

THE NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is a curious paradox that the pacifists in this country who are most certain of the division of opinion at home between Imperialists and democrats are most inclined to regard Germany as one and indivisible. The distinction of parties, however, is common to both countries; and the only difference that can be discerned is that whereas in this country our Imperialists are discredited and only preserve their power in opposition to the designs of German Imperialists, the latter are thoroughly in the saddle in Germany and are only likely to be discredited by defeat. This cross-sectionalism of the two countries accounts for a good deal of the confusion of thought in our own. Aware, as we are, of the Imperialist character of some of our leaders, our pacifists put it in contrast with the democratic character of the German people; and ask how the German people can be expected to make peace with such views. As if, in fact, the only people to be considered in Germany were the democrats there! And similarly, we may say, in Germany itself the confusion is apparent among certain of the Minority Socialists. They, like our own pacifists, contrast the Imperialist programme of their rulers with the democratic opinions of the British people, and arrive at the conclusion that it is their Imperialists who are really responsible for the war. So it may be; and so, indeed, it is. But what the democrats in both countries ought to realise is that the conflict is not between the democracies, but between the imperialisms of Germany and the Allies; and, moreover, that of these two opposing imperialisms, it is the German that is the real aggressor.

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Since leaving the Cabinet, Mr. Henderson has rapidly been moving towards the Left; and in his speech at Smethwick on Friday he showed himself to be almost in the pacifist camp. His arguments, however, will not do; for, in truth, the fundamentals of the situation have not changed since the opening days of the war when Mr. Henderson found himself an ardent supporter of the Government. His complaint to-day is that the war is being prolonged because the Allies are suspected in Germany of entertaining Imperialist designs; and he recommends that the so-called

“secret” treaties (which have been published by the Bolsheviks) should be formally repudiated as a sign to the German people that the Allies mean well by them. We are all for demonstrating our bona fides to the German people; but the particular means, and more especially the particular reasons, offered by Mr. Henderson do not appeal to us. In the first place, whatever else may be said of the “secret” treaties above referred to, they cannot be said to be the cause of the war, but rather one of its consequences. All of them date from some months after the initiation of the war by Germany; and so far, therefore, from being fairly interpreted as the Allied objects in continuing the war, they ought more properly to be interpreted as defensive measures against a possibly resurgent German Imperialism. In the second place, it does not become an ex-member of the very Cabinet that signed these agreements to denounce them when he is no longer in a responsible position. Mr. Henderson, as we all know, was a considerable colleague of Mr. Asquith's and Lord Grey's and should have taken the trouble to know what his chiefs were about in setting their hands to the “Imperialist” designs now alleged against them. Why did he not denounce them then? Or foresee that they might lead to the prolongation of the war? Finally, we may ask our former question whether, in fact, the secret treaties, however apparently or really Imperialist, ought to be denounced *until* the German Imperialist designs which provoked them have been withdrawn? The case to our mind is something as follows: the German Imperialists initiated the war for certain specific purposes: to be precise, for the control of the Slav races and their employment in the German domination of the world. As against this design, our own Imperialists and those of our Allies combined in defence, in the course of which defence they entered into agreements of a quasi-Imperialist nature.

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From this point of view it is possible to explain what would otherwise be inexplicable, namely, the proceedings of the recent session of the Supreme War Council held at Versailles. Looked at superficially, the conclusions of that Conference are a slap in the face for democrats everywhere; and their language about “the glory of a great moral triumph” is at first

sight nauseating. But, bearing in mind the distinction above made, between the German people and the actual effective directors of German policy, the conclusions of the Versailles Conference, however inadequate (as we shall show they are), are at any rate intelligible. Governments can only deal with Governments; and when the question was posed at Versailles of what the Allies should reply to the recent speeches of Count Hertling and Count Czernin—the substance of the debate was neither the opinion of the German people nor the opinion of the Allied peoples, but the opinions and intentions of the German Imperialists. What the German people think is a matter of concern, of course, to democracies everywhere. In a later stage of the war the opinion of the German people may even be decisive. But what we have to observe is that, here and now, at the moment of holding the Versailles Conference, the effective party in Germany and, hence, the party to whom the Allies must primarily address themselves, is not German public opinion, but the opinion of the Prussian militarists. Now is that opinion, we ask, such as to justify in policy a "democratic" reply from the Allies? Is there any sign that the Prussian militarists are less resolutely bent on world-power to-day than they were in August, 1914? And if in August, 1914, it was thought wise to oppose them both by war and by counter-treaties, what evidence is there for a different conclusion at this moment? The fundamental situation, we repeat, is the same to-day as it was three and a half years ago. Then it was the case that Prussia was making a bid for world-power and the Allies were bound to try to prevent her. To-day, in spite of all the changes of opinion in Germany and elsewhere, Prussia is making the same bid.

But though we have no criticism to make of the positive aspects of the Versailles Conference, its sins of omission are considerable. As against the designs of the Prussian militarists, its counter military and territorial policy is intelligible; but what it utterly failed to take into account was the growing democratic feeling, not only in Allied countries, but in Germany and Austria. We should like to make ourselves plain upon this matter. To begin with, the fact that the Versailles conclusions have been received with some consternation in this country is evidence that something more was expected of the Conference than a repetition of the attitude of August, 1914. Nobody, we believe, really expected that the Conference would declare in favour of peace. Nobody, we further believe, really expected that the Conference would repudiate the "secret" agreements entered into between its members. But what undoubtedly public opinion in this country expected was an addition of some kind to the Allied programme—an addition recognising the increasing weight and importance of democratic and pacifist sentiment all over the world. In the next place, there is as little doubt that the Versailles Conference must needs be a disappointment to the people, as distinct from the rulers, of Germany. Responsible as they certainly are for the kind of Government they possess, the German people nevertheless hoped, we do not doubt, for an Allied recognition of the difficulty of their plight. Against Prussian Imperialism it might have been allowed that a fresh declaration of war was inevitable; but was it absurd to hope that the Allies would take example by President Wilson and distinguish between the German people and their Prussian rulers? Finally, it must be remarked that even if we allow that the fundamental situation remains unchanged it by no means follows that the potencies are the same. Much water has flowed under the bridge since 1914. Though still effective for practical purposes, the Prussian Government is not so secure in Germany as it was three or four years ago. Unlike the Russian steamroller of which all that is now left is only the red flag, the Prussian steamroller is still in being;

but the red flag is more evident to-day than it has ever been. And under these circumstances what an opportunity was offered of improving upon 1914, and of adding to the repetition of a declaration of war upon Prussian militarism a declaration of peace with the German people! Such a declaration, we say, would have had incalculable advantages of the most material kind. Not only would it have robbed our pacifists of the right to object to the Imperialist conclusions of the Versailles Conference; but it would have driven deeper into the German nation the wedge of division, the thin end of which was recently visible in the strikes.

What we have in mind, our readers will observe, is our old suggestion of two programmes simultaneously offered to Germany, one to the Prussian militarists and one to the German people. The former has been made and it has now been renewed at Versailles; but the latter has never been made. Without each other, however, either programme appears to us to be inadequate. The Imperialist programme alone, we have pointed out, will infallibly tend as time goes on to alienate from the support of the war more and more democratic opinion at home; and not only at home, but to depress more and more the nascent democratic opinion of Germany. We should not be surprised, indeed, if it should prove that the Imperialist programme by itself should be unrealisable. On the other hand, the democratic programme alone appears to us equally ineffective and equally blind to the facts of the situation. In what light, we ask, would the Prussian militarists regard a democratic offer of peace if it were unaccompanied by an alternative resolution to make war? Or what would be the use of offering a democratic peace to the German people if their Prussian rulers retained their present power to employ it for militarist ends? The dilemma is surely obvious; and the only way of dealing with it is in our opinion to grasp both horns simultaneously, to offer, that is, to the Prussian militarists one kind of peace and to the German people another; to the former, a peace after victory, to the latter, peace without victory. Only in this two-fold formula does it appear to us that the now apparently conflicting war-aims of our Imperialists and democrats respectively can be reconciled. Both parties would find their policy included in it; and we should be prepared for the contingency of the success of either. As it is, we are prepared only for the success of the Imperialist policy, and neither for its failure nor for the success of the democracy of the world.

As democrats we should make no difficulties about a peace with the German people. To stand upon old diplomatic ceremonies with a constitutionalised German Government would appear to us to be the very height of folly. Our offer to such a Government, if it should be formed, or, even, we say, if it showed unmistakable signs of being formed, would be nothing less than an immediate peace to be followed at once by an unconditional Peace Conference. We would take our chance at such a conference, where would be assembled the first real League of Nations, of ourselves or our Allies coming well out of it. With an open diplomacy, such as has been practised at Brest-Litovsk, with popular representatives (including Labour and Socialist) in every delegation, with a world to re-settle, and every militarist caste definitely subordinated under civil control, the chances of such a Conference perpetuating injustices or of creating fresh ones would appear to us to be small. Imperialist plans would be seen to be what they are; but, in truth, the need for Imperialist designs, whether initiatory or defensive, would have passed away. But this alluring prospect of peace is only possible, we submit, upon one condition, namely, that Germany ceases to be a State and becomes a nation. While the Prussian State system remains, not only is it impossible for the Allies to offer Germany

these democratic terms; but a peace with Germany, if our pacifists should bring it about, would be only a truce. And the only means to the condition we have defined is the promulgation by our pacifists of the programme we have sketched out, and its adoption, as the second string to their bow, by the Allies collectively. We urge this course as the proper policy for all parties. Without in any way weakening our military efforts, it at once reconciles our pacifists to the war and throws the onus of continuing it upon the German people. If, after having received such an offer, countersigned by the democracies of the world, the German people should still continue to fight for their Prussian masters for the Prussian dominion of the world, their blood would be upon their own heads.

Unable to support or properly to criticise the present Government, the "Nation," the "Herald" and similar papers are looking about for some alternative. For the sake of an immediate peace—at whatever cost in the permanent militarisation of this country—all these Liberal and Labour journals are willing to accept any leader, be it Lord Lansdowne, Mr. Asquith, or Mr. Henderson, or all three together, who will only promise them it. It must be said, however, that the prospects for at any rate the first two are not favourable. And we are glad they are not. Is the record of Lord Lansdowne one that should commend him to the readers of the "Herald," or persuade them to believe that the peace he might bring would be a democratic peace? The case of Mr. Asquith is, if possible, even more repellent. When it is recalled that Mr. Asquith's government was in power when the war broke out, and conducted the war so badly that a combination of Mr. Lloyd George, Lord Beaverbrook and Lord Northcliffe could overthrow him, the reflection upon Mr. Asquith's character as a statesman for a crisis is shattering. Never again, we think, ought Mr. Asquith to become the head of a British Government. His weakness has betrayed us once; and it would betray us again. But between one of the discredited politicians of the past and the untried Labour party there is only, the "Spectator" apprehends, the government of Lord Northcliffe. Is the country prepared to risk it? In all seriousness we do not see why Lord Northcliffe should not be given his chance. Our judgment of Lord Northcliffe has in no respect changed since we last recorded it; but neither, it appears, has the judgment of public opinion upon him. Lord Northcliffe still exercises more power than that of any single person in the world. Behind the scenes and with a total absence of any public responsibility, he continues to direct the government of the British Empire. Why should we continue to pretend that it is otherwise or permit such power to go scot-free of responsibility? The open and public assumption of government by Lord Northcliffe would be only the confirmation with safeguards of facts for which to-day there is no remedy. His present supporters might also see him in office as he is; and the sooner his influence would be put an end to. We therefore by no means rule out as inconceivable a government formed by Lord Northcliffe. We should hate it; but perhaps the country must become worse before becoming better.

The Labour party is, no doubt, increasing in popularity daily; but whether it is increasing in power is another question. It has two main defects, both of which appear to be ineradicable. In the first place, as we pointed out last week, it is deliberately neglecting to consolidate its basis in the organised industrial movement; and, in the second place, its hostility to "ideas" is becoming more and more fixed. As to the first of these defects, the results can scarcely be expected to appear at once; but their inevitability is a matter of easy calculation. By the distance political Labour travels from the material facts of the industrial situation, by the same distance it separates itself from

organised labour. There is no doubt about it whatever. Even at this moment, the political Labour leaders are only the least unpopular of the unpopular politicians among the rank and file; and with their continued neglect of the latter's grievances and their own continued pursuit of power at Westminster, they may easily become the most unpopular of men. Imagine a Labour Government acceding to power and faced at once by a critical capitalist opposition and a hostile Labour rank and file—its life would be as ignominious as it would certainly be short. Labour would be discredited for a generation or more. But Labour's other defect is equally serious and may be illustrated by the fatuous remarks of Mr. Hodge at a meeting of the British Workers' League held last week. Speaking the minds of most of his colleagues, he warned the trade union rank and file against the "intellectuals" who were now attempting to give the trade union movement a national and constructive character. They had never, he said, been trade unionists and were only "impracticable theorists." But what if no national guildsman had ever been a trade unionist in Mr. Hodge's sense; trade union problems and, still more, the industrial problem on which trade unionism depends, are national problems; they concern every man in the country. We protest on behalf of all citizens against the assumption of Mr. Hodge that industry is the concern only of men like himself. The inconsistency, moreover, of Mr. Hodge's own position is patent. From having been an iron-moulder he has risen to be first, Minister of Labour, and now Minister of Pensions. Are not these offices as "intellectual" as any held, for example, by members of the National Guilds League? If guildsmen are to be told to stick to their intellectual last, may not Mr. Hodge be invited to stick to his? But these personalities are of no importance; they are irritating and nothing more. What, on the other hand, is important is the attitude of mind they reveal in the leaders of the Labour party: an attitude which is certain to ruin them. The Labour party has natural enemies enough without openly endeavouring to alienate its friends. If to the capitalist classes and its own Left section it is now intent on adding "intellectuals" to the number of its victims, its triumph will be short-lived. We urge Mr. Henderson, if he means to obtain power, to take steps to maintain it when he gets it. And the first step to be taken is to secure the support of the industrial workshops; and the second to accept the support of the intellectual workshops.

