxation of it. Its freedoms, to be effective, must be based on a full sense of the forms underlying. The apparent chaos of modern music is a real chaos in practice unless both composer and performer have the form-sense within them, and this sense both of the major forms and of articulation is best developed by study of the earlier "regular" music. To set so young a musician to doing Wieniawski pyrotechnics before an audience is merely a crime against her future. The exactitudes which are included in masterly playing should be learned first. After a man reads Latin with a fluid but passable inexactness he will not go back and learn conjugations (even though they would often save him many a misunderstanding of his author), neither do middle-aged musicians go back and learn musical fineness. The more remarkable the pupil's general temperamental or talential equipment, the greater the crime of encouraging her to make splurges.

*Vide*, in the last connection, Madame Alvarez, making splurges. In her second recital (*Æolian Hall*) her voice was not in good trim. All the exquisite pianissimo, all the graces of approach were lacking; she was singing against her voice, forcing the sound the whole time. Nothing is more frail or tricky than a beautiful voice supplied by nature, and subject to being snuffed out by a slight hoarseness. A fine vocal artist has all sorts of resources, but Madame Alvarez was excited by the applause, and her gestures à la Bartholdi did not help her. "Nebbia" is over-dramatic, but justifiable as a display of vocal magnificence. Alvarez's lower notes were in order. There was no need to sing "I dreamt that I was weeping" three times, nor with such sentimentality. Her words in "De Rêve" were not clear; and, lastly and chiefly, one is convinced, above all things, that the Peruvian lady, richly dowered by nature, has not only never desired to improve, but that even the thought of improvement or the idea that improvement is possible has never entered her head. How much the absence of Di Veroil from the piano and the unfortunate substitution of Kiddle contributed to the general inferiority of her second recital I am unable to say. A singer of mental resource would not be so subject to her accompanist.

The Catterall Quartet gave a solid business-like opening to their Beethoven (Quartet in E flat Op. 127. Wigmore Hall). Beethoven was doubtless, in his day, a relief from too many trills; he towered as a colossus over the delicate derivativeness of Steibelt; he was a Titan, but he is now rather too much the daily (or pre-war daily) roast beef of music. The effect of deliverance that he may have given his contemporaries is no more to be had from him. He seems verbose, not nonsensical but verbose. He makes a beautiful appeal to the mediocre intelligence. He should be put away for a time and only taken out again when he shall have regained a certain strangeness. There was nothing uncommon to the usual theatre orchestra, or unsuitable for restaurant performance in the playing of the quite efficient Catterall Quartet.

#### WINIFRED PURNELL.

As for flagrant and obvious errors of inexperience: to begin with Chopin's Twenty-Four preludes, played without intermission; and half the audience, having arrived at 3.5, 3.15, 3.20 waiting in hall till 3.40 and decidedly out of temper! What shall be said for the reckless rashness of musicians who make their debut in this manner? I heard through the doors a brilliant, hard technique and a magnificent rhythm. This girl's playing is clear-cut, not mellifluous; it is calculated to annoy the four-by-six Beethoven-Wagner musician, who has from childhood seen above the old family

double length grand piano the large photo-reproductions of Haydn and Handel and Mendelssohn. Note that she grasped the rhythm division of the big Liszt sonata; she had the sense of aftersound; she made this rather heavy work interesting. It was not, what it so often is even in presumably accomplished performance, a mush and a mess. The clear, hard, metallic properties of the piano were *applied*, not ineffectively disguised. I am the last to say that Miss Purnell is a safe pianist to recommend to the public; she has a touch of that quality which makes primitive folk believe in voodoo and witch doctors; this is sometimes called genius; it is always disturbing and distressing, if not to the public, at least to the stock-sized practitioner of music, and the stock-sized regular attendant.

Her playing was, if you like, strident, but no part was not clearly thought out beforehand. I here put down my thoughts as they came to me during her Liszt: She will probably be quite intelligent on subjects apart from piano playing. (It is rash to think in this manner about musicians.) This is the first piano-playing that has moved me this season. She is of the first rank among women pianists. At any rate, the music does take up its own life and live and proceed in its own entirety; her playing is not a laborious clawing at the outside of the music. There is a profundity of musical feeling.

The Macdowell sonata is not an unquestionable work; it served, however, to display her bass control. The treble runs are inadequate, and the fault is, I think, the composer's. I do not believe they can be played effectively. Miss Purnell's interpretation was well articulated. She got from the piano not an imitation of orchestral sounds, as do some skilled pianists, but, what is much more interesting, an equal variety of peculiarly pianistic sounds, and she built up, all through the concert, these noises into a sequence and alternation of their own. The performance, lasting two hours and a quarter, including Chopin and the two sonatas, was in itself a great proof of energy.

Her interpretation of Debussy was personal, puzzling but ultimately powerful and impressive, if not, in one or two points, conclusive. I have never heard the bass-rumble near the end of the Sunken Cathedral so effective, and I have heard this piece excellently played (played to Debussy's own pleasure and satisfaction).

Miss Purnell's magnificent rhythm-sense and the definiteness of her articulation lift her far out of the ruck of performers. I do not by any means say that she will ever be popular, or that she will please the present concert-going audience, or that any one of the "established" critics will agree with my estimate of her work, but I do think it possible that she may, in time, build up an audience of her own, and that she will interest any auditor who does not arrive at the hall with a determination to hear each piece of music performed exactly as he has heard it before, and who foams at the mouth at every new or strange interpretation.

#### OPERA.

The Beecham opera has begun again, as it is largely Sir Thomas Beecham's personal gift to the public, and as he knows more about it than any of his critics, and as he is steadily improving the production, probably as fast as circumstances permit, stricture is discourteous and suggestion probably a superfluity. There may be occult or practical reasons for giving "Samson et Delilah"; nature may have intended Webster Millar to sing through his nose, and I must conclude that Edith Clegg is, for the present, an indispensable part of a very large mechanism. "Figaro" is being given, and two other Mozart operas. Few people can go more than twice a week, and it is up to them to select the better operas. That is the public's own critical duty; one cannot perform it for them.

THE TWO



ALLIED MILITARISM.

"If I succeed I am pledged to destroy myself."

MILITARISMS.



PRUSSIAN MILITARISM.

"If I succeed I am pledged to destroy the world."

## Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

THE production by the Stage Society of Mr. Arthur Symons' translation of d'Annunzio's play, "The Dead City," may serve as a text for another harangue which will not meet with the approval of the three minor dramatists who want to syndicalise the theatre. For in its own way, and within marked limits, the Stage Society is our "experimental theatre"; its defect is, I think, that it does not properly realise its office, and is content to experiment without troubling about the application of its experiments. In truth, it does not experiment, but imports; it enjoys or dislikes the exotic products, but it does not attempt to acclimatise them, nor is it even concerned with the possibility of their acclimatisation. Its concern is not with the English, but with foreign, drama; and it assumes that culture is something that comes from abroad, is cosmopolitan and derivative instead of national and creative. Its selections are therefore haphazard and casual; it chooses its plays primarily to give a few hours' entertainment to its members, in the same spirit that a travelled host will offer an edible bird's nest or a fried mouse to a guest, not to feed him or to enlarge his dietary, but to give the smack of novelty to their acquaintance. The craving for distinction may take many forms, from the public solitude of Stylites to the false confession of crime by an innocent man; but I know of no more fantastic method of marking our difference from our "even Christians" than banding together to enjoy not only, or always forbidden, but frequently rotten, fruit.

