

NEW AGE

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN place of our usual notes on current topics we are publishing this week a series of replies to questions relating to the war. The questions have been collected in part from correspondence received, and in part from pacifist and Labour literature in general. They are not, of course, put forward as being exhaustive.

* * *

(1) *What is the war about?*

Though, after nearly four years of war, this question should be ridiculous, it is in truth not so; for the real object of the war has only slowly manifested itself, and is only now coming into clear visibility. Various views have hitherto prevailed in both camps, that is to say, both among the Allies and in Germany; and every view has had its supporters and been able to produce more or less evidence for itself. Within the last few months, however, and chiefly in consequence of the second Russian Revolution—the pacifist revolution, as we may call it—the positive and original object of Prussia has become unmistakably clear: it is to obtain an unfettered freedom to exploit the Slav peoples for the purpose, first, of dominating Europe and, afterwards, of dominating the world. This having now been proved to be the aboriginal purpose of the war, not only does it follow that Prussia is alone responsible for the war, having actually initiated it with this object in view, but it also follows that the Allies have no other commensurate object but defence. Any positive objects they may have fancied themselves to entertain and the publication of which has often put the Allies in a bad light have been irrelevant, subsidiary, or provisional. None of them is of the least importance in comparison with the object of defending the liberty of Europe and the world against the domination of Prussia.

* * *

(2) *But is not the fear of Prussian domination a mere bogey?*

On many occasions, it is true, the cry of "Wolf! Wolf!" has been raised by our governing classes. Lord Rosebery, we remember, prophesied the end of the world from the passing of the Trades Disputes Act. Lord Milner saw the ruin of the Empire in the

abolition of the veto of the House of Lords. We have always, in fact, been on the eve of disaster in the opinion of one or other of our governing cliques. Faith in their word is thus after these experiences a plant of slow growth in the popular mind, and we are not in the least surprised that even at this moment many people cannot be induced to believe in the reality of the Prussian menace. It, too, will pass, they say, when it has served the turn of our ruling classes. The truth, however, is that the long falsely-threatened Wolf is here at last. The menace of Prussia is real. The Wolf is at our doors; and between us and it stand only our armies and our wits. Once let either of these defences fail us, as, in spite of all our incredulity they may, there is no means of preventing Prussia achieving her grand object of dominating Europe and the world.

* * *

(3) *Is it conceivable that Prussians, being human like ourselves, should pursue such an aim, knowing full well all the horrors it must involve?*

In dealing with Prussian militarism—the religion or cult of the Prussian military caste—Europe is faced by a phenomenon of mentality hitherto unknown in the Western world and scarcely within the European imagination. Hitherto we have experienced war for glory, war for adventure, war for trade, war for security; but never before have we encountered the spirit of war as a duty and for power. Both elements enter into the Prussian cult of war. It is war for power because only by perpetually striving after increased power can the spirit of militarism be kept alive. Militarism lives on power and by power. But it is also war as a duty because Prussia has come to regard herself as the predestined pioneer of a new world-civilisation—the civilisation of German kultur. From this "superior" and missionary point of advantage Prussia looks upon the rest of the world, in the degrees of their amenability to German kultur, as we Europeans have hitherto regarded "natives" everywhere; that is to say, as objects of mingled pity and contempt whom a superior race must simultaneously exploit and educate. With kultur in one hand and a bomb in the other, Prussia thereupon proceeds to attempt, first, to subject us, and afterwards she would attempt to improve us, the one thing being the means to the other. This assump-

tion of superiority and of the duty supposed to rest upon it alone explains the easy conscience with which Prussia has committed any and every crime in the pursuit of civilising the world. The end of the superior justifies the means the inferior forces upon him. And the kultur which Prussia means to impose upon the world is assumed to be of such beneficence that it will amply compensate and justify all the crimes committed in compelling the world to accept it.

- (4) *Is not Prussian militarism a product of historical circumstances? Did not the encirclement of an expanding Germany induce a protective militarism which became aggressive only in self-defence? And would not Prussian militarism tend to disappear with the causes of it?*

The myth of the provocative encirclement of Germany by the rest of Europe was invented by Prussia as a means of inducing the German people to submit to militarism. What we have to inquire is why this encirclement began to appear unless in reply to a previous threat of forcible expansion on the part of Prussia—a threat tacitly manifested not merely in the growth of Germany, but more clearly in the cultivation of Prussian self-esteem. As a matter of fact, and apart from the convenient militarist legend, Germany had nothing to fear from her neighbours. Her strength compared with theirs has been demonstrated in the course of the war; and it has been shown to be more than equal to that of the whole of Europe. So much strength was not accumulated from fear and for defence only. It had a positive purpose. From this it follows that no amount of harmlessness on the part of her neighbours would induce Prussia to abandon her militarism.

- (5) *But was not Germany expanding in population, and therefore in need of fresh outlets for her energy?*

German emigration had almost ceased during the years before the war. Yet on the day that war was declared nearly three million cheap foreign workmen were found to be engaged in Germany.

- (6) *Then what are the German people now defending?*

Nothing more than the attempt of their Prussian masters to dominate Europe and the world.

- (7) *Is Prussian Imperialism to-day any worse than British Imperialism has been in the past?*

It is not only worse in itself from the Prussian character, and because, unlike British Imperialism, it is systematic and deliberate; but it is more dangerous to the world at large. British Imperialism has often been and still is a source of injustice here and there; but it has never been, is not now, and can never become, a menace to the whole world. For various reasons, geographical, racial, historic and the like, Prussia is the one Power whose purpose of world-dominion is practicable. Apart altogether, therefore, from the question of her relative methods of pursuing Imperialism, Prussian Imperialism is in itself a world-menace where other Imperialisms are merely troublesome.

- (8) *Would not a world-Imperialism, by whomsoever established, at least bring about a world-peace?*

Without speculating for the present on the prospect of a world under the Prussian ægis, it is obvious that even before that state of things could arrive, the whole world would be involved in war for many years, perhaps a century. Should Europe now succumb to the hegemony of Prussia; Prussia would still be required to meet the successive defences of America and Japan, neither of which Powers would have been exhausted during the present European war. At best, therefore, a Prussian victory in Europe would only inaugurate a

fresh series of world-wars; in the course of which it is certain that not only a Germanised Europe would be arrayed against the world, but those European nations still retaining a spark of liberty would be moved to revolt against the rest. Altogether, in fact, Prussia's short cut to world-power and world-peace would be the longest and bloodiest road that humanity could choose.

- (9) *What is the worst that can happen to us if Germany wins or makes a draw of the war?*

Meaning by us England, and without regard at the moment for the British Empire and all it connotes, the present victory of Germany would inevitably be followed by the regular conquest of England, for this island would then stand clearly in the way of Germany's next step towards the domination of the world. In the event of the war being drawn, the permanent militarism of England is no less inevitable. From the fact that Prussian militarism would have survived the war and increased its strength, all the reasons we had before this war for defensive armaments would be multiplied tenfold. No Government could exist here under those circumstances that did not instantly adopt the most rigorous militarism.

- (10) *Are not the objects of the Allies as Imperialist as those of Prussia?*

Even if it were, they would be of less menace to the world than the objects of Prussian Imperialism. But they are not. None of the Allies is aiming at the hegemony of Europe, and, still less, at the hegemony of the world. Moreover, it is improper, as Mr. Asquith has observed, to attribute to the Allies any positive war-aims whatever, Imperialist or other. Their single purpose is the defence of Europe and the world against the positive war-aims of Prussia.

- (11) *But do not the "secret" treaties disclose the aggressive aims of some of the Allies?*

We are not prepared to defend the "secret" treaties in their letter. But neither are the Allied Governments. Lord Milner has clearly stated that the treaties, while important, are not vital objects of the war. They are rather war-plans than war-aims; and their design has been to unite the Allies and to provide, as far as possible, guarantees against future Prussian aggression. In other words, like all the rest of Allied action, they are, mistakenly or not, defensive and not aggressive. It must be further observed that not only, on Lord Milner's word, are the terms of these treaties open to modifications at any Peace-conference, but none of them has ever been endorsed by America which is now our chief Ally, and may soon become the chief. Under these circumstances, therefore, it cannot be said that the "secret" treaties disclose any aims whatever of the Allies, save the aim of defending and securing themselves against Prussia.

- (12) *Are not the Allies fighting, like Prussia, for victory and the "knock-out blow"?*

The householder may be said to fight for victory over the armed burglar, but the combatants are nevertheless morally different. The victory for which Prussia is fighting would secure her power over us; but the victory for which the Allies are fighting would merely secure us against Prussia. In fact, it is only in a relative sense that the Allies can be said to be fighting for victory. They are fighting to avoid defeat.

- (13) *What is to be the end of it all?*

Setting aside the possibility that the war may end in a "draw," from which certain calculable consequences will follow, the end of the war must see (a) the total defeat of the Allies, from which would ensue a German Europe and, afterwards, a Germanised world; or (b) the total defeat and ruin of Prussia as a great

European Power; or (c) the democratisation of Germany and therewith her admission into the comity of democratic nations. One of these three consequences is inevitable from the definite conclusion of the war.

(14) *But has not the method of war been proved to be useless?*

Notwithstanding all that our civilised instincts have to say against the fact, it cannot be denied that for certain objects the method of war is not only "useful," but essential. Aggressive wars as well as defensive wars have undeniably "paid" in the past; and there is nothing to show that they may not "pay" again both in the present and in the future. Should Germany win in the present conflict, her aggressive war will clearly have "paid" her in the satisfaction of the desires for which she went to war. On the other hand, should the Allies win, their defensive war will as clearly have "paid" them in the preservation of their independence and security. What those must prove who contend that the method of war is obsolete and useless is that the objects attainable by war, whether objects of aggression or defence, can no longer be attained by means of war or can be attained by other and easier means. But nobody has proved it. On the contrary, if Germany should win, it will once more have been proved that aggressive war may be useful; while, if she should lose, it will have been shown that a defensive war may be useful. Pacifists must choose between helping to demonstrate one or other of these two conclusions.

(15) *How long will the war last?*

Nobody can reply to this question, except in the most general terms. It will last while there is in the Allies a balance of defence over the aggressive spirit of Prussia; while, that is to say, the Allies are as able and willing to defend themselves as Prussia is able and willing to continue the attack. But how long this will be nobody can say; it may be weeks, it may be months, it may be years. We cannot put a time-limit on our wrestle with the embodied fate that is Prussia; but we ought to be prepared for as long a period as may prove necessary.

(16) *But can there be a military solution; is a "knock-out" blow possible?*

Assuming that the alternative to a military solution, namely, the democratisation of Germany and therewith the defeat of Prussianism from within, is delayed—the best judges and, in any case, the best available judges, of the practicability of a military solution are the soldiers of the Allied armies. If our military advisers in agreement with the military advisers of our Allies should announce that a military solution under any attainable circumstances is impossible; or, again, if they should declare that the only means to a military solution are such as in our common judgment to make the remedy worse than the disease, slavery under Germany less onerous than continuing the war—we should then have to submit to defeat and make the best of it. Neither of these contingencies, however, has yet arisen; and we are therefore justified in assuming in their absence that a military solution is still possible.

(17) *Would not a military deadlock be the most convincing demonstration of the futility of militarism?*

Remembering that there is only one militarism in the world to-day, the militarism of Prussia—for a war of defence, though necessarily carried on by military means, is not a militarist war—Prussia might very well argue that a "draw" under the present circumstances proved only that the occasion was unfortunately chosen. Assuming, moreover, her future control of the Slav peoples, in itself one of the objects of her present war, Prussia would prepare the next war in even more

favourable circumstances both as regards her friends and as regards her enemies. To the former would be added a considerable part of Russia; and from the latter would be subtracted, not only so much of Russia as fell under German influence, but several of our present Allies who could no longer engage with us in resistance to Prussia. Far, therefore, from demonstrating the futility of her militarism, a deadlock would only serve to convince Prussia how nearly she had come to winning; and the "next time" would be her inevitable cry. The Allies, on the contrary, by just so much as Prussia might look forward with hope to the "next time," would be disposed, from a present deadlock, to look forward to it with fear. Their case would be not how nearly we won, but how nearly we lost; and apprehension of the future would be inevitable.

(18) *Have not the peoples everywhere had enough of war?*

Undoubtedly; but, unfortunately, the Prussian militarists have not, for, after forty months of it, the Prussian Chancellor, Count Hertling, still speaks of Prussia's "unbroken joy of battle." And since the Prussian militarists are the determining factor, the war-weariness of the peoples in every other country save Germany itself is of no account. Exactly as it would be useless to urge weariness as a reason for ceasing to combat plagues, pestilence, or wild beasts, it is useless to plead weariness as in itself a reason for abandoning our defence against Prussia. While such a phenomenon as Prussian militarism exists and its power remains, the peoples must fight, however exhausted they may be, or surrender.

(19) *Is not Prussianism at home as offensive as Prussianism abroad?*

Prussianism at home is a burden, but it is not a menace and a danger. It is not a cult but a necessity; not a trade but an accident; not positive and aggressive, but negative and defensive. The comparison between the positive militarism of Prussia and the defensive military arrangements in the Allied nations is once more the comparison of the burglar with the householder. Offensive to all our former habits the present military dispensation of our country may well be; and we are far from saying that much of it has not been unnecessary; but dangerous in the sense of likely to become permanent nobody can maintain—unless on the supposition of a "draw" in the present war.

(20) *Is not democracy to be won at home rather than in Flanders?*

Our case is that we are a political democracy on the way to becoming an economic democracy. Admittedly, the process has been slow; but the fault is our own. There are still over a thousand Trade Unions catering for no more than a score or so of industries; and while this division of forces exists among us, our progress in economic or any other kind of democracy must needs be a snail's. If Prussia should win, however, out there in Flanders, not only shall we no longer be able to progress even at a snail's pace in democracy, but what democracy we have won will be taken from us. It may, therefore, be true that democracy is only to be won at home, but democracy must first be preserved in Flanders. We are fighting, in short, to defend what democracy we have, and for the right to develop it in our own good time.

(21) *Our military people having so far failed to end the war, ought not our pacifists and democrats to be given their chance?*

We agree that the military should not rule out the diplomatic weapon. We agree, moreover, that the official diplomatic should not rule out the unofficial diplomatic. Far too little use, in fact, has been made

of unofficial diplomacy; and far too many blunders have been committed by our official diplomacy. But precisely because we assert the right of every form of diplomacy to employ itself in a national war such as this, we maintain the right of the military to employ their weapon as well. A diplomacy, in other words, that rules out the sword against Prussia is as unjustifiable as a military policy that rules out the use of diplomacy. It is not, in fact, a choice of weapons that we ought to be called upon to make, but the fullest possible use of both, with a preference, however, for the diplomatic; for there is no doubt whatever that, other things being equal, the diplomatic is to be preferred over the military. As it is, however, other things are not equal. Prussia is not amenable to diplomacy only, any more than the German people will prove to be amenable to the sword only. Hence, both weapons must continue to be used.