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The outlook is all the more sinister for Labour by reason of the fact that the other economic classes are by no means negligent of brains. An interesting movement has just recorded a new triumph in the amalgamation of several of the great London banks; and the movement can only be expected to end when the monopoly of Credit is complete. But Credit is Capital; and the amalgamation of Credit is therefore equivalent to the monopolisation of Capital. The situation that thus emerges reveals, on the one hand, a rapid and intelligent centralisation of effective Capital; and, on the other hand, a very slow and unintelligent similar movement on the part of Labour. What can be expected to come of it the merest student of practical economics can say. Capital united and with almost a monopoly of brains into the bargain will assuredly control Labour split into a thousand unions and contemptuous of intelligence. It will be a repetition of the present war of Prussia upon democracy; with, however, this difference, that the little industrial democracies (the thousand and one unions) will not be united. That, even thus, we shall remain on the side of Labour and convinced of its ultimate triumph long after this and many succeeding generations are dead, may be taken as a matter of fate. It is hard, however, to be unable to hasten it by so much as an idea.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

In the absence of Mr. Leighton Warnock I hope that Mr. Leonard Woolf and others who may be interested in the League of Nations (as who is not nowadays?) will not take it amiss if I venture to say a word on the subject. Mr. Woolf's letter is reproduced on another page, and I have been enabled to see it before publication. Without dealing with specific points on which my colleague may wish to express his own views, I think I may safely deal with the general question raised by Mr. Woolf, namely, that there are other causes of wars than capitalism, and that, therefore, even if capitalism is abolished these other causes are still likely to bring about wars unless some machinery is provided for settling international disputes peacefully. There are other causes of wars, it is true; but do they count in the present era? Wars in the past have been due almost exclusively to dynastic intrigues, to the desire of States to become powerful by enlarging their territory, and to economic motives. For many years, I might say, indeed, for generations, the purely dynastic motives have ceased to operate in great nations. There have been wars waged for ostensibly dynastic reasons within the last two hundred years, as, for instance, the war of the Spanish succession and the war of the Bavarian succession; but in such cases the alleged motive was but a pretext, and the real cause must be traced to economic motives, or to the desire for more territory.

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In the nineteenth century no statesman was so foolish as to allege dynastic motives as an excuse for war; nobody would have listened to him. Recent wars have arisen in all cases from political or economic causes; and the present war is a particularly glaring example of the political motive (i.e., extension of territory) being urged to support the economic motive (i.e., the desire for markets or for raw materials). The Germans, for instance, have never made a secret of the fact that they want Longwy and the Briey Basin because of the mineral deposits; the Austrians want to incorporate Serbia for political as well as economic motives; and so we could trace a political and an economic motive at the back of every war aim. I have known German business men who wished to see conscription applied in England long before the war began. Why? Simply because its absence gave us an economic advantage over Germany, whose standing army of half a million men and more meant that these soldiers were lost to industry. They might have been producing; they were actually (speaking economically) idling. I cannot, then, agree with Mr. Woolf that the causes of war are, as he holds, "innumerable." I hold, on the contrary, that they are very few in number, and that political capitalism so far outweighs the others in importance that it is in fact the only one worth counting. That an elementary form of patriotism is prevalent in Germany which makes many influential Germans wish to see Germany ideally exalted above the remaining nations of the earth does not alter the fact that if the German capitalists did not want the war to go on it would stop.

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My own objection to the League of Nations is that no ideal constitution proposed for it—and I have seen many—provides for the legal sanction of its decrees; it cannot enforce its decisions. You cannot, in constitutional form, lay down what you mean by crimes against international peace, and then expect that every member of the League will combine, when necessary, against the malefactor. There are differences of opinion even among judges. Indeed, in "War and Peace" itself, an authoritative publication enough, I find Mr. W. N. Ewer setting forth a point of view

which I remember adumbrating in these pages seven or eight years ago. Let me quote one passage from Mr. Ewer's article:—

Suppose that, in 1914, an International Tribunal had decided—and a unanimous decision is incredible—against Austria, and had ordered the transference of the Jugoslav provinces to Serbia. Is it conceivable that Austria would have submitted, or that Germany would have assisted to coerce her? Suppose that, on the other hand, Serbia had been ordered to renounce her aspirations and cease her intrigues. Would she have obeyed, and would Tsarist Russia have helped to coerce her if she had refused? Is it not practically certain that the League would have failed and split asunder at the testing?

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In the very same issue of "War and Peace" (February) I find a lengthy article on the League of Nations, the writer of which appears to admit, though in guarded language, that there is some danger of the League's becoming a "tool of capitalism." Now, how could it well be otherwise? Capitalism is internationally organised; nations are not. Here, again, Mr. Woolf raises a purely general question when he asks how the League could be used, *quâ* League, in the interests of international capitalism. The writer in "War and Peace" almost answers the question by a reference to the Whitley Report. Should Mr. Woolf, at this time of day, inquire how Parliaments are used, and have long been used, in the interests of capitalism? Suppose there had been a League of Nations when Russia effected a thoroughgoing revolution a few months ago, confiscated private bank balances, seized the gold reserves in Petrograd of friendly countries, dispossessed the landowners, and repudiated her international financial liabilities; what then? It must be admitted, surely, that these events, not to speak of revolutionary projects ready for hatching, have by no means been to the taste of Europe generally; and they are condemned even by Russia's nominal friends. Supposing there had been no war, and Russia had set out on this path, what would the League have done?

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One might recall other cases. Take the Concert of Europe, the Six Great Powers, formed chiefly for the purpose of dealing with Balkan difficulties. What happened when the first real Balkan difficulty arose in 1912? The League broke asunder, the Concert party played political rag-time. Even in 1908, when Austria annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina, the Concert had a serious internal quarrel, and the one solitary legacy of the succeeding negotiations is the Kaiser's reference to standing beside Austria in "shining armour." In short, the differences of opinion between States are not smoothed over when they become members of any League or Concert, and for that reason no League can be expected to act harmoniously at a time of serious crisis. And now for a necessary personal parenthesis. From 1910 onwards I was accused by many NEW AGE readers of being a chauvinist, impervious to ideals, because I often threw cold water on the solution of international questions by arbitration, on brotherly love, on appeals to "humanity," and so on. That was simply because I knew Germany and refused to put my faith in words. I refuse to put my faith in words again; and the League of Nations is merely an empty phrase as things stand. The best and sanest preventive of wars is universal democracy—the thing, not the word. I do not care twopence for the word; I am ready to accept the thing under any name. But I know that there can be no attempt at democracy until Prussia becomes democratised; and I cannot take the supporters of a League of Nations seriously when they advocate their solution without insisting on the necessity of democratising Prussia beforehand. When Prussia is democratised, however, the need of a League of Nations will disappear. We shall all be pacifists then.

Towards National Guilds.

SOVEREIGNTY AND THE GUILDS—VI.

(Concluded.)

MR. EWER'S intention in denying the sovereignty of the State is, as we have seen, to establish personal liberty more securely by providing a balance of powers within the nation. Thinks he to himself: while the State remains sovereign, there is no chance of any other association becoming equal to it. Farewell, then, to liberty, if sovereignty remains, since even a Guild would be unable to protect a man from the tyranny of the sovereignty of the State. And from this he concludes that the sovereignty of the State must be abolished. But we have been arguing, on the other hand, that it is impossible to abolish the sovereignty of the State if we are to remain in political association at all, since political association is for the sole sake of sovereignty. Next we have been contending that it is unnecessary to abolish sovereignty, since the evils of tyranny are not inherent in sovereignty but only in the mode of its exercise by removable human agents of sovereignty, to wit, the Government. And in our last Notes we were examining some of the absurd conclusions to which Mr. Ewer was brought in consequence of denying sovereignty. On the present occasion we propose to examine the last of them—the fallacy, as we call it, of co-sovereignty.

By co-sovereignty is meant, we take it, the complete and equal and independent authority of the State and the Guild each in its own department. Assuming that sovereignty in the sense of the exclusive possession of ultimate power is abolished, and that the State has been confined to certain political functions, Mr. Ewer now claims that the Guilds, exercising economic or industrial functions, should be sovereign in their own sphere. Thus while in a way there is no sovereign or ultimate of authority, there are two sovereigns—the political State sovereign presiding over political functions, and the Guild sovereign presiding over economic functions. Thus is co-sovereignty said to be established on the grave of sovereignty.

It is difficult to reply to nominalism of this kind, to a thing, that is to say, consisting of words only. For, in truth, the whole notion of co-sovereignty is only a name. We defy anybody to conceive two lasts or ultimates in a series of units; and we equally defy anybody to rob the last of its unique distinction of being the last. In a society which is not two but one there cannot be a series of powers and authorities culminating in two co-equal authorities. Two rams, as we have quoted before, cannot drink out of the same calabash; and two independent sovereigns cannot exist in the same State. One of them must be subordinate to the other; and in that event it is not co-sovereignty between them, but one is sovereign and the other is subject. Now there is not the least doubt in our minds which of the two, the State or the Guilds, is likely to survive in a struggle for sovereignty. Very important and even vital functions are, of course, to be discharged by the Guilds. They will have (as we shall point out in a moment for Mr. Ewer's assurance) considerable power in determining how State sovereignty shall be exercised. But by virtue of the simple fact that the political association exists for the sake of sovereignty we ensure that in any dispute between the State and the Guilds, the sovereignty of the State will be affirmed and upheld. It is useless to pretend or to hope that it can be otherwise. Things are what they are. Moreover, as we shall now see, they are by no means so bad but they can be made better. State-sovereignty, in short, is not the bugbear of Mr. Ewer's imagination; but, on the contrary, under proper direction it can be made an instrument for the greatest possible human good.

Returning to our former analysis we may recall that the present functions of the State are of two kinds: the essential functions of sovereignty, and the inessential functions of industry, education, religion, etc., etc. With the essential function of sovereignty we shall, if we are wise Guildsmen, have no quarrel. It is inevitable, it is desirable, and it may be turned to excellent use. But with the inessential functions of the present State we have not only quarrel, but we have every ground for quarrelling. By taking upon itself not only sovereign functions, but also non-sovereign functions, the State actually imports sovereignty into functions improperly sovereign. A sovereign must always act sovereignly: sovereignty cannot divest itself of sovereignty. It therefore follows that in occupying non-sovereign areas, the sovereign State is at an illegitimate advantage over authorities whose provinces they properly are. Here, then, upon perfectly constitutional grounds, we have a right to say to the State: Thus far and no farther. We do not dispute the sovereignty of the State. On the contrary, we affirm it. But we do dispute the right of the State to extend its sovereignty over non-sovereign functions.

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It appears to us that we can meet Mr. Ewer upon this point and, in fact, make him a present of the rest of the argument. For we are quite as much alive as he is to the dangers of the extension of State authority beyond its proper sphere, and we are quite as anxious as he is to withdraw from the State its present inessential functions. What else, indeed, is the National Guilds movement, considered in this aspect, but a movement for withdrawing from the State its present function of the control of industry? And to what extent are we less prepared than Mr. Ewer to see the movement carried? For ourselves we are willing to see not only industrial functions withdrawn from the State, but professional and educational functions and, in short, every function not essentially sovereign. It is not therefore from any fondness for the State that we have been opposing Mr. Ewer; but simply from our sense of the inevitability, the practical necessity of the State. But let us see whether our own methods, while affirming the sovereignty of the State, do not, in fact, give us all that Mr. Ewer really demands—for the abolition of the sovereignty of the State is admittedly only a means to an end. Are not Mr. Ewer's ends to be attained by another means than the means he proposes? We have seen that they are. For instance, he desires that there should be a better balance of power as between the political association which is the State and the other associations of Guilds and the like. Well, we propose to bring about this balance by creating Guilds and still more Guilds, each of which shall exercise an authority hitherto improperly exercised by the State, but an authority short of sovereign authority. Thereby the effect of a balance of power is produced from the simple fact that the sovereign State will be dependent upon the non-sovereign Guilds for the performance not of its, but of *their* functions. When every non-sovereign function is exercised autonomously, the sovereign function remaining to the State is sufficiently checked to rob it of the chance of tyranny.

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Finally, there is the problem of securing that the State shall exercise even its proper sovereignty rightly. Even when we have removed from its control the non-sovereign functions it now exercises and have confided them to National Guilds—the function of pure sovereignty still remaining to the State must be considered liable to error and corruption. So it is, and so will it always be. All we can do to prevent it is, first, to remove (as we have here removed) as many temptations to error as possible, by stripping the State of all its non-sovereign functions; and, secondly, to exercise a more and more careful choice in the selection of our

statesmen. The former is National Guilds; the latter is Education. Without both State-sovereignty is certain to be a tyranny. With both State-sovereignty may be a blessing. With or without either, however, State-sovereignty is a fact, an unalterable fact.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

The Best of Both Worlds.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

I HAVE to reply by and by to Mr. Latham, because, though his defence of Stuart Mill's Liberalism sounds more like a farewell than a welcome, I am the first to grant that the individualist creed deserves a decent burial. But before I venture into the subtleties and distinctions of his pleading, I ask Mr. Latham's permission to state that he seems to be one of those talented men who cannot start on an intellectual voyage without departing from their common sense. I imagined that self-evident things were evident to everybody; and that is why, in my analysis of the subtleties of Liberalism, I omitted some common sense considerations which seemed to me too obvious to need mention.

And one of them is the intimate connection between Liberalism and economic individualism. Mr. Latham shows himself at one and the same time a communist in economics and a Liberal in politics; and there are also other guildsmen who are equally fond of a communist economy as the basis of a régime of individual liberty. But there are also many men who want to eat their cake and have it. Yet Mr. Latham is under the obligation—for talent implies duties—of knowing that this is impossible, and that there has never been in the world a communist society which has been Liberal. And this is not merely an historical fact, the teaching of which may be destroyed by a contrary fact, but it is due to reasons so clear that common sense is sufficient to appreciate them. The Liberalism of almost all civilised nations during the 19th century has had its basis of reality in an individualist economy. If a society permits its instruments of production, distribution and credit to be the property of a greater or smaller number of individuals, this society may constitute itself politically under a régime of respect, if not absolute, at least very wide, for the Rights of man that form the substance of Liberalism. And that is what is solid in the position of Mr. Belloc, one of those men whose talent has not obliterated their common sense. Mr. Belloc has clearly seen that the basis of individual liberty is to be found in individual property. Discussing in England this topic, I take Mr. Belloc for granted. That is to say, I take it for granted that the central idea of Mr. Belloc has become common property. This does not mean that I accept it; for even if we grant to Mr. Belloc that the basis of individual liberty is individual property, and even granting that most men like both individual liberty and individual property, this does not mean that these preferences cannot be replaced by others more fastidious and more in harmony with the moral and material necessities of the bulk of mankind. If Mr. Belloc gave up considering property and liberty as absolute principles, I should not object to his Distributive State, because I have no repugnance to small property provided that the proprietor be not considered as a Robinson Crusoe king of his island, but as a functionary whose rights must be found in his function. But if we call things by their proper names, the functional principle will appear incompatible both with individual liberty and with individual property.

