

THE NEW AGE

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[THE NEW AGE will remain at 16 pages until further notice.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

WE are glad to find that the majority of journalists are refraining from attempting to draw conclusions from the insufficient data of the military situation. Such conclusions as can at present be formed are of necessity little better than guess-work; and if they prove to be right nobody has been the better for them, and, if wrong, the public that believed them may be much the worse. What we ought to do is to endure the anxiety and the suspense as resolutely as possible; and, in the meanwhile, to exercise our judgment, not in imagining what may or what may not happen, but in preparing for it. In particular we cannot too often remind ourselves that since the war is of the nature it is, a war of Prussia against the world, of Militarism against Democracy, of Imperialism against Internationalism, it cannot be settled by a single reverse, or even by a series of reverses of the Allies. France, Italy and England cannot submit to the triumph of Prussianism while the names of their countries remain upon the map of the world. And even if they should be temporarily exhausted, America and Japan would, in their own defence, and much more so after our exhaustion, take up the struggle at the point at which we should have suspended it, and carry it on until we had renewed our strength. Not one retreat is going to establish the victory of Prussia—nor a score, nor a hundred. The resolution and the growing resolution of the world is that so long as there is a free nation left to fight, so long will Prussia require to exert herself for a final victory. But, in truth, the world is a long way from this desperate condition; it is rather the case that Prussia is at the end of her resources than the world. And if it should at any moment dawn upon her that it is the world she is fighting, and that the war will be only just beginning when she has established herself in Europe, the hopelessness of her task may appal her if not the criminality of it. The prospect before her is defeat at once or defeat after, it may be, a century of war; for the world is not going to submit to a Prussian hegemony.

WE drew attention last week to the views of Herr von Salzmann expressed in the "Vossische Zeitung" concerning the after-effects upon the orientation of Japan, America and Britain from the German annexations in Russia. Another writer, Captain Tägert, in the same journal, has recently expressed views of a similarly wide and intelligent character concerning the probable reactions of the war upon German foreign trade. Captain Tägert realises what our colleague, Mr. de Maeztu, has pointed out, that rail-power is a predominant factor in modern and continental warfare; but he is properly apprehensive of the fact that after rail-power comes sea-power, and that, even should Germany win the war on land by virtue of her rail-power, she has still to break the blockade that may be continued against her by means of sea-power. What would be the situation of Germany, he asks, if after having won the war on land, the naval Powers of the world should carry on her siege by sea? Germany would have broken down one circumvallation only to expose to view another. She would be still, in effect, a nation besieged. Captain Tägert, it is true, argues from this conclusion that it is necessary for Germany to employ her submarines, and to employ them with even more energy than she is employing them at this moment. But the remedy must appear to him on reflection a case of suicide to avoid being murdered, for how much better off will Germany be after the war for all the ships she is now sinking, if the command of the sea is with her enemies? It is not very probable, on his supposition that the naval Allies would continue the war after a military triumph for Germany, that they would put at the disposal of Germany the remnant of their mercantile marine for the purpose of enabling Germany to resume the offensive. And even if there should be a different conclusion to the military war than the victory of Prussia, Captain Tägert must still face the fact that the Allies would be little inclined to share with Germany the services of shipping, the surviving portion of which was only enough for their own immediate needs. The submarine campaign, in short, will be found by Germany to have been a mistake from every conceivable point of view. Immediately, it had the effect of enlisting America among Germany's present enemies, it has extended the war from Europe to the world; and in the end and under whatever cir-

circumstances may arise, it will have reduced the means of Germany's recovery from the war.

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Against the resolution of the world sooner or later finally to overcome Prussian militarism there appears to us to be only one alternative open to German democracy, namely, revolution. If we are right in our conviction that the world will never submit to a Prussian hegemony, though it may cost a century of world-war to escape it, there is also before the German people only the choice between revolution and perpetual war. The revolution has, indeed, been long enough delayed to plunge the world into darkness, and to disgrace the political reputation of the German people in the eyes of history. But if it should be made now, or within any comparatively endurable period, much will be forgiven a people who should spare by their exertions the efforts of the coming generation. At the eleventh hour, nay, even just before the stroke of midnight, if it should please the German people to prefer peace to war, the world, we believe, would be recognisant of it. For it must not be supposed that the world imagines itself to be likely to be the gainer even by its ultimate and certain victory over Prussian militarism. The world is not engaged in the present war with any hope of advantage either to civilisation, culture, or, still less, to capitalism. The simple truth is that the world is engaged in the war for the purely negative advantage of saving its liberty and of avoiding the return of itself into the dark ages from which it has so recently emerged after a previous catastrophe. Under these circumstances it cannot be the case, therefore, that we should fail to welcome a new Ally if that Ally were to be the German people. On the contrary, we can truthfully say that no new Ally, not even the military defeat of Prussia, could be more welcome; for, in the end, it is not so much the defeat of Prussia that the world desires as the regeneration of Germany. Nor can it be allowed to the German people to make a revolution after the war, and to take the credit of it. "Vorwärts" still promises a democratic Germany after the war, still promises to bring the Prussian junkers to reason after they have had their kill and laid the world waste. But we must say, as we have said before, that a German Revolution after a war in which the Prussian system has even nominally triumphed will be found impossible; and that a German Revolution after the defeat of Prussia will be without merit, since it will be forced. That our words, if they should reach Germany, will fall upon deaf ears we have reason to fear after the most recent surrender of the German Social Democrats who have voted the new credits in the teeth of the militarist treaties just made by Prussia with Russia and Roumania. But that they will be listened to if only when too late we have no doubt. A German Revolution is necessary to the world; the world cannot move another step forward until Prussianism has been destroyed. It remains for Germany to decide whether her revolution shall be her eternal glory or her eternal shame.

* * *

We are not sorry that Mr. Lloyd George "spoke sharply" to the dissenting miners the other day. A section of the miners has lost its sense of proportion and is, besides, obsessed with a number of false notions that are as dangerous to trade unionism as they are to the nation and the miners themselves. One of these is the fanatical assertion that the class-war is both more important in itself and more incumbent upon the wage-earning classes than any war in which the nation may be engaged. This is to say that if a malignant Power from another planet were to invade this earth, it might be the duty of the working-classes to refuse to defend mankind. That the present war is not the attempted conquest of our planet by Martians may be admitted without weakening our

case; for if the Prussian militarists are not Martians they are almost as hostile as Mr. Wells's monsters could be to everything which mankind, including the wage-earning classes, holds dear. Then it is said, among the minority of miners referred to, that since the present Government is a capitalist Government, the war it wages must needs be no more than a capitalist war. Pull down capitalism or pull down the capitalist government, and the war would instantly cease. But is it ignorance or ingenious perversity (such as destroyed the first-fruits of the Russian Revolution, if not the whole tree of it) that permits it to be asserted that as between one capitalist government and another, one capitalist State and another, there is no difference? All modern governments are capitalist in the sense that all modern governments depend upon the strongest economic power in their nation; but this is not to say that among capitalist governments one may not be inclining away from capitalism while another is still bent towards it. The supposition that because both Prussia and England have capitalist governments they are otherwise indistinguishable flies in the face of every fact that is known to us. To capitalism Prussia adds not only a support which is lacking to capitalism in this country, namely, an electoral system designed to maintain it, but the terror, power and prestige of the sword. Capitalism in Prussia rests on the sword to-day; but it will continue even after the sword has been taken away. In other words, Prussia is a degree more capitalist than any other country in the world, precisely because her government is as yet only secondarily capitalist while being primarily militarist. To say, therefore, of Prussia that it is on equal terms with the capitalist government of this country is to talk evil nonsense. Our miners can change our Government in the polling-booths and workshops; they could only change the government of Prussia at the barricades.

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THE NEW AGE has a right to correct the Trade Union movement (the small section of it that needs correction) on the subject of economic power and its relation to political power, or power over the body politic. Power, while at the same time it is a fact, is also a trust; and the economic power of the working-classes is none the less a trust because it has been, and is being, acquired in face of the opposition of the capitalist classes. It follows that society has as good a right to expect that the economic power of Labour, however acquired, shall not be employed arbitrarily or for merely sectional ends as Labour itself has that the power of Capital shall be employed under law. Law, in fact, is our security against the misuse of power in the latter no less than in the former case. It is true, of course, that capital has often evaded the law even when it has not made the law unnecessary to be evaded. It is true, in consequence, that Labour has hitherto suffered under the law. But as in the example offered us by the Apostles, it is the law that in the end makes us free, so, in the case of Labour, it is the law or the political rule that will in the end be to Labour's advantage. To put the matter concretely, if Labour is to defy the law at this moment because it happens momentarily to wield economic power—the power to strike effectively against the national purpose—there is no principle of right or reason by which Labour can demand Capital to submit to law when Labour itself begins to legislate as the predominant political power in the State. But will Labour when engaged in some national task of vital importance tolerate conscientious capitalist objectors? Will it permit minorities of individualist capitalists (such as will certainly survive any collectivist revolution) to seize a moment of government weakness to go on strike until their demands for, say, a counter-revolution, are satisfied? And if, as we surmise, Labour will do neither of these things, what is the

sauce which is for the goose and not for the gander? The economic power of Labour is, as we say, a fact; we hope that it will grow until it enables Labour to accomplish the aim of democracy which is the abolition of class distinctions based upon economic difference; but, in the meanwhile, it can grow in safety to itself and the nation only by responsible, that is to say, lawful, exercise.