I need hardly say that I have no objection to foreign drama per se, and have no intention of suggesting that it should be prohibited. But the attainment of culture should not denationalise a man, should not diminish either his typical or personal significance; it should make him more, not less, himself and more representative of his people. Fond as I am of Restoration comedy, its unmistakable "Frenchness" shows that it is not, and cannot become, an English institution; on the other hand, Shakespeare did not become the spirit of the English until he had become acquainted with various forms of foreign drama, modern and antique, and carefully disobeyed their artistic commandments. The value of acquaintance with other modes of thought or forms of expression is that it enables us to overpass our self-imposed limitations, whether of conformity or nonconformity with prevailing conceptions, and to treat the objects of our interest natively and with spirit, to do things in our own way and not after the manner of heathenish imitators, to give them a personal in addition to their traditional value, to make the universe (in a final extension) not merely alive but alive with our selves. There is genuine English character in that much-advertised question: "What did you do in the great war, daddy?" it expresses once again that instinctive preference for the personal value that is the chief hope of civilisation, and the directness of its appeal to national sentiment is obvious, for it would be as absurd to reply: "I imported, or produced a translation of, an Italian play, called 'The Dead City'"; as it would be to say: "I agreed with Lloyd George."

But although I would, in this matter, allow the utmost liberty to the individual, let him read anything and see what he can (with the caution that there are men in the library at the British Museum who look like Greek verbs walking, and irregular verbs at that), some limitation should be imposed on, or rather, some direction should be given to the activities of those who have not unlimited time or zest for culture. That the Stage Society should bring the world to our doors is well, but it must not dump the refuse of the world on our doorsteps: it takes us all our time to clear away the mess. We must insist that the experiments of the

Stage Society, or any other, must subserve public policy; and by this I mean that if English drama is not good enough for English people, then the selections from alien sources should be made either to repair the omissions or to indicate improvements. If we want, as some of us do, to restore poetry to the stage, it is useless to produce French tragedy in Alexandrine verse, for example, or Greek in hexameters; these are not native measures, do not express the genius of our language, and cannot be acclimatised but must remain for ever exotic.

When we speak of restoring poetry to the stage, we mean definitely dramatic poetry; not the colourless blank verse that makes everybody talk like no one, but that flexible medium that will permit Othello to rage, or Hotspur to storm, Hamlet to reveal, and Prospero to meditate, each in a characteristic style. And for this purpose it is useless to offer us lyric poetry, however bad, in a prose translation, however good.

"The Dead City" contains nothing but what the English poetic dramatist must avoid. Its language lacks character; each of the five players uses the same rhythm and the same literary construction, and the same quality of descriptive epithet. But the English prose dramatist must equally be warned to avoid "The Dead City"; the dramatic defect of Shaw's plays was that everyone talked at length, and converted the stage into a testimony meeting. But it is certainly more dramatic for everyone to make long speeches like the Pharisees (I wonder whether Christ would have been a dramatic critic) than for one person to occupy the major part of an act with one interminable descriptive report "written up," as the phrase goes, by an incomparable reporter, and, unfortunately, not sub-edited. Such a dramatic method reduces the other characters to the category of "feeders," as the professional slang has it; and d'Annunzio is so incapable of endowing them with life that they "feed" the most obvious rations of interrogation to the speech-makers. "And then?" is quite often the only contribution that the "feeder" makes to the conversation; and even in those monstrosities of literature known as "philosophical dialogues" the "feeder" justified his existence better than in d'Annunzio's play! "And then?"—oh, then they slew him!

D'Annunzio, like everybody who imagines that facility of speech is the only qualification of the dramatist, tries to do by description what can be done only by revelation in action—with the consequence that the actors cannot act, but can only recite. To use Mr. Robert Farquharson hanging on to Mr. William Slack for about ten minutes, gasping and panting and looking like a tired navvy, and trying, meanwhile, to recite a speech about Agamemnon's tomb (with references to Homer), a speech full of vulgar laudation of gold (vulgar, because it had no significance other than economic) is to observe in one scene all the incongruity of farce. That Mr. William Slack, trained in Shakespeare, should have looked like the late Willie Edouin did not surprise me, for I feel sure that I was grinning like Grimaldi. Nor did the great confession of incestuous longing remove this ridiculous impression; poor Mr. Slack had to sit on the stairs (was told to) and bite his nails and look thoughtful while Mr. Farquharson dilated at great length, and with much apparent physical discomfort, on the horror with which he regarded this return to the tradition of the classical tragedy. D'Annunzio suggests that it was contact with the remains of the characters of Greek tragedy that had corrupted the affections of the archaeologist; and it was certainly difficult to understand how anyone, even a brother, could lust for a lay-figure like Bianca Maria, whose reading of the "Antigone" was as impressive as, and no more than, the usual clerical reading of the Bible. Why the archaeologist should

have murdered his sister to rid himself of this horrible fancy, instead of being murdered by his friend who was also her lover, is one of those dramatic ineptitudes that only a psycho-analyst can explain; the crowning miracle of the play, the restoration of the blind wife's sight at the touch of the dead virgin's face, could have been performed as easily with the corpse of the horrible fancier, and would have been more in agreement with poetic justice. But virgins, I suppose, have to be slain, more particularly those virgins who have never been born even in the imagination of a poet; but it is a waste of time to write a play in five acts to slay the unbegotten.

## Readers and Writers.

THE two weeks of waiting while the procession went by have left me with an accumulation of material. I think I must have read some thousands of pages during the last fortnight. Much of Jung and Freud, and the works by Nicoll and Holt—these have been the bulk, but the rest is not insignificant. However, on returning to my writing-post I find that it is not of my recent reading that it is my duty to write; but of a much more pressing matter—the state of the paper-supply in relation to THE NEW AGE. As at present advised it appears that there is no escape—for us, at any rate—from a reduction of the number of pages from 20 to 16, and possibly even from 16 to 12. Other journals, I have not the smallest doubt, will manage by hook or by crook, and particularly by crook, to continue to issue a full-sized journal on the half-supplies of paper which are now legally allowed to them; and they will do it by means which I have not the patience to describe, or THE NEW AGE the wish to adopt. Mark my words, however, if it is not the case that the other weekly journals will simply evade the spirit of the new ordets of instruction and carry on much as before.