To show how intimate is the connection of economic individualism and personal liberty, let us suppose the existence of a society which lives under a strict régime of economic individualism. We have to suppose it, for such a society has never existed. In the individualistic societies in which we have lived, a considerable amount of property has been of a communist character. Not only individuals were proprietors, but also communities, such as the State, the counties, the boroughs, the universities, the hospitals, the religious orders, etc. In a strict individualist régime the Law Courts would not recognise as legitimate any other ownership than the individual. As the economic aptitudes of individuals are unequal, it is logical to think that if there are no monopolies, property will fall into the hands of the "economic" men, industrious, inventive, adaptable, and hard; and that gradually the non-economic individuals, the idle, the routine, the generous, and the improvident, will be deprived of it; and this is not entirely wrong, but also the saints, the artists, the thinkers, etc.—and this would not be right. In other words, an individualistic city would not be one city very long, but two cities, as Plato said, that of the rich and that of the poor.

But once we have supposed the duality of rich and poor we find ourselves in a society such as those we have known, only more economic than these. Such a society may safely establish a régime of personal liberty with all those guarantees which the anti-State Radicals are anxious to secure. Individuals may have the legal right to work or not to work, to associate or dissociate, to think or not to think, to speak or to keep silent, to unite or to stand each on his column like a Stylite. There are not, at least for a long while, insuperable difficulties in maintaining these liberties, because the rich will exert themselves somehow to preserve their wealth, and the poor must work to avoid starvation.

It is true that this system will not last indefinitely, because it is in essence immoral and inhuman. Countries of moral talent, as England has been from the 17th century nearly until to-day, may sweeten its inevitable consequences, and the English people may easily fall into the mistake of attributing to their liberty the advantages derived from their morality, in the same way that many people have attributed to the voluntary system the three millions of men who voluntarily joined the Army. But it is obvious that the reasons for the success were not the merits of the voluntary system, which is rather the absence of a system, but of the patriotism of the young men. But even in moral countries, a day must come when the majority of men will be tired of living under the yoke of the economic, and they will make use of all their liberties, of their positive rights of public meeting and association and the franchise, and of the negative right to strike, for the purpose of finding a way out of the predominance of men whose talents are exclusively economic, and to restore the privileges of communities as the protectors of pity, civilisation, art, and all the amenities that endear life. As a matter of fact, I do not believe that an individualistic régime can safely rest on the consent of the governed unless there is for every individual some reasonable hope of getting rich. And only upon the individualist economy has it been possible to give a serious trial to the ideal of personal liberty for everybody; but there has never been known a Liberal communist society.

I need not here appeal to history to show the incompatibility of liberty and communism. An economic community cannot be Liberal, for the simple reason that the members of it are morally unequal. Some are industrious, others not; some live under a sense of duty towards their neighbour, others are selfish. Let

us suppose a strictly communistic régime. We need not invent this suggestion, because there are numerous and prosperous religious communities founded on this basis. In these societies liberty is impossible, for if a law were established in them that said: "This community is established on the voluntary principle, and no member is obliged to contribute towards its maintenance," then we may predict that the idlest members would never work, and that their example would be imitated in course of time by the indifferent, until the industrious would one day discover that they were doing the work of everybody. They would at last be confronted by the alternative of dissolving the community, or reforming it by establishing obligations on all its members, although the universality of service need not be incompatible with the exceptions required by the respect for the old, gratitude for special services, pity for the weak and sick, etc.

Precisely because a strict community does not allow itself to be exploited by privileged individuals, it lacks individuals especially interested in securing and augmenting its wealth, and it must, therefore, take care to secure and augment its wealth itself. And it obtains this security by imposing obligations on its members. This is why no other communities have prospered but those founded on the basis of making obligatory on all their members the general service, be this service that of work, as in the religious orders, or of money as in the taxes paid by citizens to the State and other authorities. And so we find that when the Russian Soviet tries to actualise a communist régime, in the very second article of the Declaration of the Rights of Workmen—you may see the dispatch of Reuter in the "Times" of January 21—in which there is abolished "the right of private property," there is established "the principle of obligatory work for all."

This is also the reason why all societies that have tried to reconcile the communist and Liberal principles have failed. The newspapers recently announced the death of the man who attempted to found a colony of this kind in South America. He failed precisely because he did not begin by establishing the basis of a manorial obligation; and the process of the failure was as above sketched. The idlest were driven by their vice and when already too late the most industrious wanted to impose the principle of obligation on them, all the members were disillusioned: the more industrious because they felt themselves exploited by the idlest; and the idlest because their Liberal convictions were contrary in principle to any obligation. This is how both experience and common sense allow us to establish the following propositions: first, individual liberty is only possible in societies of individualist economy. By this I do not mean that all countries of individualist economy are Liberal, for there are some in which the injustice resulting from individualist economy is maintained and reinforced by a régime of political oppression. Second, those communities that have prospered have been founded on the principle of obligation on all their members. And third, those communities that have attempted to reconcile the communist with the Liberal principle have failed.

Of course, men would like to reconcile the two principles. Most men, when they fall in love, would like to keep both their love and their former feeling of being masters of their own destiny. This occurs because the principle of contradiction does not hold sway over the eternal child that lives in the heart of man; but although in the heart of man contrary desires are divinely reconciled, the things desired are still contrary, and, therefore, incompatible; and this is the principle of contradiction upon which must be based the science of ethics, which is the logic of our moral life.

Mr. Latham has been reasoning the whole time as if it were the most natural thing on earth to be both a guildsman in economics and a Liberal, and as if this duplicity did not involve a problem, the solution of which must imply the abandonment of one or the other; and this innocence is not easily pardoned in a man of his culture and capacity. If I were certain that Mr. Latham had been deliberately shirking the problem, I should say that he has been committing the old sin of drifting with which Christ reproached the men of his generation: "As it was in the days of Noah, so shall it be also in the days of the Son of Man. They did eat, they drank, they married wives, they were given in marriage, until the day that Noah entered into the ark, and the flood came, and destroyed them all." Personally, I feel inclined to include the case of Mr. Latham in the category in which "R. H. C." placed Mr. Edward Moore—among men of genius who develop at the expense of their common sense. But does not Mr. Latham feel uncomfortable in giving his support to these modern courtiers of the Sovereign who promise the masses the best of both worlds, the advantages of peace together with those of victory, that of liberty with that of communism? For myself the election is made; and when I declare myself a partisan of the Guilds, I do it in the full consciousness that it involves a system of obligatory work for all, even if it is the legal obligation that characterises the Servile State. I do not mind being a serf in a State in which all men are serfs, and when there is no other lord than the community. I believe that a Guild régime can only be stable on three conditions: first, it has to impose on each Guild the legal obligation of fulfilling its function; second, each Guild must impose on its members the legal obligation of his due service; and third, there must be imposed on all citizens the legal obligation of belonging to one or other of the Guilds.

This system of legal obligations can and ought to be conditioned by guarantees designed to avoid abuses. If Liberalism deserves a decent burial it is because it has fought against the abuses of authority. It needed not involve the name of Liberty. Abuses are much better corrected in the name of Justice. But Liberalism ceases to be decent when it only defends the selfishness of individuals against the common good. And once these conclusions have been formulated, which are more those of common sense than of political theory, let me deal later on with Mr. Latham's subtleties. And let me begin by inquiring what sort of thing is a potential value.

Notes from France.

A FRIEND asks me to describe the situation of Paris. I cannot say what scenes of school examinations this demand did not conjure for me: what old, cold agonies of revolt against everything and everybody: what resolutions to write deliberate rot and impertinence by way of answer to every question: what compromises with a rebel's conscience when the question irritated my itch to describe in writing all I saw and felt: what dreadful, sentimental, hypocritical compromises! If ever I be born again, let those who may take it upon themselves to be the authors of my being understand me thus: I need none but a hedge-school education, beginning at seven years until the age of fifteen; from fifteen to twenty I need to travel alone, or with a young friend; from twenty to twenty-five I need to study; and after that I shall marry or otherwise work, as it suits me. There is a programme for the proletariat to adopt if it wants to see its descendants glorious.

Paris is inside a fairly incorrect circle of fortification walls, lovely, silent, ancient-coloured cliffs, covered with grass and moss above a ditch. Entering, as I usually do, by the Gate of Orleans, which is due south—if I had arms long enough to reach all around the city, my

left elbow would crook at the race-course of Auteuil, my forearm would be along the Bois de Boulogne, and my fingers would end at Clignancourt, a district of unenviable reputation, where the Flea Market is: my right arm would crook at Vincennes—place of donjons—where they recently shot as a spy the dancer Mata-Hari, who, said the husband, stationed at Vincennes, of the cook of a friend of mine, went in full toilette and defiant to her doom—which doom I disapprove, it being mean to shoot spies, considering that all armies employ them; my right forearm would lie along all sorts of horrid places, the cemetery of Père Lachaise, hospitals, reservoirs, the slaughter-houses of Villette, a terrible district where, the other night, three people were shot dead in bed and the rest of the house never even budged to ask what was that noise! The fingers would, of course, meet the others near the Flea Market.

If standing at the Gate of Orleans—there are dozens of gates around the circle, and at every one is a little custom-house like a sentry-box, out of which pops an old man to ask people in the trams from outside Paris if they have anything to declare, and who would probably die of apoplexy if a declaration were ever made—if, standing there, I jumped over the houses into the middle of Paris, I should land on the vast empty Place de la Concorde, and, if I jumped short, I should land in the River Seine, a stream, however, cleaner and smaller than our Thames. Suppose I jumped clear and landed on my feet, I would turn my head to the left and see the Arc de Triomphe (the road is opened expressly to show it in the distance), and to the right the gardens of the Tuileries and the Louvre Museum. An eye which swivelled a bit after the Louvre might perceive the column which stands where the Bastille Prison used to be. There, that is the best I can do in the way of accurate topography. Make your own map now; cut your circle in four sections. Fill in the top right section with butchers and apaches; the bottom with Latin Quarter students, lunatics, and criminals, market-people, Americans, and artists; fill in the left top section with the fleas (due north), the congregation of Sacré Cœur, the gay Little-Women of Montmartre, the millionaires of the Champs Elysées, and the English who ask you for Cook's; bottom section, military cadets, priests, divinity students, and the people off to the Pasteur Institute because bitten by mad dogs, of which six in a good dog-day is not too high a figure.

I stayed in Paris last night on my way to the suburban village where I live, just in time for that raid which was so sure never to come! It was a hooper, and we send you our sincere sympathies. My particular system during a raid is to sit on a hard chair in a dark corner, and smoke. If, after an explosion, I feel frightened, I let it off on people who run about declaring that the next will be on Us! At a certain moment, my sensation was of immense weariness, even boredom, the same as nations feel when the stupidity of war comes home stronger than even its wickedness; when the glamour of glory fades from around the spectre of murder and the elderly patriots find that even five per cent. is too much for a ruined country to pay.

The comic note was touched. "I suppose I am very unpatriotic," confided to me a little American lady, "but really I don't think these reprisals do any good whatever." They were not doing us much good at the moment. This morning one heard the same remark. A bombardment is a bad exchange for a sense of moral superiority! Most persons are now agreed that reprisals do not advance the military operations. Exception must be made of Mrs. D., whose jaw, still stiff with fear and hate, emits the mutter, "I would pursue them to the last drop of my blood!" And as Mrs. D. is of the Rotherham-Erdale class, we shall certainly not cave in.

My village is a fairy picture. Every twig, for as far as one can see up hill and down dale, is frosted. There is a wedding for to-morrow of a young girl with a crippled soldier. And alas! in a cottage close by, a woman bewails her young son who has deserted and been caught. He will, however, probably get off with two months in a disciplinary regiment, his antecedents being good. The French are not severe on lads who desert. But ah! what a waste of youth while the

burghers are melting their silver spoons for the Emperor's statue, otherwise investing in war bonds! "How many apple tarts all this silver would have bought!" It is all up with emperors' statues and burghers' spoons. Those who make the spoons are going to have the use of them in future. And why the devil not? Apropos Mr. Tom Mann's word about millions of motor vehicles for a sensible community opens up a good deal of day on the future state. The Fourth Estate knows what it wants to begin with—simply all the things which make physical life worth living, all the things which they now make for the rich. They are going to have, here and now, well-being, which hitherto they have been taught was only to be theirs in heaven. Personally, like all the rest of the "burjosie," I am horrified at the idea of the supremacy of the Fourth Estate. But I am not so foolish as to fight the inevitable, and, besides, my soul rejoices at what momentarily revolts my taste. In a generation the Fourth Estate will be as well-behaved, as well-spoken, as comely as the Third, and most probably more so: and as its heart is a great deal cleaner, I throw up my sponge and salute. One hears that Art will be restricted under the Fourth Estate. The art-crowd may be restricted, indeed, when paint and tools and paper are no longer made for next to nothing by wage-slaves. The miles of exhibitions, the wagon-loads of rubbishy books will disappear. Once more, people will find space and time to look at the Great Masters. Ah! a horrid time for the art-crowd whom the very name of a Master turns green; and the reflection that by looking at great works, the nation may come to demand at least no less is quite enough to make them support the White Guards: and so they droop over their cigarette and forecast the decline of Art under the Fourth Estate. Is there any danger lest Mr. Dyson, for instance, would find himself restricted? The Smolny Institute to the London Chamber of Commerce—none! By the way, I popped into Montparnasse the other week. I asked for this and that great-modern-artist. One is a chauffeur now, three are house-decorators, another, great-poet, is well married, others have just simply gone into trade, one or two have been to the war and come back as they went; but the very-greatest talks of Phidias and the Quatz Arts Ball, as his friends say, with a view to changing his style. This is a most hopeful sign for the future, as he is a sound business man. I visited, also, a house from which, you may remember, I was once banished for laughing at the pictures by Rousseau; they look more than ever like German oleographs growing dingy with time.