* * *

(22) *If peace were established now, would not the German people at once proceed to democratise their constitution?*

The German people, it must be owned, have shown themselves to be singularly susceptible to militarist ideals. They have lapped militarist suggestion as a cat laps milk. Only one thing is wanting to confirm them in the cult and to harden them for all time in their militarist superstition—namely, the proven success of their idol in the greatest of all the wars of history. In such a triumph, even if it should only take the form of a "draw," all Germany's sacrifices would be forgotten and all the crimes of the Prussians forgiven. Prussianism would, in fact, be as much admired at home as feared abroad. Moreover, it must be remembered that as well as power to gain, Prussia has inspired Germany with the hope of spreading German kultur. Germany, in other words, will have her task to perform when Prussia has completed hers. After conquest kultur. And not only kultur, but trade, administration, jobs, opportunities of promotion! What offices will Prussia not have to offer her Socialist leaders and her captains of industry in the territories newly brought into the Prussian school. The kultural and every other kind of exploitation of Russia alone would provide Prussia with a means of choking with butter every German democrat that opened his mouth. We do not see the democratisation of Germany following a draw in the present war. On the contrary, a triumph or a draw for Prussia would postpone to the kalends any such event.

* * *

(23) *But can it be expected that the German people will revolt against militarism while the war is still being fought?*

We see no moral reason against it. Reasons of a material character there are, of course; though even these have been much magnified by our own pacifists. Certainly the loss in German life from a German Revolution, even if it had taken the shape of a forcible revolution, would not have nearly equalled the German losses in defence of Prussia. We can go further and say that the losses yet to be sustained by Germany in the continuance of the present war are likely to be far greater than the sacrifices necessary to an immediate revolution. This question, however, is one for the Germans themselves to consider. We cannot make a revolution for them. We can only, at immense sacrifice to the world, create the conditions in which their revolution is possible; and, failing their seizure of the moral opportunity, we can only continue to create more. For their difficulty, it must be observed, is by no means ended when the war has ceased. Either Prussian militarism will triumph, in which event German like every other democracy will be impossible; or Prussianism will be defeated by military means, in which event the work of revolution will still be to be done in Germany. Once again the Germans must choose between making a democracy during the war, or after a Prussian defeat—or never.

(24) *Would not a popular revolt in England against continuing the war do more than anything else to prove our democratic good faith to the German people?*

To this question we must reply, in the first place, that those who advance it are more mindful of Germany than of their own country. The German people, they say, can scarcely be expected to go on strike during a war, even when that war is an Imperialist and predatory war initiated by rulers for whom, in the last resort, the German people are themselves responsible. Yet the Allied peoples are to be invited to go on strike during the war, though the war for them is wholly defensive and their share in it is innocent! In the second place, the demonstration of our democratic good faith to the German people, though striking, might also be ineffective in converting them from passive obedience to active resistance to their Prussian masters. They would still need to revolt, and what if our example were not quite sufficient to inspire them to it! In the third place, this method of appeal has been tried on the largest possible scale and with the maximum conditions of thoroughness and poignancy. Russia has made herself a Tolstoyan martyr in vain. Finally, since for the present our effective enemy is Prussia, we have to ask what would be the effect upon Prussia of our adoption of pacifism as a national doctrine. It is obvious that an event which Prussia would pay millions to bring about—a popular strike against war in Allied countries—would not be treated by her as a moral disaster to militarism, but as an additional triumph. In the cult of militarism, to be in any way "moved" by the moral superiority of your victim is "immoral."

* * *

(25) *If all the working classes of all the belligerent countries were to go on strike simultaneously, should we not have peace?*

The question almost implies that such a simultaneous act is possible. But the war is in the region of fact and not of fancy. Labour is not only not organised internationally, even as between the Allies, let alone the Germanic Powers, but Labour is not even fully organised nationally. There are divisions of opinion in Labour at home and in every country; and these of necessity militate against any common international action of any decisive importance. On the other hand, we are in favour of as much simultaneous action by Labour as possible. The only condition we would impose is that, what there is of it, shall be simultaneous in all the belligerent countries.

* * *

(26) *Suppose the German people were to go on strike and to show unmistakable signs of revolting against their Prussian militarists, what action would the Allies take?*

There are people, no doubt, in the Allied Governments who, in this event, would counsel the ruthless prosecution of the war; who, in fact, would follow the example of Prussia in Russia, and strike harder because the victim was already stricken down. Against such counsel it would be imperative upon democrats to protest by every means at their disposal. Since it is Prussian militarism that alone is the enemy, the overthrow of Prussian militarism from within would, in fact, terminate the war by removing its cause. To continue it for one moment longer would be not defence, but a transference of militarism from Prussia to the Allies. In face of such an event as the revolt of the German people, Labour everywhere would be not only entitled but bound to support them, even to the extent of striking against the continuance of the war by so much as a week. A national strike in Germany should be followed, if necessary, by a national strike in all the belligerent countries. Then, indeed, would be the moment for Labour to take control, if the present governing classes were disposed to victimise the new democracy. The question, however, is not immediately urgent.

Foreign Affairs.

DEAR HERR SCHEIDEMANN,—In common with President Wilson, and with all those who have given careful consideration to the one political question of the moment, very many of us are looking forward to the democratisation of Germany as an essential condition of the future peace of the world. We are assured by persons whose duties bring them into closer touch than ourselves with public men who can claim some right to speak for the German people that, even if the war were to end only in a draw, a democratic constitution for Germany is inevitable when peace is signed; and we welcome the assurance. At the same time we may venture to draw your attention to some facts which we have never seen discussed by the German Social Democrats. We know that not even a democratic constitution will alter, in this generation, the view of the Junker classes; we know that it will in all probability place more power at the disposal of the manufacturing classes—the National Liberals—and we know that the Centre Party in the Reichstag is what a Catholic Party is anywhere. These groups will always exist. In the liberal countries of Europe their power has been drastically curtailed in the course of the last century or so; in Germany they have unfortunately guided the destinies of the country up to the present time. When, therefore, we speak of democracy in Germany—meaning democracy in the immediate future—we have to rely, naturally enough, upon the Social Democrats.

From your own recent utterances it is evident that your views regarding the origin of the war have become sensibly modified, and we need not go into that question again. It is still to be feared, nevertheless, that your party as a whole has not yet adequately reconsidered its attitude towards the more advanced democratic parties in Western Europe to which it stood, before the war, in some kind of direct relation. The French, Italian, Dutch, and Belgian Socialists, and our own Socialist and Labour groups, observed with satisfaction the rapid growth of the German Social Democratic Party, and we were especially pleased to think of the 110 seats which had been triumphantly captured by you and your colleagues in 1911. At the various international conferences held before the war the German Socialists always took a prominent part; and it was indeed the fault of the non-German groups if they forgot that you called yourselves Social Democrats and not Socialists merely. When we resume international relations after the war, we should like to feel sure that such misunderstandings as have arisen will be satisfactorily adjusted. It is only common frankness to say that there appear to us to be a few shortcomings in the Social Democratic Party which might very well be considered; and the sooner the better.

(1) Long before the war began there was a distinct and noteworthy cleavage in the attitude towards foreign affairs taken up by the German Socialists and that taken up by the Socialists of other countries. You may remember that our own Socialist and Labour leaders resented not only every threatening form of expansion but anything that savoured even remotely of aggression in international affairs. Hence the bitter attacks by men like the late Mr. Keir Hardie, by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, and by many others, on the Anglo-Russian agreement over Persia, on our Egyptian policy, on our Indian policy, on our support of France against the wanton German aggression in Morocco; and hence, too, the attacks by the French and Belgian Socialists on the policy of their respective Governments. It was not that these men were bad patriots—with the exception of a few insignificant pacifists, Socialists generally have a clean war record—but that they believed in the fun-

damental principle of democratic government. There is nothing to show that the German Socialists ever realised these principles before the war, and but little to show that they have recognised them since. They have always supported their Government; and the record of the Government they supported is one of continual aggression. How could it be otherwise, when aggression is necessary under a constitution which no Social Democrat ever risked his skin to alter? Remember Stuttgart, where, at the 1907 conference, Bebel flatly refused the French proposal to declare a general strike in the event of war. Can you recollect what we can only call the excessively patriotic sentiments to which the Social Democrats gave utterance at the time?

(2) It may be true, as is often urged against us, that the English people do not read enough about foreign affairs and are too insular to take an interest in them. Well and good. But you must surely admit that our Labour leaders, our Trade Union Conferences and Congresses, have for a generation taken a profound interest in foreign questions; and this is evidenced by the reports of their proceedings. Their principle was that Governments might suffer, that capitalists might suffer; but that at any cost there must be no aggression, no imperialism, no expansion. This was their creed; this was the creed of the French Socialists, and of the Italians, the Belgians, and the Dutch. No Socialist Party in any of these countries would compromise with any of the "official" parties on this great principle. But is it not a fact that the Social Democrats have hardly ever thought for themselves on such points, that most of their ideas on foreign affairs were taken, consciously or not, from the teaching of the Pan-German school, and that even the ultra-Imperialistic Bagdad Railway scheme found enthusiastic supporters amongst the Social Democrats? We could quote names; but why waste space when you already know the facts?

(3) Do you not also agree with us that the Social Democratic Party had become so far infected with the Pan-German virus as to take too much for granted in regard to its international programme? The word "German" covered more sins of omission within the party than it did elsewhere; and only too often, we fear, the Social Democrats remained satisfied with an axiom or a deduction, simply because it was "German," when more advanced parties in other countries were applying the axiom in a new way or carrying the deduction a stage further. We know that at Stockholm not many months ago, and also in Switzerland, representatives of the Social Democrats were surprised and indignant to know what the world thought of them. Provincial in peace-time, the German Social Democrats seem to have become positively insular in war.

(4) Examples of this insularity may be mentioned in a separate paragraph; they are worth it. In the last fifteen years there have been four historical developments of Socialism—the agricultural programme of the Russian Revolutionists (which was made known in 1905); the rise of the I.W.W. in the United States, Australia, and one or two other places; the development of Syndicalism in France and in Italy, and the destructive and constructive movement in England known as National Guilds. All these movements involved long discussions on wages, the relations between employers and employed, modern aspects of capitalism, the moral and legal rights of workmen, and so on. Yet the German Social Democrats were but ill-informed regarding any of them, despite the fact that stacks of pamphlets, addresses, books, and magazines had grown round each of these programmes before the war began.

(5) One more point. All these movements presupposed complete political freedom of speech and action; it was presumed, taken for granted, that any decision reached by the masses could in due time be translated into law through the accredited representatives of the people in Parliament, or whatever the assembly might be called. But the German Socialists had not even arrived at this elementary stage of political development. When you and your friends talked to Western Europeans and Americans, you were often talking at cross-purposes. You Germans had not really studied economics at all; you had the impression that nothing had happened since Marx, and as the newer movements were not originated by Germans how could they matter? That seemed to be your attitude. As a matter of fact, what was wrong was simply this: you wanted political freedom; the rest of us wanted industrial democracy. The German Social Democrats were not really the daring leaders of the proletariat they imagined themselves to be; they were rather in the nature of a drag on the wheel.

(6) We sincerely hope that you have all learned something from the war. The war would never have taken place if there had not been one determined Government in Europe bent upon it; and that Government was yours. You supported it, all of you, before the war (we remember Liebknecht as the one exception); and time after time your party refused to modify its attitude even at the earnest appeal of men more qualified to speak on behalf of Socialism than you. We all mean to have peace after this war; but it rests with you to say whether you will assume the responsibility for that peace in Germany. The mere fact that "Vorwärts" is controlled by the Government need not prevent it from putting forth a new international programme. Has your party ever thought of considering one?—Yours fraternally,
S. VERDAD.

The "Super-National" Authority

By Leighton J. Warnock.

IN my absence of the last few weeks my colleague, Mr. S. Verdad, has dealt wisely (or so, at any rate, it seems to me), with Mr. Leonard Woolf's criticisms of my previous article. Recent references, in Parliament and in the Press, to various kinds of "authorities"—a "super-national" authority, in particular, appears to be invoked most frequently—embolden me to make a few further suggestions which the advocates of a League of Nations may be inclined to consider. It has often been remarked that people generally, and not merely social reformers, fall into contradiction from not having sufficiently co-ordinated their views; and from the evidence now at our disposal, I feel justified in saying that the remark is particularly applicable to the protagonists of a League of Nations. Apart from the weighty objections raised by Mr. Verdad, other objections, it will be remembered, were raised a few weeks ago in the Editorial Notes. One of these was quoted from so enthusiastic a pacifist as Mr. J. Ramsay MacDonald himself, who, be it said to his credit, pointed out that a super-national authority would of necessity override in foreign affairs the authority of the national Parliaments: in other words, that England would be ruled not from Westminster, but from The Hague or Versailles, or wherever the League might have its permanent abode. No answer, so far as I know, has been made to this objection; and, in fact, the advocates of the League are so busy inventing reasons for it, that they have

scarcely time to reply to the reasons against it. Like the engine-driver who has lost his head, they put on full steam and whistle past all the danger signals, pretending not to see them.

There is a nemesis, however, for this kind of driving; and it has come on this occasion in the form of a hopeless breakdown into self-contradiction. If we should find the loudest advocates of a League of Nations disavowing one of the very conditions of such a League, would not that be enough to convict them of self-contradiction? In such a state we had found them; and I am gratified that the occasion is no more disastrous.

I am not going to pronounce judgment on the wisdom of the decisions taken at the Versailles Conference which formed the subject of the angry debate in the House of Commons on February 12. I think I know what the reason for the decision was; and I think that any body who can read between the lines can guess what the decisions were. I only wish to observe that the taking of these decisions, and the creation of the authority required to carry them into effect, were acts absolutely inseparable from the privileges of any super-national authority such as the League of Nations would have to be in order to fulfil its purpose. Consider what the circumstances were. The Allies were in a League to oppose the enemy of world-peace, viz., Germany. They met and *unanimously* decided upon a certain plan of campaign. This plan they then proceeded to recommend to their respective Parliaments—whereupon in *our* Parliament speaker after speaker proceeded to denounce it, as did journalist after journalist in *our* Press. Now, if these speakers and papers had been opponents of the League of Nations, nothing could have been more consistent. But were they? Let me quote Mr. Asquith, who said: "With such experience as I have, and such knowledge of history as we all possess, I look, or should look, with very great distrust upon confiding to a body of this kind anything in the nature of executive functions." Mr. Asquith supports the League of Nations in theory; but we find him here strongly resenting the most elementary function of such a League of Nations in practice. If he "looks with distrust" upon confiding executive power to a body of this kind at Versailles, what can he possibly find to defend in a *super-national authority*? What Mr. Asquith has said of the Versailles Conference has completely stultified his support of the League of Nations: in other words, he has fallen into contradiction.