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Without complaining particularly—for what does it matter whether THE NEW AGE, or any other journal, is reduced, or even suspended, during the world's midnight—are not hundreds of young men dying every week?—without complaining particularly for ourselves, I say, it must be remarked that little is done fairly on this side of death; in short, human government is very imperfect and partial. And of this I am reminded, not only by the probable disability under which THE NEW AGE is about to labour, but by the candid charge of Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes that, after all, the anti-Northcliffe Press is not half as virtuous as it thinks itself. Within the last few weeks, for example, I have noted occurrences in that Press which, had they arisen in the Northcliffe Press, would have been duly entered with a black mark; not very serious things in themselves, perhaps, but significant of a corruptitude only awaiting success to bloom into something as bad as the Northcliffe Press. Let me mention them here. The "Nation" last week consisted of 28 pp., of which no fewer than 9 were given over to advertisements; and of the 9 pages of advertisements 4 were sold to the Prudential. This is how we economise in paper. The "Star" one day last week devoted nearly a column to an eulogy of Sir Edward Carson as the "King of the Bar"—a perfectly gratuitous, absolutely useless and sickeningly sycophantic advertisement of the Ulster barrister's return to his professional work. The article followed, I may say, a leader in the "Daily News," in which Sir Edward Carson was held up to opprobrium (and quite rightly, I think), as one of the enemies of our puerile democracy. The "New Statesman," a week or so ago, published a review of Mr. Belloc's book on the "Free Press." As you know, the "Free Press" first appeared in these columns; it was dedicated to the Editor of this journal in a pre-

factory letter of some importance; and the text of the articles was, of course, THE NEW AGE and the "New Witness." Believe me, however, the "New Statesman" managed to publish a page review of Mr. Belloc's book without once mentioning the name of either THE NEW AGE or the "New Witness." Mr. Squire, who is now editing the "New Statesman," is, of course, as honourable as he is talented. To the best of my recollection there has never been the smallest ground for personal quarrel between us. The "New Statesman," moreover, was founded by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Sidney Webb, and others for the express purpose of improving upon the ideals of THE NEW AGE, and bringing Utopia to the earth sooner than we could do it. Yet here is Mr. Squire under all these distinguished auspices and with nothing to gain by his act of suppression behaving as if the "New Statesman" were a rival grocer apprehensive of advertising his next-door neighbour. It is too petty even for Utopians; and I have only mentioned it in slight support of Mr. Hughes' contention that the best of us need to be on guard against behaving like the worst.

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What I began to say, however, was this: that I do not expect the new distribution of paper to be fairly made; and chiefly, perhaps, because to do justice is much more difficult than to do injustice. How, for instance, would you apportion the supply of paper to the demands concurrently of the thousand and one existing journals? If these thousand and one journals were of equal value from the public point of view; or, again, if they were already fairly on a level as regards size and contents and management, a uniform reduction of their size by one half would be strictly just. But nothing is further from being the case than this uniform state of affairs. Journals, like other forms of enterprise, vary from the publicly useful through the publicly indifferent to the publicly useless and the publicly dangerous. They vary again in their contents and management from the mainly advertisement journal extravagantly managed to the no-advertisement journal economically managed. Now see how the proposed uniform reduction of paper will apply to this various world. In the first place, all journals theoretically will suffer equally—the useful with the deleterious. In the second place, the hitherto most extravagant journals will suffer least, since they will only need now to economise in order to thrive upon the reduced supply of paper. And, in the third place, the text of journalism—the purpose, presumably, for which the Press exists—will be sacrificed to the continued display of advertisements. To put it briefly, THE NEW AGE will be reduced to 16 or 12 pages of text in order to enable some other journals to continue to publish advertisements.

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That reminds me of a case in point. I happen to know of more than one weekly journal that started the war with an issue of 20 or 30 pages. During the last year or so, its issues have contained sometimes over a hundred pages a week, two-thirds of which were advertisements. Only recently an issue was of 90 pages, of which 60 were commercial hoardings. Let us see what is to happen to such a journal under the new regulations. Its future supply of paper is to be reckoned as one-half of its average weekly use of paper during the last twelve months; in other words, the journal will be required to reduce itself to no fewer, at most, than 60 pages—or more than double its pre-war size. But that is not the worst of it; for the advertisements they publish are not only at the expense of text in THE NEW AGE and other mainly textual journals, but they are at the double expense of the public and of the State as well; for it can be at nothing but at a loss that the public is encouraged to purchase unnecessary articles during the war, and the purchase-money of the advertising space is in many cases the fruit of subtractions from the Ex-

cess Profits tax. Altogether, indeed, the continued prosperity of such a journal under the new uniform regulations is as unjust as it will be certain; and the case is only one of many. But what is to be done, you ask? Well, what would any sensible person do in view of the need to economise paper and of our still greater need to publish intelligent writing? It would be an invidious task, I admit, to discriminate between the public value of "Comic Cuts" and THE NEW AGE; and no official, I think, should be called upon to make the choice. But the discrimination of text from advertisement is within the compass of anybody; and since the vast majority of advertisements are little better than pleas for private waste in war-time, the rigorous censorship of advertisements would do harm to nothing of public value. On the paper upon which it is certain that advertisements will be published during the coming year all the current textual journals could be published without the smallest diminution.

It remains, however, to face the fact that in all probability the injustice will be done, and that THE NEW AGE will be compelled to shrink to 16 or 12 pages. We have made, if I may say so, many sacrifices for our readers in the past. For years we have published a journal for sixpence which it has cost us more than sixpence to produce. I do not ask nor expect an equivalent sacrifice on the part of our readers now that it is their turn to bear the burden. Our readers must please themselves. We propose to continue to publish THE NEW AGE as long as possible and with as little and as brief a period of reduction as possible; in the hope, if not in the expectation, that our readers will watch the night through with us.

R. H. C.

## Out of School.

HAVING made some effort, in my last article, to show a simple and workable point of departure for intuition-training in school practice, I can go on with a better conscience to press for that principle of which we found ourselves in search—the principle of union between faith and function that we decided must govern inspiration in general. The principle is always the most important thing, but it is as well to be able to see it in some working relation with performance.

First, we must yield to the claims of the obvious, which often gets left out of a discussion because it is the obvious, and takes its revenge by coming in at the conclusion and upsetting it. To bring about that union between a "purpose-believed-in" and a "realised function," between an element of faith and an element of knowledge, it needs no hard thinking to make out that we have to bring the two elements together. We are on the common, broad, flat highway of a union between the real and the ideal, between science and religion, faith and works—there are half a hundred ways of expressing the generalisation. And I think the prospects of education for genius will have to depend, in very large measure, upon the common social sense in which this generalisation is held, and upon the extent to which it can remain common without remaining commonplace. It is not at all easy to deal with this broad, determining condition. I can do what I like with a path, subject to the natural features of the ground, when I am making it as I go along; I can't deflect the municipal high road. And yet our principle of fellowship demands that there shall be a community in inspiration.

Our method, in this region of the inquiry, must be to observe any existing tendencies towards a union of faith and knowledge, however vague and however apparently diverse; and to see, first, whether they will come together as one tendency; and, second, whether that tendency is definite enough to yield a principle.

We shall have against us the full weight of this era's characteristic vice—the particularly leaden vice of holding values in an artificial and a sterile isolation, through a silly pride in having learned to distinguish them, and a silly, subconscious panic of the conclusions and responsibilities that they will let us in for, once we allow them to reunite, and to re-engage the positive and powerful forces that spring from their union. Religion is the largest example. We revolt from the religious conceptions of an earlier generation—and "generation," here, means a cycle in the provenance of ideas as well as of people; we pull the temple to pieces, and then brightly observe that there is no temple, but only a collection of odd and interesting antique stones. The temple existed, however, even if it had come to exist only as a prison; and it is worth while to consider whether it was anything but claustrophobia that made us deny the reality of the temple-idea.