The fire crackles in the chimney, and the sparks fly upward. I am reminded of the inept Biblical simile of man's life. I am sure that my life is not like a spark to me, but a whole fire with good solid logs of wood, and flames, and smoke, and cinders which I stir sometimes inadvertently, finding them still hot. What a pity one ever dies! Though, after all, there may be another life beyond, and whatever be the rules and regulations of it, I am ready to risk the chance of carving it pretty much to my own fashion. A person like me will never come to grief. If the master of the next world happen to have a special apple-tree which he wishes to remain unpicked, myself would never be the offensive guest to pick it. I should expect for my part that my host would leave me a good deal to myself, and not put me into a room with elderly pedagogues (as happened in this world) who may spoil my stay with their saws and maxims—"Early to bed and early to rise," "Improve the shining hour," etc. I shall improve the shining hour all right without their aid, and I happen to like looking at the moon with this her starry train, and listening to this her solemn bird. The next world must not be either like Doctor Johnson's hostel, full of quarrelsome beggars, or a religious community full of beggarly quarrels. There must be only general laws which no one would dream of disputing, as no one dreams of disputing the spin of a mouse: it does, and that's all. Woe be to the next world if it be run by rule instead of by law; I shall leave my mark on it! Meanwhile I stir up my fire and praise God that the Allied Ministers may soon find it worth their heads to find some way of supporting the Berlin rebels.

ALICE MORNING.

Out of School.

HAVING insisted that symbol is our only means of expressing reality, either to ourselves, through our senses, or to ourselves and others, through language either mentally framed, spoken or written, perhaps I ought also to insist that it is only our means. I have not been raising the least doubt, as should be obvious, whether absolute reality exists. We can argue quite plausibly that it does not, but the argument necessarily destroys everything, including the reality of the reason on which it is itself based. If there is no absolute reality, we might just as well be repeating the multiplication table. But the difficulty about absolute reality is that it is absolute, and therefore cannot be perceived by finite senses, but only conceived by a potentially infinite sense. Try to get it into terms of perception, and you inevitably symbolise it.

The symbols that come to us through the workings of the unconscious mind seem to be stretching away from "ordinary reality"; I have suggested that they are not more remote from reality itself, but only from the direct sensory symbols of it that sensory experience, through sensory evolution, has made familiar. But the next difficulty is that, as there are many so-called "strata" of the unconscious mind, so there are many grades of symbol that drift from the unconscious into the conscious view; and that these are of very different value. The education of the super-consciousness must include the sifting of its symbols into their respective grades of value, and we have very little idea, at present, how to do this. The work of Freud is an invaluable beginning of the sifting process, in the region of the lowest symbols—those that have least to do with inspiration; Jung and the teleological school are gradually carrying the process into higher regions of the unconscious. I have suggested, following Freud's main discovery, the deliberate study of the Wish as a means to the grading and choice of symbols. Are there any other means that we can develop, in order to find our way among the welter of dissolving views beyond the imaginative threshold?

So far, we have only considered means for bringing symbol before a better-educated court of conscious judgment—the education of the consciousness to help and co-operate with the superconsciousness, not the education of the superconsciousness itself. To proceed further, we must recognise that we are leaving the province of science and intellect. It is perfectly sound procedure to go beyond or behind intellect, into the region of beliefs and intuitions, as long as we recognise what we are doing, and refrain from muddling intuition with argument. Intellect has to follow and criticise in due course—intuition, alone, is only a pioneer; and we leave behind the nineteenth-century type of rationalist, who irrationally puts freedom of thought in conflict with freedom of vision; but the whole possibility of education for genius depends upon whether the pioneering superconsciousness can be trained for flight or not, and the question is not answered by tying its wings.

I have just spoken of beliefs and intuitions; I think it is of very great importance to distinguish between the two classes of superconscious action. To revert to our useful elementary example, card-clairvoyance, I have an intuition (so to call it—the term is merely descriptive, not explanatory) that a particular card will turn up; I have no faith in that card, as a card, though I may need to have a precedent faith in the intuition before the intuition will work. I think this is probable; at all events, it is highly probable in the case of the larger intuitions. But suppose my faith is mistaken, and the process is not elementary clairvoyance, but one of the forms of unconscious trickery that were mentioned as possible in my former article; is my provisional faith in an intuitive process justified by the fact that the "intuition" comes off? It does

not matter much in the case of tricks with cards, where no serious problem of sincerity comes into question, but it matters a good deal to the prospective seer whose education we have in mind.

It is best to be quite open about the fact that a faith which is largely self-deception does help the intuitions. It may be, and it is agreeable to think, that only a genuine component in it is efficacious; but we have no evidence for this, and a good deal of evidence for the concurrence of humbug with genuine prophecy. I must admit that point to the full, because if there is one thing in the world that I am out against, as an educationist, it is humbug, especially the unconscious variety which we inculcate so painstakingly in the schools. But is humbug necessary to faith, either as a constituent or as a kind of protective wadding? I have an idea that it is time we developed a new kind of faith—the kind of faith that produces works, on a minute scale, in the case of card-clairvoyance, and, on a larger scale, in the case of scientific discovery. I have called it "provisional" faith; by which I mean absolute faith in a hypothesis, but only as a hypothesis. When a scientist says, "I still have faith in my hypothesis," he means, among other things, that his intuitions are still free to work along a particular line of speculation.

The question is whether faith in a hypothesis can ever be absolute, or sufficiently absolute (if the incorrect phrase may pass) to set free a higher type of intuition than the scientific. Undoubtedly the absolute, fanatical kind of belief has, or has had, its indispensable value in the make-up of a prophet or seer; and I should be inclined to allow the upholder of a cherished hypothesis a good deal of latitude in the matter of growling at anyone who dares to question it. But I think strong preferential belief in a hypothesis, if we can keep it strong enough, will have to take the place of bald-headed belief in a matter of faith as identical with a matter of fact. If not, humbug will have to be regarded as a permanent institution, and therefore as an art to be made the best of and cultivated.

But we can see the identification of matters of faith with matters of fact crumbling, all around us. It will not pass, among people who are out for realities; we are getting to know too much about symbol. To have glued your faith to the symbol that has perfectly expressed it, for the time, is inevitably to discover that the impalpable substance of faith has flowed out of and away from the symbol. Symbols we must have, of course; in a sense, they are all that we can "have"; but I am suggesting that a sincerely held hypothesis is a very much better symbol for faith than an insincerely held dogma. And a dogma must, sooner or later, be insincerely held. A hypothesis can grow and change as a faith grows and changes; it is a live body for a live spirit. When one comes to look at the matter historically, a dogma is only a hypothesis suffering from catalepsy. It has to change, or be changed, very creakily and rustily, as time and the spirit flow by, though its changes are always half a century or so too late.

If this view of faith and hypothesis is sound, we have an immensely strong argument for training children in the proper handling of conjecture—a proceeding for which the arguments are very strong in any case. The new psychology, and the new attitude towards psychical research (of which it is as well to mention that there are several kinds, as well as the investigation of evidence for survival) are going to make the dogmatic posture of mind, a useful enough form of armour-plating, in its day, hopelessly unfitted to survive in the changed conditions of thought. The new kind of faith, strong but finely tempered, flexible and sensitive, is needed for its mere survival-value—which reminds me that it is only new in the sense of being the sole kind of faith which has, in fact, survived.

KENNETH RICHMOND,

Art—and Pastels

By B. H. Dias.

WITHOUT being litigious we may say at once that most of the exhibits at the present exposure of the Pastel Society already show signs of decay, or at least of mortality and corruption, and that the sooner the process completes itself the better for all concerned.

This has, however, no bearing on the main question, that of durability. In so far as the current carelessness regarding durability is a parallel to the incursion of journalism upon literature; in so far as it is a desire to catch the day's audience with as little trouble as possible, and to care nothing for to-morrow, it is simple jerry-building, and most condemnable. In so far as it is a revolt against dealers and connoisseurs; in so far as it bends the thought of the viewer toward what the artist has in him, what he knows or feels of colour and of design, it is excellent. The dealer cares nothing for the artist's temperament or his skill in invention; he wants a sound investment and beyond that an investment that will give lightning profits. In the main the minor virtues are safer for him, and in so far as he is able to dominate, or to influence the condition of art, he will always over-emphasise detail, finish, and the qualities which he can comprehend.

Among the deceased members of the Pastel Society are Brabazon, Whistler, Carriere, and E. A. Abbey. (Let me see, is Abbey dead?)

The truth about pastel (notwithstanding advertisement at the beginning of the catalogue to the contrary) is that part of the pastel rubbed into a given sheet of paper will stay there for a good while. Particles sticking up from the paper in lumps and heavy lines will break off if the paper is creased, dropped on the floor too often, brushed violently by the housemaid, or used to wrap up parcels. All so-called fixatives are relative, and all of them affect the original colour in some degree. The better the artist the more annoyed he is with his fixatives. As an offset, pastel reproduces very well. Whistler got a great deal of Tanagra charm into his little figures in pastel, and most of this charm survives in the reproductions of these same pastels.

The Pastel Society hangs its exposures in groups; each group the work of one artist. Thus it concentrates the attention of the spectator upon the name and relative existence of the artist. We follow humbly. Eves, drawings a long way after Sargent. I had just decided that the portrait of the inevitable peeress must be intended for someone else, when that catalogue assured me that it was indeed Lady —. (The name will spring instantly to the mind of every habitual reader.) Chappel, Blaycock, Jones, Holroyd, Pike, Willink, rubbish! I mean, present. Musprat, "The Blue Stockings," a desperate leap after Degas, minus the colour sense. Baldry, unspeakable, save for "The Pool," which suggests that he may once have seen a painting by Gustav Moreau. He has, however, learnt nothing of that artist's intensity, nor of the heat whereby Moreau welded an assortment of rather undesirable qualities into an art. By art I mean a means of expression or representation. Almost any qualities can be built into this, if the artist have sufficient emotion, and an abnormal degree of persistence. Fred Yates, trace of mood. Mary Yates, faint perception in one picture, and some finish in another. Linnel, no. Sheringham, a relief in the general waste, Dulac on Condor, but accomplished, clear, clean colour, competent. His design for a decorative panel is pro-

bably better as a design than it would ever be as a panel, unless the panel were very small, very small indeed. Williams, good student work. Bedford, worst possible dregs of pre-Raphaelitism, not even the value of S. Soloman. Humphrey, death. Lawrenson, not good student work, shows a craving for soul. Cohen, yearns to do Dürer drawings. Dowie, death. Hope, death. White, pavement artist. Smith, death. Hervey, has at least tried to have a style. "The Skirts of the Sea" is exquisitely original; has repeated the motif in some of the other studies. Foottet, has discovered dark blue, not the first man to do so, poetic in the worst sense of the word. Still one pauses to consider whether one could hang "Ludlow" or "The Roman Tower" in any room of one's own. One wouldn't. Dutton, in No. 163, succeeds in suggesting Turner. In 164, 165, 16— does not succeed in suggesting Turner. Hope (Mrs. Adrian, before mentioned), death. She has several groups of exposures and there is nothing else to be said of any of them. Rossiter, possibility of reprieve. Cohen, touch of merit in "Ruth." Williams, touch of colour in "The Shambles." Bax-Ironside: in "The Old Town, Cannes," the town is rather better done than its setting. Constable (Miss Sarah), no trace of J. Constable. Burn-Murdoch, trace of Wm. Hunt. Bedford, her "Mrs. Clemens Usher" appears to be successful portraiture. Her "Dorothy Bedford" appears to be an excellent portrait. She had better stick to adults. Her paintings of children are of the familiar Christmas Annual type. Fisher, also after Sargent, with charm (in not quite the best sense of the word). Landscape is not his talent; he should confine himself to people, preferably pretty ones who wish to look pretty in their pictures. Sheard, bilge. Marshall, tinted photos. Richmond, "In Dreamland," reminiscence of Condor; in the other exposures, reach after Innes and Van Gogh, a very faint reach. Fisher, hopeless, tinted photo. Crosley, careful drawing, but nothing added to pencil; that is to say, he has wasted his medium. Hitchens, colour in one exposure, but no control of it, no sense of values. Lyster, a yearn for ugliness. Fisher, a yearn for tinted photography. By "tinted photography" in this note I mean just the emotional values, and just the æsthetic intensity, of the tinted photos shown in the window of any tinting photographer. I do not refer disparagingly to an accurate transcript of natural objects. Wirgman, refined dilettante, should be able to secure work as an illustrator if he so wishes. Lyster (same, D. Lyster again). Slavic feeling in "Bushka," naturally. Look at the title. Smith, death, definitely. Hammond, honest, willing, Victorian, not of the best Victorian. Richter, has heard of decorative art. Wardle: "A Jaguar," obviously has never seen the animal, not even in a Zoo. There is at least some animal quality in the small unfinished feline set in the background of "Leopard." Littlejohns, "The Wave," symbolical, naturally a female nude; "The Fugitive," dramatic; also figures in symbolical positions showing reverence; also 18th century powdered hair. Luard, "Soyez bons pour les animaux," Millet, Rosa Bonheur, S.P.C.A. 228 "Harrowing," we cannot contest this title. Airy (Miss Anna, R.E., R.O.I.) "The Fair." The best thing in the show. True sense of colour, a full sense of the medium. Pastel is, after all, the means Whistler used in the Tanagra-like sketches. Still the public can hardly be asked a shilling to look at one good pastel. Miss Airy's other group is composed of drawings à la Orpen and John. Small, Beata Beatrix gone very bad and Christmas Annual. Carter, death. Partridge, why? Fisher, death. Crosley, possibly for the Royal Geographical Society. Humphrey: "Betty," with an expression of most consummate inanity. Baumer, not without talent; merely trying to be pretty, but he has achieved a certain grace in so doing.

Any words of praise I have used in this present note must be taken in a suitably relative sense.

Readers and Writers.