The "Daily News" shall be my next example; and what paper has advocated a super-national authority more warmly than the "Daily News"? The whole purpose of the war, indeed, according to this school, is the establishment of such a League. Yet, criticising this very debate, the "Daily News" says: "It is for Parliament to make it clear, come what may, that this country is governed from Westminster and not from Versailles."

We do not want a League. We want self-determining Powers, peaceably inclined, with sense and sensibility enough to co-operate when co-operation is necessary, each party being sovereign in its own action. We cannot permit Parliament to delegate any of its powers to a super-national authority over which our own executive would have only a partial control. We are ready to conduct our affairs in the broad day of the world—and, despite "secret diplomacy," even our past actions will stand the test—to be warred upon if we behave intolerably; to make war on others if they behave intolerably. But we are not prepared to remit our sovereign powers to any super-national authority; and we have the right to demand that people who think as we do, such as Mr. Asquith and the readers of the "Daily News," shall make up their minds consistently to declare against the League of Nations instead of in favour of it.

Guilds and their Critics.

VI.—DISTRIBUTION.

"For my own part, I agree heartily that the basis of the Guild Society will be producer control in the economic sphere, but I am anxious, too, to see every opportunity offered for the user and buyer to make known their desires and point of view, and I am not shaken in my belief that geographical units will serve best to provide this."—MR. MAURICE B. RECKITT, in letter to the writer.

"In order to give definiteness to our suggestion, we hazard a statistical estimate. Thus limited, the possible extent of the annual trade of the Co-operative Stores and Wholesales in Great Britain, if they extended to their utmost, from one end of the country to the other, may be put—pending any extensive economic transformation of society—at something like four to five hundred millions sterling, being only one-fifth of the total national production. The possible sphere on the Continent of Europe is at least as narrowly limited. It has therefore to be concluded, with regret, that with regard to actually a majority of the workers, and even a large majority, the industry in which they are employed cannot be brought under the control of Voluntary Associations of Consumers. The Co-operative Movement, whilst it may help them as consumers, affords, in their working lives, no alternative to the Capitalist System."—SIDNEY AND BRATRICE WEBB.

"The Government does not seem to appreciate the fact that groceries and provisions are distributed among the working classes chiefly through small shopkeepers doing from £10 to £70 weekly. There are four distinct channels of distribution:—(i) The old-fashioned grocer, mainly credit, a small and diminishing trade; (ii) the multiple shop, which accounts for a large proportion; (iii) the co-operative societies, which supply about ten millions; (iv) the small shop-keeping classes who supply, in my estimate, at the least 50 per cent. of the people."—MR. ARTHUR RICHARDSON, M.P.

The statistical position of Co-operative Societies in the United Kingdom on December 31, 1914, was as follows:—

Number of Members	3,504,456
Share Capital	£46,235,849
Loan Capital	£22,833,606
Sales for 1914	£147,550,084

Total employees, Co-operative Wholesale Society, October, 1916:—

Distributive	12,090
Productive	16,728

Total

I.

Distribution has many meanings; for my present purpose, it may be defined as the assignment to the final consumer of his share or portion of the industrial product. I do not know whether the misconception of Socialism, as a dividing-up of the wealth of the nation, is as prevalent as formerly. I hope not; but without argument it is assumed in this chapter that the final consumer has no claim upon anything other than such products as are made for consumption. The construction of the word is not without significance. Dis-tribute—the liquidation or discharge of tribute; in reality, a return in kind for tribute exacted in labour; an admission that he who yields tribute in labour is entitled to its equivalent in meal or malt. All social and economic theories spring from mankind's unwearied search for equitable distribution. First, it must be equitable; then as large and satisfying as human ingenuity can make it. This insistence upon the primary element of equity is in contrast with the commercial theory that production comes first and that distribution may be deferred as of secondary consideration. The ethical inferences, particularly in their bearing upon wage-abolition, are obvious. If, at the present moment, the community gave full weight to all that is implied

in equitable distribution, instead of fining food-hoarders, we should hang them. The bareness of the national cupboard is teaching even the unregenerate that human needs must have priority over the claims of gold-owners. They may hoard their gold, but not food; they may eat as much gold as they can digest, but each week they may eat one shilling's worth of meat, if they can get it. Let us hope that the lesson will be remembered in time of peace. Whether under Capitalism or National Guilds, whether in peace or war, distribution is the basis of society, the distribution of physical, intellectual, and spiritual sustenance.

II.

Of all the economic functions, distribution comes closest to the intimacies of life. Men and women, fathers and mothers, young and old pray its aid that they may live in comfort and with such external dignity as they can command. The agents of distribution see life and minister to it, touch it as do no others. A retail grocer in an industrial district knows more about the domestic life of the community than the charity organiser; in times of depression or during strikes he may bear the burden not only of their debts but of their hopes and fears. The milkman, calling at the door, sees more than the jug he fills. A philosophic dressmaker—if such there be—can read the customers' souls that are closed books to the parish priest. A jeweller, selling a wedding-ring to a pair of lovers, may, with imagination, for a moment glimpse the eternal. Across the street, the pawnbroker, not yet hardened to his trade, consciously traffics in the symbols of death or despair. Dante, seated behind the counter of a suburban chemist for a single day, might bequeath as a priceless heritage a humane comedy. The bootmaker, kneeling before a customer, may sense domestic drama in the hole of the sock or its careful darning. How shall we veil our inner life from the bookseller if we buy the books of our choice? Life stands bared and hungry before Distribution, demanding board and bed.

This contact with the intimacies, the realities, of our daily existence must not blind us to the fact that distribution is an economic process, the final stage and charge of production. Even though the artist or philosopher may profitably approach his task through distributive channels, may, in consequence, clothe distribution with social or mystical attributes, it remains always a definite economic factor in the material world. But this contact with the pulse of life is also a fact which we cannot ignore. We live in families and communities; therefore, families and communities, expressing themselves through their appropriate organisation, must play their part in the business of distribution. It is by reasoning such as this that National Guildsmen argue for local representation upon the Guild distributive machinery.

In addition to the purely domestic life, with which distribution is so closely concerned, communal or municipal life comes also within its purview. It is no mere coincidence that our municipal councils are largely composed of retail tradesmen; on the contrary, these enterprising gentlemen, no doubt public-spirited, have learnt by experience how vitally their businesses are affected by municipal policy. The organisation of local life largely revolves round the centres of distribution. Trains, trams, and buses, the very streets themselves, radiate from the great emporia, obscuring without compunction a beautiful cathedral and always deaf to every æsthetic appeal. In many of the older towns, we still find the railway station at some distance from the heart of the city, a perpetual reminder of the days when the inns and posting establishments were strong enough to protect their threatened interests. In these days of war, the Food Controller has had to recast his local committees; he found that those appointed by the town councils were

packed by retail tradesmen, women and co-operators being excluded.

We must, however, look to the future. Is it too much to expect that a more enlightened Labour policy shall transform municipal life and lay the foundations of a greater and more æsthetic tradition? May we not hope that a goodly supply of high explosives shall be reserved after the war to blow away our rookeries and mean streets? Moral dynamite, too; a revulsion from the ugliness of existing towns, when men shall say of our congested structures that there is no beauty in them that we should desire them. Public architecture (all architecture is public), public health, public education, the arts and sciences—all these belong to the locality, and must be coloured by its spirit; must be reviewed by an emancipated body of final consumers and revolutionised in economic co-operation with the distributive agencies representing production.

III.

It needs no gift of prophecy to foresee that wage-abolition spells a larger consumptive demand in quality and variety—an effective demand both from the community and the individual. Qualitative production, in the sense of industrial craftsmanship, will probably still find its impetus in the workshop and from the centre, the supply creating the demand. In my last chapter, I drew a distinction between the industrial and æsthetic craftsman, leaving the latter to subsequent consideration. I did this because it is obvious that local life, if not the inspiration, is at least an indispensable element in art craftsmanship. A group of craftsmen in Leeds will design differently and with a different result from other groups in Edinburgh, Birmingham, Bristol, or London. Doubtless, they will have much in common, because they have a common language and literature. But their differing local traditions, habits and customs, must find expression in their work. If they fail in this, we must regretfully assume that the centralised methods of capitalism have finally killed the *genius loci* without hope of resurrection. But I do not believe it. All to the contrary; it seems certain that in Great Britain, a veritable heptarchy of arts and crafts waits impatiently for organic expression. Wherever these local art groups have been organised, the local spirit has promptly revolted against both common and conventional designs. Even our regiments insist upon their territorial badges, reminiscent of historic origins and traditions. I should immensely enjoy hearing a dozen pure-bred territorials explaining to each other the meaning and history of these regimental emblems. You cannot mistake Yorkshire for Welsh choral singing, and I dare say a Lancashire brass band has its own distinctive rendering of Handel.

The vitality of local life being granted, the problem remains how to fit in the art craftsman, since his work must generally be local and his talent locally appreciated. In my opinion, it will not be long before the demand for his work will be in excess of the supply. The architecture of the near future, charged with the re-building of dilapidated towns, will no longer be content to work on models supplied from an unimaginative centre. The revolt against conventional municipal architecture, begun by Larner Sugden, of Leek, will spread over the whole country, when the final consumer comes into his own. Interiors, with their fittings and furniture, must, of course, keep pace with the architectural advance. If I am asked why I emphasise architecture, I reply that buildings are the most accurate index of local spiritual and material conditions. But craftsmanship travels beyond bricks and mortar; it is concerned with everything from books to fabrics.

My own solution of the problem, long since adumbrated in "National Guilds," was that the craftsman should gradually work free from the discipline of the Guilds by creating a personal demand for his own pro-

ducts. The case I cited was a carver, who had gone through the usual training of a carpenter, but whose genius finally asserted itself in fine and individual carving. I predicated a special demand for his work amongst his fellow-Guildsmen, who gladly paid him privately for work privately done. In time, we find him so busy with private commissions that he cannot do the routine work assigned him by the Guild. He is accordingly released for private work, subject to payments to the Guild ensuring him maintenance in sickness and old-age. It is possible that even yet this is the true solution, bearing in mind that the artist works best without restraint; but we can reconsider it when we have discussed the functions and organisation of the Distributive Guild.

In this section, it will be observed that the argument is based upon the assumption that art and craftsmanship thrive best in the sympathetic atmosphere of local neighbours and friends. But that assumption does not preclude a local growing into a national reputation, with all its attendant results. Nor does it preclude a great artist from forming his own school and attracting artists and craftsmen from other localities or countries. My only proviso is that artist and pupils alike shall retain their connection with their proper Guilds.

IV.

Recognising, as we must, the important part which municipal life must play in distribution, and having regard to the consolidation of production implicit in Guild organisation, it is certain that our municipal institutions must be transformed before any practicable alignment becomes feasible. Our present municipal organisation is a hotch-potch of old and new growths, without form, void of justification. Why should Manchester and Salford, and a dozen similar instances, be governed by two separate councils? Without inquiring, I presume it is due to the difficulty of unifying the rates and the *amour propre* of certain elected persons and officials. In the whole of industrial England and Scotland, I doubt if there is a single municipality that can really speak the mind of the community which it is supposed to represent.

My own view is that the municipal reorganisation of England must proceed on the theory of the smallest and the largest unit. The smallest unit is undoubtedly the parish, a body whose powers to-day are strictly and tyrannically kept in subjugation to the County Council. I know not how many attempts to make parish life attractive have been frustrated by the "gigocracy" that rules the County Councils. But when the official life of the Parish Council is related to distribution, it is clear that far greater responsibilities must be thrown upon it. When this is achieved, parish life will regain its long vanished charm. It is only when the Parish recovers its economic life that "government from below"—the *mot d'ordre* of economic democracy—can begin.

It is easy to discover the smallest unit, but difficult to define the largest. The existing municipal boundaries will not suffice, for they are arbitrary in selection and partial in their effect. Transit, electric power, water, sewage, lighting, streets, roads cross and recross these boundaries, oblivious of their existence. The largest local governing unit must, as far as possible, compass all these municipal services, reducing their management to the simplest forms. Thus stated, it would almost seem as though the real boundary of the ideal large unit is the watershed. I am personally convinced that municipal power must finally express itself in the Province, of which the French prefecture seems to be the best model. If we look to the natural configuration of the country—its watersheds, in fact—and consider how suitably each confined stretch of country lends itself to separate local government, we shall find our Provinces naturally delimited, and, oddly enough, a new heptarchy.

With the local power of the parishes balancing the central power of the Provinces, we should not only see a new local life springing up, in its turn a counterpoise to the intellectual life of the national capitals, but we should also have a local government powerful enough to deal with the National Productive Guilds on terms of equality.

S. G. H.

[As several of the points raised by Mr. Cole will be dealt with in "Guilds and their Critics"—notably in the current chapter on "Distribution," and subsequently when I come to consider the State—I hope he will forgive me if I conclude our personal discussion with a footnote.

Some important conclusions emerge from Mr. Cole's statement.

(i) State intervention in Guild administration is to be the normal routine. "Self-government in industry" is to be limited by State interference on behalf of the consumer. I can only remark that, having regard to the inevitable friction due to the daily challenge of the producer's control by the consumer's protagonist, the Ukraine Treaty, by comparison, would be a proclamation of passionate amity.

(ii) Guild capital expenditure is subject to the voice of the consumer, functioning as the State. In shearing the State of its sovereign attributes, Mr. Cole would thus confer upon it greater powers than I dare contemplate. The cases he cites in support of these two contentions appear to me inconclusive. They are the usual processes of production, and are no concern of the consumer, who is content if his wants are supplied. How to do this is the business of the producing Guild acting in concert with the Distributive Guild, representing the consumer. For all practical purposes, the "domestic consumer" will be the "final consumer." The State or the local authorities, representing both producers and consumers, will be themselves "final consumers" through the Civil Guilds.

(iii) Mr. Cole concludes that my theory would place the Guilds in an "essentially derivative and secondary" position. Derivative, certainly; but "secondary" conveys no meaning to my mind, unless he means subsidiary. Different functions are hardly comparable, except in the order of their urgency: In that sense, the economic function is surely primary. But, whether derivative or secondary, I would give the Guilds far greater power than Mr. Cole postulates in his division of economic power between the Guilds and the consumer acting through the State, which becomes in practice the monopoly of the consumer.

(iv) My criticism of Mr. Cole's conception of "public policy" is that he does not distinguish between the *sense* of public policy, which ought to penetrate our every activity, and its *expression*, which is an affair of citizenship, common to producer and consumer, and finally embodied in national law and life.

(v) The consumer is not only to be represented by the State, but also by the Distributive Guild. This is a dual representation to which the producing Guilds would naturally and legitimately object. *Moi aussi!* One or other, but not both.