* * *

It would not be honest to leave it to be concluded that all the right is on the Government's side. Mr. Lloyd George may have been guilty of no sin of commission, but the Government's sins of omission in respect of Labour have been many. Not the least considerable is the omission to deal as faithfully with the defaulting minorities of fraudulent contractors and speculators as with the defaulting miners. How can it appear otherwise than as a case of singling out the weakest for censure when we find the miners publicly lectured and the profiteers either excused or left anonymous? Again, it may be remembered what a singular misfortune a Government must imagine itself to experience on finding that a class of men once full of patriotism has suddenly without any good reason turned sullen and selfish. But the explanation of the phenomenon is to be found at home. As it is certain from all the evidence at our disposal that there was not a class in the community more patriotic in the early days of the war than the very miners a few of whose members are now sulking in their pits, so it is certain that their change of temper has been brought about by definable causes. We have referred to one cause; let us refer to another. What have we urged since the beginning of the war and as a means to maintaining the enthusiasm of Labour, if not the prospect of a new world after the war in which Labour shall be nearer emancipation? Such a vision, we know, was before Labour's eyes, and might, like the vision of the Promised Land, have carried them uncomplaining over the desert of the most prolonged war. Yet from the earliest days of the war to the present moment, that vision, so far from having grown in credibility, has been allowed gradually to fade until it is now little more than a fantasy of the Utopian brain. It may be replied, of course, that the war, as we ourselves have said, is for no positive advantage, that it is, in fact, a war of defence of the status quo; but that is only the minimum outcome we are justified in expecting—we may surely hope for something more. Without a vision the people perish; and in forgetting to keep alight the flame of hope the Government, in our opinion, have brought on the nation the present unrest of Labour.

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It is probable that by the time these Notes can appear the "rank and file" decision of the engineers to strike will have been tacitly or openly rescinded; and we may say at once that we hope that the rescission will be explicit rather than tacit. Here, again, it appears to us that the "rank and file," with whose ideals we sympathise, are labouring under dangerous illusions, dangerous, we mean, to their economic class no less and probably much more than to the nation at large. The prestige of a class, like the prestige of a nation, is a reality. It implies not only the possession of power, but the possession of a benevolent power, a power, that is, known and proved to be likely to be employed with intelligence and good-will. Its social measurement is represented by status. Now nothing has been more evident during the progress of the war than the increase in the power of Labour; and since, on the whole, it has been little less evident that this increasing power has been used with consideration for the welfare of the nation, the status of Labour has been correspondingly improved. From this fact alone we might have anticipated some happy results at the

conclusion of the war; for there is no doubt whatever that status commands respect, because it is respect. The Servile State, we may say, for instance, would have been rendered impossible by the new and more honourable status that Labour had won for itself. But if, after all this spiritual success, the Labour movement is now about to undo its work and, at the hands of sections of the "rank and file," to forfeit the respect already won for it, we can assure our friends that the consequences after the war will not be at all what they are at present entitled to look for. They will find, on the contrary, a powerful reaction against Labour, and not merely in the present governing classes but in their own ranks. Of such a war as this, the mightiest and the most significant ever fought upon earth, the survivors can only belong to one of two classes, those who remember their share in it with pride, and those who must remember their share in it with shame. And if to the latter belong any considerable minorities of Labour, it may be taken for granted that their share will never be a source of respect or of self-respect.

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In the "Daily News" last week Mr. Walter Bantiff, an ex-President of the National Union of Teachers, was complaining that among all the topics discussed during the recent debate on Education the question of teachers seems alone to have received no attention. Yet that the supply of teachers, to say nothing of their qualification, is important in the consideration of a Bill that proposes to double the number of scholars—is surely obvious. Why, therefore, were they forgotten? The reason given by Mr. Bantiff is that the status of teachers is low; in other words, their public estimation as a species of the professional classes is degraded below the level of their merit; and the reason, again, of this, he suggests, is that the salaries of teachers are small. The officials of the N.U.T. and, we are afraid, most of the members of the profession as well, are still harping on their ducats instead of upon their duties, still dreaming that the cart may draw the horse and salary raise up status. From the very earliest days of the Union, indeed, as its official organ, the "Schoolmaster," bears witness, the aim of the profession has been confined to care for its own interests. It is upon the rarest possible occasions that you will find in the "Schoolmaster" even so much as a letter upon the subject of education; its concern is for the material welfare of the teachers, all the teachers, and nothing but the teachers. Now it is all very well for an organised profession to look after itself; it is the least of its duties; but it cannot be expected that a profession that does nothing else will command the public respect we call status. Why should the public "respect" or pay particular consideration to a body of persons banded together to make such special consideration unnecessary? There is nothing admirable in a profession combining to look after its own material interests. Admiration, esteem, consideration, status, are reserved for a profession that not only looks after itself, but that looks to the fulfilment of the duties it is paid, ill or well, to perform, and that can sacrifice at any moment its material interest to its professional ideals. Nobody can maintain, however, that the teachers as an organised profession have displayed any power of collective sacrifice or collective idealism. Individually, we do not doubt, many of its members are the salt of the earth; but collectively and in their public capacity as a profession they are a salt that has never yet found its savour. They have laboured in their profession, but not for it. The precedence of salaries over status is the superstition into which the N.U.T., alone among the professions, has fallen; and until the order of its consideration of these values has been reversed, the profession will continue to be "forgotten" when the subject of education is being publicly discussed.

With all that Lord Inchcape said in his letter to the "Times" last week concerning the disadvantages of the State control of industry we agree. Moreover, the State, in the particular case of the Chepstow ship-building-yards, appears not only to have killed private enterprise but to have carried on none of its own, even upon a reduced scale. The argument which Lord Inchcape establishes upon this isolated fact, however, is invalid unless he can show that State control is not only bad, but worse than private enterprise in general; and he cannot do this. On the contrary, as the "Times" remarks, the situation as the nation found it when the State control of shipping was instituted was the breakdown of private enterprise owing both to its incorrigible profiteering and to its inability to manage Labour. But for the institution of State control, and under the continued régime of private enterprise, the nation might have anticipated with certainty a far more disastrous situation than now prevails. Utterly unconscious, seemingly, of the fact that the State was driven to the expediency of establishing its own control by the failure to control itself of the Shipping industry of which he is an ornament, Lord Inchcape now not only descants upon the purely relative failure (or should we not say the success?) of the method of State control, but urges the discontinuance of the method in favour of the very private enterprise which State control was compelled to supersede. Above all, he says, State control is particularly unfitted to deal with the shipping problems that will arise after the war. It may be so; but is private enterprise on that account the proper or the necessary alternative? Assuming, as we safely may, that the conditions that will prevail after the war, both in respect of national supply and of labour, will be not less difficult than the conditions that have obtained during the war, it appears to us that, if private enterprise has been unable to surmount the latter, it will be equally unable to master the former. It will find itself, indeed, in much the same situation in which the State has already been compelled to intervene, and with nothing before it save a repetition of that intervention. This is so certain a contingency that we may say with confidence that the issue for practical statesmen is no longer between State control and Laissez faire or private enterprise; but between State control and another kind of control altogether, that of the industry by itself. As between Laissez faire and State control the battle has been won by State control. It is now the business of our industrialists, if they do not like State control, to discover a means of controlling themselves in the national interest.

A DREAM.

Wind and rain,
Wind and rain,
Breakers of sea
Roar merrily;
A ghostly scene
In dirty green;
A sky in grey
Is stealing day.
I smell the salt
Of Neptune's vault,
I hear the groans
Of Davy Jones;
The slimy bed
Reeks with the dead:
A decaying swan,
An Oxford don,
A curate's bones
And a bag of scones.
Rain and wind,
Rain and wind;
Breakers of sea
Roar merrily,
And the seagulls scream,
"It's a rotten dream!"

DIKRAN KOUYOUMDJIAN.

Foreign Affairs,

By S. Verdad.

To recent issues of the weekly paper, "West Africa," we are indebted for much first-hand evidence of the activities of the Empire Resources Development Committee. For months past this Committee has been carrying on a subtle form of propaganda; and the usual leaflets sent out to the Press have been supplemented by addresses to Chambers of Commerce, and such bodies. Mr. Wilson Fox, M.P., has been fairly prominent in this propaganda, and so has Mr. Alfred Bigland, M.P. From the reports of meetings, from such leaflets as we have seen, and from the careful accounts of the work of the Committee published from week to week in "West Africa," an adequate conception of the policy of the E.R.D.C. and its methods may be acquired. Indeed, I may at once do the Committee the justice of saying that they make no secret of their proposals. The policy of the Committee, to quote from one of Mr. Fox's addresses, is to promote the development for profit, under State auspices and participation, "of selected resources and opportunities of the Empire," with the primary object of "diminishing by this means our national indebtedness." In other words, the State is to grant certain monopolists' concessions in parts of the Empire which may be called "undeveloped"; and, under the auspices of the State, these concessions are to be exploited for all they are worth. Mr. Fox, in the address I have just quoted (Royal Colonial Institute, January 9), makes this quite clear. He draws a distinction between what is usually meant by State participation, and what he means by the expression. It is worth giving in full as an indication of Mr. Fox's mentality:—

Hitherto sufficient attention has not been paid by Governments to the conditions which are generally essential to the efficient conduct of any form of commercial enterprise. These conditions are (1) that the making of profit should be regarded as the only test of success; (2) that the management of industrial or commercial enterprise should be entrusted entirely to men who have had adequate training and experience in work of this nature. Neither of these conditions, as a rule, exists when a business enterprise is controlled by a Civil Service Department staffed and organised on the ordinary lines. The efficiency of a Civil Servant is not, as a rule, measured by his capacity to see and grasp opportunities for making profit, nor have his training and experience lain in this direction.