THE issue in book-form of Mr. Belloc's essay on the Press (The Free Press. Allen and Unwin. 2s. 6d. net) revised and enlarged from the text originally published in these columns would, in any case, be an event to record here; but the addition of a dedicatory Open Letter to the Editor of THE NEW AGE makes its mention doubly dutiful. Besides acknowledging very generously the pioneer work of THE NEW AGE, Mr. Belloc expresses the hopeful and encouraging opinion that, after all, political changes can still be brought about by means of independent writing. Mr. Belloc was not, he tells us, always of this opinion. After some years of watching the effect of THE NEW AGE, and, still more, of editing the "New Witness" himself, he was disposed to conclude that the efforts of free publicists to effect political action were doomed to failure. The seed, however, began in subsequent years to spring up; and now Mr. Belloc is satisfied that truth, however obscurely published, tells. On the other hand, he is now convinced, or, at any rate, apprehensive, that the truth cannot do more than affect the opinion of a few. Whatever triumphs the Free Press may have in the field of political opinion, we shall not, he says, provoke public action. Most serious prospect of all, the Free Press will never, he thinks, succeed in bringing about any great industrial change. It may be so; and, goodness knows, Mr. Belloc has enough evidence for his view. But may we not say that he has been deceived once, and may be deceiving himself again? None of our economic writers has, of course, any presentiment—such as former Socialists used to cultivate—that a revolution is inevitable because they are preaching it. But they have this even more comforting assurance that they are preaching it because it is inevitable. In this sense, no doubt, they will not be able to claim that the new order of industry will be the work of their hands, for they will merely have foreseen and heralded it. But prophecy and fulfilment are inextricably bound together; and, in a very subtle sense, the inevitable is only inevitable when it has been declared in advance to be inevitable. I do not, therefore, doubt, as Mr. Belloc does, that the Free Press will be the means of ultimately realising even great industrial changes. Certainly, it will never be by its direct contrivance; nor will anybody be able (unless he be very subtle and clairvoyant) to trace its source in the Free Press. But faith is the source of fact; and it is the unseen faith of to-day that both predicts and creates the facts of to-morrow.

* * *

Mr. Belloc's essay falls naturally into two divisions: an examination of the "official" and an examination of the "Free" Press. From some of the reviews already published, I gather that the criticism likely to be directed against Mr. Belloc's analysis of the "official" Press is that it mistakes the case. Practically every journalist writing for the "official" Press will admit in private that the "official" Press has many faults. If you wish to be disillusioned, indeed, concerning the "official" Press you need only converse with "official" journalists. But the fault they will not admit, the character they will not recognise, in their Press is precisely the fault and character attributed to it by Mr. Belloc, namely, that it is "official." Apart from the merely psychological inability of most people to recognise their characteristic faults, the reason of the inability of the "official" journalists to recognise the "official" character of their Press is this: they have much of the illusion of complete liberty. What is more, they cherish this illusion. They will tell you, for example, that they write what they please within the limits of the "policy" of their journal—which is, of course, true; and if you should

ask them whether the policy of their journal is not defined by the proprietors in conjunction with the advertisers, they will reply that the question does not concern them. It is, however, precisely this definition and control of "policy" that concerns Mr. Belloc and us as critics of the "official" Press; for if the field for the exercise of the freedom of journalists is circumscribed by the capitalist proprietors and capitalist supporters of their journal, their liberty is no more than that of the tethered ox; they have the length of their rope. That it is so circumscribed is obvious from this fact alone that the condition of the continued existence of the "official" Press is that it should pay like any other commercial enterprise. But to pay commercially an undertaking must be conducted on commercial lines; that is to say, it must compete commercially with its rivals in the same business and be a commercial entity among commercial entities. To succeed, however, in the commercial field, an undertaking must be "in the swim," or, as Mr. Belloc puts it, "in with" commerce in general; for besides the competition of business there is also the community of business. And a journal, therefore, that is run commercially must not only adapt itself to commerce, but, in the broad sense, support commerce in general. This, in fact, is what the "official" Press does. In the main and upon every critical occasion invariably, the "official" Press stands in with the governing and commercial classes, since it is from these classes that it derives its commercial support. There is no need, therefore, to require of journalists on the "official" Press any solemn preliminary forswearing of their convictions as men and citizens. As a matter of fact, an "official" editor seldom dreams of asking his staff their personal opinions upon public matters. All that is needed is that they should "understand" the "policy" of the journal (without inquiring whence it comes or who dictates it), and then "loyally" pursue it with their pens. If it should be, as it sometimes is, coincident with the private opinions of the journalist himself, so much the better for him. But if it is contradictory, as it more often is, of all his personal opinions, his "loyalty" to his journal's "policy" will prevail over his private sentiments until, in time, he comes to have none of the latter at all, or only a cynical attitude towards them. This, at any rate, is what appears to me to be the case after my researches in Fleet Street.

* * *

Like Mr. Belloc, I could write reams upon the subject, and never come to an end; but Mr. Belloc's second division demands a comment or two. The Free Press, he says (meaning thereby THE NEW AGE and the "New Witness" principally) labours under several disabilities, due to the fact that it is not commercial, of which, in my opinion, the two most serious are the lack of information and "a certain air of particularism or 'crankiness' arising from their propagandist character." The latter, he says, results in a kind of "jerkiness" of content, or, in other words, a seeming discontinuity of "policy." Both of these defects, it must be admitted, are common to the journals of the Free Press to a certain extent; and must be so from the circumstances of an unpaid and a numerically insufficient staff. But they are not, I contend, nearly so considerable in reality as the similar defects in the "official" Press. Take the matter of information, for example. I should say that except for political and social gossip—the publication of which certainly conveys the impression that its writers are in the know—both THE NEW AGE and the "New Witness" are as well informed concerning politics as any journals in London. The proof of the pudding is in the eating. On literally scores of occasions when, let us say, the "Spectator" or the "Saturday Review," or the "Nation" (all of which journals are presumed to be informed) have manifestly been misinformed—

judging only by their immediate contradiction by events—the Free Press has proved itself to be right. Not to make too loud a boast about it, I doubt whether THE NEW AGE, in fact, has shown itself to be misinformed about the political course of the war upon more than one or two occasions—and what “official” journal dare expose its files to the same test? In the matter of “jerkiness,” too, the reality is less than the appearance. The “official” Press is written in a common style to which the various personal styles of its contributors are all reduced by careful sub-editing, sometimes involving a complete re-writing. And thus is produced that appearance of unity which, for my part, is indistinguishable in its effect from monotony. The Free Press, on the other hand, is free also in this respect: that it allows its contributors to speak in their own voice. . . . But I said I could continue indefinitely!

R. H. C.

Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janko Lavrin.

V.—THE BANKRUPTCY OF “SUPERMAN.” (The Tragedy of Raskolnikov.)

THE problem of Raskolnikov is interesting because it is closely connected with the chief problem of Dostoyevsky—with the problem of Value. Moreover, a short analysis of Raskolnikov's tragedy is enough to explain why the two greatest champions of individualism—Dostoyevsky and Nietzsche—arrived at completely opposite conceptions of individual self-assertion, though their psychological starting-points were very similar.

I.

We derive a clear idea of Raskolnikov's mentality before his crime from his essay, “The Right to Commit Crime,” mentioned in the dialogue between the judge Porfiry and Raskolnikov. According to his theory, Nature divides mankind into two categories: an inferior and a superior. To the former belong the conservative majority, or the “people,” who live and must live in everlasting obedience, being incapable of living without it; while to the latter belong only the exceptional men—the daring, commanding and even criminal destroyers of old values in the name of the new ones (Lycurgus, Mahomet, Napoleon). The true creators and driving-powers of life and progress are only among the representatives of the second category; and Raskolnikov grants them the logical and moral sanction even for shedding blood, if this be necessary for their purposes.

“What is really *original* in all this, and exclusively your own, to my horror, is that you sanction bloodshed in the name of conscience, and excuse my saying so, with such fanaticism. . . . But that sanction of bloodshed by conscience is to my mind more terrible than the official, legal sanction”—answers his friend Razumihin.

These few thoughts alone reveal the mental and moral physiognomy of Raskolnikov. In theory he insists simply on the principle of “self-will” or the Nietzschean “will to power,” and this not as a rebellious satanist: for though he seems to go in the direction of “magical” self-assertion, his consciousness is still concerned with quite a different, lower, sphere—with the sphere of a bold and consequent materialism. He is a Nietzschean taking his stand firmly upon a biological “scientific” basis—on the principle of “natural selection” and of “struggle for life.”

This brooding materialist has been injured and rejected by life, just as the hero of the “Memoirs from the Underworld.” But he is not satisfied with a passive “contemplative inertia.” His will desires to

have daring. It desires an active rebellion against the false social order, as well as against the moral law which defends such an order. And he really tries by his daring to join the second “superhuman” category, mentioned in his essay.

His logic, his “science and reason” granted him a complete sanction to overstep the conventional moral law in the name of his individual law and individual will. Pushed, like a lunatic, by them into crime, he murdered the “old louse” (the pawnbroker woman) and her sister. . . . But immediately after his crime his rational and “scientific” reason—in spite of all previous sanctions—became shattered and fell into something quite irrational and unexpected. He discovered that the moral law against which he had protested so violently was nothing more than—a fiction, and that his daring blow was a blow into the void. . . . Though he murdered two human beings, he felt no remorse after the murder. Instead, he had quite a different, quite a new feeling. . . .

Let us remember that he received the “logical” sanction only for the murder of the spiteful, grasping “old louse,” but not for the murder of her gentle sister Lizaveta. Not to feel remorse for the first murder would be perhaps natural and logical from his point of view; but he did not feel any remorse for the second murder either. . . .

And it was this *second* murder that pushed Raskolnikov's consciousness into that void for which he was too weak. For—if there is no remorse, no inner consciousness of a real crime, then there is no crime at all; if there is no crime, then there is no law, no good or evil, no real “principle.” Then all values are fictions, and his own individual law was as fictitious as the law against which he had protested. In other words: there exists no real point towards which or against which the individual will (in the name of individual self-assertion) could be directed. . . .

By this strange discovery Raskolnikov was terrified as a man who had suddenly lost all the ground from under his feet and remained poised in the air—fronting that void which was so familiar to Nikolay Stavrogin. . . . And this void, this absence of Value, of moral “principle,” became unbearable to Raskolnikov's consciousness; it was more oppressive than all conventional moral chains. And his strong “scientific” logic could not conceal it, in spite of all attempts to do so. He could not overstep. . . .

“The old woman was a mistake perhaps, but she is not what matters! The old woman was only an illness. . . . I was in hurry to overstep. . . . I didn't kill a human being, but a principle! I killed the principle, but I didn't overstep; I stopped on this side,” he lacerates himself after the murder.

In this complete *horror vacui* he makes also (like Stavrogin) his “series of deceptions”—trying to get rid of it. He intervenes as benefactor in the unfortunate family of Marmeladovs; he falls on his knees before the chaste prostitute Sonia, falling thus on his knees “before all human sufferings”; the former rebellious “superman” obeys the simple and naïve Sonia like a weak pupil—in the hope of pushing away his void by her “principles,” and to get resurrected from his moral death like Lazarus from his tomb. . . . On her advice he goes and kisses Mother Earth to reconcile himself with Her—but in vain! Instead of Mother Earth he kisses only the mud of earth. . . . Finally—in spite of logic—he delivers himself into the hands of Justice and goes to the galley. . . .

All “deceptions” are of no avail. He remains in the absolute void which separates him for ever from Earth and from mankind, from all living beings, even from his mother and sister. And there in his desperation he hears no other answer but the satanical laughter of his double—Svidrigailov. . . .

Thus it was not Raskolnikov who crushed the old

woman; he himself was crushed by her. . . . "Oh! I shall never, never forgive the old woman!" . . . He even wished to murder her for the second time—only to take revenge on her. . . .

And in his nightmare he really tried to murder her for the second time. He "stealthily took the axe from the noose and struck her one blow, then another on the skull. But, strange to say, she did not stir—as though she were made of wood. He was frightened, bent down nearer and tried to look at her; but she, too, bent her head lower. He bent right down to the ground and peeped up into her face from below, he peeped and turned cold with horror: the old woman was sitting and laughing, shaking with noiseless laughter, doing her utmost that he should not hear it. Suddenly, he fancied that the door from the bedroom was opened a little, and that there was laughter and whispering within. He was overcome with frenzy, and he began hitting the old woman on the head with all his force, but at every blow of the axe the laughter and whispering from the bedroom grew louder, and the old woman was simply shaking with mirth." . . .*

This laughter is the laughter of the "beyond good and evil" at the daring "superman" who fell into the void and cannot find the issue from his—self-will. . . .

II.

Raskolnikov went to Siberia, buoyed up by the hope, he might at least by great sufferings reconquer the slain "principle" which could save him and restore to life.

There, in the galley, he was directly craving for tears, for the greatest inner torments and remorse, but—without any result. . . . "If only fate would have sent him repentance—burning repentance that would have torn his heart and robbed him of sleep, that repentance, the awful agony of which brings visions of hanging and drawing! Oh, he would have been glad of it! Tears and agonies would at least have been life! But he *did not repent* his crime." . . .

"In what way—he asked himself—"was my theory stupider than others that have swarmed and clashed from the beginning of the world? One has only to look at the thing quite independently, broadly and uninfluenced by commonplace ideas, and my idea will by no means seem so strange. . . . Oh, sceptics and halfpenny philosophers, why do you halt half-way! . . . Why does my action strike them as so horrible? It is because it was a crime? What is meant by crime? My conscience is at rest. . . ."

Thus his rational reason deliberated in Siberia—in spite of all passionate craving for repentance, that repentance, the awful agony of which "brings visions of hanging and drawing."

In other terms: the truth of his rational reason remained also here quite different from the truth of his irrational consciousness. The principle which was quite acceptable to the former was absolutely unacceptable and unbearable to the latter.

Consequently, as long as Raskolnikov's "self-will" was concerned only with logic and reason, he was able to profess his ideas without any inner catastrophe or harm. The strange catastrophe arose only when the "truth" of reason came into touch with his irrational consciousness, i.e., after crime. By committing crime the "superman" Raskolnikov has gone infinitely further than the theoretical "superman" Nietzsche, and he has seen infinitely more, too. . . . Before all, he saw that the rational intellect could be absolutely right and logical of itself, and, at the same time, its truth could be absolutely unbearable and "unlogical" to the irrational consciousness. . . .

Therefore, let us state plainly: his voluntary confession of crime was very far from being a proof of his regeneration and "moral power." On the contrary—it was the proof of his weakness: he took on his shoulders the burden of the galley only with the aim of getting rid of another burden, which proved far more terrible and more oppressive than the galley. . . .

Raskolnikov is a "superman" whose consciousness felt and divined the true riddle of superman, and, therefore, ran in horror from it—anxious to grasp even at the old moral values, at the values of disgraced Sonia rather than to be engulfed by Stavrogin's void. . . .

He represents not a logical (or ideological), but a "psychological" *fasco* of superman.

III.