(vi) Mr. Cole has not yet convinced me that I am wrong in my belief that the State is the representative, not of the consumer, but of the citizen, in whom is merged both producer and consumer. Nor do I agree with the assignment to the State of certain specific functions. In due course I shall argue that the State is functionless; that, whilst not the natural source of function, is the formal origin and dispenser of functions; that it acts through organisations and associations whose functions it has defined.

(vii) I agree that the fundamental issues thus raised, although theoretical, have a practical bearing on propaganda. Our differences, so far developed, seem to me to affect our conceptions of the Guild Congress and the Joint Session. For my part, I would entrust the Congress with the whole economic function, almost without reserve and subject only to public policy definitely expressed through our citizen organisation. I have less belief in the Joint Session, which I devoutly hope will not meet more frequently than the Constitutional Assembly at Versailles.—S. G. H.]

The Courtesan of the East.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

I ONCE had the idea of writing a history of Armenia; in which my first and original adventure would be to call my subject not Armenia, but Hayastan. Lest the Western reader—for whom, of course, my history was intended—should have any suspicion of pedantry in this, to him, new-sounding name of a country which he had long vaguely heard of as Armenia, I would explain that, as it is more correct to call a thoroughbred a thoroughbred and not a mongrel (it is, perhaps, too boastful a comparison, since no race of men can compare with a good dog in purity of blood), so it is more correct to call my country Hayastan and not Armenia. Hayastan, then, I shall call it: because (1) Hayastan is the real name of the country founded by the patriarch Haik; it was called Armenia (which is perhaps a perversion of Aramia, the country of the Aramians, or the followers of the great King Aram, "the terror of Asia," whose Empire stretched from the Caspian to the Propontis) first in the time of Darius Hytaspes, and is to this day called Armenia only by foreigners and in foreign languages. Because (2) Hayastan sounds better—so often a sufficient reason in itself for a change of name—without a touch of that contempt which is hinted at, at least to my oppressed ears, in the foreign name Armenia, once a title of admiration for the exploits of a great conqueror.

George Borrow, punctilious though he was in all matters of philology, wavered whether to call us Haiks (pronounced Hy) or Armenians, and at last compromised by calling us now by the one and now by the other. And my daring ends where Borrow's caution begins.

A history of Hayastan has never seriously been attempted. The chronicles of the native historians from Moses of Khorene to the so-called authoritative history of Charich, from which Finlay drew so largely for his Byzantine Empire, are one and all unreliable and prejudiced, with the large and stupefying marks of superstition writ largely on every page. As late as 1850, in a short summary of the early kings of Hayastan, an Armenian historian affirms the intervention of God in the affairs of the country, and the consequences of his anger at a king's wickedness. That Hayastan, so long, and, let it be said, so justly, hailed as the "brain of the East," should have been, and is, a more priest-ridden country than Spain or Ireland, without even the excuse of such temporal absolution as a Catholic may buy or acquire, seemed to me amazing enough; but that it should not have given birth to an historian even reasonably prejudiced and sane to write a sensible history of the past glory and degradation of his country, seemed to me a neglect so shameful that no excuse, either of persecution or of lack of peace for literary development, could bear any weight against the accusation which such a neglect brought against the imagination of the whole people. And, coming to this conclusion, I, one of the last straggling remnants of a dying people, could not but feel my utter helplessness before such a task as this, of writing the first sane, accurate, and comprehensive History of Hayastan, from its legendary foundation by Haik, the son of Torgomah, the son of Gomer, the son of Japheth, who was present at Senaar at the building of the tower of Babel (and from whom are descended a long line of kings, one of whom Zarmaijr, was killed by Achilles at the siege of Troy, and the last, Vahé, was killed at the head of his army against Alexander of Macedon) to this day when the country holds within its boundaries no more, perhaps, than a dying million of his descendants. My idea had been to write my history with my eye on the greater world around, to trace the development—a euphuism!—of Hayastan in relation to the dominant empires of the Mediterranean and Lesser Asia, instead of, as the native historians

have done, giving Hayastan, their subject, too disproportionate a place in their own eyes, making casual mention of such figures as Cyrus and Pompey, as of a king and general who exercised only a momentary influence on the affairs of their country, whereas the world shook with their victories and defeats.

Of all those mighty countries and empires, so proud then with their lists of vassals and conquests, one and all buried now in the bookshelves of students, only Hayastan still lives an individual remnant, with its three-thousand-year-old capital of Van still a town where Nineveh, Carchemish, and Susa are helpless ruins. Says Walter Raleigh, as in the Tower he experienced to the full the fall of pride in man as in empire, "Yet hath Babylon, Persia, Macedon, Carthage, Rome, and the rest, no fruit, no flower, grasse, nor leafe, springing upon the face of the earth, of those seedes: No; their very roots and ruines doe hardly remaine. Omnia quæ manu hominum facta sunt, vel manu hominum evertuntur, vel stando et durando deficiunt." It is but a commonplace on the ultimate end of all human adventure; but who better than that Elizabethan soldier of fortune, one of the builders of just such another Empire, to feel and to express its wisdom?

They call Hayastan "the brain of the East," but she is more truly, as her greatest writer has said of her, "the courtesan of the East." Unwillingly she has given herself to master after master, and in her unwillingness to give herself lies the excuse for her faithlessness and treachery to each, for that "extraordinary levity towards her rulers," as Tacitus has described her unceasing rebellion from authority. No new power has swept Lesser Asia but has desired fier, and she has given herself to him only for his ruin: but even as he took her, she has cast her eyes, as forced women will, to some rival power, whom she has allured to her help with only a little of the beauty which is still with her for all the blood and carnage which fills her valleys: she has coquetted with Bajazet even while Tamerlane stood and laughed at the pyramids of skulls which he had had built to the glory of the Prophet, and she has smiled at the fallen pride of the great Turkish sultan as he was wheeled through her passes in his cage in the train of the Great Mogul. Byzantium and Bagdad, Emperor and Caliph, as Hayastan's own cities crumbled and her princes fought helplessly on for that which fate had long since decided was not to be hers, as in her own fields and valleys "riot cried aloud, and staggered and swaggered in his rank dens of shame," she charmed all strength to weakness, and helped all arrogance to ruin. She has accepted no master, Assyrian or Chaldean, Persian or Mogul, but she has brought him down to her own state of misery, and in equal darkness has laughed at his wretchedness; for she has grown used to chains and bears them lightly, but to them it is a new humiliation. Hayastan, the courtesan still lives!—and now it is the turn of the Osmanli to be dragged down into the darkness, that Hayastan may laugh at his past upstart pride which in five hundred years she has brought down to the dust.

It is sometimes good to know when you are beaten; and after I had spent many delightful hours with those classic historians, whom, perhaps, I had never re-found but for this ambitious bid of mine for historic fame, from Herodotus (who says that "the Armenians were Phrygian colonists"; which I thought at first silly, but later found that it was a compliment to their antiquity, since the Phrygians were accounted by the ancients to be the oldest race in the world: "the masters of men" Apulcius calls them) to Faustus of Byzant and Nicephorus, and had many times begun and planned out my history, I realised at last that a history of Hayastan was not for me to write as yet; that even with a more mature and comprehensive grasp of my subject I might never be able to write it.

In my failure I had at least consolations; for even Gibbon failed dismally in his first attempts to prove himself an historian, and his "Age of Sesostris" and "History of Switzerland" never saw the light of the world; and it was only when more than thirty years of life were behind him that the ruins of the Capitol gave him the first real impetus to write that great history by which his name will ever be remembered.

Surely, Armenians, it is time that someone of you, however few you may now be, should sit down and write the history of your country from the beginning to the end, from the time when fable tells of her four rivers which swept through the Garden of Eden to this day when they water a charnel-house, that you may show to the world the immense irony of history which punishes without forgiveness, and changes a Palace into a Morgue, that it may then more easily become dust; so that, when at last Hayastan has gone the way of Babylon and Assyria, and left behind her no such memories as of Belshazzar or Ninus, of world-resounding victories and defeats, no greatness of empire to grace the history of the world, she may yet live in your story of her long life, if only on the bookshelves of students: and then, too, the day may come when intelligent people will no longer ask "if Armenians are Christians," or "if Armenia is in Asia or Africa?"

Came a would-be historian to me, a genii, I would whirl him over Europe to that rock of Mount Caucasus to which Prometheus is chained for the theft from great Olympus of that very fire which he has brought so faithfully, and fittingly, to the confines of Hayastan. We would stand on that rock towards evening, about the hour when the eagle of Jupiter flies from the West to tear at his lacerated body, and the sun is setting over the countries at our feet. From there, with the groans of the impotent giant in our ears, we would look down upon our mother-country, her fields and forests as fresh and green as at her first birth, her rivers and lakes as calm and placid as though never patterned with blood, her hills rising splendidly to the great white-crested peak of Ararat, monument to all things in the past and present but peace and happiness—Hayastan, the fairest and the richest land in all Asia, as she was once called! And as our eyes grew used to the distance we would see the dim ruins of her once embattled castles and palaces, the past splendour of her capitals: of Ani, the "city of the thousand and one churches," which, to the chime of all her bells, fell at last to the Tartar hordes of Jenghis Khan: of Tigranokerta, the city of "the King of Kings," in which the royal mummies were acting their play before the Court as the gates opened to the legions of Lucullus: of Artaxata, which was burned to the ground by Domitius Corbulo, because, on just such another evening as this, a black cloud hid the setting sun from the city, and she lay in darkness while all the country around was alight with its last rays: which the Roman took to be an omen to raze the rebellious capital to the ground.

As our eyes leave searching the past we would see, by the last light of the sun and to the whirr of the eagle's wings as he at last leaves the breast of Prometheus, patches of smoke which cling to the wide greenness here and there, hiding from us what were once, in our own lifetime, towns and villages, with their men and women who lived and loved and died, and their children who played about in the streets and fields and loved the earth, until they, too, grew to be men and women and knew that the earth of Hayastan is quickly hidden under smoke. But the smoke, for all the multitude of death that lies beneath it, hides only a very small part of the country; there is room, valleys and fields, hillsides and lakesides, untouched, for many towns and villages to be built, in which men will live again, perhaps morosely for a time because of the reek of smoke, but they will live. And

as we stand here, does the south wind bring anything acrid or dead-smelling to us? or is it not only the smell of earth that it brings? Ask Prometheus here! Could he have lived so long, despite the curse of Jupiter of life for thirty thousand years, if the south wind had blown nothing but dust and ashes into his mouth? He will tell you that nothing has helped him to withstand the beak and talons of the eagle more than the freshness and the scent of earth which the winds bear to him from Hayastan.

Out of School.

If an intuition is the consummated union in the mind between a purpose believed in and a realised function, the training of the intuitions should mean continued practice in recognising, under every possible aspect, some unifying principle that is common both to faith and knowledge. We have yet to see whether such a principle can be brought within the bounds of conscious statement; and first, perhaps, we ought to consider whether an attempt to define it is likely to be worth while. I have justified, I hope, certain distinct and positive attitudes in relation to belief on the one hand, and to understanding on the other; such as the deliberate exaltation of hypothesis above dogma as the true vehicle for a living and a striving faith, and the deliberate quest of wholeness at every stage in the growth of knowledge, so that nothing shall be taught in the air, an unrelated fragment, left to find its place in the learner's philosophy of life at some vague moment called "later on." These attitudes can be defended on their own single merits, apart from any question of education for genius: hypothesis is, demonstrably, the living tissue of faith; while dogma is the dead shell; and the "later on," for the drawing together of knowledge, never comes, because, meanwhile, the fragments have sublimated into the air in which they have been left.

But the governing principle of intuition, it may reasonably be argued, must be, of its own nature, uncapturable. Confine it in a formula, and you have, not intuition, but fact (or falsehood, as the case may be); or, at the best, you have caged the lark and silenced it. It is the penalty of bad thinking, that all thinking should be told to keep its paws off the live things of the spirit. I can only promise that if I make a cage, it shall be a cage with an open door. There are two reasons why it is good to formulate, if the formulation is honestly done: you find out what you can't capture—which is very much more important than finding out what you can; and you get one end to pull at. If the other end is fixed, immovably, beyond the stars, and you cannot pull it towards you, you can pull yourself towards it; while if the other end is simply the "growing end" of the imagination, somewhat nebulous as yet, you may get a closer view of the question how it works. But these two last alternatives are not mutually exclusive: the more nebulous "growing end" of the super-consciousness can only be thought of as growing in some direction, and we have already taken an observation of its trend, and postulated a belief in something that is being groped for, as the only explanation of the trend's existence.

But to find our common term, if it is to be found, we must identify ourselves as closely as possible with the groping, rudimentary organ of apprehension, and keep our working symbol for the ultimate thing that it is after as vague as we can. We must enter the being of the tendril, which may be reaching out towards a stick, or a bit of lattice work, or a stretched cord—it does not know which, until it touches and coils itself round it, and then only "knows" in a sense analogous to that in which we can know reality. We have to trace knowledge, or judgment, into its more tenuous, distant extremities, to see if we can gain a dim apprehension

of the moment when it touches and enfolds the substance of truth that it has been seeking. The precise nature of the substance is not revealed by the contact; but we may be able to determine the conditions that govern the act of successful reaching out. First, we have noticed the fact that fully conscious thought will not extend into this region of the subtler perceptions. It coils back upon itself—"racking one's brains" for an idea always gives the sense of travelling, vainly, in closed curves. But there is another experience, besides that of worrying one's reason till it goes sulkily to sleep, waking up, later on, with the full-blown idea suddenly and magically present. We lapse, sometimes, into a state of reverie—given certain conditions, which at present seem to be entirely accidental—in which we follow, very dreamily, it is true, the movements of the superconscious tendril beyond the tangle of our habitual thought-muddles.

Some thinkers, and more artists and mystics, can settle down deliberately to this state of meditative reverie, when they have sensed an idea within capturable reach. To take an intermediate instance, I know a philosopher who always, the moment a hint of an inspiration has come his way, casts about for an opportunity to escape and get quietly to sleep, making no attempt to think out his find until he can bring newly awakened thought to bear upon it. Some people, we know, have developed a power of dreaming their discoveries into shape. Others, equally abandoning any help from conscious faculty, go in for physical exercise, or for any available form of light social foolery. (I knew a poet who abounded in jokes of the utmost banality whenever he was "brewing" something good.) In all these instances, meditation is purposely kept out of the conscious range; and it is a common idea that this is the only way to catch an inspiration. "Poet, never chase the dream." But there may be a third course, between a breathless and fruitless chase after an idea and a deliberate looking in the opposite direction until it comes within grabbing distance. The trouble is that we have no art of meditation, and the primary example, prayer, has been imprisoned in the cage of Sunday religion. But the East knows how to meditate, and perhaps it is for this reason that the East can capture inspirations, profoundly impressive to anyone who is not put off by their weak and babyish quality in the intellectual region. Under the dissecting knife of analytical logic, an Eastern thought of the utmost profundity is no thought at all—in that sense, there is no intellectual content; but step back from it again, let the parts reunite, and it is a fragment of Original Truth.