Well, no; not as a rule. In sober truth, a more German policy of exploitation was never enunciated from Berlin, even in the early days of German expansion. As General Smuts, Mr. Lloyd George, and many other speakers have recently emphasised, our whole colonial policy has been based on the assumption that we held these undeveloped lands in trust for the backward peoples inhabiting them; and, though we have frequently failed to carry our policy into practice in an ideal fashion, not one of our statesmen has ever before set forth such an unblushing scheme of exploitation as this. Consider one example of its application. Mr. Fox spoke of the trade in vegetable fats, and expressed the confident hope that the State could look forward to a profit of fifty millions sterling from this source alone. Mr. R. E. Dennett, one of his critics, has pointed out that in 1913, an average year, the total value of the whole palm-oil trade of West Africa was only fourteen millions. It is clear enough that if fifty millions of profit is to be made out of a total trade which now averages only fourteen millions there must be the most grinding exploitation of the native races it is possible to conceive. True, Mr. Bigland repudiates the view that such a state of things would necessarily result. Unfortunately for the defenders of the Committee, we have had experiences of

this kind before. We know how greatly injured the directors of the Putumayo concessions felt when it was sought to lay upon them personally some of the blame for the atrocities carried out on their behalf in order that the profits might break all records. No doubt King Leopold considered himself a much-injured man; and Dr. Karl Peters, again, never forgave the outcry in Germany which resulted in his recall. The European concessionaires may be the most innocent people in the world; but the foremen and managers, who act on the spot in their name, know what is wanted; and what is wanted is just profits and nothing else. Wages and salaries depend upon the sharpness of the exploitation, and the callous brutes who are usually placed in charge of this kind of work care little for humanitarian considerations.

Indeed, Messrs. Fox and Bigland appear to care little for them, either. Sir Victor Buxton pointed out three months ago that the fact that the English State had no interest in commerce "had enabled the Administration to hold the balance fairly between European employers and Native labourers, and had inspired the confidence of the latter." But Mr. Fox, as we have seen, has provided for this by urging the exclusion of the ordinary Civil Servant from the practical scheme, which is to be entrusted to men of business, whose first aim shall be profits. And why, it may be asked, all this pother about West Africa? Simply because the Committee wanted a favourable ground for starting upon; they care nothing for our treaties with the Native rulers; and, having been warned off India, they pitched upon West Africa as a good basis for preliminary operations. The West African merchants are protesting strongly—for it is easy to realise that a policy of exploitation, with immediate and huge profits, threatens their own more humanitarian policy of development, with small but enduring results. The difference between development, which may extend over generations, gradually raising the native to a higher level by easily surmounted stages; and exploitation, which means the rapid expropriation of everything the soil yields, could hardly be better illustrated than in the policy advocated by the E.R.D.C., and that which the ordinary West African merchants have been pursuing for years.

And why, it may be asked again, has it become necessary to advocate exploitation under State auspices? The complete explanation is to be found in a quotation from one of Mr. Bonar Law's recent speeches introduced by Mr. Bigland at a meeting in Cannon Street Hotel on January 30:—

When I was at the Colonial Office I was struck by the evidence of immense natural resources in many of our colonies. I thought it was possible that the time might come when we could pay off part of our National Debt by rapidly developing through the State these resources. [Observe, by a curious coincidence, the very German construction of the latter part of this sentence.] I find that a Committee was formed with that idea, and it is represented in this House by my hon. friend behind me (Mr. Wilson Fox). You would find people saying that to try to develop the resources of our Colonies in that way would be exploiting them. All I claim is that we are going to be faced with a new situation when the war is over, and that we have to look at every suggestion on its merits.

This, then, is the secret of an agitation which is not associated with such names as Hoggenheimer and Levinstein but with highly respectable members of Parliament and even with Mr. Bonar Law himself. We can well imagine that English financiers are hard put to it to know where to turn for money to pay off the War Debt; for the mere interest on it alone will run their income and super-taxes up to twelve or fourteen shillings in the pound. Mr. Bonar Law, who blurts out the truth now and then, and got into trouble for doing so when he associated his own open mind with

the prospect of a levy on capital, must surely have regarded the Committee's suggestion as a godsend. The main thing is to get money. Exploit West Africa first, then start on some other protectorate, and so on, until the lives and the blood and sweat of native labourers, dispossessed of everything they may once have owned, have succeeded, in the course of twenty years or so, in paying large sums of money in interest and creating a sufficient reserve of capital for the State to recover itself. We can only bring this scheme to the notice of our readers. It is impossible to say that will happen in regard to it; for neither in the "Mail" nor in the "Times" has Lord Northcliffe as yet given the Government a lead.

Dostoyevsky the Manichean.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

THREE things must be taken for granted. The first is that every man, and even every group of men, must have his god and follow him, even when he wavers in his belief. His god may be Nirvana, pleasure, fame, incoherence, fate, love, power, truth or justice; but every man follows his god, his certain god, his probable god, or his possible god. When a man changes his god, he also changes the course of his life; and this is why the most important thing in every man is not his own nature, but the nature of his god.

The second thing I take for granted is that Dostoyevsky was a genius in the full meaning of the word. A genius is a genitor, a generator, a begetter. I do not mean that he can create things out of nothing. He may be the child of his own generation; but he certainly stamps his mark upon future generations. A genius is a general father; and the god of a genius is the god of generations. I do not think that it is possible to attribute genius to any other literary man of the nineteenth century save to Dostoyevsky. They all look thin—Goethe, Balzac, Dickens, Flaubert, when compared with him. I have felt when reading Dostoyevsky as if I were at the Day of Judgment, my fate still in the balance, my heart bleeding and lying open on the palm of my hand, and the voice of the Judge revealing to my mind the cosmic reasons for his sentence.

And, finally, I take it for granted that Mr. Lavrin has given us in his articles a truthful account of the essential features and anguishes of Dostoyevsky's mind. Although I have not made a special study of Dostoyevsky, I believe what Mr. Lavrin says because it agrees with what all of us have thought more or less vaguely when we have read one or other of the works of the great Russian genius.

Now you remember what Mr. Lavrin has said. Dostoyevsky was haunted more than anybody in Europe by a supposed antagonism between two different sets of value which Mr. Lavrin designates as values of culture and values of civilisation. I do not think that Mr. Lavrin has been very happy in his choice of words; but we need not quarrel about words. We will accept his terminology. Mr. Lavrin has said: "This difference may be expressed in such terms as these: culture is the complex of all the inner or spiritual values of an individual, as well as of a nation (religion, ethics, art, literature) while civilisation represents the complex of all his external values (politics, industry, trade, science, etc)." As an example of a race which had a very high culture but a poor civilisation, he quotes ancient India; and as an example of a high civilisation with a poor culture, he names modern America. And he adds: "But the most important feature in all this is the fact that the tragedy of history is an everlasting struggle between the external and internal values of mankind, i.e., a struggle between Material and Spirit, between civilisation and culture." Dostoyevsky was so obsessed

by this antagonism that he could not see in the values of politics, science and industry, anything but appearances incapable of concealing from a penetrating eye the "absolute void," while the absolute value had to be pursued on the roads of religion, ethics, literature and art. Dostoyevsky saw a vision of Europe crumbling away to-morrow and leaving no trace behind. Western civilisation was, he thought, doomed to death; and obsessed, like many other Slav intellectuals, by the fatal madness of seeking for his race a private way of salvation which no other race would follow, he beckoned them away from Western activities and inspired them with the Messianic idea of founding a Universal Church which might at last realise the brotherhood of mankind.

The idea of a Single Universal Church is not a creation of Dostoyevsky's, but of the Apostles; and it is not a mere idea, but a reality, the principles of which are common to the Church of England, the Church of Rome, and the Eastern Churches. The single Universal Church is all right; it is we, the individuals, who are wrong in relation to her. But Dostoyevsky is not a door into the Church. He is not a member of the Church. Although he may be called a great "martyr of the spirit," he does not "belong to the future"—he is a tomb. He belongs to the past, a pertinacious past, a past that insists upon adopting the mask of the future. "Nothing," says Dean Milman, "is more curious in Christian history than the vitality of Manichean opinions." And Dostoyevsky was a gnostic, a Manichean, a dualist; and gnosticism is the real fountain of all heresies.

The characteristic tenet of all Manicheanism lies in the assertion that Matter, the matrix of all evil, is, in one form or other, co-eternal with the deity. Matter as Evil, and Spirit as Good—this is the dualism of the Manichean as of Dostoyevsky. But Christianity does not believe in that. Christianity is the eternal protest against this dualism, which is also the eternal heresy of secular thought. It does not believe that the principle of the body is a different principle from that of the soul. It maintains the ultimate unity of soul and body. "A. E. R." was quite right when he recently reminded us that the Christian dogmas are eternal life and the resurrection of the body, but not the immortality of the soul. Far from connecting indissolubly goodness and the spirit, Christianity proclaims the Fall of the Angels who were pure spirits, as anterior to the Fall of Man. There is a potentiality of Evil in Spirit; and there is also a principle of Good in Matter; and this is proclaimed in the mystery of the Resurrection of the Body, the highest truth of Christianity and the hardest to accept.

People who make some sort of necessary connection between Matter and Evil, and a fundamental opposition between Matter and Spirit, are bound also to deny either the perfect nature of Christ as Man or His perfect nature as God—hence Arianism, and all the other heresies. But the value of gnosticism is better appreciated in its results than in its theories. The gnostics used to say that there is a radical difference between men: some, created Evil, were incapable of salvation; and others, of celestial or divine origin, would finally be saved, however licentious their lives (let the reader remember Rasputin). The elect Manichean abjures work and marriage as contributing to augment and sustain the kingdom of Evil. It is scarcely necessary to elaborate the consequences. If men despise Matter as a necessary evil, they are bound in their lives either to deny it altogether and to commit suicide either individually or racially through absolute asceticism; or they permit their bodies to do as they please, for they can do no other, and with their bodies they surrender also politics and science and industry and trade to their own corruption.