The scientific and "superhuman" principle of self-will (or of "will to power") proved unfitted for the basis of life. The individual consequences of it Raskolnikov experienced in himself. As to the social consequences he conceived them in his dreadful dream in Siberia during the period of his delirium.

In that dream Raskolnikov saw the whole world "desolated by an unknown and terrible plague, which, coming from the interior of Asia, spread over all countries; all perished except a few elect. Parasites of a new character, microscopical beings, fixed their home in the human body! But these animalculæ were breathing creatures, endued with intellect and will. Persons affected became immediately mad. But, strange to say, the stricken were, at the same time, imbued with a strong sense of their own good judgment; never did they think themselves so strongly endowed with wisdom and intellectual vigour or scientific conclusions and moral perceptions so correct as now. Whole villages and towns, the entire population became tainted, and lost their reason. They were incapable of understanding one another, because each believed himself the sole possessor of truth, and looking upon his unenlightened neighbours, beat his breast, threw up his arms and wept. They could not agree upon any point, knew not what to consider evil, what good, and they fell upon one another in anger and killed; they formed great armies; but, once in motion, they tore each other to pieces. . . . In towns the alarm was great, meetings were called, but for what and by whom, none knew. The commonest trade was abandoned, because everybody had his own idea as to the mode of pursuing it, but no two agreed. Agriculture was also abandoned. People gathered together in crowds, agreed upon a common action, swearing never to abandon one another, then immediately rushed to something else, forgot their agreement, and ended in rushing upon and murdering each other. Incendiarism was rife everywhere, and famine set in. Everything perished. The pestilence raged more and more. . . ."

Who does not recognise in this pestilence—the pestilence of "self-will" and the plague of cheap so-called rationalism and materialism?

Not only the individuality, but the whole of life is fated to perish, if built only on a biological basis, on self-will, on "science and reason"—because the line between the superman and superbeast would become completely effaced. . . . "Reason had never had power to define good and evil, or even to distinguish between them even approximately; on the contrary, it has always mixed them up in a disgraceful and pitiful way; science has even given the solution by the fist"—states another hero of Dostoyevsky (Shatov).

Fortunately, life has still another and a far deeper basis than "science and reason." Or, as the above-mentioned hero says—"not a single nation has been founded on principles of science and reason. Science and reason have from the beginning of time played a

* Quotations are taken from the translation by Mrs. Garnett; the dream of Raskolnikov (III Chap.) is taken from the translation by Fr. Whishaw.

secondary and subordinate part in the life of nations. Nations are built up and moved by another force which sways and dominates them, the origin of which is unknown and inexplicable. . . ."

In Raskolnikov, as well as in many other heroes, Dostoyevsky demonstrated that single individualities, too, are not moved by "science and reason, but by another force which sways and dominates them, the origin of which is unknown and inexplicable."

Shatov called this force the "spirit of life" and defined it as a "search for God."

We may define it as the instinctive search for an absolute self-assertion, or, still better—as the eternal search for an Absolute Value.

Views and Reviews.

A PRELUDE.

WHAT Canon Streeter calls in his preface "the burning question of the Future Life" (why waste capitals?) is worthy of consideration, in at least one article, precisely because it is not a "burning" question. The free play of the speculative imagination is impossible so long as the subject of speculation is a matter of real concern to the individual; the intensity of concentration on the personal issue narrows the field of perception, and just as our soldiers are incapable of appreciating or inventing the strategy of the war while they are taking a trench, so we are really incapable of being interested in immortality while we really care whether we shall live or die. Even in this matter, it is necessary to "cast all our care upon Him," before we can even appreciate the possibility that "He careth for us." If I may make a personal confession, I do not care how long I live, and have neither fear nor hope of the future; I am living now, and so long as I live I can do no more than live in the assurance that the future never comes, that the future never is but is always to be, that it is not reality but a projection from it. As for the usual bugbear of the Judgment, I am convinced of this, that if God understands me as well as I understand myself, He will make the same allowances for me that I make; if He understands me better than I do, He will make more allowances; and if He does not understand me so well, He is no God, or, at least, no God of mine. I have had little to do with organised religion during my life; the only thing that I ever suffered from the Anglican Church was infant baptism, but I do still adhere to one article of the Creed which my godparents promised to teach me, and did not. I do believe in "the forgiveness of sins," even if I have no use for "the communion of saints," the very dull dogs who go to church. I prefer the communion of sinners; they are more amusing, and there is more godliness in them. After all, I have inhabited several heavens, one of the most delightful being in Queen's Hall when the Leeds Choral Union first sang Beethoven's Ninth Symphony; and if there be no life to come, I can still say: "I have lived"; and if there be, I shall be ready for as much of it as I shall want. Having thus put myself out of court as a theologian (for theologians are usually trying to sell us something less substantial than a pup: that is why they have to be so solemn about their business), I can turn with interest to such a volume as this.* It is a book that has so pleased me that I want to give it away, an unfortunate habit of mine that has bereft me of all good books. For this book deals a death-blow to the assumption made not only by theologians that there is, or ought to be, any occult science; there is occult

knowledge, of course, all knowledge is occult in the sense that we do not know how we become seized of it. But "there is nothing covered that shall not be revealed; neither hid, that shall not be known"; even the conjurer, the most impressive of mystery-mongers, is at last compelled to re-act to the scientific spirit, and, to make his entertainment really entertaining, to show how one, at least, of his tricks is done. The theologian has no way of arriving at the truth of religion other than that common to any other science; the facts which which he deals are those of the visible, sensible, and intelligible universe, and the mental powers that he uses for their interpretation do not differ from those used by other men for their interpretation into other terms of the same facts, or some portion of them. The only difference between the sciences is a difference of extension; each covers a certain portion of the ground of knowledge, theology should cover all the ground of all the sciences except psychology, for, to psychology, theology is a fact of equal interest with any other. The only really occult science is that known as "tricks of the trade," which is suitably rewarded in our police-courts when the Government inspectors discover it.

The conclusion to be drawn is that theology, like the science of Diogenes Teufelsdröckh, is the science of things in general; and is pre-eminently the science for laymen and even lay-women, one of whom writes in this volume. For, after all, it is our souls that will be saved or damned, and in this matter we are all Bolshevik enough to claim the right of self-determination. Besides, laymen know more about life than professional theologians do, and the presumption is strong that they can interpret eternal life more intelligibly and with less of lunatic logic than can those who claimed (until recently, at least) a monopoly of "revealed truth." For it is the crowning merit of the scientific discipline that it has taught us what Christ preached nearly in vain, the simple fact that all truth is revealed. "Consider the lilies how they grow," said Christ; He did not say: "Consider the theories of the theologians"; and, if Luke is to be believed, He did curse the lawyers, "for ye have taken away the key of knowledge." The advantage of this teaching is that it makes us free in the affairs of life, free at least of the tyranny of technical knowledge, free of the necessity of trusting in anybody but God for revealed truth. One of the most gratifying features of this volume is the fact that, of its nine essays, only three are contributed by the clergy, and they are mainly interesting for their insistence on the elementary principle of good translation that the word chosen should convey the same meaning as the original word conveyed to the original hearer. It was always bad logic (and worse temper) to insist that a finite sin could have infinite consequences, for the two series of finite and infinite coincide and do not connect by entail. To make the idea clearer, consider not the lilies but the theories of the scientists. The ether is assumed to be of infinite extension and universal penetration, while the atmosphere is limited to a few miles above the globe. There is no evidence, so far as I know, that the vibration of the atmosphere which we call sound is transmitted to the ether; Tennyson's "cry that shivered to the tingling stars" is poetry, not science. We do not hear the stars singing, but we do see them shining; and the vibration of the ether that we call light is presumably co-extensive with infinity. I preserve the analogy by saying that if we commit the sin of singing (as I frequently do) our action does not entail the disturbance of the universe, it has no infinite consequences; whereas, if we strike a match, there is not a star in the firmament of Heaven that will not wink at this ingenuity of man's creation, and the very comets will stop wandering to wonder at us. The connection between sin and suffering is, I think, similar; the sins of the flesh may entail suffering co-extensive with the

* Immortality: An Essay in Discovery Co-ordinating Scientific, Psychical, and Biblical Research. By Burnett H. Streeter, C. W. Emmett, A. Clutton-Brock, J. A. Hadfield, and the Author of "Pro Christo Et Ecclesia." (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)

flesh, the sins of the soul may entail suffering co-extensive with the soul. It is gratifying to discover, therefore, that in the opinion of Dr. Emmett, the word translated as "everlasting" does not usually mean "everlasting" but "æonian," and that it is highly probable that the Biblical writers had no conception of what we mean by everlasting damnation or beatitude. Live is eternal, and death is eternal; "the soul that sinneth, it shall die"; but suffering for sin belongs to a finite series, is æonian, and we thus get rid of the king of holy terrors, the terror of eternally watching suffering that we are eternally unable to alleviate or to end.

It is in this mood of common humanity (or, as they call it, "fellowship") that the writers of this volume approach the subject from various standpoints; and I shall not be able to review their essays in one article; on the contrary, I feel inclined to devote several articles to the subject. For although I think it is absurd to talk or think about life after death (*ex nihilo nihil fit*), it is impossible to write intelligibly about immortality without throwing light upon life, and life is really very interesting if we do not take it too seriously. God probably regards the whole creation with a twinkle in His eye, and thinks, even as we do sometimes, what a funny world it is, as, indeed, it must be if it is presented to Him as an Everlasting Now, as this volume suggests. Imagine being able to see *Pithecanthropus erectus* and Lord Beaverbrook at once, or the pterodactyl and a toy Pekinese glaring at each other down the ages, or the whole world fighting for the right on two opposing sides, and even the astrologers interpreting victory and defeat from the same horoscope! If He can be explanatory of morals and even manners ("put off the shoes from off thy feet," etc.), as He was to Moses, if He could be wrathful whenever an Old Testament prophet was within earshot, or a spectator of such a duel as that between Satan and Job, or become actively benevolent in the life of Christ, I see no a priori reason why He should not also have a sense of humour, be the Aristophanes as well as the Charles Haddon Spurgeon of the universe. If it be objected that we can only approach Him in worship and reverence (the old fallacy of the devout), we find the answer in the Gospels: "God is a spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth"; and the spirit of good humour is better than most, that is why the mood is called "good spirits." And we should never forget that Nietzsche, who was surprisingly religious for an Atheist, said: "And he who laughs best to-day will laugh also in the end." If God should be above a joke, then no wise man will desire immortality.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Gadflights. By C. Langdon Everard. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. net.)

Most of us who have enjoyed the soupçon of satire with which "C. L. E.," or "Gadfly," has flavoured the "Herald" will be gratified by this collection of his contributions. He deserved reprinting; if the "Herald" was the livelier for the presence of his work, his work is the livelier for the absence of the "Herald," although Mr. Thomas Burke's preface nearly drowns him in the slaver of sentimentality. "C. L. E." ought to write a "gadfly" on this preface for his next volume, for to introduce a satirist as though he were a sentimentalist is to do him a bad turn, and one bad turn deserves a good turn. For the purpose of satire is not to make people feel, not to express "a passionate hatred . . . a glowing fury . . . an intense pity," and all the other epithets of Mr. Thomas Burke; it is simply an attempt to make people think by reducing the subject to reasonable dimensions. Whatever a satirist touches, he cools, he makes commensurable by the intelligence; in that dry light, the emotional content is evaporated, and

the pinch of common sense that remains is usually contributed by the satirist, not by his victim. It is precisely the "bull at the gate" tactics that the satirist derides, and to suggest that his method has any relation to that state of passionate feeling that he attempts to correct is to render oneself a suitable subject for satire. Mr. Thomas Burke deserves to get it not, as "C. L. E." would say, "in the neck," but in the intelligence. The satirist must save himself from his friends if he would keep unblunted the very weapon of which they profess to admire his use.

The most obvious quality is "C. L. E.'s" verbal dexterity. He uses cliché and slang habitually, but instantly gives them a novel twist to express a new meaning. Having said, for example, that a certain case gave Mr. Donald Maclean (be-knighted now, we think) an opportunity of "airing his views," the comment is instantly made that "they appear to have needed airing." When he interviewed "The Perplexed Prophet," he began: "Old Moore?"; and the prophet retorted that "I can 'old more than you're likely to pay for, young feller." In the latter case, the effect is even more powerful than in the first, for he has a general conception of "The Perplexed Prophet" to express. He represents the aspirant to omniscience as aspiring without aspirates; he certainly does not give him two aspirin, but he does show him seeing stars, three of them on a bottle of "familiar spirits," of course, and the voice of the heavens is therefore suitably husky, and the seer is a "blind" seer in the slang sense. The prediction that "The Prophet would not be surprised if the war ceases about the same time as peace is declared," is quite in the right vein; and the example of black magic at the end rounds off the sketch nicely. It is along this line of critical creation, instead of critical comment, that we advise "C. L. E." to develop; good as some of his other sketches are, they have a local appeal, and require him to deal too literally with facts. A more general conception will give him more scope for the full play of his faculties; he will not have to press so relentlessly on the collar of his subject. For example, the point of "Mrs. Brown's Allowance" is the absurdity of rich people trying to instruct poor people how to live poorly, or economically, as the term goes; Mr. Neil Lyons, in "Kitchener Chaps," hit it out in a phrase: "Get a bone, and boil it"; but he was too indignant to develop it into a really good sketch. More recently, the American Bankers' Association, which consists of sixteen hundred representatives of important banking houses, has been advertising in the Press under this caption: "God Bless the Household that Boils Potatoes with the Skins on." This bone of economical contention has much meat on it; the situation is so rich in comic possibilities (imagine bankers dispensing the blessing of God, as though Dives were Divine) that it is worth more than one sketch, more general and more subtle treatment than the exaggerations of "Mrs. Brown's Allowance." The conception is perfectly clear, and should be kept clear; but it would be better treated in the dramatic dialogue style of "The Perplexed Prophet" than in the personally critical style of "Mrs. Brown's Allowance," and "C. L. E." would not exhaust the theme in a volume of sketches. Incidentally, it would help him to cure one defect of style. His command of slang is so complete that it sometimes becomes his ordinary style, and many effects, particularly of suavity, are marred by the irruption of a slang phrase. The dramatic dialogue would enable "C. L. E." to separate his two styles of speech, to throw them into contrast, and widen the range of his effects. It would lead him on to characterisation, to drama that could actually be played; and we need a writer of low comedy for the stage at the present time. The dramatic conflict of our time is the class war, expressed for dramatic purposes in the conflict of standards; and if "C. L. E." will translate his subject-

matter into persons, he will not only find a fuller exercise of his gifts, but another public to enjoy them.