The Eastern mystic, I suspect, carries what rudimentary intellectual technique he possesses over into the meditative region; we deliberately leave our more complex and more cumbrous intellects behind. Only the child-minded seem able to think their daydreams. Then we make the usual mistake of people who can only hold one idea of value at a time, and conclude that thought and the dream are incompatibles. But it is possible, at any rate for certain minds, to induce a visionary state in which thought, although certainly less crystalline, more fluent, is supremely active, clothing itself in a crowding procession of imagery. Alcohol and opium are, for some nervous systems, catalytics of rather uncertain and fugitive action that bring the elements of thought and dream into combination. Both, however, with increasing use, flavour the compound unpleasantly. Morphinesque drawing, in particular, has a sickly effect that is all its own. It is not altogether surprising that the Philistine, with such instances pushed under his nose, prescribes a cold bath and a brisk walk, and as rapid an escape as possible from the superconsciousness whenever it tries to emerge. But it is not fair to judge the superconsciousness when it is drugged; and our superconsciousness

generally is drugged when it gets out—if not by interferences with our nervous chemistry, then by the accumulated psychic poison of past inhibitions.

Can we not study an art of meditation, and train the function-thought and the purpose-dream to run amicably in double harness? We have not even the rudimentary technique of the monks of Mount Athos, who sat doubled up and contemplated their navels till they could see through them into eternity. These absurdities always spring to mind when we begin to think of means, and it is much best to let them spring, so as to get them out of the way. The Christian does not stop praying (though he may well reflect upon his method of prayer) for the thought of Chinese praying-wheels. All machinery is ridiculous. None the less, the ridiculous has its uses, especially if we don't forget to laugh; and we may do worse than consider whether some mechanism of meditation cannot be developed in school work.

KENNETH RICHMOND.

Drama,

By John Francis Hope.

As I suspected, the writer of the articles in the "Nation" on the drama of to-morrow has concluded that, in spite of industrialism and the monotony of modern life, the renaissance of drama is possible. He certainly admits that there are difficulties, he certainly asks for a miracle, insists that we, who walk in darkness like Nicodemus, must be born again, and "born different"; but none the less, he is sure that the decadence he has diagnosed is capable of cure by his method. It is unfortunate, perhaps, that Mr. Robb Lawson should, in the same number, remind him that, according to the criticisms examined by Sarcey, "French drama has been in a decadent condition for the past 150 years; equally, so our fathers have told us, has the English drama." Decadence is the badge of all our tribe, since Homer; we are not the men we used to be—and we never were. But still, "a fallible being will fail somewhere," and perhaps we have failed in drama because we have made decadence permanent, in other words, converted a vanishing trick into a survival value, or, to bring the matter home to "B.," cured the decadence by endowing it with immortality. If critics will go only to vaudeville, their diagnosis of the decadence of drama is as accurate as would be a musical critic's judgment of English music based entirely on the consideration of music-hall songs, or a literary critic's judgment of the decline of English literature because he could find neither style nor ideas in the popular Press. If we want to seek and not to find, we have only to look in the wrong place, and we shall remain forever convinced that what we are looking for has vanished from the universe.

But few people bother about diagnosis in England; our faith is pinned to prescriptions. "B.'s" prescription is, as I have said, simple and miraculous; he imports to the discussion some ideas from the economic sphere, discusses and dismisses the autocratic theory of private enterprise, discusses and dismisses the Syndicalist theory of "the stage for the actors," discusses and approves what is very like an adaptation of the Guild theory. "The ideal solution is for the public to provide the theatre, and to lease it to a troupe of actors who should provide the plays." The only person who seems to be forgotten in this prescription is the dramatist, and as it was from his supposed derelictions that the whole controversy started, the omission is unfortunate. Drama is not in a state of decline because theatres are privately owned, or because actors are individually employed; it is, on the hypothesis, in a state of decline because dramatists do not write good plays. The mere fact that the actors will be an organised company with a repertory, playing in theatres publicly

owned, will not elevate the drama, will not alter the quality of the plays in the repertory, unless the dramatist writes better plays. The objection raised was not to the economics or the mechanics, but to the drama, of the stage; and "B." has not shown us how these suggested reforms of the conditions of production will affect the dramatist's spirit of creation.

Indeed, he has not shown us how they will affect either the public or the actors. Both parties must be born again; "if the drama of to-morrow is to earn the true praise carried by the word 'quality,' not only must we substitute an active and critical intelligence for tolerant inertia among the audience, but we must have an end of plays written round the vanity of individuals, of 'produced' voices and calculated mannerisms, and all the trivial tricks that go to make the technique of modern acting." In short, we must have reality and not art on the stage; Sir Arthur Pinero's "freaks," for example, would have to be real freaks, and any vocal effects not possible to the natural voice in ordinary conversation must be ruled out. All tragedy is therefore ruled out, for I defy anyone to play "Othello" or "Macbeth" without "producing" his voice. But I do not want to slide into technical criticism; I want to know how we can "substitute an active and critical intelligence for tolerant inertia among the audience." Will the public ownership of the theatre endow the audience with a fine, discriminating taste in drama; and if not, from whence, if not from the experience of drama, are they to derive it? And how can they derive it from drama if drama is in a state of decadence?

It may be objected, of course, that the substitution can be initiated by dramatic critics; but who reads dramatic criticism except to discover what is produced and who is playing in it? My own experience is that if the critic deviates into criticism, he is accused of venom; if he reminds himself of standards as old as the drama, the metropolitan and provincial standards which are maintained in fact by every manager who sends a company "on the road," he is accused, as I have been, of gratuitously insulting the provinces. The "active and critical intelligence" of this country is reserved for the critics, not exercised on the artists who begin the whole trouble; and the usual platitude is enunciated in various forms that "criticism is easy, but art is difficult"—although there have been thousands of fine artists, and few good critics. It is precisely the lack of critical intelligence which is at the root of the matter; but so long as everybody who has not given two minutes' thought to a subject has the right to object to the judgments of those who do sometimes think, so long will it be impossible to make the substitution desired by "B." Dramatic critics are suspect either of venom or log-rolling; and the substitution can therefore only occur spontaneously or be effected by a miracle.

But it is a safe rule to distrust all diagnoses that are followed by the prescription of a miracle. If a man cannot advocate a reform without demanding that we must be born again, he is as useless as a doctor who should define all disease as incurable. The world is not ours to re-create every time we wind up our watches; we are obliged to admit that human nature is very complicated, and that there is room for all of us in the world. Even to-day, with all its disabilities, drama shows an extraordinary variety of types; and to pretend that revue is its only expression is to ignore the facts; to object to the popularity of revue is to demand a dictatorship of drama which will put us all on rations of fine art. It is not to any form of communal ownership or management that we can look for the solution of artistic difficulties; by this means, we only "escape from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many, multiply our feebleness, and aggravate our deficiencies." It is to the dramatist that we must appeal, and we can do that without a social revolution.

From a Southern Slav Anthology

(Translated by P. Selver.)

A. SERBIAN.

(1) JOVAN DUTCHITCH (b. 1874).

MY POETRY.

Staidness of marble, coolness the shadow strews,
Thou art a still, pale maid, all pondering:
Let songs of others be as a woman, whose
Wont it is in the unclean streets to sing.

I will not bedizen thee with baubles, nor
With yellow roses bespread thy flowing hair:
Too beautiful shalt thou be for all to adore,
Too proud to live that others may think thee fair.

Be too sorrowful with the grief that is thine,
Ever to come with solace to them that pine:
Too shamefast ever to lead the jostling throng.

Be ever placid, the while thy body holds
Not a sumptuous garment in heavy folds,
But clusters of riddling mist that hover along.

(2) VOISLAV ILITCH (1862-1894).

THE LAST GUEST.

Midnight is long since past: not a soul still left in the
tavern,
Save for the aged host, who, close to the chimney-side
cowering,
Fingers a heavy book. Without, there is heavy stillness,
And delicate drizzle of rain and burdensome darkness
lowering.

Then a tapping begins: to the tavern swiftly approaches
An uncanny guest, on his lips a smile of terrible
presage:
His eyes with the hollow sockets stare round with an
empty chillness,
He bears a scythe in his hands: it is Death with his
icy message.

Clutching the heavy book, the host is in peaceful
slumber,
When Death draws near to him softly, and silently
near him lingers.
And he takes in his hand a pen from the grimy tavern
table,
And sets his signature down with a twist of his life-
less fingers.

Then he turns to the corner, and out of the thin half-
darkness
Direly he grins: with its fangs the tempest clumsily
catches
And shakes at the darkened windows, and the heavy
oaken portals,
And shrieks through the empty tavern in gloomy
and horrible snatches.

(3) MILAN RAKITCH (b. 1876).

THE DESERTED SHRINE.

Christ upon His cross lies in the ancient shrine.
Down His riven limbs blood leaves its clotted trace;
Dead His eyes and pale and lulled, Death's very sign;
Welded silver weaves a halo o'er His face.

Gift of old-time lords and pious populace,
Ducats on His throat, linked as a necklet, shine;
On the frame the purest silver meshes twine,
And the frame was carved by smith of Debar's race.

Thus amid the lonely church doth Christ abide,
And while gradual darkness falls on every side,
With a swarm of night-birds, on their prey intent,

In the lonely shrine, where vampires wheel around,
Christ with hands outstretched, benumbed and horror-
bound,
Endlessly awaits the flock that ne'er is sent.

(4) ALEXANDER SHANTITCH (b. 1868).

DALMATIAN NOCTURNE.

Sea blueely gleaming,
Dreaming;
Chill darkness earthward falls.
The last red glimmer
Dimmer
O'er blackened ridges crawls.

And chimes are droning,
Moaning,
Trembling where rocks arise;
Prayers have ascended,
Blended
With poor men's long-drawn sighs.

Before God's altar
Falter
This wailing haggard brood.
But ne'er is spoken
Token
By God upon His rood.

And dreams are nearer,
Clearer;
Chill darkness earthward falls.
The last red glimmer
Dimmer
O'er blackened ridges crawls.

(5) SVETISLAV STEFANOVITCH (b. 1877).

THE SONG OF THE DEAD.

We have perished, 'tis said, and now are no more. . . .
Ruthlessly time all life bears away.
Over our bones sleep the days that are o'er,
And all that is left—a mere phantom of grey.

But we wot it better, and smile at the race
Of beings that live. Man, a moment abide.
We know, thou would'st deem that thy life's fleeting
space
Was lavished from heaven itself to thy side.

But lo! it was I who gave thee thy hair;
And mark thee, thine eyes, were they some time not
mine?
With my lips thou the mind of a maid didst ensnare.
'Tis my youth within thee doth blossom and pine.

From us thou hast all that is much thy delight,
For thou art our fruit. With the past do not strive,
Because upon tombs thy tapers burn bright;
We are not in the tomb—we are in thee, alive.

Each step that thou takest, beside thee we stay;
And behind thee, as true as thy shadow we throng.
While with space and with time thou waging the fray,
Unnumbered to conquest we bear thee along.

B. SLOVENE.

(1) F. PRESHERN (1800-1849).

From the "Sonnets of Unhappiness."

Life is a jail, and time grim warder there,
Sorrow the bride made young for him each day;
Woe and despair faithfully serve his sway,
And rue, his watcher with unwearied care.

Sweet death, O do not overlong forbear,
Thou key, thou portal, thou entrancing way
That guideth us from places of dismay
Yonder where moulder gnaws the gyves we wear.

Yonder where ranges no pursuing foe,
Yonder where we elude their evil plot,
Yonder where man is rid of every woe.

Yonder, where bedded in a murky grot,
Sleeps, whoso lays him there to sleep below,
That the shrill din of griefs awakes him not.

(2) OTON ZUPANTCHITCH (b. 1880).

ASCENSION DAY.

To-day an Ascension Day I divine,
My heart, how it surges and simmers,
My spirit silkily glimmers,
As though it had drunk of magical wine.

Mark ye not? Yonder, from forests of gloom,
Hurricanes rage,
Fierce thunderings boom,
And from out of the haze comes the fitful blaze
Of a blood-red light, like a sword to the sight—
'Tis the dawn of a coming age.

O brothers apace, towards life's trace!
At the blood-red sword do not waver,
This sword was not shaped for the braver,
And for him who is hale.
Only tombs this sword overturns, and
But fallen dwellings it burns, and
He who is strong shall prevail.

O brothers, brothers, the time is at hand!
O brothers, brothers, how do ye stand?
Are your fields yet garnished for reaping?
Fair stars are in the ascendant,
Seed falls that is golden-resplendent—
Are your fields yet garnished for reaping?

Shake ye stifling dreams away!
At lightning speed comes Ascension Day—
In vain shall he cry who now goes astray—
He only shall view it who bears the array!

Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Jankb Lavrin.

VII.—THE RELIGIOUS INDIVIDUALISM.

I.

In Raskolnikov, Stavrogin, Kirillov, and Ivan Karamazov Dostoyevsky exhausted all the ways and all the possibilities of an individual self-assertion on the basis of self-will. Each of these ways proved illusory, leading to self-destruction and to the void.

Further, Dostoyevsky demonstrated by means of them that man cannot create an *Absolute Value* which is necessary for an absolute individual self-assertion. An incontestable Value must exist outside of man, as an objective transcendental reality, but not as a subjective and illusory projection of one's self-will. On the other hand, in Ivan Karamazov he showed that it is impossible to receive by intellectual means knowledge or a certainty that such an objective Absolute Value really exists: Ivan's intellect perished in the daring effort to penetrate to an Objective Value, i.e., to find out the "secret" which is beyond man's will and mind.

Thus we get a position without any issue. On the one hand, the "secret" is concealed for ever, there even is no certainty that it exists; on the other hand—a higher consciousness, a "serious conscience" like that of Ivan, cannot and has no right to accept life as long as there exists the possibility that life may be a casual play of blind forces.

For if our consciousness and life be only a casual temporary play of blind cosmic forces, then the life of man and mankind is a senseless cosmic mockery. In such a case man is bound to protest against the mockery, to hate the whole of Cosmos and to desire in his protest its destruction together with his own self-destruction. The individual revenge for the "mockery" becomes his only craving, the cosmic Nihilism becomes the only state of his consciousness. A "serious conscience" is bound to destroy itself since it does not find a meaning, a "superior idea" in his individual existence, as well as in the existence of mankind and of Cosmos.

In other terms—in spite of "science and reason" there is and there must be for a higher consciousness a moment when one is placed in this dilemma: either my individual ego must be *eternal* or it does not want to exist at all; my consciousness, my soul must be immortal, otherwise I shall destroy myself. . . .

Hence Dostoyevsky is absolutely right when he states in his "Diary of an Author": "Without a superior idea there cannot exist either the individuality or the nation. But here, on earth, we have only *one superior idea*—and this is the idea of the *immortality of the soul*, because all other superior ideas have their source in this idea."