Contradictory alternative defences are generally symptoms of a phobia, an irrational knot of resistance in the mind; and in the case that we are psycho-analysing, we find (1) that the temple never existed; (2) that the priests turned it into a prison; (3) that all temples turn into prisons of their own accord, and, therefore, ought not to be built; and that anyhow—(4)—characteristic reversion to (1) in another form—temples can't be built, because we haven't got, and never can have, the right plans.

These dislocated ideas all rest upon real bases, though each is a basis of half-truth, and it is impossible to hold them all together, as parts of a single objection, without some extraneous binding force. Freudian research has revealed the immense constraining power of the Wish—a power sufficient to explain even the vast illogicality of the human mind. But our inquiry, so far, has done nothing if it has not shown the logical mind as performing only one of the co-ordinated (or, rather, co-ordinable) functions of mind as a whole. The Wish is another function; and our principle of Go for the Wish is not a principle of attack and suppression. In the present instance, the wish to destroy the temple—that is, the existing temple-idea—has a very respectable precedent. But the precedent included a desire to rebuild a better temple; the wish that we are considering manifests itself as purely suppressive—hence the complex, and the phobia. We have to free the wish for its active function, if we are to cure the complex. The trouble is simply that no intuition is able to reach out from the tangle.

I am in this tangle myself, as any psycho-analyst among my readers will have discovered; and I find my best way out of it by applying my own stock principle of unity in diversity, and making my religious temple a temple of art and philosophy as well. But carry this far enough, and you make the universe your temple: a sound enough practice, but, alone, it evades the difficulty of the particular temple, with its particular values of association and symbolism. Probably this is a phase, like the phase in which Socialism became antagonistic to the individual home-idea and tried to think the State into a home. But I believe the phase responds to a preliminary principle for the freeing of the intuitions, whether in the matter of faith- and worship-phobia, or of domestic-life-phobia, or of any other threat to the wholeness of our sense of values. No one is to be trusted in a temple till he sees it as a particular model of the universal temple, an organ for the particularly concentrated and intense expression of the temple-idea in general, not a prison for its exclusion. No one is to be trusted in a home (and, in fact, homes are often great places for mistrust) till he has got over every revulsion but the aesthetic from "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

We can look more briefly into the phobias of

thought and of art. Whenever anyone writes on the principle of Make a muddle and leave it, you can trace a wish to upset somebody's convictions—a respectable wish, if the convictions wanted upsetting, but coupled with a secondary wish *not* to put up a clear alternative hypothesis. Here, again, there is a complex and a suppression; and the cure, again, is to get out into the general before coming back to a focus upon the particular. The muddle, for instance, that some psychologists are making of grammar, is largely motived by a wish to entangle and upset grammarians—against whom anyone who has ever been at school can share the latent grudge. But this hostility has to be recognised and left behind, before we can explore the psychology of language freely; then we can get back to the philosophy of language, which is grammar, and which grammarians neglect.

For an example from the arts, we can psycho-analyse the Beethoven-phobia that still exists for many musicians, more or less paralleled by the Browning-phobia among poets, and (I feel rather as though I were fiddling with a mine washed up on the beach) the Ruskin-phobia among artists in general. Bourgeois sentiment proved capable of being carried to a very high pitch of exaltation; we threw out the sentiment, because its other associations were repulsive, and threw out the exaltation with it. It is worth noting that the equally strong, but different and longer-outgrown bourgeoiserie of Bach, never touched the same nerve of hostility.

All these phobias complicate the tangle from which intuition vainly tries to extricate itself; they keep the functional element in the mind enslaved by irrelevant hostile associations, so that it cannot reach out and fulfil the conception of purpose which we have seen to be the other element in an intuition. The first principle, then, of union between faith (faith-in-purpose) and function would seem to lie in the careful analysis and resolution of phobias. But there is something more in it than this—something more than the re-appearance, in another form, of the principle of release which we considered in some of the earth articles of this series. We can begin to press for an answer to the question, Release for what?—and to see the first stage of the release as an escape from the particular into the general, with the promise of a return from this wider range of understanding to a new and more vital expression of the particular. This free flight into the domain of understanding as a whole, followed by a return to fresh conceptual building, ought to be easy and rhythmic. It is by no means purely intuitive, but it is the preliminary disentangling of the intuitive organ. This principle furnishes the ultimate reason for teaching the unity of the understanding, a phrase which perhaps we can now substitute, without loss of definition and with a gain of content, for our earlier and somewhat more constricted term, unity of knowledge.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

A RONDEL.

The wheels begin to creak and groan,  
And Liberty wails in the wind,  
Our idols are both deaf and blind,  
And devils dance whilst wise men moan.

Demos hath fed, as doth his kind;  
For bread the people have a stone,  
The wheels begin to creak and groan,  
And liberty wails in the wind.

Thus Pluto reaps as he hath sown;  
(Damnation take him and his kind).  
Yet Death shall claim *him* as his own  
Whilst tortured Youth new worlds shall find.  
The wheels begin to creak and groan  
And Liberty wails in the wind.

WILLIAM REPTON.

A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.

XVIII.—MR. GR-NV-LLE B-RK-R.

"The Glass House." A Comedy, by Gr-nv-lle B-rk-r.  
(Produced at the —, Mr. —'s Repertory Theatre, on the evening of April 1, 1909.)

ACT I.

"The Myrtles," Crossbury Crescent, Pottenham. Evening.

The dining-room at The Myrtles can hardly be said to express the personality of Mr. Dalby; nor yet can it be said to express the personality of Mrs. Dalby, or the collective personality of the numerous other Dalbys. It is, in fact, very like the average dining-room anywhere. There is a dining-table in the centre of the room, and a Chesterfield couch at the back of the room—just where you would expect a Chesterfield to be (as Mrs. Dalby's second cousin remarks, "The Dalbys can always be expected to have everything 'just so'"). Above the couch hangs a portrait of Mrs. Dalby, painted by some long-forgotten artist, who has thought fit to represent Mrs. Dalby as comparatively young and alert. You would not immediately recognise her in the very commonplace and placidly plump lady who represents the present edition of Mrs. Dalby. (Briefly, you would not immediately recognise any of the characters, and we would willingly draw up a list and a diagram; but, as we are committed to our present method, here goes.) On Mrs. Dalby's left is Philip Frebell. Frebell might at first be taken for a particularly hard-headed business man; at second glance, you might guess him to be a dramatist with a "purpose"—in reality, he is neither the one nor the other. On Frebell's right is Mrs. Colquhoun, a lady with a sharp expression and a manner which belies it. On Mrs. Colquhoun's left is (No! that's Frebell again. . . Courage, my song, and like a lover climb.) Behind Frebell, a little to the left, is Denis Bilkis-tree, a nice enough young man. Next to him is Kitty Dalby, who is trying to look happy and intelligent at the same time, and not at all succeeding. Mr. Dalby himself, seated in state on the Chesterfield (q.v.), is a very deaf, talkative old gentleman, very pleased to find himself in a play. There are many other persons, but they are not in the room yet; we will describe them at length when they appear.

MRS. DALBY: Thank you, my dear Kitty, that's much more comfortable. You were saying, Lord Trendergarth? Oh, I beg your pardon, I always confuse you two—Mr. Frebell, of course.