The Night Club. By Herbert Jenkins. (Jenkins, 5s. net.)

When "The Bodley Head" nods, we get a volume of humorous sketches written by the publisher's wife. The appearance of "Maria" is an event, something that "falls out," as the dictionary explains; and at least we have the satisfaction of knowing that Maria is created by the publisher's better half. But what can we say when the publisher manufactures his own humour, brings "Bindle" to the bar of public opinion, and confidently proffers him as an example of Cockney humour? We are safe in saying one thing, which is always regarded as complimentary by those who, like Karshish, feel "an itch to write, a sting, a tang"; this book is unique. We do not say that books like this have not been written before; but we are sure that they have never been published. "Bindle is a journeyman pantechnicon-man, with an unquenchable thirst for fun," says his author; and we are glad of the assurance, for we know that where Bindle is, there should fun be. But we are not quite sure whether Bindle is a fun-producer or a fun-consumer; the "unquenchable thirst" suggests the latter. If this be so, we should expect that the fun which should be where Bindle is would not long be there, that he would "mop up," as he would say, Joe Miller, John Falstaff, and Juvenal in one gulp. Every joke that has gone astray should be sought for in Bindle; all the orphans, all the exiles, all the outlaws of humour should be sought for within that capacious mouth. With Falstaff, we may remember, there was reciprocity in humour; he was not only witty himself, but the cause that wit was in other men. But Bindle establishes direction; being lifted up, he draws all jokes to himself, gathers them to his bosom, enjoys them secretly. He is full of humour which he does not impart; nobody ever took a joke out of his mouth. His humour is as secret as the ballot; he guards it as the treasure of his soul, and his occulted gift does not unkennel in one speech. Hamlet's deduction that "it is a damn'd ghost that we have seen," need not be accepted too literally; after all, the picture of Bindle does suggest some resemblance to Gus Elen, and if Gus Elen would only take Bindle round London and show him "where 'is uncle 'e was 'ung," Bindle might, in his next volume, do real service to the public. It was really his continence that made Sallie regard him as "the most perfect gentle person I've met"; but to give, and not to have and to hold, is the characteristic of the humorist.

Merely Players. By Lucy Dale and G. M. Faulding. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

It takes 384 pages to get the right couple married, but the combined exertions of the authors are successful at last. It takes two to make a novel of this kind where "there is nothing either good or evil, but thinking makes it so." It is difficult to be interested in Denis Ainslie, a Civil Servant with an instinct for the line of least resistance; and we can only suppose that he has "unsuspected powers." His laugh is frequently mentioned, but what he laughs at is a mystery; but, presumably, the laugh is intended to suggest esprit, in contrast to the virility and brute strength of Bevan Lloyd. Esprit in the Colonial Office; that must be the reason why the Colonial Premiers declared their loyalty to the Throne. There are two women; one who fizzles into farce, and really desires the Bohemian life of a successful playwright, in collaboration, of course, the other, the good woman with strong passions and a virginal manner and mind. Denis Ainslie marries the first, regrets it, and at last marries the second; and finds satisfaction in both his home and Colonial offices.

"Producers by Brain."

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

THE ALABASTER BOX.

SOME of the readers of this column must have shared my own surprise on reading the recent declaration by the Dean of St. Paul's that the mission of the Church was to foster art, science and literature. If Dean Inge is aware of a single instance in the last fifty years of the Church having lifted a finger on behalf of any such object, I hope he will let me hear of it.

There have been ages in which the Church patronised the arts of building and painting, to her own very great advantage. It is to her cathedrals and altarpieces that she is indebted for a great deal of such respect as is still felt for her. It is also the case that in former times almost every man of letters found himself, as a matter of course, in the ranks of the clergy. But it is not the case that even then the Church distinguished writers as such by any great favour; and as soon as real literature rose again from the dead in such writers as Petrarch and Dante and Chaucer, the Church left it severely alone.* Of science it surely goes without saying that every Christian Church has hitherto proved the unscrupulous foe.

Only once in my experience have I heard a sympathetic word about genius from the pulpit, and that was withdrawn as soon as uttered. The preacher was dealing with the famous story of the alabaster box of ointment, and he rashly remarked that it might be well to show a little more consideration for men of genius in their lifetime. But he hastened to qualify that observation by explaining that the true representatives of Jesus, the persons really entitled to the contents of the alabaster box to-day, were the members of his own profession. The collection was taken for some fund for the benefit of the clergy.

A great many of the clergy are underpaid, no doubt, and more would be so if they were worthier of their office. But how greatly would their claims on the public be increased, and how much would it be to their material and spiritual advantage, if they could bring themselves to recognise the priesthood of literature, and to enter into relations with it. Is there a single minister of any church, Established or "Free," who has ever felt called upon to impress on his flock the debt they owe to literature or to art, and to urge on them the duty of doing something to discharge that debt? The medical profession, at all events in London, is generous in its treatment of the artist; if any artist, practising any art, has ever received a helping hand from the clergy, I hope he will let me hear of it. I do not suggest, of course, that a clergyman would refuse charity to a pauper merely because he suspected him of being a poet. The days when actors were refused Christian burial are probably past. But has the Church, by any of its representatives, ever shown the least consciousness that genius, as such, may have claims not inferior to those of the heathen or even of the poor?

The policy of Judas Iscariot, it is recorded, was not to waste the precious ointment on the Teacher, but to sell it and give the money to the poor. Which is the policy of the Church?

ALLEN UPWARD.

* To-day the Church is represented in literature by the Parish Magazine, and respectable literary agencies refuse to touch religious publications.

Pastiche.

THE DEMIGOD.

By S. SERGEYEV-TSENSKY. (Translated from the Russian by P. SILVER.)

At wealthy Corinth, in the house of Megacles, the highly revered, the minstrels stood and chanted their melodies.

There were two of them—a youth and an old man.

At first the old man sang in a quavering and feeble voice, and the youth accompanied him sadly upon a seven-stringed lyre.

What can the old man sing about? He sang about the olden time when the sun glowed more ardently, when fruits grew more amply, when wine was more intoxicating. He sang about the olden time, when heroes lived whose places none had come to take. He sang how in the gloomy chasms of Hades rove the mournful shadows of mortals.

A feast was being held in the house of Megacles. On the long couch behind the table the guests reclined and drank thick Cyprus wine from costly goblets.

And none listened to the old man.

But he ceased, and the youthful minstrel began to sing. In a sonorous and powerful voice he sang melodies which no man had hitherto heard. The melodies had been fashioned by a mighty master, and they celebrated the praises of the proud mind of man.

"Man is a demigod," ran the words of them, "but the time will come when he shall be a god."

"Man is plunged in dreams," ran the words of them, "but the time will come when the dreams shall be reality."

"Yonder, amid the glimmering depths of future ages, his gaze is fixed, as if it were riveted there."

"The time will come when even the young men shall not stammer about what has been."

"Utterly filled with the present, utterly the creator of the future, unsubmissive and holding sway over all, man shall stand upon earth vanquished by him."

"And when he has gained sway over all, he shall be a god."

The final cadences of his voice and the strains of the lyre were just resounding, when the guests of Megacles rose up from the table to gaze upon the minstrel.

And he stood there youthful and comely, with black tresses and a proud glance.

"Who fashioned these melodies?" the guests inquired.

"I heard them," replied the minstrel, "when I was yet a lad, in my native Eanthus, from Demades, an exile from Athens."

On the next day, three rich youths journeyed across the Gulf of Corinth to tiny Eanthus, that they might reverence Demades, even as a demigod.

"He must be tall as this mast!" said one of them, with eyes flashing.

"He must be mighty as this sea during a tempest!" said the second.

"He must be beautiful as the evening star in yonder sky!" said the third dreamily.

In tiny Eanthus Demades, the exile from Athens, was pointed out to them.

On a dirty mat in a courtyard sat a decrepit cripple. His head was grey with the remains of disbevelled, matted hair.

With lean and grimy hands he was intently and eagerly searching for vermin in his tattered tunic.

DAWN.

The day lies half awake,
Still fair the fleeting colours of her dream
Linger on sky and sea: low in the west
The last reluctant star withdraws its gleam
Before the ripening sun, to tardy nest
In far serene.

A soft mist hides
The scars of earth from heaven's bewildered eye:
For silent moments, held 'twixt dreams and day
Time bows before a brief eternity,
Till sun and wind restore his realm, and lay
On man his memories.

T. A. COLLINS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Sir,—May I, though a little late, offer a few comments on Mr. Warnock's article dealing with a League of Nations? Mr. Warnock seems to me to be confusing several distinct issues. He complains that the League of Nations "has never yet been comprehensively discussed," that "its provisions are left as vague as its powers; nothing about it has been defined." If Mr. Warnock will consult the voluminous publications of the League of Nations Society, the Fabian Society, of Mr. Brailsford, Mr. Hobson, Mr. Lowes Dickinson, and the League to Enforce Peace, he will, I think, have cause to modify his opinion. The powers and constitution of a league have been most meticulously defined, and it has been discussed too comprehensively for the patience and intellectual digestion of very many people. But Mr. Warnock's article shows that he does not really mean that its constitution or powers have not been defined by those who support it. The formation of a league has been supported for certain definite reasons and its powers and constitution defined in order to attain those objects. There are innumerable causes of war of which only one is capitalism. Abolish capitalism and there will still be danger of wars unless you provide some means of settling disputes and regulating relations between national communities. If war is not a blessing it is not altogether a useless object to suggest means whereby such disputes might be settled and relations regulated pacifically. That is the object of the idea of a League of Nations, and it has been discussed and defined in accordance with that object. Mr. Warnock's real complaint is that its supporters do not attempt to deal with all the causes of war at the same time. He might as well complain that Homer did not write the Iliad in the form of a sonnet or that Othello is not a comedy, or that a man who is digging the foundations of a house has not put on the chimney pots. Or rather he is objecting to the man digging the foundations because some day the owner of the house may neglect to sweep the chimneys and a fire will break out. Of course the capitalist classes may get hold of the League and misuse it. Any good thing may be put to a bad use. But that is an argument not against a league but against capitalist society. You cannot guard against that danger by touching the powers or constitution of the League, but only by altering the powers and constitution of national society. Mr. Warnock is under a misapprehension, too, when he says that this question has not been discussed by the supporters of a league: it has, for instance, been discussed in the columns of "War and Peace."

Finally, may I ask Mr. Warnock to explain how exactly the League could be used, quâ League, "in the war of internationally organised capitalists upon the less well organised international proletariat?"

LEONARD WOOLF.

[In Mr. Warnock's absence, Mr. S. Verdad has dealt with some of Mr. Woolf's contentions in his article this week.]

* * *

PACIFIST LABOUR CANDIDATES.

Sir,—The men who have been fighting for their country are being given the vote. So are their wives, or, at least, as many of them as have reached what the Government apparently considers the "safe" age of thirty. It is an undoubted fact that the great majority of these electors will be ready and anxious to exercise their franchise right. There seems to be some need, however, to point out that the granting of the vote is not, of itself, sufficient. The patriotic electors, men and women, need, in addition to the vote, satisfactory candidates for whom they can register that vote.

For a large class of voters these satisfactory candidates do not appear to be forthcoming. I refer to patriotic men and women with Labour convictions. Necessarily, a very large number of soldiers and sailors, and their wives, believe that their representatives should be Labour men, not capitalists belonging to either of the older parties. But here the patriotic worker at present finds himself in a difficulty. He wishes to be faithful to his class, but he wishes no less to be faithful to his national feelings. These wishes,

thanks to I.L.P. wirepulling, the Labour Party in many constituencies will not let him gratify. They tell him that, if he votes at all, he must either vote for a capitalist candidate or for a notorious Pacifist Labour candidate. Surely, patriotic Labour men and women deserve better than to be confronted with such an unfair and unsatisfactory choice.

Take, for example, what seems likely to happen in places like Blackburn, Leicester, Attercliffe, West Bradford, and Bow and Bromley. In all these places patriotic Labour men and women, unless something is done to remedy the situation, will have to choose, in exercising their franchise, between supporting the capitalist candidates and pacifists like Messrs. Snowden, MacDonald, Anderson, Jowett, and Lansbury. Such a choice is virtual disfranchisement, for the genuine Labour men and women will not vote for either a Conservative or Liberal capitalist. Is there a way out, and if so, what is it?

Fortunately there is a remedy, but no time must be lost in applying it. It is for bona fide patriotic Labour candidates—the day of the Tory democrat and the Liberal-Labour man is over—to oppose the Labour Pacifists, in defiance of the caucus, wherever they stand. There would be no difficulty in finding candidates. Amongst the hundreds of thousands of Labour men who have fought and suffered in their country's service are a large number of suitable candidates whose Labour bona fides are above suspicion, and whose title and competence to fight Labour's battles are, at the very least, equal to those of the Pacifists.

There remains the money difficulty. This should not be insuperable, as under the new law electioneering will be comparatively inexpensive. A few thousand pounds would provide all that is necessary to give patriotic Labour men and women the opportunity, which they manifestly deserve, of voting according to their class and their national convictions. Cannot the thing be done?

The writer, who is at present convalescing after a wound, would be glad to assist in organising such a scheme.

E. T.

GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN.

Sir,—Is it possible to compose industrial unrest during and after the war? The following suggestion is made: It depends upon the recognition by the whole country that, when a capitalist brings money to start an industrial business, and the men bring their labour to the same business, the capitalist and the man are bringing equally indispensable help, and should equally share the profits.

Let it be agreed, by law if necessary (and a law would certainly be necessary), that no business whatsoever, employing workmen, shall distribute to the shareholders or proprietors more than, say, 10 per cent. profit, and that all profits exceeding that amount shall be equally divided among the working proprietors or workpeople of the business. That is, that a boy employee shall receive the same share of the excess as the managing director.

Revolutionary, you say? Of course it is. But if some such peaceful revolution is not made, there is likely to be a bloody one.

The writer has always hitherto been on the side of the employer, but the obvious drift of things has made him change his views, much against his own interest and pocket.

What good results would follow from the suggested change?

(1) It would become a principle that the man with the money brings no more to a business than the man with the hands. This should have the effect of bringing employers and employed together and removing friction between them.

(2) It would be directly in the interest of every man to work for the profit of the business.