Let us go back to Dostoyevsky, and to the supposed

antagonism between Culture and Civilisation. We are told that industry, politics and science, can only be developed at the expense of the inner values. Mr. Lavrin adduced the example of America. I am tempted to reply that the more I read Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky the more I respect the films of the American cinema. But does Mr. Lavrin really think that America is less Christian than Russia? Well, he is mistaken. Art, it seems, is an inner value, politics an external value. Does Mr. Lavrin believe that Pavlova of the Russian ballet is more spiritual than Lincoln, or Oscar Wilde than Gladstone, or Rasputin than Mazzini?—but let us be fair in our examples. Does he really believe that the work of Tolstoy is more Christian than the work of Ford who first taught the world the possibility of giving a comfortable life to myriads of industrial workmen? To despise the economic virtues which imply Christian character is a hundred times easier than to practise them. A thing is not bad because it is Western, nor good because it is Oriental. Religion is not necessarily good. One may be a Christian scientist and a quack and a liar; and a competent engineer and a good man. These are obvious things, but they need to be said.

Mr. Lavrin, of course, does not want to suppress politics and science. He only wants to subdue them to "Culture." That is what Dostoyevsky wanted, and that is why he drove intellectual Russia away from politics, science, trade and industry. Even now there may be Russian revolutionaries who imagine that their country has been sacrificed to the future triumph of the Single Universal Church. But, in truth, it has been sacrificed to the Manicheanism of her geniuses. Let us clear the point. All those under-valued activities—science, politics, industry and trade (and we might add the military)—are connected with Power. What is therefore under-valued is Power. The Manichean God is also a Spirit divorced from Power, struggling against Power—for Matter is another name for Power. The Christian doctrine maintains, on the contrary, the omnipotence of God. Let us state our case logically. We say that God is Power. Therefore, some power is godlike. We do not say that all power is godlike, because from the universal proposition "all men are mortal" is not deduced the conclusion that "all mortals are men," but that "some mortals are men." If we said that there is no other God but Power, we should have a powerful religion, but a barbarous, brutal and bad religion. Let us beware as well of the contrary heresy. For if we assert that Power is Evil, or even that Power is merely an instrument and not an end, we shall get a powerless religion, which must necessarily weaken the nation that holds it. If the activities connected with Power are inferior, only inferior people will devote themselves to them. In a Manichean nation the industrialists, the politicians, the soldiers will be bad; and the nation will be reduced to impotence, if it has to stand the shock of a more powerful religion, because a nation that honours power will necessarily become more powerful than a nation that under-values power. The latter will not even understand the nature of power. It will believe, for instance, that scientific activities can be managed by unscientific men, which has been the catastrophic error of the Soviets and the ruin of the Russian Revolution.

I am not going to exchange the Cross of Christ for the Hammer of Thor or the Sword of Odin. Gods that are only powerful are not worthy of my worship. But I am not going to bow either to the powerless God of the Manicheans. My God must be both omnipotent and lovable. He must be the unity of Power, Truth, Justice and Love—nothing less.

I submit these thoughts to Mr. Lavrin because I believe that the salvation of the world largely depends on the salvation of the Slav peoples. I am afraid that the whole world will fall into slavery if the Slavs are

enslaved. And they will fall into slavery if they worship a powerless God. The nature of the God of the Slav nations will be in the long run determined by the nature of the God of men like Mr. Lavrin. And that is why I invite him to think over the old questions of Gnostics and Manicheans.

Out of School.

To anyone who sees in psychical research what the words actually mean and imply—an investigation of the soul of man, and of the principle of soul as it extends below and above the province of reason—Mr. Lavrin's recent articles in *THE NEW AGE* are full of suggestion and significance. I am not qualified either to praise or to question Mr. Lavrin as a critic of Dostoyevsky, and perhaps it is just as well; for the more people think they know about Dostoyevsky, the more they seem to disagree about him. The same thing is true of those who hold expert opinions about the universe, which would suggest that Dostoyevsky's genius has in it more than a touch of the universal. At all events, it is upon the appeal of universal urgencies to the human spirit that Mr. Lavrin's investigation chiefly touches; he treats Dostoyevsky as a great sensitive instrument of interpretation, and he is more concerned with the interpretation than with the instrument. In this I hope I may follow him, leaving others to debate what Dostoyevsky meant or thought he meant; Mr. Lavrin's business is, rather, with the question of what everything means, as that question strained and tore at the soul of Dostoyevsky, and of one after another of the personalities that he projected into his novels.

We all dread that strain, and the threat of that urgency to tear us asunder; and the blinded powers of life are revenged upon us in war, and in the subtler disintegrations of peace. Yet it is a terrible thing to say Yea to life—not only to accept the universal, but to be the universal. There is mania in the blank vastness of the formula. And the energy of that mania is partly the energy of a crazy fear—the energy of a beast at bay. Escape, and freedom to transmit the higher energies of life, come only of understanding; and Dostoyevsky shows a perpetually baffled struggle to understand the full meaning of that Yea. Both the East and the West have taught themselves, in their wisdom, to evade the struggle. The East consents to be baffled, and meets the sharper questionings of life with the soul-padding of fatalism; the West puts on a shell of intellect, and keeps up a pretence of having everything explained. Russia, between the two tendencies, can be regarded as having made the worst of both: all the hopelessness of fatalism, and all the self-torturing of intellect without hope. But Mr. Lavrin has another account to give; of which more in a moment. First, we can try the Western formula, our "comfortable philosophical recipe," and see if it provides any element that Dostoyevsky lacked. He derides the logical philosophy; let him try a few conclusions with it.

First, the armchair philosopher may explain very lucidly that all this sense of a tearing urgency can be resolved into two factors: impatience, and the lack of an orderly method of handling ideas. "If the world is filled with senseless suffering and injustice" (I quote Mr. Lavrin's re-statement)—then there are only two possibilities concerning God: either He does not exist at all, and the whole universe is only a meaningless casual "vaudeville of devils"; or He exists, but has concealed His "secret" (the meaning of suffering and life) from us for ever. Why devils?—asks the philosopher, with quite a genuine feeling of puzzlement; and why "for ever"? On the one hand, an unjustified leap to a hasty and morbid conclusion, and, on the other, a

simple lack of the sense of time-values! That "for ever" represents the feeling of the child with toothache, who does not believe it will ever stop. Our philosopher is quite aware of the abstract proposition that the child has the toothache while he himself has not, and he also knows that the child's suffering needs explaining, and is not yet explained; but he does not expect to find a prompt and complete solution for the problem of pain. In the same way he holds that Russian experience may well justify an impatient outcry, from a Russian, against the nature of the universe; but there must be proportion in all things, and this cry of the hurt child is not philosophy.

Again, "Ivan's greatest torments were due to the fact that he was really too much in love with 'truth'—which he could not reveal, in spite of all his passionate secret longing to reveal it, in spite of all his craving for belief." "It can be accepted only as a possibility, and not as a reality. . . ." But, of course! Such is the nature of reality; all must remain, for us, a matter of balanced conjecture, of carefully weighed approximations to truth. This frenzied snatching only upsets the balance of thought. We can only stand being "weighed down with the fearful burden of free choice" if we distribute the weight, keep the choice of the soul under an impersonal guidance of logical rule, and lay the mind quietly open to the interplay of considered possibilities on all sides. This may not suit the typical Dostoyevsky character, and there is no reason, with his experience and his limitations, why it should; but what has such a one to contribute to the wisdom of the ages? His is only the voice of the child crying in the dark, the voice that we have always heard, and always shall hear until all the children grow up and are wise.

In so far as it is positive, I think the philosopher's criticism has its points. The "God-struggler," in Mr. Lavrin's phrase, is too ignorant and too contemptuous of method; and he does not know the value of withdrawal into a pure, impersonal interest in truth as an escape from the personal, half atavistic terrors of the void. But the void is there, and the child soul in all of us is still crying at its immensity and blankness; and the withdrawal of our philosopher's consciousness from it is permanent and complete—hence his failure to satisfy us, or to quiet the crying. He can explain everything, or make us acquiesce in a partial and an inconclusive explanation, within his small, lamp-lit room, with the curtains drawn; but the night howls outside, and we hear it in the pauses of his exposition, and we know that we shall have to find our way through it when we leave him.

Mr. Lavrin's study takes up the quest where our philosopher has deliberately and comfortably abandoned it. He begins to apply an extended philosophical method; and it is the method which gives us the most hope of carrying conscious thought beyond the range of the "pitiful earthly Euclidean mind." We are newly finding out how to trace the processes of mind which are prior to reason, to work our conscious way, slowly, towards the springs of will and longing. This is the true psycho-analysis, of which the study of dreams, hysteria, and the curious cranks and twists of the unconscious, forms a part that threatens, just now, to fill all the foreground. This new and great psychology must not be allowed, like the mechanism of reason, to wind itself into a small, closed circle. It would be intensely interesting, if one had the full data, to attempt a psycho-analysis of Dostoyevsky the man, and to trace as far as possible the causes that made him, personally, think and feel as he did; but it is a problem of infinitely wider significance to trace the movements of the soul of Dostoyevsky the artist, because this soul is a reflection and in part an interpretation of the soul of humanity. And this is the problem that Mr. Lavrin has set himself.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

THE FARE



"On to Paris! . . . And before the war

TO PARIS.



could have got there for twenty marks."

Readers and Writers.