FREBELL: I am afraid I am boring you. My view is that if there were no poor rates, and wages were sufficiently high to provide for old age—

DENIS (appealingly): Do play us something, Mrs. Colquhoun.

MRS. COLQUHOUN (shaking a severe finger at him): I can see you only want to flirt with Kitty under cover of Chopin, Denis.

(Nevertheless, she goes to the piano and commences to play. Denis and Kitty move their chairs closer together and converse in whispers.)

FREBELL (warming to his subject): Of course, in manufacturing districts, where the fluctuations in wages are greater than in the country, it may seem at first sight—

MR. DALBY (emphatically): I don't agree with you. If bishoprics are endowed—

KITTY (loudly): Father! Mr. Frebell is not discussing bishoprics.

MR. DALBY: Well, curacies. Even if the curacies are endowed— (He talks on, no one listening.)

FREBELL (enjoying his idea): But the Poor Laws, by serving to debase the one class, and to make the other believe such debasement inevitable—

MRS. DALBY (having made up her mind): No, I don't think I'll have the cushion after all, Kitty. It makes my back ache. I think I'll go to bed. (Nobody objects, so she goes. Mrs. Colquhoun stops playing suddenly.)

MRS. COLQUHOUN (struck with the thought): How stuffy it is here! I'm going for a stroll in the garden (romantically) in the moonlight (smiling at Frebell).

FREBELL (lighting a cigar): I'll come with you. (Exeunt.)

KITTY (to Denis, her brow puckering): I wish father wouldn't talk so loudly.

DENIS (looks round): Never mind him. (Facing her, glad of a talk.) Well?

KITTY (quite jolly with him): Well. . . . What a crowd! I feel like an anachronism.

DENIS (relishing the epigram): Which is only a platitude that has outlived itself. (Boldly.) You are nothing of the sort.

KITTY: For Heaven's sake, Denis, don't start that. Let's be natural. (Suddenly, alarmed, in the middle of cracking a nut.) How does one be natural?

DENIS: By not trying to be sharp.

KITTY (accepting the gibe): Oh, why must I accept the gibe? Oh, Denis! (She puts her head in her hands, and weeps, helplessly. Denis puts his arm round her, comforts her. . . .)

### ACT III.

The dining-room has a very different appearance in the cold light of several days after. It has, too, an air of having witnessed tragedies (although this is a comedy). However, nothing much has happened. One or two of the characters may have involved themselves in trifling indiscretions, all in a toneless but well-bred sort of way. The argument is not ended, for, really, there is no end to it, in any sense.

The Hon. Walter Cavendish is standing with his back to the fire. He is a young man, but looking older than probably he is. He might. . . . Facing him, in an easy attitude, is Hasledean. He also might, etc. . . . In a corner of the room, Mr. Dalby is still discussing bishoprics.

CAVENDISH (putting his case in a business-like way): I don't agree with you. It's not a party question at all. It involves the democracy.

HASLEDEAN (indifferently): What does? Oh, yes, of course, of course. I quite agree.

MAID (entering suddenly): Sir—Lord—Mr. Cavendish, sir. One of the characters has shot himself.

CAVENDISH: What on earth for?

MAID: He didn't say, sir.

CAVENDISH: Well, tell him not—I mean, what—which one? (This isn't quite what he means, but he lets it pass.)

MAID: I dunno, but I think it's Mr. Frebell, sir.

CAVENDISH: Frebell? Good Lord!

HASLEDEAN: Oh . . . the waste. . . . The waste of a good man!

CAVENDISH: Tell everybody to come in.

MAID (retiring): Yes, sir.

HASLEDEAN: Oh . . . the waste. . . .!

CAVENDISH: Shut up!

MR. DALBY: My argument has always been that if bishoprics are endowed— (He talks on, while Cavendish and Hasledean stand gloomily silent, each occupied with his own thoughts.)

## Views and Reviews.

### MIND AND BODY.—(II).

THE whole of Dr. Hadfield's attempted demonstration of a scientific basis of faith in a future life depends on the difference between the psychic and the physiological order, and the impossibility of explaining psychic phenomena in the terms of physiology. Consciousness, for example, is not its physiological antecedents, nor can Will, with its power of direction and control even of bodily processes, be explained by the laws of Physiology. "The body," he argues, "appears to have produced what it can no longer control, nor even understand"; and "the mind begins to live a life independent of the body." It can think, for example, not of satisfying, but of denying, the needs of the body; it can be aware not only of itself but of others, it can even prefer the welfare of others to its own. In short, mental life is different in kind from physical life, is dominant over physical life, and is capable of operating beyond the limits of physical powers. No one can deny this, for his denial would be a mental, and not a physical, fact, would be an expressed meaning and not an observed physical process; and no one wants to deny this, because it is the fundamental assumption of psychology.

But the fact that the mental order is different in kind from the physical order does not prove, or even suggest, that it is or can become independent of the physical order. An analogy may help us to understand. It is possible (although difficult) to discover a fine lady capable of receiving spiritual consolation from the ministrations of an Anglican clergyman, or from the music of Moussorsky, or from the devout attentions of some apostle of the Higher Thought. She is not aware of dependence on anything but her perception of spiritual truth, her mental activity has no physical relevance, and her state is in very truth a psychological one. But the necessary physical conditions of her psychological state are obvious to every one; some rough, rude lumber-man in a forest cut the wood of which her chair is made, some nigger sweated in the sun to grow the material with which she is clothed, some toiler at the plough provided her with the very food that she despises as being beneath the dignity of her agonised soul. The connection between her psychological state and the conditions, the necessary conditions, of its manifestation may not be obvious to her, but they can be traced step by step up to the very moment at which the clergyman assures her that "God is Love," and she requests an introduction. Unless those precedent conditions are fulfilled, her state of consciousness will never arise; and to the production of that state of consciousness will go all that humanity has suffered, invented, and operated. Labour and Leisure are equally different in kind and in extension, but without Labour there would be no Leisure.

Until we can show, or indicate a reasonable possibility of, a state of consciousness which has no necessary physiological antecedents, we can have no belief in a personal survival of bodily death. It is either an abstract or an introspective view of consciousness that makes us presume the possibility of its independent existence because it does emphatically exercise the power of control; but the necessary relation is assumed even in the idea of control. "In opposition to the metaphysical view that there exists one consciousness and a separate content, James in his article 'Does Consciousness Exist?' flatly denies the existence of such a consciousness," says Dr. Boris Sidis; and to the argument that consciousness can exist apart from its physical antecedents and connections we must return an equally emphatic negative. That everlasting Manichean dichotomy between body and soul, spirit and matter, must be cleared out of the way if we would



understand that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." It was of this doctrine that Matthew reports "When the multitude heard this, they were astonished"; and we who have thought a little more on these subjects than had the Jewish mob must begin with Huxley, who was more of an idealist than a materialist: "For—what, after all, do we know of this terrible 'matter,' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that 'spirit' over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena." Huxley's insistence on consciousness does not imply the belief that the phenomena have no existence apart from our consciousness, nor does it imply that our consciousness can exist apart from this relation to phenomena. It implies only that the categories of matter and spirit are both necessary conditions of our perception of reality.