And on another occasion he expresses himself still more precisely on this topic in following words: "The idea that the life of mankind is only a flash and that all will be reduced afterwards to nothing, kills even the love for mankind. And the consciousness that one cannot give any help to suffering humanity can change the love that you had for mankind into hatred of mankind. . . . I assert even that the love for mankind is in general but slightly comprehensible and beyond the grasp of the human soul. This love could be justified only by the feeling which is derived from the belief in the immortality of the soul. Without the conviction that our soul is immortal the attachment of man to his planet would be abolished, and the loss of a higher meaning for life would lead undoubtedly to suicide. . . ."

It may be of interest that one of the most important followers of Dostoyevsky, the philosopher and poet Dmitry Merezhkovsky, states still more categorically that there exists no other path for a real individual self-assertion, than an individualism *sub specie aeternitatis*—i.e., a projection of the individual ego into eternity. "If mankind," says he, "became empirically immortal, but death existed only as a metaphysical possibility somewhere on the farthest domains of Time and Space—the man with a complete religious consciousness could not be able to accept the world. The religious, i.e., the absolute assertion of life requires an absolute negation of death, an absolute victory over death."

This projection of individuality as such into eternity, this individualism *sub specie aeternitatis* we may define as—religious individualism.

II.

Thus the question of Absolute Value receives a new modification. After having conjectured the path of self-will to the end Dostoyevsky was left with only two possibilities: either the mental catastrophe of Ivan, whose consciousness became engulfed by the "two truths," or the immortality of the soul and the value of Christ as a *spiritual Imperative*. . . . The life of man and mankind must have a religious basis, otherwise it has no basis at all. And as Christ (in Dostoyevsky's interpretation) has given to life the most synthetical, the *absolute religious* basis, so in Him must be Truth and Value. And if there is no "logical" guarantee for this He must be accepted in spite of logic—i.e., voluntarily, by faith. . . .

It is here that the passionate struggle of Dostoyevsky for faith begins. It is here that the divergence between Dostoyevsky and Nietzsche becomes irreconcilable. Both of them began with the same questions and statements; they came, however, to opposite poles: Nietzsche came to the highest expression of egotistic self-will which excludes God in the name of man-God, while Dostoyevsky came to the highest expression of religious individualism which projects our individuality into eternity and accepts God because His existence is the only condition for existence of individual immortality.

Nietzsche's highest ideal is man-God; Dostoyevsky's highest ideal is God-man (Christ). Dostoyevsky came, however, to the necessity of God-man through—man-God. . . . On the very path of Nietzsche Dostoyevsky

went further than Nietzsche had gone. He saw more than Nietzsche; hence he transvaluated also Nietzsche's transvaluations—without having known Nietzsche even by name.

III.

In some of his chief heroes Dostoyevsky led the famous "Superman" (or man-God) ad absurdum, i. e., to those consequences of self-will which Nietzsche could or would not see.

But parallel with these heroes Dostoyevsky's tried to create characters of the opposite type, too—though with less success. One of his interesting attempts in this respect is the "holy" Prince Myshkin (the hero of the "Idiot").

First of all, he is interesting because we see that with all his "holiness" he was more a refuge than an ideal for Dostoyevsky.

The Christianity of Myshkin does not infect us at all: it is too passive, too contemplative. Myshkin is not a dynamic figure, as Ivan or Mitya Karamazov; he is perhaps the most static of all heroes created by Dostoyevsky's genius. We do not see in him an intense struggle between good and evil. The "magical" element of his consciousness seems to be absolutely abolished by the mystical element. In other words: he is good because he *organically* cannot be evil. The only thing he can do is to pity and to forgive.

And his virtue? Yes, his virtue is incontestable, but it is the virtue of a born ascetic, nay, of a eunuch: he states even himself that he does not know women—because of his "physical defect." Such a static virtue can neither persuade nor infect us.

He is far more interesting in another respect: his mystical consciousness is enlarged to the cosmic limits. His flashes of higher consciousness, though due to his sickness, are on the brink of those conditions where "time is no more," and where man "either must die or become physically changed." Sometimes he gives the impression of a bloodless spirit who has been sent by a mistake in his earthly, too earthly, surrounding where he is not even a tragical, but only an unhappy figure.

The underlying motive, placed by Dostoyevsky in Prince Myshkin, is, however, of great importance. This motive is expressed by the young Aglaya in the following words: "There are two types of mind—the main type of mind and the secondary mind."

We could define them as the intuitive and intellectual "minds." Myshkin has a maximum of the former and a minimum of the latter. He is extremely intuitive, being, at the same time, almost an idiot in the "intellectual" respect. . . . In him Dostoyevsky attempted once more to discredit "science and reason," and to demonstrate another way of penetrating of cosmic mysteries—the intuitive, the religious way.

Nevertheless, Myshkin cannot be accepted by us as an ideal religious type—because he is too little from the earth: in spite of his higher consciousness and life he is too little alive.

Later on, Dostoyevsky tried to give more living and more dynamic representatives of this kind—in the monk Zossima, and especially in Alyosha Karamazov.

IV.

The sympathetic elder, Zossima, and the young and fair Alyosha Karamazov are not bloodless hagiographic figures, as Myshkin is. But it is most strange that both of them are too much sketch-like, made hurriedly. There were things, the utterances of which Dostoyevsky did not complete. Besides this, he shows us the inner harmony of both of them already as a "fait accompli."

Have they been tortured by the cleavage and questions of Ivan Karamazov? How did they overcome them?

Dostoyevsky was skilful and prudent enough not to speak about this, but to transfer all those questions

suddenly to quite another sphere—to the sphere of the "main mind," i. e., of intuition.

Ivan sought for the meaning of life by his "secondary mind," and he tried to get at life through the meaning of life, while Alyosha went to the meaning of life through the life itself. . . . He is neither a mental brooding type as Ivan, nor a physiological one as his father, nor a "holy" one as Myshkin, nor purely passionate and emotional as Mitya. He rather contains them all. His consciousness has found a new focus for the reconciliation and synthesis of the whole of life, of the soul and body, of logic and faith, of Heaven and Earth. . . . His Christianity is not the ascetic Christianity of the catacombs; it is not the hatred of Earth, but the highest expression of the love of life, of sun, of earth and of heaven alike. It is the fullest, the highest assertion of individual life, and of all God's creation.

"Love all God's creation, the whole and every grain of sand in it. Love every leaf, every ray of God's light. If you love everything, you will perceive the divine mystery in things," said Father Zossima, to whom belong also these beautiful words: "God took seeds from different worlds and sowed them on this earth, and His garden grew up and everything came up that could come up, but what grows, lives, and is alive only through the feeling of its contact with other mysterious worlds. If that feeling grows weak or is destroyed in you, the heavenly growth will die away in you. Then you will be indifferent to life and even grow to hate it."*

In these words is contained the most characteristic feature of Christianity of Zossima and of his beloved pupil Alyosha, who, by his youth and fullness of life, seems to be an antipode of the bloodless "Christian" Myshkin.

V.

Was Alyosha a *pium desiderium* and a refuge for Dostoyevsky (as "Zarathustra" for Nietzsche) from Ivan's cleavage, or was he a real attainment?

How ever it may be, for us Alyosha is real in his typical moments, as real as Ivan, and this is the main thing. Does not everybody feel the reality of this wonderful scene when Earth and Heaven reconcile themselves in the consciousness of Alyosha after his symbolic dream about Cana of Galilee?

"He went quickly down; his soul overflowing with rapture, yearned for freedom, space, openness. The vault of heaven, full of soft, shining stars, stretched vast and fathomless above him. The Milky Way ran in two pale streams from the zenith to the horizon. The fresh, motionless, still night enfolded the earth. The white towers and golden domes of the cathedral gleamed out against the sapphire sky. The gorgeous autumn flowers, in the beds around the house, were slumbering till morning. The silence of earth seemed to melt into the silence of the heavens. The mystery of earth was one with the mystery of stars. . . . Alyosha stood, gazed, and suddenly threw himself down on the earth. He did not know why he embraced it. He could not have told why he longed so irresistibly to kiss it, to kiss it all. But he kissed it weeping, sobbing and watering it with his tears, and vowed passionately to love it, to love it, to love it for ever. . . . Oh! in his rapture he was weeping even over those stars, which were shining to him from the abyss of space, and he was not ashamed of that ecstasy. There seemed to be threads from all those innumerable worlds of God, linking his soul to them, and it was trembling all over 'in contact with other worlds.' He longed to forgive every one and everything, and to beg forgiveness for all men, for all and for everything. With every instant he felt clearly and, as it were, tangibly, that something firm and unshakable as that vault of heaven had entered into his soul.

* This and the following quotations are taken from the translation of Mrs. C. Garnett.

It was as though some idea had seized the sovereignty of his mind—and it was for all his life and for ever and ever. . . .”

While reading this passage, do we not feel that the Christian Dostoyevsky loves Earth with a passionate love? He loves the Earth with a deeper, with a fuller love than Nietzsche's "Zaratoustra." And this passionate love for the whole of Cosmos, this highest reconciliation between Heaven and Earth, this highest ecstasy of life are—in Dostoyevsky's conception—identical with a true, with a *religious* (but not with a dogmatic) Christianity.

In other words, Dostoyevsky's Christianity is not a collection of dead dogmas, but the highest and the fullest expression of the Cosmic, of the *Religious Individualism*.

Did Dostoyevsky really and definitely attain this state of consciousness, or was he only longing, passionately longing for it—as we are?

But here we must stop for the present, for—in the answering this question lies that personal "secret" of Dostoyevsky of which he himself was mostly afraid. . . .

Art Notes

By B. H. Dias.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT SOCIETY.

The present exhibition of the National Portrait Society offers about as much nutriment to æsthetic rumination as the contents of the average family photograph album in the most average middle-class family. There is a certain commercial standard and standardising of product. "An Exhibition of Portraits of Their Majesties the King and Queen of the Belgians," by R. N. Speaight, of Speaight, Ltd., photographers and portrait painters, may serve the captious for ballast. Indeed, the pile of society portraits to be found at any of our best photographers will stimulate one to many comparative cogitations. If the pigment of Speaight, Ltd., is less well administered than that of the National Portrait Society, Messrs. Speaight, in any case, have their cameras to fall back on.

Portraiture has an æsthetic of its own slightly distinct from that of painting. By calling a thing a portrait you imply that it has a relation to something not itself; to an individual, not simply to mankind at large or to nature, or colour, or form, or to "laws" of painting, of filling and dividing the space of the canvas.

It is perhaps pedagogic to state that a "portrait" must be a good picture first, and that thereafter it may add the grace of being a portrait, a good portrait, or a likeness. This statement is not unexceptionable. Certain avowals on the part of the painter almost inhibit his painting of portraits. If he is deliberately more interested in light, in patches of colour, in accidental grimaces, in, yes, even in the texture of orange-coloured velvet, though this latter interest may in the present stage of portraiture serve his pocket in no mean degree it may hinder him in the making of portraits.

A portraitist is not limited to the photographic method. I would not limit him to any method. He may depict the form of his sitter's head and face. That is portraiture of one sort. On the other hand, the depiction of blobs of sunlight, of all sorts of accidentals and circumstances of the sitter, is not, in the best sense, portraiture, though it may be as fine painting as you like.

The portraitist may also centre his attention on the character of his sitter (as he sees or imagines it), he may depict the clothing, surroundings, possessions of the sitter in order to illustrate the sitter. Moroni shows his tailor holding the shears. There are cruder methods of symbolism. But how far it is necessary to present the pearls and the plumage of society ladies in order that we may not mistake them for models, I will leave out of this diatribe.

The portrait painter's liberty runs just as far as is compatible with leaving the centre of interest *always* in the personality, the character, the individual who is the sitter. When this centre shifts the canvas becomes a fancy picture or whatever else you like, but it ceases to deserve attention as portraiture. Man used as an excuse for a study in sunlight, or even woman used as a clothes-horse, cannot rise to the apex of portrait-painting.

In the present show the negro supporting the pink abortion is not, and is not labelled a portrait; neither is De Smet's picture of the back of a lady's neck. This neck and the two small boys are labelled "Mon Foyer." Other cases are not so clear. We may perhaps discard Creamer's "Decorative Portrait" in the worst phase of so-called modernism; and debate Swanzy's arrangement of brush-strokes in quadrilaterals. Katherine Mayer paints "Louise's" kimono so that the painting is quite as pretty as the dress goods, but she has neglected Louise's pretty face. The same painter shows Mrs. A. G. Eddy screwed into an attitude, there to squirm for posterity as Sisyphus or Ixion. Mr. Chas. Sims, R.A., appears to "have got a likeness" of Mrs. Brett, and he has put a nice tone into part of his very plain background. Let us return to the star performers, as shown in the "large" gallery or first room as you enter.

Mr. Ambrose McEvoy exhibits one of the best portraits of The Lady Diana Manners contained in this exhibition. True, his only competitor is Mr. Eves, and the tear concurrent with the expression of Mr. Eves' drawing has been incontinently taken away. In Mr. Eves' painting the lady's hand is neither drawn nor stylisèe. Mr. McEvoy's portrait is "decorative;" the sitter or stander is in the posture of "This way up, ladies"; she appears as if leading to higher things. The canvas also appears as if it might have been cut out of some larger composition, some fantasy after Reynolds or Gainsborough. There is tradition for this sort of thing. Sir Edwin Landseer was never able "to tell beforehand." He used to paint on the large and cut out as much as would "compose." One questions Mr. McEvoy's knowledge of anatomy, as one might question Landseer's sense of composition. As for McEvoy's pigment and colour-quality, we can only refer the reader again to the stucco ceiling of the soda-bar so convenient to the Oxford Circus "Central London."

Mr. Glyn Philpot, A.R.A., exhibits an infelicitous imitation of Picasso's "Mann am Tisch." (The public is unacquainted with the earlier work of Picasso.) Sir J. Lavery, A.R.A., in his "Mrs. P. Ford" displays all the possible faults of muddiness, from the feet in a Boldini smear through the pink mud, the brown mud, the blue mud disposed on the rest of the canvas. McEvoy's "Young Man" is done in blobs of light, but the young man is recognisable. Mr. Strang makes an honest endeavour to transmit the face of his Picador's wife; the virtue is in the drawing not in the painting. Wm. Nicholson's rather bad picture is so hung as to look worse during daylight, the feet and spats are thrust into the lime-light and the face left in darkness. This is the fault of the hanging, for the picture should be more carefully condemned after the electric lights are turned on. Cadell in "Black Lace Veil" certainly shows how not to do it. Spencer Watson, at first wink, seems to have managed to do dress goods quite up to Tate Gallery standard; then one perceives that one cannot quite say whether the skirt *really* is satin. Swynnerton makes the young man's tennis shoes quite as interesting, as painting, as his face. Cadell, again, in "The Fawn Dress" seems scarcely the artist who could have painted the other picture attributed to him in the catalogue. Here he shows a typical French lightness and grace, and has placed his pretty figure most admirably on his canvas, which is a fit ornament for the most exquisite boudoir in Mayfair. The ruck of the exhibits do not merit individual condemnation.