It is to be hoped that the reputation of Marx will not survive the war unimpaired. I can scarcely think that the German Socialists will be so proud of their Marxism in the future as they have been in the past, since it will have clearly betrayed them into one of the most shameful moral surrenders in all history. It is dangerous for a man's writings to be regarded as the "Bible" even of Socialists; and when, in addition, the Marxian Bible, unlike the other, aims at and, in a sense, achieves, logical consistency, the peril of it is greater upon minds lacking the inestimable virtue of commonsense. Marx, however, was not himself a slave of his own inspiration; in other words, he was anything but a Marxian in the sense in which his followers are Marxian. He had, indeed, a very sharp word for certain of the disciples whose breed, unfortunately, has not been extinguished by it. "Amateur anarchists," he called them, who "made up by rabid declarations and bloodthirsty rampings for the utter insignificance of their political existence." Groups of his disciples, answering perfectly to this description, are to be found to-day in English as well as in other Labour circles. They inhabit chiefly, I think, the pages of Socialist journals like the "Plebs," the "Call" and "The Socialist." In between their rampings they reveal their political insignificance by enquiring of each other such elementary facts about literature and history as schoolboys should be ashamed to have forgotten. And the surprising thing is that even these open confessions induce no reaction upon their conviction that they understand Marx.

It is a common supposition among Marx's followers that not only has he left nothing to be said on the subject of economics, but that nothing was said before him. One German Socialist, at any rate, has rid himself of this notion, for Dr. Menger has remarked that "Marx was completely under the influence of the earlier English Socialists and more particularly of William Thompson." And here in the valuable essay before me upon Marx (by W. P. Larkin. Purcell & Co., Cork, 6d. net), the editor, Professor Alfred Rahilly, sets himself to proving the facts. Marx, it appears, came across Thompson's work on "The Distribution of Wealth" (1824) in the British Museum, and read it with profit. From Thompson he took practically all his chief doctrines with the exception of his peculiar interpretation of history in terms of economics. The theory of Value as measured by labour-power, the distinction between capital and capitalism, the law of decreasing utility, and, above all, the very phrase as well as the very idea of Surplus Value—all of these "Marxian" doctrines Marx himself found in Thompson. I am not arguing, by any means, that Marx was ~~the~~ less for having been indebted to his English predecessors. He would, indeed, in my opinion have been a greater man if he had borrowed more of Thompson, for Thompson possessed the commonsense to realise that it was possible that the concentration of capital might take place simultaneously with a diffusion of ownership—an idea which would have spared Marx the ignominy of many of his most fanatical disciples. What, on the other hand, was great in Marx was his capacity for large generalisations and his industry in establishing them. In this respect he belonged to the great Victorians; and, as such, he deserves more credit than his present-day followers will permit him to receive.

I cannot refrain from referring Mr. Penty to Thompson for a correction of his confused notions of the use of machinery. The text is to be found in the introduction by Professor Rahilly to the book which I have just named. Thompson pointed out that it was not and is not the exploitation of machinery that degrades Labour, but the exploitation of man. In

other words, it is not machinery but the wage-system that is really at fault. To think otherwise, indeed, is, as Professor Rahilly I think, himself observes, to fall into the materialist error of attributing spiritual effects to material causes. It is, moreover, to assume that technological processes are the parents instead of the products of economic phenomena. A free man—that is, one who is not exploited by a capitalist—cannot be "enslaved" by a machine. He may, if he chooses, do nothing but machine-work all the days of his life, and still remain "free." The slavery and the degradation arise, not from the nature of the tools with which he works, but from the fact that under capitalism he himself is reduced to a tool.

A good deal of divination will be necessary to discover a great man in the Whitman of whom Messrs. J. Johnston and J. W. Wallace write in their "Visits to Walt Whitman" (Allen & Unwin, 6s. net). It is a babbling narrative, with all the crumbs carefully swept up and saved, of visits paid to Whitman by two of his earliest English admirers. They appear to have been very reverent about the old gentleman; and the old gentleman, for his part, appears to have been very amiable with them. On the whole, it is a pleasing impression that is left on the mind, though it is anything but adequate to the impression of Whitman's works. Amongst the dicta of Whitman here recorded—and they are very few—I confess to meeting with pleasure some penetrating remarks about the English. "Amongst English-speaking peoples," he said, "the English are like the artillery. The Americans have horsemen and infantry, but it is the artillery that tells." That I find rather warming in these days of Northcliffism. A similar and even more gratifying opinion was expressed by Whitman concerning the essential good-nature of the English people. "The English people," he said, "have it more than any other nation. They don't know themselves how much they have it in their literature." When it is recalled that a universal sort of good-nature was for Whitman the chief of the virtues, his praise of the English for possessing it in excelsis is a golden tribute.

One of the earliest English essays on Whitman was written by Mr. Standish O'Grady and has now been reprinted in a volume of "Selected Essays," edited by my old colleague, Mr. E. A. Boyd, and published by the Talbot Press, Dublin (3s. net). I shall not remark at this moment on the wealth of ideas as well as literature contained in this anthology of one of the few interesting writers of our age. It is a book for my readers to buy and to thank me for having brought to their notice. Mr. O'Grady's essay on Whitman is remarkable for the perspicacity and the comprehension of his criticism, directed, as this was, to an object unfamiliar to European thought. We know, in the main, how Whitman struck the rest of his English contemporaries, how from the extravagance of adulation to which he drove some he fell in the opinion of others into the extravagance of the unmentionable. But Mr. Standish O'Grady, being a man and bard himself, kept his head better during the Whitman furore, and persisted in seeing in Whitman, on the one side, an affectation of naturalness that was anything but naïve, and, on the other side, a powerful personality, whose works were "the noblest literary product of modern times." Between the same two poles is still to be found, I think, the just judgment of Whitman. Certainly he was not the natural, uncultivated barbarian he would have us believe—like Lincoln, he was an indefatigable and omnivorous reader—nor, on the other hand, was he just the "great comrade" of the Whitman cult. He was, in short, much the man Mr. Standish O'Grady divined him to be on his first appearance in England; and what that was, three shillings will inform you.

R. H. C.

Ideals and Methods.

By R. A. Vran-Gavran.

II.

18.

I LISTENED once to the bricks talking to each other on the wall of a house.

The First Brick: "Do you not recognise me?"

The Second Brick: "No. Who are you?"

The First Brick: "I am the body of the man you killed."

The Second Brick: "Really? I am so ashamed."

The First Brick: "And I am ashamed to say that my grandson killed your grandson."

The Second Brick (after a pause): "Could we not, after our experience, tell the men not to kill each other?"

The First Brick: "They could not understand us until they are enlightened by the truth that ideal and method are one and the same thing."

The Second Brick: "Or, alas, until they become bricks like ourselves."

19.

One starry night I was sitting beside a road and talking to my ideal.

A swarm of riders came galloping on the road.

"Whom are you talking to, you idle fellow?" they said to me.

"To my ideal," I answered. "And whereto you are hurrying so windlike?"

"To reach our ideal," they spoke.

I smiled and said:

"If your ideal is not *with* you, believe me, you never will get *to* it. Endless is a dusty road leading to an ideal."

20.

"Brothers: Crime seems the shortest but, indeed, it is the longest way to the ideal. A crime always gives birth to another crime. For it is the most prolific seed on earth, and in such a way that the son is always greater than the father."

21.

"Brothers: Do you know which is the greatest illusion of men? Their greatest illusion is that they are marching towards their ideal by help of sin. Indeed, brothers, their sins set them back and prolong the distance between them and their ideal."

22.

While the crowd bowed before their hero I bowed before the skeleton of a cannibal in a museum. The hypercritics asked me:

"Don't you know that this skeleton you are worshipping is the remnant of a cannibal?"

"Yes, I know. But could not you tell me how many of his fellowmen this cannibal killed?"

"As many as he could eat up."

"Only as many? That means some hundreds only during his whole life. And, tell me now, how many your heroes are able to kill to-day by their iron tools?"

"Millions."

"And, mind you, this cannibal killed some hundreds of human bodies because he considered them valuable for his food, and your heroes kill millions because they consider them valueless for any mortal purpose and cast them to the dogs. Hypocrites, which is the greater cannibal of the two? And am I not bowing before a comparative saint?"

23.

I looked at the yellow face of the autumn nature, and asked:—

"O Nature, how is it that thou art more beautiful even in thy death than human kind in its life?"

The sweet rumour came to my ears:—

"Because men make special efforts to increase forcibly their beauty, which, in reality, makes for ugliness; whereas I am always what the Great Master behind me wants me to be."

24.

Some idle townfolk asked me to tell them a useful tale.

"Tell us some simile of human history."

And I told them:—

"A robber killed a saint, robbed him and ran away. The cut head of the saint sprang after the running robber, and cried: 'My blood, brother, has stained thy shoulders. It will betray you. Go first and wash in the brook.'

"The robber washed the saint's blood from his shoulders, but he could never wash away the saint's warning voice. It became the music of his life."

25.

"Tell us another story," the townfolk urged.

And I said:—

"A snakekiller once got a fever and lay down, crying to the Heaven: 'Who will come to put cold compresses on my burning body?'"

"And when he fell senseless, the snakes came creeping and coiled round his body, cooling it.

"When the snakekiller recovered, the snakes uncoiled and crawled away. And he cried in terror:—

"What good have I done to you, reptiles, for your service?"

"An example that ought not to be followed by us."

26.

"Tell us another tale!" the townfolk urged again.

And I said:—

"In a dream I was transferred to Cæsar Nero's time.

"'You are a stranger?' the Roman citizens told me.

"'I think I am,' was my answer.

"They were anxious to show me their capital's glory, and took me to a square of lofty museums. Suddenly, we saw a crowd lynching a naked man in the square.

"'What has he done?' I inquired.

"'He has broken all the wonderful marble statues in a museum.'

"'What a barbarian!' exclaimed all of my companions.

"And then they said to me:—

"Let us now go to the Coliseum. Our glorious Cæsar is going to kill to-day a thousand prisoners of war.'