What, then, does telepathy and the whole range of what is somewhat absurdly called "psychic phenomena" suggest in this connection? Certainly not the independence of the mind and body; it is true that the sense of identity is for the time being in abeyance, but that is also true of every other state of heightened attention. While I am thinking what to write, I am not keenly aware of the fact that it is I who am writing; the consciousness of self is momentarily implicit to me, although it may be perfectly explicit to the readers of this article. But if anything went wrong with the complicated automatisms that have made the writing of this article possible, my awareness would undergo a corresponding change, and it would be called to attend to something else. The fact that consciousness can attend to practically anything it likes, can include or exclude impressions at will, can attend to the near or the far, the grossly material or the subtly spiritual, does not imply or suggest that it can exist apart from what we call the physical body; but it does imply that our range of experience is enormously greater than the momentary content of consciousness would suggest.

Dr. Hadfield does not help us much here; indeed, I think that he rather misses the point of some of his cases. For the important fact is surely not the loss of the sense of personal identity, or of time, as in the case of the man who has lost the memory of six months of his life, nor the delusion of sense-impression, as in the case of some of his hypnotic subjects, but the increased awareness of our personal existence and of the memory of our experience, and the subtler certainty of our sense impressions. Dr. Boris Sidis has mentioned several cases in which suggestions were given to hypnotised subjects, coupled with the suggestion of amnesia and the possibility of writing the suggestion. When the subjects were awakened, and put to the automatic recorder, the hand began to write; and in reply to the question concerning what they wrote, the subjects could always give a reply concerning the subject. In spite of the suggestion of amnesia, the subject's consciousness was aware of what it did, although the origin of the impulse might be for the time disguised from him. The important fact is not that consciousness may be restricted, but that it may be extended, and that even in its most intense and exclusive activity, it still retains awareness of what happens on the fringe of its perception. It is probable that we are at all times in contact with every order of reality, and that the memory of everything that has ever happened is accessible to us; certainly, the automatic writings relating to Glastonbury Abbey which have just been published under the title, "The Gate of Remembrance," point to that conclusion. But even

here, the verdict must be against any "spiritualistic" hypothesis; it was no discarnate intelligence, but the automatism of the friend of Mr. Bligh Bond, which revived these memories, and the Director of Excavations at Glastonbury is emphatic on the point that such revelations are not to be obtained without previous study and preparation. "The more complex a state of consciousness is the greater length of time it requires," said Ribot; and the automatism of Mr. Bligh Bond's friend has extended intermittently over ten years of study and research. But for the theory that consciousness or even spiritual experience can exist or be obtained apart from the substratum of the physical body, there is not only no evidence but no indication of possible evidence. When St. Paul wrote of his translation to the third heaven and paradise, he was careful to say: "Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth"; but he retained conscious memory of the occurrence because consciousness accompanied it, and the ordinary conditions of the production of conscious states apply. If immortality is a future life separate from bodily existence, we have no reason, however flimsy, for believing in it; the soul does not exist in vacuo but in relation, and it cannot survive the necessary conditions of its existence. It is possible, though, that the word immortality, or the phrase "eternal life," has a meaning apart from that of immaterial life after death; and it will be worth while writing one more article on the subject.

A. E. R.

## Reviews.

**A Short History of England.** By G. K. Chesterton. (Chatto & Windus. 5s. net.)

A popular history by the most representative Englishman of our time is a valuable addition to our knowledge of ourselves. That it is a thoroughly reactionary history is inevitable; it is because the histories of England do not permit us to see the wood for the trees that Mr. Chesterton does not permit us to see the trees for the wood. A short history should inform us more concerning direction than detail; to be intelligible, it must reveal the spirit of events rather than the events themselves, and the facts cease to matter when we know their meaning. Mr. Chesterton reacts violently against the assumption that a history of England should glorify some other race, and he makes very pretty play with racial theories, with the Teutonism of Green or the Anglo-Saxon cant of everybody else. The only important thing that happened to the English, in his opinion, was not racial but religious; and Christianity, he insists, came from Rome, not from Judea, was neither Hebrew nor Greek, but Latin. The Greeks and the Jews, he asserts, found their true expression in Mahomedanism; but Christ was "A good European," and the Latins, who are the soul of Europe, converted Christianity into Christendom. The only other important thing that happened to England was its loss of religion, called the Reformation, of which the political expression was the spoliation of the monasteries, the Guilds, the theft of the common lands of the people, the abolition of serfdom, and the creation of slavery, which has brought us by way of the Poor Law and the model prison to the Servile State.

Within this general conception, Mr. Chesterton allows full play to his hobbies and his hates. Barbarism is represented to him by every invader but the Latin; he even argues that the Normans were more Latin than Scandinavian, and that the good they did us derived from their assimilation of French culture. Emerson asserted that the Normans came out of France worse men than they went into it, that "twenty thousand thieves landed at Hastings"; and it is certainly a fact that the old chronicles called the Conquest the "memory of sorrow." Apparently, the

trouble is that Harold was a Saxon, and, therefore, a mere liar and treaty-breaker; and not, like William of Falaise, "the ambassador of Europe to Britain." In his enthusiasm for everything Latin, or his hatred for everything German, Mr. Chesterton even goes so far as to state that "although both phrases would be inaccurate, it is very much nearer the truth to call William the first of the English than to call Harold the last of them." But the fact that "the Norman Bruce becomes a Scot, and the descendant of the Norman Strongbow becomes an Irishman," should also give the Normans patent rights to those peoples; and Mr. Chesterton would stand revealed as the thing he most derides, a racial theorist, and one who believes that one man can be the father of his people. But the fact that the Normans did disappear, that, as Mr. Chesterton puts it, they rapidly became anonymous, shows us that they did not create the English but were absorbed by them.

But there is no need to pick holes in a coat of many colours, even if it does often resemble motley. After all, England is real enough to permit a little fancy in her history, and Mr. Chesterton rightly insists on the largely mythical, or at least fairy-tale, element of it. If his delight is chiefly centred in the paradoxes he sometimes discovers and sometimes invents, if his history is mainly derived from the comic songs and Caudle lectures of England, that is only a proof that this is Mr. Chesterton's history of England, written by himself to please himself. It would be inaccurate to say that he has made English history as fascinating as a novel; he has really made it as wonderful as familiar things always are when we look at them. He has put into this book what is usually left out, the spirit of the English in history; and if he sometimes calls that spirit by names that the English have repudiated, the fact only shows us how intense is his belief in Nominalism. To label the English character Catholic or Christian is only an attempt to baptise us into believing that all good things come from Rome, including influenza; but the only indubitable fact that emerges even from this fanciful history is that the English, whether they be free or servile, conquered or conquering, are simply English, and that they have never understood what they are and have by no means exhausted their content. They are continually becoming they know not what, and a Divine Providence prevents them from believing anything about themselves but that they have a right to live, Germans or no Germans, Rome or no Rome.