There is some poor archaism. One man has seen a book illustrated with prints of Gauguin and perhaps Matisse and Kandinsky, and has introduced a little of their stylisation judiciously, and with caution, into his background, "seeing how much the public will take." Philpot's "The Lady Mary Thynne" is reminiscent of "A Little Child Shall Lead Them."

The interest in the exhibition, such as it is, may well centre in Alvaro Guevara. I must confess to a preference for his dancers and acrobats. In this show his "Dorothy Warren" is a fancy picture, and the lady's hair is not that colour. His Mrs. Wallace is needlessly reminiscent of John. It "comes up better" at thirty yards distance—that is, from the very end of the other gallery; but paintings are not normally viewed from thirty yards distance, and unless this portrait is particularly intended to decorate some unusually large room this focus is an error.

There is only one thing in the show that is "safe" for an art student to look at. It is labelled "Alf. Stevens," but the artist is given his full praenomen in the catalogue. The texture of the blue velvet in his picture is rendered with technique worthy of the name. It matches, despite its being wholly different, the technique of early Dutch masters; so also the surface of the paint on the screen and of the table-cover. The face is the weakest spot in the picture; the artist has turned it as far as possible from one, obviously wishing to make as pleasing a picture as possible of his sitter.

Axiom: The portrait painter not only attempts to make a good painting, but he attempts to bring that painting into a definite relation with an extraneous object called the "Sitter."

Obiter dictum: Between the revelation, or portrayal, or interpretation of "The Sitter," and the concealment of a society lady in her frills, frou-frous, and furbelows there is a gulf as yet unmeasured.

Journey Round My Room.

IX.

I AM rich in great works I have never accomplished. If you come round my room with me you will find manuscripts and notes in the most likely and unlikely places. In those drawers, in that cupboard over there, in the big chest by the fireplace, in the little bookcase beside me that was carved in Kashmir with three different kinds of Thibetan devils on it—one of them being a new discovery in a distant temple and never carved before—in all these places you will find odd scraps of paper and notebooks full of the most wonderful projects, and as well in the boot-cupboard, in the boots themselves, between books and inside them—everywhere indeed where papers can but ought not to be deposited. The hungry maw of the waste-paper basket has fastened upon many sweet innocents, and no doubt it will devour as many more before long.

In the little Kashmir table with the devils there is a drawer. I opened it this morning and found that a small heap of papers had nested there. One or two of them seem intelligible, if not very intelligent. The first than meets my eye is:

An Open Letter to a Popular Writer who, after many misquotations from foreign tongues in his works were attributed to printers' errors, had the Imprudence to make the Same Misquotation Twice.

Festina lente, mon vieux. Ne quid nimis; heu, cacoethes quotendi!

Ici on parle français, se habla espagnol, mann spreckt Vlaamsch et hoc genus omne. Quand même, cui bono? Credat judaeus Apella cum grano salis—je n'en vois pas la nécessité. Redolet lucerna; vanitas vanitatum.

A chacun son goût; de gustibus non est disputandum. Au royaume des aveugles les borgnes sont rois; audaces fortuna juvit. Sans pareil copia verborum à la main,

bons mots con amore, façons de parler ardentia verba à propos de rien. Sed facilis descensus Averni!

O lingua franca; O sancta simplicitas; O variae lectiones; O nemesis! *Lapsus calami?* C'est vrai, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus; honi soit qui mal y pense. *Sed bis peccare in bello non licet.*

Che sara, sara; ex nihilo nihil fit. Non omnia possumus omnes; was Hänschen nimmer lernte, holt Hans nimmer ein. Ergo, beau sabreur currente calamo, suaviter in modo. Ne sutor ultra crepidam, requiescat in pace.

Scribbled on the back of this interesting epistle I found a far gentler exercise in inkcraft. I always pity the sighs of such sonneteers as have had the additional misfortune not to write in English. This particular echo is a translation from some agreeable verses by Mellin de Saint Gelais, who flourished in the middle of the sixteenth century, and went finally to seed in 1573; he introduced the sonnet form to France. And he mentions the Thames and its swans!

There are not ships in Venice nigh so many,
Oysters at Bruges, nor hares in all Champagne,
Bears in Savoy, nor calves in Brittany,
Nor on the Thames so many a white swan:
So many Loves the Church doth not maintain:
Nor vie so many folks in Germany,
Nor honours hath a gentleman of Spain,
Nor falsities are found in King's Court any:
So many monsters dwell not in Afric,
Nor sentiments within a republic,
Nor amnesties in Rome at feasts bestowed:
So many rascals ply not law and physic,
So many dure not conflicts theologic,
As there are fancies in my Lady's head.

Then there is a sheaf of papers which contain notes for a vast work I projected. This was to be nothing less than The Veritable History of the Marvellous and almost Incredible Deeds achieved in the defence of Religion and Virtue by that Ornament of Objectivism and Pattern of Chivalry, a most Ingenious Hidalgo, yclept (by the grace of God) Don Orimar de la Temuza!

First I intended to set down the chance meeting of my Hero with the lawless but powerful tribe of Liberaldos, and how he pursued them with unrelenting and irresistible arguments and attacks, until they fled the field. "Happiness," said the Liberaldos, "which is the end of living, is only to be obtained through liberty." "Indeed," cried Don Orimar, "then I am at liberty to break your heads, which will cause me the highest happiness, and you, too, no doubt." Next his mighty discussions and bloody combats in a cottage with the descendants (by the supposititious bar sinister) of a certain physician Malenthusio; wherein he urges that the Divinity may not be gratified save by a quiverful of offspring, irrespective of the desires of their parents.

Thirdly, came the meeting of Don Orimar with some hearty fellows known as the Toreamangores, or Eaters of Roast Beef—the same are known for short as Tories—who, like my Hero, were the undying enemies of the Liberaldos. After a short acquaintance, however, Don Orimar discovers that these supposed friends are really as noxious to him as their mutual enemies. "Authority is ours," said the Toreamangores, "so, what we do is right." "In that case," cried Don Orimar, charging into their ranks with drawn sword, "it will now be right to run away; for you are about to do this." In many an onslaught the divine Don routs the Toreamangores from their positions.

I have no space for further details of my unattempted masterpiece, but only for a sweet song which was intended to appear at about page 276 of the fifth volume of the completed work. Don Orimar de la Temuza, I may explain, decides for the purposes of disguise—so much has he come to be feared by all knights and giants—to adopt an assumed name, which he chooses by anagram from his real one. His pseudonym, then,

is Don Ramiro de la Macztu; on entering a certain village he is invoked under this name by a damsel in distress, who recites the following charming and tuneful verses:—

Don Ramiro,
Dauntless hero,
Aid a maiden fair.
Dum spiro spero—
But hope's at zero,
If you flout my prayer.
Don Ramiro,
Cavaliero,
Horseman debonair;
Scourge my Nero:
Never fear! Oh,
May you be his slayer!
By the bishop who baptised you,
Don Ramiro de la Macztu—
Win my freedom and your prize too!

What a book this would have been! What a masterpiece! But, alas, it never will be, never can be, perhaps never ought to be completed.

Woe is me; I am too weak: the wanton words will out. I cannot, cannot keep back what is perhaps the finest passage in the fifth book of the ninth volume of this unparalleled work. It is the chance meeting of Don Orimar de la Temuza with a wild Knight named Laurencio. They meet in an Italian twilight, a time consecrated to sons and lovers. As Don Orimar rides into sight, Don Laurencio advances towards him with a strange, delirious outcry. Don Orimar listens and hears these extraordinary words: "Amo; amas; amat; our lithe, voluptuous limbs are swaying; your lithe, voluptuous limbs are swaying; their lithe, voluptuous limbs are swaying. O, my red lips! O, your dilated eyeballs! O, plumpers and passions!" With these strange sounds ringing in his ears, the intrepid Don Orimar approaches Don Laurencio and sprinkles holy water on him, whereupon Don Laurencio recovers his senses and is cured of his distemper for ever.

To conclude, I may mention that Don Orimar dies in the final chapter. The time has come for him to pass away, for he has emptied the world of heretics and he stands solitary in the otherwise ghostly ranks of chivalry. It is supposed that, despairing of finding death in combat, since there was no one left powerful enough to cross swords with him, Don Orimar died by his own hand. At least, he was found dead one morning, run through with his own sword.

There is, I may say, a curious and elusive legend that Don Orimar, though he expired in the circumstances I have mentioned, did not die by his own hand; but that, in a terrible combat with a knight unknown, his proper weapon was turned against him by the fatal adversary! Will the truth ever be known?

Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XII.—NAWADIR.*

WE had arrived in a village of the mountains late one afternoon, and were sauntering about the place, when some rude children shouted: "Hi, O my uncle, you have come in two!"

It was the common joke at sight of European trousers, which were rare in those days. But Suleymân was much offended upon my account. He turned about and read those children a tremendous lecture, rebuking them severely for thus presuming to insult a stranger and a guest. His condemnation was supported on such lofty principles as no man who possessed a particle of religion or good feeling could withstand; and his eloquence was so commanding yet persuasive that, when at length he moved away, not children only but many also of the grown-up people followed him.

The village was high up beneath the summit of a

ridge, and from a group of rocks within a stone's throw of it could be seen the sea, a great blue wall extending north and south. We perched among those rocks to watch the sunset. The village people settled within earshot, some below and some above us. Presently an old man said:—

"Thou speakest well, O sage! It is a sin for them to cry such things behind a guest of quality. Their misbehaviour calls for strong correction. But I truly think that no child who has heard your honour's sayings will ever be so impudent again."

"Amân!"* cried one of the delinquents. "Allah knows that our intention was not very evil."

I hastened to declare that the offence was nothing. But Suleymân would not allow me to decry it.

"Your honour is as yet too young," he said, severely, "to understand the mystic value of men's acts and words. A word may be well meant and innocent, and yet the cause of much disaster, possessing in itself some special virtue of malignity. You all know how the jānn† attend on careless words; how if I call a goat, a dog or cat by its generic name without pointing to the very animal intended, a jinni will as like as not attach himself to me, since many of the jānn are called by names of animals. You all know also that to praise the beauty of a child, without the offer of that child to Allah as a sacrifice, is fatal because there is unseen a jealous listener who hates and would deform the progeny of Eve. Such facts as these are known to every ignoramus, and their cause is plain. But there exists another and more subtle danger in the careless use of words, particularly with regard to personal remarks, like that of these same children when they cried to our good master: 'Thou hast come in two,' directing the attention to a living body. I have a rare thing in my memory which perhaps may lead you to perceive my meaning darkly.

"A certain husbandman (fellâh) was troubled with a foolish wife. Having to go out one day, he gave her full instructions what to do about the place, and particularly bade her fix her mind upon their cow, because he was afraid the cow might stray, as she had done before, and cause ill-feeling with the neighbours. He never thought that such a charge to such a person, tending to concentrate the woman's mind upon a certain object, was disastrous. The man meant well; the woman too meant well. She gave her whole mind to obey his parting words. Having completed every task within the house, she sat down under an olive-tree which grew before the door, and fixed her whole intelligence in all its force upon the black-and-white cow, the only living thing in sight, which was browsing in the space allowed by a short tether. So great did the responsibility appear to her that she grew anxious, and by dint of earnest gazing at the cow came to believe that there was something wrong with it. In truth the poor beast had exhausted all the grass within its reach, and it had not entered her ideas to move the picket.

"At length a neighbour passed that way. She begged him, of his well-known kindness, to inspect the cow and tell her what the matter really was. This neighbour was a wag, and knew the woman's species; he also knew the cow as an annoyance, for ever dragging out its peg and straying into planted fields. After long and serious examination he declared: 'The tail is hurting her and ought to be removed. See how she swishes it from side to side. If the tail is not cut off immediately, the cow will die one day.'

"'Merciful Allah!' cried the woman. 'Please remove it for me. I am all alone, and helpless.'

"The man lifted up an axe which he was carrying and cut off the cow's tail near the rump. He gave it to the woman and she thanked him heartily. He went his way, while she resumed her watch upon the cow. And still she fancied that its health was not as usual.

* Rare things.

* Equivalent to "Pax."

† Genis.

"Another neighbour came along. She told him of her fears, and how the Sheykh Mukarram, of his well-known kindness, had befriended her by cutting off the damaged tail.

"Of course," cried the newcomer, "that accounts for it! The animal is now ill-balanced. It is always a mistake to take from one end without removing something also from the other. If thou wouldst see that cow in health again, the horns must go."

"O, help me; I am all alone! Perform the operation for me," said the woman.

"Her friend sawed off the horns and gave them to her. She exhausted thanks. But still, when he was gone, the cow appeared no better. She grew desperate.

"By then the news of her anxiety about the cow had spread through all the village, and every able body came to help her or look on. They cut the udder and the ears and then the legs and gave them to her, and she thanked them all with tears of gratitude. At last there was no cow at all to worry over. Seeing the diminished carcass lying motionless, the woman smiled and murmured: 'Praise to Allah, she is cured at last; she is at rest! Now I am free to go into the house and get things ready for my lord's return.'

"Her lord returned at dusk. She told him: 'I have been obedient. I watched the cow and tended her for hours. She was extremely ill, but all the neighbours helped to doctor her, performing many operations, and we were able to relieve her of all pain, the praise to Allah! Here are the various parts which they removed. They gave them to me, very kindly, since the cow is ours.'

"Without a word the man went out to view the remnant of the cow. When he returned he seized the woman by both shoulders and, gazing straight into her eyes, said grimly: 'Allah keep thee! I am going to walk this world until I find one filthier than thou art. And if I fail to find one filthier than thou art, I shall go on walking—I have sworn it—to the end.'

Suleymân broke off there suddenly, to the surprise of all.

"I fail to see how that rare thing applies to my case," I observed as soon as I felt sure that he had done his story.

"It does not apply to your case, but it does to others," he replied on brief reflection. "It is dangerous to put ideas in people's heads or rouse self-consciousness, for who can tell what demons lurk in people's brains. . . . But wait and I will find a rare thing suited to the present instance."

"Say, O Sea of Wisdom, did he find one filthier than she was?"

"Of course he did."

"Relate the sequel, I beseech thee!"

But Suleymân was searching in his memory for some event more clearly illustrating the grave risks of chance suggestion. At length he gave a sigh of satisfaction, and then spoke as follows:

"There was once a Turkish pasha of the greatest, a benevolent old man, whom I have often seen. He had a long white beard, of which he was extremely proud, until one day a man, who was a wag, came up to him and said:

"'Excellency, we have been wondering: When you go to bed, do you put your beard inside the coverings or out?'