"We went and saw the bloody spectacle, how a thousand of living human statues were destroyed, for which deed nobody was lynched.

"I stood gloomy and desperate among the crowd glorifying the Cæsar. My companions said to me:—

"'One sees at once that you are a stranger!'"

"'Well, I am sad just for the contrary, because I see now that I am no stranger amongst you, though I always thought that twenty centuries stood between you and my own generation.'"

27.

I had a discussion in a mosque. The dervishes asked me:—

"Whom you think a rare man that you have met in your life?"

"A man without a right ideal."

They asked again:—

"And whom you think a still rarer man?"

"A man without a wrong method."

They asked again:—

"And whom do you think the rarest man of all?"

"A man whose ideal and method are neither opposed to nor separated from each other."

28.

All the ideals are, indeed, one single ideal as all gods are indeed one God. And this one ideal means the shaping of a new species of man, i.e., a new creation by good will instead of a forcible geological creation. The question for us is to believe, or not to believe, that our good will could create something more sublime than all the earthquakes, fire and flood have created. I believe.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

PROCESSES.

THE Thirty-sixth Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers does not add greatly to our stock of knowledge. The work of the late Sir Charles Holroyd, especially his "Bishop's Tomb," shows distinction. The eye will be caught by his "Yew Tree." There is clarity in Béjot's "Honfleur." Turrell by his "St. Gregory, Valladolid" maintains the argument that etching is an excellent medium for recording Gothic architecture.

The scope of etching is still, I think, open to dispute. I cannot go the full length of the ultramodernist who has called it "a series of fakes from one end to the other," or even of the more moderate disapprover who calls it "a bad thing, on the whole." After all, Goya did choose this medium for "Mala Noche," and Méryon has left us a not too despicable heritage.

One cannot condemn a medium merely because some members of the R.S.P.-E. choose to make things that look like bad photogravures. Neither in the face of Goya and Whistler can one consider etching as fit merely for book-plates and book-illustrations. True, etching has suffered from connoisseurship; and there has been very little real æsthetic discussion focussed upon it. No one has asked any very searching questions about it. Elderly gentlemen with incomes have filled pages with discussions about "number of impressions" and details of printing. Should the printer "wipe" with a cloth or with the palm of his hand? Biting, re-biting, burnishing, give the connoisseur ample scope for his researches, but do not fundamentally concern the art critic, whose business is with the result. Before we can begin to appraise even the smallest exhibit we must have made up our minds, or at least laid them open to certain lines of inquiry: whether, for instance, Rembrandt's portrait etchings do not fall short just in so far as they suggest that their subjects should have been painted, not etched?

I take it that an etcher is at liberty to produce any effect he is able to; that there are no illegitimate effects. Secondly, I take it that an artist may choose an apparently narrow medium for one or two reasons, or with one or two distinct results. He may by restricting his ambition achieve a sort of distinction in part of an art, that he would never achieve in the whole. For example, Méryon, who is perhaps unexcelled as an etcher, would have done worse had he chosen to be a third-rate painter. By narrowing his scope an artist may gain intensity.

On the other hand, this medium which tends in the hands of ordinary men to be extremely ordinary, to be, in brief, book-plates and book-illustrations has, at the hands of extraordinary men, shown itself capable of most violent revolutions, and been bent to the expression of most wayward and individual spirits; after which revolutions and renewals it has relapsed into set categories, following the wake of the innovators (or making obvious blends of their methods): Bauer, cobwebby; Van der Velde, rather uncommendable and reminiscent of engraving; Méryon, clear white, straight lines, clear delineation; Braquemond, Jaquemart, detail; Hollar, magnificent respect for his medium; Goya, perhaps indifferent to the medium, but capable of forcing his verve and vitality into any medium that he touched, and so on. Against these are the blurry and moody etchers, or Ribot with his broken lines, and black blotches.

One's only conclusion is, perhaps, that if the R.S.P.-E. had among their present members any great artist, or any man of marked individuality, this genius or talent would come out in the work.

About all one can gather from the present show is that etching may convey certain moods of nature, and,

as I have said, that it is a good way of recording certain effects of Gothic architecture. There is nothing in the show which one has not seen before. A good deal of it does fall into the category of book-illustration. Griggs shows a moderately original composition (Bötolph's Bridge), but it is not wholly convincing. Hartley has a touch of cubism, in uninteresting technique. Wright in his stage scene of Venice has light and shade, Dawson some charm in "In a Gondola." (One goes on "falling for" Venice, no doctrinaire attacks on romanticism will, in our time, eliminate this trait from our characters.) Marriot has clarity. Lee's "Ancient Street" is pleasant, Percival Gaskell shows clarity and neatness in his "Bridge-gate, Verona." Lancaster, Wright, Walcot catch the eye if one stays long enough and sets oneself to rather meticulous examination of the exhibits.

The Imperial Photographs Exhibition (Grafton Gallery) is most interesting, beginning with the magnificent and highly flattering portrait of "The Hun" in the entrance hall, which vies as art with most of the Royal Academy exhibits, and, apart from trying to reconcile us with our enemies or to fill us with untimely admiration of the subject, does definitely show how far a machine, in the hands of an expert, may be made to rival the brush in the hands of a second-rate painter; how far, in brief, the academic methods are sheer, translatable mechanism.

The photograph of tanks is interesting in composition, and "Reprisals," taken from the air, should satisfy even Mr. Wyndham Lewis and his wild crew in their demands for arrangement.

The reds, browns and yellows seem, on the whole, well rendered throughout the exhibition; the skies are usually too soft, or in some way out of scale. One is interested to see the purple in the camels' shadows, but it seems too red a purple. The greens are, on the whole, bad, save in one dark green Arab coat, where the brown element predominates. The *matte* surface of the big photos is felicitous, save, usually, in their skies.

It is difficult in this case to diagnose the faults without knowing the mechanism, but in the main, one is bothered; there is something wrong, probably in the relative registering of red and green; a scientist is required to determine whether this can be eliminated by any series of ray-screens, or whether all colours as we see them have not some intermixture of sub-red and ultra-violet which the present colour-photographers do not take count of; just as the colours in nature have intermixtures from different parts of the registered spectrum.

Timothy Cole's wood-cuts (Greatorex Galleries, Grafton Street) are an amazing display of technique. Why a man should spend a lifetime copying paintings by a process which should perhaps be called wood-engraving, rather than wood-cutting, I do not know. It is as if he had early become entangled in an argument, and never stopped demonstrating the capacities of his medium for interpreting pigment colour in terms of black dot and line. At this game he is proficient, wonderfully and marvellously proficient, whether he take Hogarth or Constable for a subject. Artists in other sorts of black and white could learn a great deal from Cole, if they chose to study his variety and invention in conveying so many colour qualities with a means apparently so little varied. Blacks, whites, greys are here in every temper and for every colour equivalent.

A further inspection of etchers loose on the town might lead one to conclude that these gentlemen are for the most part rather conservative; that few of them have very much "made up their minds," or even considered as many problems of their art as I have found it necessary to consider before writing the opening paragraphs of this article. Their branch of the ser-

vicc is, perhaps, more than another, beset by the amateur, the connoisseur, and the dilettante. Mempel's work at the Greatorex shows the effect of his temporary proximity to a Master. Hall is old-fashioned. Leslie Mansfield shows considerable promise, "The Clearing" shows him attending to Méryon, perhaps best of all models for the young etcher. His "Old St. Michael's" is clean work. He gets blacks in good contrast in "Low Tide." In another place he shows Japanese influence. He has not yet evolved a uniform or personal style, and his work is still very uneven, but he has a chance of doing excellent things.

At the Dowdswell Galleries, Albany Howarth shows two quite beautiful drawings, among much work that is uneven, and among etchings still vaguer in their import. In "Ponte Vecchio" and in "Houghton's Tower" he has attained great charm, by the most conventional means, and his effects of light and water are most satisfying. In "Bamborough" the etcher's task is fully planned in the pencil drawing.

Views and Reviews.

A LAST WORD.

I DID NOT mean to write again on anything relating to the soul; and while the battle is raging in France, it seems absurd to write about anything, but most absurd to write of intangible things. That sense of absurdity arises from the perception of my utter helplessness; there on the Somme is the cutting edge of things, and I am here and can do nothing. The Bishop of London tells me that I can pray, or, in other words, play with fancies in the face of facts. Will prayer win the battle? The angels, so we are told, fought for us at Mons, and we lost the battle; and the War Cabinet in this case has acted more wisely in sending reinforcements of real men and material. The issue to be decided is spiritual; on it depends all those refinements of life that are summarised in this idle hope of life after death; but the means by which the issue is being decided are material. Even if the hope of immortality be true, and we retain the memory of and contact with the conditions of this life, what a purgatory to be as helpless in such an emergency, as anyone else who cannot thrust a body between the enemy and his objective! Black magic offered us something better than this dilettante dabbling in the delusions of childhood; for the black magician did at least believe that he could wage warfare at a distance by immaterial means, mark down his foe and strike him to the heart. But these yearnings for more love, more friendship, more spiritual communion than life can give or human beings usually desire or deserve, gratified as they are in silence and solitude and in states of mind that are perilously near to alienation—these yearnings are revealed at this moment as the utterly unsatisfactory compensations for the lack of effective expression in life that they really are. This hope of immortality is both consequence and cause of our "losing true life for ever and a day"; it is always an evasion of the need of the moment, and the need of the moment is always more life, more power, or power more effectively used.

'Tis life whercof our nerves are scant,
O life, not death, for which we pant,
More life, and fuller, that we want.