**An Autumn Sowing.** By E. F. Benson. (Collins. 6s. net.)

How an elderly and successful tradesman fell in love with his typist, and how she developed in him the instincts of a gentleman, is the theme of this book. It is certainly not usual for an artist who can get £10 for a book-plate, and is on friendly terms with the real aristocracy, to work for twenty-five shillings a week as a secretary to a multiple-shop-keeper; but we make the concession to Mr. Benson's imagination. She is such a real lady that whole passages of this book read like instructions in etiquette; and by the time that she has finished with him, Sir Thomas Keeling is an ornament to the baronetage. Unfortunately, he still has to live with a wife whose specific gravity is physiological, a woman of weight but no delicacy. But as Sir Thomas Keeling has become a gentleman by the time that the lady-artist-typist has left him to his work and memories of her, he probably will know how to arrange their public exhibitions so that Sir Thomas and Lady Keeling do not appear together. There is a preposterous High Church clergyman who dies a vulgar death at the end of the story; and Sir Thomas Keeling appears at last in the rôle of an understanding and sympathetic father to his foolish daughter who loved the clergyman.

## "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.]

### SPADE WORK.

THE root of all evil in politics, and in too many other departments of human activity, is the triumph of mere energy over wisdom. It is not what a man says, but how loudly he says it, that matters. The simplest and soundest proposal falls to the ground unheeded, if it is not boomed with brutal violence in the Press and on the platform: the most insane and injurious proposal is certain of success if it is put forward by the methods and with the persistence of a bull in a china shop.

This is called spade work.

Probably there were never so many as a million women in the British Isles who wanted the vote. But because there were a hundred thousand who were resolved to have it at all costs, it has been given to six millions, most of whom would rather be without it. In the same way compulsory teetotalism, compulsory venereal disease, and any number of other nuisances have been and are being inflicted on the public by the sheer force of will power on the part of a few.

There is no more urgent problem than how to redress the balance between sense and fanaticism, which is really the balance between the brain and the chin in the human anatomy. When Mr. Bernard Shaw declares that the man with a message ought not to shrink from beating a drum before the door of his booth, he does not help us. For it is clear, in the first place, that such a test can only result in victory for the missionary with the strongest arm, without any reference to the value of his message. And it is further to be feared that if he who has a pearl of great price to sell resorts to the methods of the cheap-jack, he will only attract the cheap-jack's customers, who will turn and rend him.

The supreme case in point is that of Jesus and Paul. The former, with His delicately balanced mind, and hesitating, cryptic utterances, His dislike of miracles, and His unwillingness to assert Himself as the Messiah, entirely failed to impress His own nation, and has left no more than the faint aroma of a gracious personality to leaven the Christian society, whose character and history have been stamped throughout by His vehement and self-confident successor. This is much the worst calamity that has yet befallen mankind. Carlyle has put the case yet more strongly as regards the Jews by saying that their famous vote for Barabbas had cost them two thousand years of exile and degradation.

It is just 23 years since I contested Merthyr against Mr. D. A. Thomas, on a platform which was very nearly that of National Guilds, as may be seen by reference to the files of the local Press. Lord Rhondda received 7,000 votes to my 700, and he has since all but smashed the miners' organisation in South Wales. Result—Lord Rhondda has just been invited to Merthyr to receive a casket.

Surely it is childish to go on urging that the sage ought to turn mountebank, that Shakespeare "ought to" have the jowl of Bradlaugh, that the cripple "ought to" be a racehorse; and that Humanity ought never to have to suffer for its worship of the Prussian God.

ALLEN UPWARD.

## Pastiche.

## WAR.

When we was hoein'  
 We'd hear 'em come;  
 An' uster stare  
 Up in th' air  
 S' if we was dumb;  
 But now we 'ardlin' iver notice 'em.  
 Coz—arter all—  
 'Eers nowt in 'em,  
 When you gits agin 'em!  
 Swinburne—our blacksmith—what he now  
 Helpin' to mend 'em, behint the "Plough,"  
 'E says they're nobbut moty-cars  
 Wi' flooats fixed on, like moffry—bars;  
 'Eers nowt about 'em as 'll stand  
 Agin a reaper what can tie  
 A double knot, an' cut the thread,  
 Knottin' the string afore yer eye!  
 'Eers nowt like *that* to find, sez 'e:  
 But that's a mericle, you see!  
 An' yit, 'tis fine to watch 'em fly,  
 Like a gaggle o' geese agen the sky,  
 You see 'em V-shaped, high as high,  
 The leader first, then each one follows:  
 When all of a sudden—dartin' like swallows—  
 Head over heels, wing over wing,  
 They frisk about like lambs in spring  
 I tell 'e—they can do any mortal thing!  
 Of all, I loves to watch 'em best  
 When they be flooatin' hoam at night,  
 Their little bodies sparklin' bright,  
 Wi' wings held stiff behint 'em—soa—  
 Down, down they go—  
 All diving slantways, home'ards to their nest.  
 This war's the same, I reckon,  
 A dolch o' talk;  
 A nize, a scare, a wonder in the sky,  
 Less baacon on our baulk,  
 (I dunno why)  
 The labourers be gittin' better pay!  
 Eers noa more scrattin' for eighteen-pence a day!  
 An' farmers one and all be craazed, sure-lie!  
 Wi' pork at famine price, and news of fightin'  
 From Ned what's out in foreign parts, an' writin'  
 An' guns at night-time rumblin' away,  
 As if they couldn't do enough by day!  
 They've made my pig lose stones and stones I lay!  
 An' Mrs. Potterton ain't 'got noa sugar,  
 Confound 'er eyes!  
 She says as how them Jarmins has 'et it all  
 A pack o' lies!  
 She's hid it in her cellar, that I know,  
 Coz George's wife she telled our Susan so;  
 While parson says as 'ow the world be endin';  
 It's cracked—'e seems to think—beyond 'is mendin'!  
 An' over all, these airy-planes be round  
 As if there wodn't room along the ground:  
 Rot th' owd things!  
 But there; I spec as 'ow  
 Some day they'll set the critters on to plough,  
 Or fix 'em up for waterin' the crops,  
 Wi' a nozzle undernean,  
 An' watter from the dreen,  
 Soa as they can misten the turnip tops!  
 They'll be all rate, o' course, for scarin' craws:  
 The mucky things!  
 They take a lot o' scarin'—God 'e knows,  
 What gave 'em wings:  
 Yes! If they scar the craws it would be grand;  
 Meanwhile—they goes to war;  
 An' me . . .  
 I tills the land!

BERNARD GILBERT.

## THE MAID'S BURIAL.

No flower hath shed the sheath,  
 The wood is all brown.  
 When you have passed the heath,  
 Then lay her down.  
 There the beloved head  
 And the still breast  
 When the last foot hath fled  
 Sleep shall, and rest.

Freshly the spring wind  
 Bloweth for her sake;  
 Cold, but exceeding kind,  
 Ere any bud awake.

Chill is the thin breeze  
 That waiteth off the deep,  
 Yet marreth no man's ease,  
 Nor drives him home to sleep:

Graciously doth it go,  
 And savour doth afford  
 Of early blossoms mixt with snow,  
 Though neither be abroad.

RUTH PITTER.

## LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

## A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Sir,—The idea of a League is beset with enormous difficulties, and for those difficulties to be pointed out and discussed with knowledge and intelligence can only do good. But I do appeal to you and Mr. Warnock to devote the knowledge and intelligence and open-mindedness which you display towards other questions also to this. Take the point which Mr. Warnock now discusses, the difficult and dangerous question of sovereignty. He makes no distinction at all between the various alternative forms in which the League of Nations can be introduced and tried. The proposals of the League to Enforce Peace and of the League of Nations Society which are those subscribed to by an immense number of people could not possibly impair the sovereignty of Parliament in the way in which he argues that a League of Nations would impair it. And nearly every "scheme" hitherto proposed which I have seen lays it down that no decision of the Conference or Executive of the League shall be binding until it is ratified by the State. Thus by entering a League of this nature Parliament could not delegate its powers any more than it does now when a British plenipotentiary is sent to an international congress or conference, the decisions of which are always subject to ratification. (It is amusing, by the way, to see that Mr. Warnock assumes that Parliament has such treaty-making powers. As a matter of fact, Parliament, of course, has no such powers at all, international agreements being made and ratified by the Crown without any consultation of Parliament.) Mr. Warnock's argument is, in fact, an objection not against a League of Nations, in any form hitherto proposed, but against the British system of placing the control of international relations and the power of making international agreements in the hands of the Executive, and of withdrawing these functions from Parliamentary control.

LEONARD WOOLF.

[Mr. Warnock writes: There are so many forms of the proposed League that one, no doubt, can be found for every objector. Taking, however, the most official of them for the time being—namely, the Labour Party's scheme—the objections I pointed out in my article lie against it. Admitting that Parliament has exercised too little control in the past over foreign affairs, the remedy is not surely to give it less but to give it more.]

## MUSIC.

Sir,—As a reply to the stupidities of W. Macintyre's letter, may I draw his and your readers' attention to the last paragraph of my letter in your issue of the 21st ult. It will there be seen that, in common with all musicians of discernment with standards above the ballad concert singer (of whom I am quite ready to admit that there are many, very many), I have paid due homage to three supremely great British artists, two of them singers and one who justly deserves the title of the greatest living singing actress which she is freely accorded in France—where the art of great singing is really understood—and America. Here, when she makes any of her very rare appearances, she is greeted with indifference by the Press reporters, whose powers of appreciation do not extend beyond a voice like unto the bellowings of a bull in a gallon jug or the shrieks of a steam-whistle.

KAIKHUSRU SORABJI.

## PRESS CUTTINGS.

The reason for the condition of the ordinary Home Railway stocks is easily explained by reference to the genuine apprehension felt with regard to Labour at the end of the war. There is also a haunting fear lest the Government may not "play fair" with the railway companies in the way of giving them liberal treatment when the time arrives for a grand squaring-up of accounts and the handing back to the railways of their own property. To such a length does this feeling of nervousness extend that the idea of nationalisation is now received with a measure of sympathy even by some of those to whom the very word, in times past, spelt ruin and confiscation. It is admitted now that the ground deserves exploration, examination, thought. Safeguarded by guarantees of fair prices—therein lies the rub—it is conceded that the shifting of responsibility from joint stock shoulders to those of a Government department might not be a disaster for Home Railway proprietors, whatever its effect might be upon the industry itself.—"Common Sense."

We must say to the German Socialists with emphasis, said Mr. Henderson, if your Government continues to be the enemy of world democracy by standing in the way of an honourable settlement of the war by conciliation, we look to you to remove the obstacle in the interest of democracy and progress. We must say to the German Socialists we have done our part, we cannot do yours, we can only determine to wait and watch your efforts to come into line with the other elements of the International. Whether peace is to come soon or late rests with you. Whether the struggle is to be brought to a speedy termination, or to be definitely prolonged, depends largely upon how soon you can produce a change in the mentality of your Government. When you induce your Government to accept the broad human principles which inspire the peace proposals of Allied Labour and Socialism, then a world peace is assured. Then, and then only, will the peoples of the world be free to sheathe the sword and walk together in the paths of progress and peace.—"Times."

However powerful may be the adaptable genius of the General Secretary, no genius ever developed and carried to issue his designs without a capable staff of advisers and administrators. Success lies with those who select the most capable general staff, and at this time in our history there is need for the architect and the builder.

This appears to be the time for a constitutional manifestation of our desires, and to which considered attention might be given by the controlling bodies.

To this end a committee might be appointed, consisting of the best brains of the union, assisted by any person in the wisdom of the committee it is necessary to employ. The one occasion in history when we broke away from our narrow tradition and employed other brains to work upon our problems resulted in the famous "Railwaymen's Charter" and the "Green Book," two documents that marked the turning point in our union's history, and shook the commercial and political world into a live interest in our work. Surely we have not reached the limit of experiment in such a direction. It has been charged against the Trade Union movement that they cannot use the brains they have nor have brains enough to utilise the brains at their disposal.—"Railway Review."

One of the most interesting of the extracts is that from THE NEW AGE, for long one of the leading suppliers of ideas to the "intellectuals" of the British Socialist movement, and which, while Socialist, has never forgotten to be British. THE NEW AGE has got to the heart of the matter in recognising that African races are not a mass of material to be "philanthropised" over, but men with definite political affiliations and convictions, like other men, the difference being that, lacking the stimulating climates of non-tropical regions, they have an exceptionally large percentage of illiteracy and political incapacity. We doubt if that percentage is larger than in the Russias. We question if any

African race would be so wanting in shrewdness as to allow its spokesmen to do in face of the enemy what Russia's spokesmen have been allowed to do with their country. THE NEW AGE is emphatically right in holding that any attempt to carry out the first fantastic plan of the British Labour Party and govern tropical Africa by some International Board would have produced chaos.—"West Africa."

Capitalism in land is dying, and the Gaelic system of "peasant" proprietorship is being restored. Can capitalism in industry be killed as well without killing industry? Can means be devised whereby the capitalists will be forced to sell the means of production to the workers? I believe that the methods by which the tenants forced the capitalists to hand over the land will equally avail—with certain alterations—to force the capitalists to hand over the means of production to the workers. The workers must be organised to the last man and to the last woman. In addition to the general organisation, the workers in each factory or trade should be organised as a co-operative society or guild. The first experiment should be made with infinite care. The entire power and resources of labour should be used to make the venture a success. Select a suitable trade—one in which the workers are skilled, in which the commodity is easily marketable, and in which the capital is small. Organise the workers in that trade as a guild, and when all arrangements have been made let them strike—but when they strike they will cease working for the capitalist and commence working for the guild, even if only on a small scale. In return for the strike pay the guild will have a marketable commodity, and the strike cannot be broken. It can be carried on until the capitalist agrees to sell the means of production to the guild at a fair price. If the experiment be made, let success be assured. Success in a small venture is the stepping-stone to success in a big venture.—FATHER GAYNOR in "Irish Opinion."

## Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

Prussianism and Capitalism are variants of the same mentality.

The war is between militarist collectivism and economic individualism. But only as we approach a national economic shall we approach a decisive victory over Prussia.

The very condition of an effective anti-Prussianism is an effective anti-capitalism.—"Notes of the Week."

It is not the belief—it is unbelief, or, rather, half-belief, which is the father of any fanaticism.—JANKO LAVRIN.

A rule of thumb should always be able to give an account of itself.

The statesman's task is only the teacher's task writ large.

If philosophy cannot settle its own difficulties, science can at least find a way round them.—A. E. R.

Juvenile crime is not "crime."—"Reviews."

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