(3) Loss of time and reduction of effort by a workman would be visited on him by his fellows.

(4) Demands for increased wages, which would cripple a business, would cease, being opposed to the men's interests.

(5) Cases of wages being too low would be put right, because the men would see to it, despite their own share in the profits, that no one was underpaid.

(6) If a business was returning less than 10 per cent., then this fact would be known to the men, and economies of wages or salaries, or a change of method, or an increase of effort, would be made by agreement between employers and employed, so as to increase the profit.

The men would soon get to understand that capital was indispensable, and that if the workmen, by slack or bad work, or by unjust demands for wages, not only reduced this profit below 10 per cent., but crippled the business, it could not be carried on.

As to the boy, named above, receiving the same share as the owner, why not? It is merely the newness of the idea that is so striking. The common sense of it is obvious. You want his best work, just as you want the efficiency of the cotter-pin in a powerful steam-engine.

And what of the capitalist? Will his money be withdrawn in consequence of its being no longer possible for him to make large profits? Emphatically no. The British industrial investment pool is much too large to be ignored.

And what of the trade unions? Their existence might become unnecessary, and would certainly become less necessary. But Labour could not very well resist an enactment so greatly in its interests, even if the Labour barrel-thumpers, in the House and outside, foresaw the ending of much of their usefulness.

And so it is possible, and in the writer's opinion probable, that the lion would lie down with the lamb, and that the country would see an enormous development of the normal peace-time productivity, due to the removal of those causes of its paralysis which have damaged our country and have set class against class.

If these causes are not removed, then look out. For nothing, in that case, will stop an open collision between Labour and Capital.

It will be observed that the question of the best pay for the best brains, or hands, is not touched. All these questions would automatically adjust themselves, it being to the direct interest of both employed and employer to have the best brains and hands available, and these will always fetch their price.

Monopolies could not long endure, and bloated profits would tend to cease, thus inviting competition and cheapening the selling price of the commodities sold.

Demands for higher wages are not more the cause of present conditions than is the set determination of Capital to make the most it can, in place of the most it ought.

Capital must climb down, and will not, by doing so, suffer so much as if it continues to copy Humpty Dumpty. At present most large concerns could easily raise all wages by 10 per cent., by economies in bloated salaries, fees, expenses, etc., or by better machines. Do they do it. No. And why? Because they feel it would be an encroachment on the 15, 20, 40, 100 per cent. profit they are pocketing. The men know this. Is unrest not therefore natural?

In the Field.

X. Y. Z.

PAINTED DRAGONS.

Sir,—I may fairly claim as an ally your Reviewer of wide reading who, in the issue of January 31, devoted a full column and more to my "Lawyer." We are in cordial agreement on the altogether undue and undesirable supremacy of the advocate and his talisman the jury. That is a satisfactory understanding for joint efforts. It covers all immediate operations inasmuch as demolition must precede construction or even reconstruction. The extreme urgency of this preliminary work appears from the fact that we are actually living under Lynch Law owing to a jury having been completely hypnotised by a forensic display to the extent of disregarding the judge's summing up. The condition he described as Lynch Law, or the law of the individual, was then realised with the grave consequences which "A. E. R." attributes, quite justly, to the legal indulgence of crime.

When the time for reconstruction arrives I am not without hope of seeing eye to eye with your Reviewer. I suggest that his reading has tended to conjure up lions in the path which will prove to be stuffed figures. Painted dragons can be made gruesome enough to frighten the eye of childhood, and our public are

babes in legal matters. The latest addition to this menagerie is the asseveration that "The English Common Law represents the average feeling of average Englishmen all down the centuries. Compared with this the German system is a code of law, worked out on principles which a few despotic lawgivers have laid down."

In a word Codes breathe an uncanny spirit of despotism and revolution. That monster is a form of the appeal to prejudice so dear to the heart of the professional persuader. This interested vapouring is intelligible in a journal edited by a member of the Bar. For practical guidance a record of feeling is futile; we want definite standards.

Your Reviewer is somewhat impressed by the fear of abuses arising out of the adroit administratif. There is no occasion for anxiety. If we take whatever is best in the French and German Codes, we do not therefore introduce a tyranny of the State. Nor is there any substance in the contention of M. Faguet that codification would saddle us with a contingent of tyrannical functionaries. He is mistaken in thinking that we have redress against judicial freaks at present.* His assertion that men in the judicial career in France "advance rapidly if they render services to the Government" describes conditions under the second Empire with some approach to accuracy. If similar conditions obtain to-day, the circumstance is extremely regrettable. But, for the life of me, I cannot follow the inference (which underlies your Reviewer's quotation) that this drawback is a necessary concomitant of the Code. It is not. It is the persistence of an evil tradition older by centuries than the Code.

With your permission I should like to mention briefly how I approach the subject. Accustomed for long years to scientific work, I cherish the hope that one day our sages will evolve a science of law. That time is not yet; but even when it comes, the vast majority of people will have neither time nor inclination to study the co-relation and interdependence of a great Code. But that is no reason why its provisions should not be clearly and comprehensively set out for the guidance of the laity. Our neighbours enjoy and appreciate this boon. Your Reviewer calls it mechanical justice. Are we to wait for the ideal justice adumbrated by a great judge, Lord Langdale, when all taxes on justice such as court and barristers' fees would be things of the past? Maeterlinck tells us in "The Blue Bird" that (ideal) justice has never been seen upon the earth.

I venture to submit this parallel case to your Reviewer: the user of electric light cannot be expected to acquaint himself with the phenomena of induction, capacity, resistance and potential, and the true inwardness of *ohm, volt, and farad*. He has *other fish to fry*. He requires a simple contrivance for turning on the light. Nor should he be deterred from availing himself of such an illuminant by the fear that faulty wiring may, by short-circuiting, burn his house down. Similarly the layman may reasonably expect from our highly paid legal pundits such simple, prompt, and readily accessible guidance as our neighbours enjoy. Their appreciation is its best testimonial. Instead of conjuring up difficulties and playing into the hands of a huge vested interest, should we not rather direct our endeavours to coming into line with our neighbours?

I conclude with an extract from Sir Henry S. Maine, who is worth many Faguets and Diceys. "The Code Napoleon," he writes, "may be described with great accuracy as a compendium of the rules of Roman Law. . . . At the fall of the Bonapartist Empire in 1815 most of the restored Governments had the strongest desire to expel the intrusive jurisprudence which had substituted itself for the ancient customs of the land. It was found, however, that the people prized it as the most precious of their possessions. So steady, indeed, and so resistless has been the diffusion of this Romanised jurisprudence either in its original or in a slightly modified form that the civil law of the whole Continent is clearly destined to be absorbed and lost in it. . . ."

* "Holding that no action is maintainable against a judge for anything done by him as a judge in court, Mr. Justice Dodd in Dublin yesterday granted an application by Judge Craig, the Recorder of Belfast, to stay an action brought against him by Mr. Tugham, a solicitor."—"Daily Mail," February 8, 1918.

A written jurisprudence identical through five-sixths of its tenor regulates at the present moment a community monarchical and in some respects deeply feudalised like Austria and a community dependent for its existence on commerce like Holland: a society so near the pinnacle of civilisation as France and one as primitive and as little cultivated as Southern Italy. . . . Surely codification . . . indicates one of the highest and worthiest of human endeavours." W. D.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

At the very moment when we ought to be united in order to drive home the wedge between militarism and democracy in Germany, our own people are threatening to divide their strength and thus to lose the advantage offered us by the people of Germany.

Everything else, it appears, is to be changed by the war save the commodity-character of the labourer.

What is wanted to quicken the languishing atmosphere of Labour is the vision of a new world.

Everything depends upon our success in integrating the Trade Unions and in requiring them to accept a responsibility equivalent to their proven power.

The workshops of to-day are the Soviets of to-morrow.

We appeal once more to the Labour Party to set its industrial house in order before entering upon an ambitious political campaign.

The destruction of Prussian militarism is merely the negative of which the positive is the liberation of the German democracy.

If the Allies were to affirm that their object in the war is to put the German people in possession of their own Government, the affirmation would demonstrate clearly to the German people that they have nothing to lose but their chains.—"Notes of the Week."

Citizen rights and consumers' interests are in different categories.

Whatever the State does in relation to the Guilds it must unify and not divide its citizens.—S. G. H.

Either an Absolute Value or—an absolute void!—
JANKO LAVRIN.

Evolution left the molluscs behind, and went on with the free-swimming organisms.

We must be able to slip our everyday moorings at will, and return to them at will.

There are people who will grab at an example without giving a thought to process.

We must be able to look at things when we choose, and through them when we choose.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

To be able to read the "Mahabharata" without discovering a great moral or spiritual concept is to be unable to find water in the sea.

Criticism of Eastern thought will never be effective without appreciation of Indian thought.

Not everybody is to be trusted to give a correct report of his experiences.

There is nothing a successful tyrant loves more than a rebellious subject.

Puritanism is defenceless against Puritanism only.—
R. H. C.

Musical accent is not put on with the eyebrows.

The tragedy of Rossini's life was to have died before the invention of the cinematograph.—WILLIAM ATHELING.

The law does not prescribe death for adultery, and should not be allowed to condone it without protest.

There is no reason why our gratitude to our soldiers for supporting the cause of law and order in international affairs should make us tolerate the legal indulgence of their passionate crimes against domestic law which, by granting them impunity, is encouraging the increase of homicide in this country.—A. E. R.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

How far the agitation for the control of particular industries by those engaged in them is sincere and spontaneous is not readily to be determined, but the idea is being propagated diligently by those brilliant young intellectuals, with precise mathematical brains and cocksure mannerisms, who, out of the depths of a knowledge which is entirely academic, pose constantly as the interpreters of the aspirations of Labour, their deficiency in the sense of humour accounting for their inability to perceive the absurdity of their attitude. Speaking and writing as teachers and guides, they are in effect advocates, being by temperament partisans who are incapable of conceding that any point of view excepting that which is theirs at the moment is worthy of consideration. No room for unevenness or imperfection is provided in their theories, based as they are upon a humanity which can be weighed and measured and organised until each unit fits into its place like a brick in a building.—“Kentish Mercury.”

The Bishop of Chelmsford, in addressing the Islington Conference of Clergymen on Problems of Peace, said:

Labour would be unwise, Labour would commit a great crime against coming generations if, after the war, she permitted a continuation of pre-war conditions of labour. Are we prepared as Christian leaders to endorse this statement? Upon our answer will depend largely whether Labour is more and more alienated from organised Christianity or drawn closely into connection with it. What Labour will demand will virtually spell Revolution. Yet let us be clear as to what this really means. Revolution may mean turning towards heaven or hell. For instance, take the relation between Capital and Labour. Before the war it could scarcely have been worse, notwithstanding the fact that many of the leaders on both sides were men of real religious instincts. What is proposed for the future? Let me quote the words of Harry Gosling, lately president of the Trades Union Congress. He says: “Labour will demand some share in the direction of industry, not regarding the buying and selling of goods, but a voice equal with the management of deciding the daily conditions of employment in which we spend our working lives, the atmosphere and the conditions in which we have to work, the hours of beginning and ending work, the conditions of remunerations, and even the manners and practices of the foremen with whom we have to be in contact.”

Is there anything ethically wrong in this demand? If granted, it would do much to ease the situation and to enable Capital and Labour to join together in meeting and overcoming the gigantic difficulties which will beset the industrial world. . . . In themselves the demands of Labour may seem sordid, mercenary, and materialistic, but to those who have eyes to see there lies between them ideals high and lofty. The true and best type of Labour leader is instinct with ideals, and in all his efforts he keeps one end ever in view: that all work must be arranged so that men may have time and opportunity to live. He does not want shorter hours that he may loaf and drink, but live. He does not want more money for its own sake, but that it may help him to live. He feels his life is stunted, and he wants the opportunity for growth and development. The Labour movement is in many respects far more spiritual than materialistic.—“The Herald.”

In the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, the sittings of which were resumed yesterday at the Church House, Westminster, the Bishop of Peterborough brought forward the question of industrial reconstruction after the war and moved the following resolution:—

“That it is incumbent upon the Church at the present time to do all in its power to second the efforts now being made in many quarters to inaugurate a truer

fellowship, both in spirit and in organisation, between all who are engaged in the industries of the nation, and particularly in view of the critical period which will follow the conclusion of peace.”

The Bishop quoted from Mr. Henderson’s statement in the “Times” of February 1, to the effect that at no period during the war has the industrial situation been as grave and so pregnant with disastrous possibilities as it is to-day. Yet, he said, the stress of the situation did not lie only or even mainly in the present emergency. To-day seven millions of our wage-earners were engaged in war work. The moment peace was certain, every effort would be made to stop this expenditure and gradually to reduce this work to more normal dimensions. This would probably mean, unless the utmost care and foresight were exercised, unemployment on a colossal scale, reduction of wages, and lowering of standard rates, owing to the glut of labour available; and this at a time of grave discontent with our industrial system. If ever the nation had the need and the right to call to the Church for spiritual help that would be the moment. There must be a determination in the Church as well as in the State frankly to face the difficulties. In the nation and in all classes there were men who could only be described as anti-fellowship men, including the profiteers and reactionary employers, men who showed themselves wholly out of touch with the sentiment and outlook of the workers, and were planning to make a few leisurely repairs in a powder magazine which might at any moment explode and blow them to pieces.

At present time the Church’s conscience was fast leaping into life, and if the State had its carefully thought out plans for the coming days of peace so must the Church. Their first duty was to think. Let them all bring fresh minds to fresh problems. Such thought would lead at once to a revision of values. It would show up the absurd importance which during the last 100 years had been attached to money. Hitherto the Church had been content to acquiesce, not merely in the exaggerated estimate of money, but in the spending of it. Before the war we were rich with an almost nauseating ostentation. Bond Street reeked with luxurious irrelevancies. Yet we were too poor to build either houses for our townspeople or decent cottages for our labourers. The revision of values would lead to the conception of industry as a national service rather than a private adventure for profit. The nationalisation of the railways after war was to be desired from an economic point of view. He did not deny that the views he had expressed would be strong meat for some. People might shout “Socialism” at the top of their voices. He had never been a professed Socialist, but he had come to believe that we were being urged along some such path as he had indicated, not merely by the spirit of the age, but by the spirit of Him who was the King of the Ages. To re-think our religion, to repent of our corporate sins, to re-shape our common life: that was the duty to which they were summoned.—“Times.”

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