The race may not always be to the swift, nor the battle to the strong; but the fullest life is lived by the man who has all his wits about him, and victory falls to him who can direct the powers at his command to the problem of the moment. Not hereafter, but here and now, the fuller life must be found; not as souls, or ghosts, but as men, do and can we partake of the universal power that the early Christians called "eternal life." In music, in meditation, in most subjective states, we get the feeling of it; but only in

action can we exercise the force of it, and not even then without having developed the technical knowledge and instrument of its expression.

In justice to the writers of the essays in the volume on "Immortality," I must say that they appreciate the need of action. "The better thing," says the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," "in sight for us even now, is an increased vitality, in which all the powers of our nature can work together in perfect and restful harmony, so that we may be able, while we adore beauty, to grasp the perfection of separate beauties; while we contemplate personalities, to perceive the necessity for distinct persons; while we worship truth, to be able to rejoice in the recognition of separate truths. At perfect rest in the harmony of life, we ought to be able to choose with strong will between the better and the worse—the will strengthened not weakened by our consciousness of the infinite Good." "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them," said Christ; and it is precisely in the doing of them that the difficulty arises, that "the perfect and restful harmony" is disturbed, and the symmetry of these periods is revealed as the expression of a feeble sentimentality. So long as we only want to "adore" beauty, to "contemplate" personalities, to "worship" truth, so long will it be possible to maintain this elegant poise and dainty aloofness from reality; as Carlyle said of the detractors of Cromwell: "Small thanks to a man for keeping his hands clean, who would not touch the work but with gloves on."

Naturally, the type of person admired by the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia" is the "simple nature who in quiet ways moves on instinctively from strength to strength of love and activity and commonsense," and apparently knows nothing and cares less of the necessary conditions of the existence and preservation of this "perfect and restful harmony." To preserve this ideal, it becomes necessary at times that those who do more than "adore" truth, who establish it, should take upon themselves the powers of life and death, should be strained to the limit of endurance amid circumstances that make the imaginary hells of the soul seem trivial caricatures of real suffering, should die that we may live to babble of "the infinite Good." The good is not infinite; goodness is a practical and relative term, not an absolute value; it implies an object, and to the question: "Good for what?" we can only reply that the infinite Good is good for nothing but adoration by those who are not responsible for the existence of anything, even "the infinite Good."

The whole of this conception of "increased vitality" is vitiated by its quietistic assumptions. Increased vitality does not manifest itself in "quiet ways," nor in the maintenance of perfect and restful harmony. Its first need is to be expressed, and down goes some barrier of restraint; its next is the creation of some new thing, and that mood is quite unlike the "sister of mercy" assumption of the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia." It is more akin to that described by the Lord, when He "answered Job out of the whirlwind," and reminded him of that time "when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." The technique proposed by the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia" is still the technique for the production of subjective states; I have neither the power nor the wish to deprive anyone of anything that will increase their power, but prayer, worship, reverent meditation, all these express only the infantile attitude to reality. We are told that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, but I know of nothing that suggests that He loves a doleful or demure asker. It is certain, and all the reliable evidence of psychical experience confirms it, that we get nothing from subjective states except what we have at some time put into them, or suggested to them; at the best, we learn nothing from

them but what we already know, although it may have been beyond the power of consciousness to recover; at the worst, we are deluded by logically perfect deductions from premisses that have not been subjected to criticism, and established as objective facts. The infinite is no better than we choose to make it; and even if we choose to call it "good," let us not forget Nietzsche's perception of "how much blood and horror is at the bottom of all 'good things.'"

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Tristan and Iseult.—By Arthur Symons. (Heinemann. 5s. net.)

The temptation to translate nature into culture is constant, but the result of yielding to it is usually disastrous; for we can only "write stately" of the barbarians, and, like Mendelssohn, present Elijah with his hair cut. That Mr. Arthur Symons should be attracted by the story of Tristan and Iseult is a proof only of his conventional poetic sympathies; it is assumed that the poet is, in Shelley's phrase, "made one with Nature," and the conventional test of this affinity is a new rendering of an old subject. But the new rendering always betrays the fundamental lack of sympathy, of understanding; and Helen of Troy talks like Queen Victoria delivering the speech from the Throne, Cleopatra is re-incarnated as a Fabian miss, while Tristan and Iseult, in this play, debate the question of Love v. Honour, certainly more rhythmically, but with no less clarity of thought than would Miss Ellen Key maintain the proposition contrary to that of the Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Arthur Symons is really as appalled as Brabantio was at the sight of true love imperiously over-riding all other considerations; with his modern restraints, he cannot bear to think that a natural passion should have so swayed the destinies of these twain. Like Brabantio, he tries to find an explanation of the tragedy that shall not defile the sanctity of marriage with the ardour of love; like Brabantio, he finds that explanation in witchcraft, the usual poetic stage device. Othello might speak derisively of

What drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic . . .
I won his daughter with,

but not so Mr. Symons. His Iseult would have loved her husband but for the accident that made her drink the magic potion with Tristan; nothing but witchcraft, Mr. Symons assumes, could make it possible for anyone, least of all her husband, to love Iseult. But as the Duke said to Brabantio:

To vouch this, is no proof;
Without more certain and more overt test,
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming, do prefer against them.

But Mr. Symons does his best to prove his contention; he makes Tristan as devout as a curate at his ordination, and King Mark as sternly reproving as whoever it is unfrocks a priest for disorderly living. He even credits his Tristan with what Nietzsche called the Christian disease of the sense of sin, and a sense of loyalty more befitting the German Empire than the Court of Cornwall. When Iseult asks:

Tristan, what if the King should find us here?

Tristan replies like a Christian man and a loyal subject:

I would not raise my hand against my King:
If he would slay me, he has but to strike.

O wonderful barbarian, with a soul composed of the principles of moral and political science! When King Mark does find them there, after a stately differentiation between the love he bears to Iseult as his wife and the honour in which he holds her as his Queen, he turns on Tristan with:

But you, blood of my blood, sword of my sword,
I have no words to be avenged on you.

Words! when even modern English law will pardon murder committed in the passion engendered by a sudden discovery of adultery. He proceeds to state the terms of his indictment:

I shall wipe Cornwall clean of such a shame.
This, my good lords, is Tristan, my sister's son,
My son, if he had willed to be my son;
I would have given him up my kingdom: he,
For honour's sake and for your sake, my lords,
Would none of it: he would not take my crown.
O baser, infinite ingratitude,
He would not take my kingdom; no, he would
That I should wed him from inheritance.
He brought me this—this Queen to be my wife,
That he might take a woman from my bed.
O Tristan, there are many souls in hell
That have not dragged so base a sin as this
Out of the sight and judgment-place of God.

After this harangue, does King Mark proceed to "hew him in pieces before the Lord," as Samuel did Agag; or does he serve him with a writ, citing him as co-respondent? He does neither; he waits judiciously for Tristan to file his rebuttal of the charge; but "Tristan, who has drawn back, with bowed head," can only reply:

King! Master!

Whereat King Mark triumphantly observes to his lords:

He is speechless.

But there, as Browning put it, his "triumph's straw-fire flared and funked; their betters took their turn to see and say"; in other words, Iseult became "the voice of the silence," and let King Mark know what it meant to be married. She clamoured about love, and having "no honour mixed in the blood," until King Mark, like the chairman of a meeting, had to put the proposition to the vote to stop the debate.

Stand up before me, Tristan. Answer me:
Will your tongue speak this woman's evil words?
No, you are silent; there is still a little,
A little honour left. . . .

According to the minutes of the meeting, "the chairman exercised his power of voting, and the proposition was defeated by two votes to one." So he proceeds in state to his conclusion, breaking Tristan's sword across his knee, leaving him life, hoping that

It may be you will yet redeem your honour:
But here, no more; you are as one now dead,
Cast out of the clean honest midst of us.
I banish you from Cornwall.

With Iseult's incitement of Tristan to murder Mark, and Tristan's weary answer:

I have been conquered, and all's vain, Iseult.
If you have loved me, be a little sorry.
And you, my King, forgive me.

the crisis of the play is over, the most dramatic scene is ended with King Mark extending his hand to the woman who had just wanted to have him murdered, saying: "Iseult, come!" and leading her out as the curtain falls.

Let those who have nothing better to do waste their time appraising the poetic value of this rendering; when the whole conception is wrong, there is no need to bother about its technical development. It is precisely because Mr. Symons does occasionally invent the *not juste* that his drama fails to be drama, for there is nothing more certain of drama than that it must not be described but exhibited. These people torturing themselves to find the exact word of the right degree of strength, resonance, and meaning, to describe their feelings, never committed adultery; they wrote modern poetry, and there is no need to read literature that is

as precise and formal as a balance-sheet duly audited and found correct. If King Mark banished Tristan from Cornwall, we banish the whole lot of them from drama; let them go to where Gladstone banished political economy—to Saturn, for they are only satellites of the greater Infortune of modern imagination.

Rebels and Reformers. By Arthur and Dorothea Ponsonby. (Allen & Unwin. 6s. net.)

Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby, in their zeal to put before the rising generation none but good examples, have overlooked the primary condition of good taste. "Jesus answered them, Have not I chosen you twelve, and one of you is a devil?" The chosen twelve of Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby does not contain a devil, for even Voltaire is included here not for his wit (or "blasphemy," as it used to be called), but for his fight against injustice. It is as the "saviour of Calas, La Barre, Sinven, and Montbailli" that he passes through the pages of this book, to point the everlasting moral of the Ponsonbys. He sorts oddly with Savonarola and Tolstoy; but he probably would have had much in common with William Lloyd Garrison, and perhaps Mazzini, although the religious zeal of the latter would probably have inspired some relevant witticism such as made Rousseau furious. The whole twelve, Savonarola, William the Silent, Tycho Brahe, Cervantes, Giordano Bruno, Grotius, Voltaire, Hans Andersen, Mazzini, Lloyd Garrison, Thoreau, and Tolstoy, are presented here as moral Baresarks, ferociously pursuing and fearlessly proclaiming the truth of the principles with which Mr. and Mrs. Ponsonby desire to acquaint the rising generation. They are a little too single-hearted to be real; we are easily tempted to forget that Voltaire was wise enough to run away from danger ("a philosopher, like a fox, should have many holes," he said), or that Savonarola was stupid enough to dabble in politics without understanding the principles of government. Mr. Ponsonby might well have quoted Machiavelli's judgment: "If Moses, Cyrus, Theseus and Romulus had been unarmed, they could not have enforced their constitutions for long—as happened in the case of Fra Girolamo Savonarola, who was ruined with his new order of things immediately the multitude believed in him no longer, and he had no means of keeping steadfast those who believed or of making the unbelievers to believe." For there is real danger in making young people believe that good intentions and moral fervour are in themselves admirable; morality is nothing if not practical. It is well to insist on the gentler qualities of man, for civilisation has no other purpose than their enhancement at the expense of the more ferocious qualities. But it is idle to be so enamoured of the ideal of the gentleman as to forget the necessity of providing the necessary conditions of his survival. "Behold, I send you forth as sheep among wolves," said Christ. "Be ye therefore as wise as serpents, and harmless as doves." Whatever else a martyr may be, he is not as wise as a serpent; he may have had a revelation of the truth, but he has failed to make it acceptable, failed, therefore, to establish it among men, has revealed himself as what Christ called, in a terrible phrase, an "unprofitable servant." An obligation is placed upon all good men to care for the truth; to remember always the caution, "let not then your good be evil spoken of," and to present the truth without rousing antagonism. Every moralist ought to be compelled to attend a school of manners, and we are by no means sure that Montaigne would not be his best tutor. For the most urgent message of religion is: "Get wisdom, get understanding"; the proof of that is not to be found at the stake, and the chief meaning of the Crucifixion is that Christ died for the truth "once for all." Martyrdom is no longer admirable or necessary except to those who wish to become "famous without ability," as Shaw phrased it, by committing imitative suicide.

Pastiche.

WELL BELOVED.

Oh, well beloved is the wood;
It is a wonder to walk therein.
Peopled of spirits is every rood.
"And evil folk are they, or good?"
Neither evil are they, nor good;
They know not any sin.

Fitfully doth thy footstep fall
On echoing path or mossy lawn;
And, if thine eyes behold, in all
The hoary thickets is festival;
The silent people hold festival,
And thither art thou drawn.

Go near softly and eat with them,
Take your fill of fairies' meat.
Wear the wreathy diadem
Of the blossoming hawthorn stem,
Of the enchanted hawthorn stem,
That smelleth passing sweet.

Better are all these misty eyne
That smile not, and do never weep,
Than those bright mortal eyes of thine
That with all joys and woes must shine,
That with full many tears must shine,
And then be closed in sleep:

Better these slender limbs and pale
Than all thy lovely white and red.
Thrice ten years shall be thy tale
Till thy fairness all must fail,
Then two score; and thou must fail,
And soon be vanished:

Vanish'd behind the mantle of morn,
Lightly lost as a gossamer
That like a ghostly robe is borne
When autumn seemeth most forlorn,
In the ways of the woods forlorn
A moment's passenger:

Profits me nought to look on thee,
I will go to the other folk,
Neither sadly nor merrily
Dwelling beside the twisted tree;
Quiet-hued as any winter tree,
Slight as a spire of smoke:

Heeding no heaven, no stately-art,
Silent they roam the leafy chace.
They die not, nor do they depart.
Fleet fly the sylvan hind and hart;
Gentle as hind and swift as hart
They dwell in their own place.

RUTH PITTER.

POLAND.

By Sergey Gorodetsky. Translated by P. Selver.

O sister mine, unknown to me,
Whom yet I loved since long ago!
Westward from Poland's pyre I see
A kindred flame is set aglow.

The world is lit by Slavdom's pyre,
Which, scarce enkindled, blinds the sight.
'Mid Slavdom's calm a festive fire
Of coming strength flings out its might.

Where it bursts forth, the Pole is there;
The Russian, where in depths it strays;
But by one lightning-flash they bear
Into the gloom an age-long blaze.

Thou, Poland, Slavdom's arrow art;
I see the bow-string tensely spanned;
Quiver, where dearth has ne'er a part,
And wrath of God's extended hand.

Poland, to thee I am akin!
The fire of headstrong dreams, the trust
In fiery destiny, shall win
Its all, or sink amid the dust.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

"Foreign countries have a right to demand democratic guarantees from Germany. Military history before the war as well as the ultimatum to Serbia—which, by the way, met with opposition in exalted German circles at the time—shows that democratization is necessary. Foreign nations can have no faith in the German government so long as it finds its support in the present ruling classes. The German people certainly did not want war. The vast majority of the German army to-day would certainly vote for peace by agreement without annexation and without indemnities. The German nation is not satisfied to remain the pariah of the civilized world one moment longer. The German nation wishes to make peace with humanity and in the conclusion of that peace it wishes to act in the capacity of a free people dealing directly with the other free peoples of the world.

"Whether the war is to be carried on and for how long is not a matter to be decided by the general staff. It is a matter for the people and the people's representatives."—HERR STROEBEL.

Of those who advocate the claims of the trade guilds it may be said that they build upon a discredited foundation. The trade guild has already had its day. It died of super-exclusiveness, and its prototype can hardly escape a similar disease. As it is the landless man who attacks most virulently land owners and ownership, so it was the excluded tradesmen who attacked and encompassed the downfall of the old trade guilds. Unless the advocates of resuscitation can show that the modern form of the guild will include everybody engaged in or attached to the occupation, history will repeat itself.—W. A. APPLETON in the "Federationist."

Sir Walter Runciman put the matter plainly when he said that if the yards were thrown open to the masters and men, and these were allowed to carry on their work as they did before the war, the best results would be secured. Employers in other controlled industries are saying the same sort of thing, and it is therefore desirable to recall what has happened. At the beginning of the war masters and men had the free hand they now desire, with machinery for settling disputes virtually the same as that now proposed, except that the Board of Trade was in the background instead of the Ministry of Labour. For six months they were left to themselves, and the result was the great strike on the Clyde three years ago, which broke the industrial truce and led the way to the incessant strife which has raged ever since. Even then the Government of the day only interfered in the ordinary way, and months went by without any special action. Government interference was then demanded by the very employers who now asked to be freed from it. And if the successive steps that have since been taken be traced, it will be found that every one of them was taken in response to a general demand called forth by the circumstances. If employers and employed could have got on together and carried on their work with the necessary energy and enterprise, it would have been far better to let them alone, and any Government would prefer to do so; but successive Administrations have been driven to successive measures by the pressure of necessity.—"Times."

In England, the group which started THE NEW AGE is said to have set in motion a current of ideas which is making over the aims and philosophy of the labour movement. Their thought has corrected the crudities of French syndicalism, which contemplated a Labour State, subject to all the disadvantages of the present political state, or else destined to fall apart into an anarchy of warring labour units. Guild socialism offers a new social pattern, whereby the State would share its sovereignty with the unified national industries, organised as labour guilds, proletariat and salariat combining in self-governing control over conditions of

employment, hours and division of labour, and so forth. The guilds would be responsible for a certain specified productivity to the State, which, representing all the people, would fix prices, guarantee minimum standards, and administer the indispensable communal services of society.—"The New Republic."

To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—In your leading article to-day on the Education Bill you deal with what Sir J. Harmood-Banner said about the attitude of the Employers' Federation, but you make no allusion to the rest of his speech. He said (I am quoting from Hansard):—"The Bill as it stands, unless some alterations were made in it, would absolutely stop the coal trade of this country"; and later:—"It is the same as regards the textile trade." Is it not probable that a Bill which stops the coal trade and the textile trade of this country will meet with opposition?

F. G. BANBURY.

** Another speaker prophesied that the Education Bill would make the delivery of newspapers impossible; but we propose to continue publication for the present. On the other hand, if the coal and textile trades are destroyed and mankind is therefore left naked to shiver in the dark, we may have to reconsider the position. In the meanwhile we console ourselves by remembering such earlier prophecies as that the abolition of boy chimney-sweeps would set all our houses on fire.—"Times."

THE PACIFIST AND THE LION.

(A reply to H. A. H., February 28.)

Having devoured and digested the Pacifist, the Lion, again feeling hungry, had, strange to say, an intense desire to eat grass. He tasted and found the grass to be palatable and an excellent food, and forthwith resolved to kill to eat no more. Temptation soon came his way. A frolicsome little Lamb came gambolling across his path. When it saw him, it fell down and almost died of fear. The Lion lifted it up, fondled it, and told it that since he had killed and devoured a Pacifist he had no pleasure in the thought of killing to eat, and that he was fully resolved to do so no more.

The ferocious and mighty family of Lions having heard that one of their number had taken to eating grass like an ox, and was also lying down with a Lamb in his bosom, resolved in a general council to destroy the degenerate at once. They surrounded and in unison sprang upon the hateful wretch, tore him in pieces, and devoured every vestige of him. Each Lion, actuated by awful hate, made a point of eating a part of the renegade. But lo! they had no sooner digested their wrathful meal than the spirit of the Pacifist-Lion came upon them. They were filled with loathing at the thought of killing to eat; they ate grass like oxen; and their delight and joy was to gambol and lie down with the Lambs. Indeed, the joy of the Lions was exceeding great, and the Lambs were delivered from fear.

Does not perfect Love cast out all fear?

The Pacifist died, the converted Lion died, and like the corn of wheat that died they brought forth much fruit.—IGNIS ARDENS.

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