"The Pasha thought a moment, but he could not tell, for it had never come into his head to notice such a matter. He promised to inform his questioner upon the morrow. But when he went to bed that night he tried the beard beneath the bed-clothes and above without success. Neither way could he get comfort, nor could he, for the life of him, remember how the beard was wont to go. He got no sleep on that night or the next night either, for thinking on the problem thus presented to his mind. On the third day, in a rage, he called a barber and had the beard cut off. Accustomed

as he was to such a mass of hair upon his neck, for lack of it he caught a cold and died.

"That story fits the case before us to a nicety," said Suleymân in conclusion, with an air of triumph.

"What is the moral of it, deign to tell us, master!" came from all sides in the growing twilight.

"I suppose," I hazarded, "that, having had attention called to the peculiar clothing of my legs, I shall eventually have them amputated or wear Turkish trousers?"

"I say not what will happen; God alone knows that. But the mere chance that such catastrophes, as I have shown, may happen is enough to make wise people shun that kind of speech."

I cannot to this day distinguish how much of his long harangue was jest and how much earnest. But the fellâhin devoured it as pure wisdom.

Views and Reviews.

THE SURVIVAL OF PERSONALITY.

THERE is a danger of heresy, both religious and scientific, in the consideration of the immortality of the *soul*. The Apostles' Creed asks us only to "believe in the Holy Ghost . . . the Resurrection of the Body, and the Life Everlasting." The body, of course, is in great disrepute among those who are not Christians, and imagine that the "spiritual" is in some way superior to the "material"; belying thereby both the teaching of St. Paul: "Know ye not that your *body* is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God?" and the modern scientific demonstration that matter is force or force is matter, whichever way we prefer to express it. So when we talk of the survival of the soul, or the survival of human personality, we have to beware of being "spiritual" to the exclusion of other considerations; it is always possible that the soul, or the personality, may, like a captive balloon, be tethered to the material earth, and be unable to transmit messages even by wireless without the use of a mechanical instrument. I am prepared to concede everything to those who argue for the survival of human personality if they will first expound the necessary conditions of the existence and operation of human personality.

It is easy enough to make assumptions, and the usual mystical or metaphysical assumption that the soul is something separate from and superior to the human body which only needs, and uses, the human body for expression on the physical plane of existence, assumes the very point at issue, while, at the same time, it concedes everything to the physiologists. Obviously, if the soul is a unity, the individuality of its expression even on this plane must reside in its medium; nerve-impulses are not specific, and the activity of the nerve-impulse is determined by the end plate. Graft the nerve that inhibits the heart (it has been done) to the nerve that expands the iris of the eye, stimulate it, and the eye will expand; "the character [of nerve impulses] depends on the nature of the tissue or organ in which they end," says Prof. Fraser Harris. If the soul be a unity which can operate through the body or without it, if it can exist independently of it, then, on the analogy, its impulses must be general, not specific, vital and not characteristic, and what would survive bodily dissolution would not be the personality, or the soul (as we call it) for which we desire immortality.

There is no need to rely entirely on analogy, for the physiological conditions of both consciousness and personality are known. "Psychometric researches demonstrate every day," says Ribot, "that the more complex a state of consciousness is the

greater length of time it requires, and that, on the contrary, automatic acts—whether primitive or acquired, and the rapidity of which is extreme—do not enter into consciousness. We may, moreover, admit that the appearance of consciousness is connected with the period of disassimilation of nervous tissue, as Herzen has distinctly shown." And as the very definition of "person" is "the individual as clearly conscious of itself, and acting accordingly," we cannot accept without proof equally cogent to that provided by physiology any argument which requires us to believe that the soul, the personality, can really exist apart from a body capable of periodic assimilation and disassimilation of nervous tissue. A sleeping man is not a person; and although I have not read "In Memoriam" for ten years, and have no copy to refer to, I remember (subject to correction) that Tennyson argued a similar contention in these words:—

The baby, new to earth and sky,
What time his little palm is pressed
Against the circle of his breast,
Has never thought that "this is I."

But as he grows he gathers much,
And learns the use of "I" and "me,"
And finds "I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch."

So grows he to a firmer mind
From whence clear reckoning may begin.

In short, the content of the consciousness of self, no less than the consciousness itself, is determined by the existence and the experience of the human body. The mystical assumption that the human personality is a perfect unity, simple and identical, is not demonstrable; what is demonstrable is that the personality is a whole by coalition, varying in complexity at different times and in different occupations.

And if we ask what physiology has to say concerning the continuum, the stratum of memory that is the basis of personality, physiological psychology, as taught by Ribot and others, finds it in general sensibility, discovers that the phenomenon of dissociated personality is accompanied by anæsthesia of the skin, and that the more extensive the anæsthesia the more complete the dissociation. Ribot mentions several cases, but the case of the old soldier, Lambert, is the most striking and the most important from this point of view, because it is practically free from intellectual elements. After the accident, he never said "I," but spoke of his body as "that thing," that "wretched machine," and so on. "His skin was insensible, and often he would fall into a state of complete insensibility and immobility, lasting several days." Ribot thus explains the psychology of the case. "Before his accident, this soldier, like everybody else, had his organic consciousness, the sense, the feeling of his own body, of his physical personality. After the accident an internal change was brought about in his nervous organisation. Concerning the nature of this change, unfortunately, we can only form hypotheses, the effects alone being known. Whatever it may have been, it resulted in giving birth to another organic consciousness—that of a "wretched machine." No kind of amalgamation had been effected between the latter and the former consciousness—the recollection of which had tenaciously remained with the patient. The feeling of identity, accordingly, is lacking; because in the organic states as well as in others this feeling can only result from a slow, progressive, and continuous assimilation of the new states. Here the new states did not enter the old ego as an integral part. Hence that odd situation in which the old personality appears to itself as having been, and as being no more, and in which the present state appears as an external

strange thing, and as not existing. It may be remarked, in fine, that in a state where the surface of the body no longer yields sensations, and where those that do arrive from the organs are equivalent almost to none at all; where both superficial and deep sensibility is extinguished—that in such a state the organism no longer excites those feelings, images, and ideas that connect it with higher psychical life. The organism is simply reduced to the automatic acts that constitute the habitude or routine of life, or, properly speaking, it becomes 'a machine.'" If we are to talk about life after death (Lambert declared that he was dead), here is a case which offers at least as veridical a proof as may be derived from other sources of what will happen when we are evicted from our earthly tabernacles. Like the baby and the soldier, we shall never think "this is I," unless the body is resurrected.

We must keep these facts in mind when we are dealing with psychical evidence, for facts do not contradict each other, they co-exist. Strictly speaking, all the evidence of survival comes, and must come, from this side of the grave; instead of the so-called psychical phenomena helping us to understand that the "spirits" can exist independently of the body, they prove conclusively that the "spirits" can do nothing without a body, and with it, can be barely intelligible. Even if we admit "materialisation," we have also to admit that it is impossible without a living medium (no dead man has medianistic powers); and even then the "spirits" cannot do as much with the "etheric" substance provided by the medium as the medium can do with his own body. They cannot maintain a body which will cohere for years, whatever conditions of light or heat may exist. Light, which is life to us, is death to the materialised form; darkness, which is terrible and finally deadly to us, is the only condition in which the materialisation can exist. Even if we accept these manifestations as veritable and not fraudulent, veridical and not deceptive experiences, we are compelled to admit that their powers are not equal to ours, and that in all probability they never will be equal to ours until "the resurrection of the body."

If we turn to the psychical evidence, as the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia" does in the book on "Immortality" to which I have referred, we are no nearer assurance of the survival of human personality. With the realm* of the unconscious open to us, and not yet explored, with the certainty that telepathy is a fact, and that we have by no means exhausted its possibilities, it is impossible to detach one set of phenomena from another when both come through the same medium, and to declare that the one set may have been dictated or discovered by a person in a body and the other by a person without a body. We are only at the beginning of a mystical interpretation of reality, which may include such apparently absurd doctrines as that the shadow of a man falling upon a wall will leave a permanent trace which may be discovered by one sensitive enough; and until we have thoroughly explored the powers of man and the nature of what we call matter, the *lex parcimonie* forbids us to resort to an hypothesis that it is impossible to accept, even as an explanation of the fact it is supposed to interpret, without emptying our minds of what we know is true. I am in agreement with the author of "Pro Christo et Ecclesia," when she says: "We have three ways of approaching truth—knowledge of fact, current and historic, the experience of the self and of others; hard thinking; and the intuitive vision of quiescent moments. Truth arrived at by such insight must not contradict knowledge attained in these other ways." It is possible to proceed from what we know to what we do not know; but if we begin with what is not

only unknown, but is contradictory of what is known, we shall land in the position of the "ardent missionary" to whom Emerson talked, and who thought he knew more about the other world than he actually did know about this. "I pointed out to him," says Emerson, "that his creed found no support in my experience. He replied: 'It is not so in your experience, but is so in the other world.' I answer: 'Other world! There is no other world. God is one and omnipresent: here or nowhere is the whole fact.'"

The "spirits" would be glad to get back if they could, because they are not more but less alive than we are, because death is not a liberator but a destroyer of life, and the "soul" apart from the body has about as much chance of surviving as has a vegetable pulled up by the roots and flung on the dust-heap. If, like the loyal subjects of the Oriental despots, we regard the desire to "live for ever" as the supreme tribute to humanity, there is no evidence that death is the portal of life; and if the life everlasting is personal, we are committed either to "the resurrection of the body," in one form or another, re-incarnation or re-birth; or the immortality of the soul must follow from the immortality of the body, the indestructibility of matter being as profound a truth as the conservation of energy. Between "life after death," and St. Paul's "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed . . . and this mortal must put on immortality," there is a great gulf fixed; if Christ came that "we might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly," we have no reason to suppose, on the hypothesis, that His conquest of Death left us subject to Death as the necessary condition of the "more life and fuller that we want." If we believe in "the life everlasting," we cannot tolerate the thought of Death chopping it into sections, more particularly when we know that the integrity of the body is a necessary condition for the production and survival of personality.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Terms of Industrial Peace. By Alex. Ramsay. (Constable, 3s. net.)

Mr. Ramsay has made a gallant attempt to bridge the gulf between Capital and Labour in the interest of the industrial welfare of the nation; and if appeals to reason and goodwill can have any effect, this book should do much to make easier the state of affairs after the war. The difficulty is, of course, that the two sets of disputants start from different premisses; and Mr. Ramsay attempts to reconcile them in the necessity of maintaining and extending our export trade. The necessity of a greatly increased production was recognised before the war; even Sir Leo Chiozza Money insisted, in his "Riches and Poverty," that any Utopia would cost money, and that no Utopia could possibly be founded on an average annual production of £25 per head of the population. The amount is larger now (about £34 per head), but as much of this increased value must be due to the inflation of the currency, the increase must be discounted. But even admitting the full increase, a total production per year of £170 per family of five will not allow us to spend much on improvements, more especially as so much of the effort represented by these figures is not directed to social improvements. If Utopia must wait until we can afford it, we shall have to wait a long time unless not only our production, but our purchasing power, is enormously increased. From this point of view, Mr. Ramsay thunders against "ca' canny" as loudly as any employer could do; but he also thunders against any employer who provokes the reprisal of "ca'

canny." That lowering the cost of production does not mean cutting wages, but cutting waste, is his chief argument; and his experience as an engineer enables him to offer many cogent examples. But he sees quite clearly that it is the man who works the machine, that all the suggested improvements of machinery, all the improved organisation for producing and selling in bulk, all the reformation of our bad business habits, will avail us nothing if Labour remains hostile or suspicious. It is not the recognition of Trade Unionism that he demands; that has already been won; it is the alliance with Trade Unionism for the purpose of increasing production that he sees is necessary. That "share in the management" that Labour demands would, if conceded, remove from the employer the most harassing of his tasks, would enable him to concentrate on his real business of organising and improving his production, and finding a ready market for it. The employer who wastes his time in annoying his workmen either by refusing recognition of their undoubted right to choose their own method of bargaining for the price and conditions of their labour, or by lowering the standard rate of wages by trickery in price-fixing, is simply a bad employer; what he saves in wages he loses in overhead charges and in actual production, what he gains in pride by doing as he likes with his own he loses in the leisure and peace of mind that he could have had if he had allowed other people to do better for him with his own. Autocratic government is always a failure when it attempts to go beyond self-government, which is all that the word literally means; for power must be delegated before it can be used by other people, and the attempt to keep everything in one's own hands fails in practice because there are so many things. Until Queen Victoria nearly broke her heart, and developed writer's cramp, through signing Army officers' commissions (there were 16,000 in arrears), she did not welcome the Act which dispensed with her autograph. Until the employer learns that by trying to do everything himself he can get nothing done effectively, the present system may continue; but Mr. Ramsay warns him that he will, soon discover that, whatever his workmen may be, he will have nothing with which to employ them. He must either get on, or get out; to get on, he must enlist Labour on his side, and he can only do that by removing all cause for suspicion. The most generous bonus system, for example, will fail to allay the suspicion of Labour unless the Trade Union is allowed to appoint a check price-fixer, and generally, to take a recognised (as now it takes an unrecognised) share in the management. Mr. Ramsay ranges far and wide, to compulsory arbitration, control of food-prices, limitation of profits, and so on; but always with the same object of showing that increased production is the prime necessity, that it requires harmonious relations between Labour and Capital, that they can only be established by the conciliation of Labour and the assumption by the Trade Unions of responsibility for their share of the national means of production. It is a plea that is welcome for its spirit, although we are by no means convinced of the validity of some of his suggestions.

The Rise of Nationality in the Balkans. By R. W. Seton-Watson. (Constable, 10s. 6d. net.)

In an introductory note to this work the reader is informed that the author was called away for military service before being able to write his preface and give his "statement of general conclusions." Unfortunately, a book of this type stands badly in need of both. An historical work presupposes the selection of certain facts which shall illustrate the author's interpretation of a particular period, and in the absence of a concluding chapter and a preface Mr. Seton-Watson's volume bears not a little of the character of an undigested record. The first 140 pages may be described

as a useful and accurate summary of Balkan history from early times; and the chapters on Serbia, Bulgaria, and Roumania are especially well done. In his chapters on Austro-Russian rivalry and on the Concert of Europe a great deal of history is boiled down, but the author would hardly thank us for calling him a good precis-writer. The latter half of the book is more valuable, for it describes the formation of the Balkan League, the first and second Balkan Wars (1912 and 1913), the disputes among the members of the League, and its final break-up. But in the absence of an interpretation these disputes, quarrels, and intrigues read like an account of the thorny questions which divided the empires of Blefuscu and Lilliput, and the characters concerned appear to be little more important than Flimnap the Treasurer and Bolgolam the Admiral. It is worth while calling attention to a few anticipations of aspects of the present war. As has been seen to be the case more than once in the last three years or so, victories were won in 1912, "not by the superior strategy of the commanders, but the heroism and enthusiasm of the rank and file." Mr. Seton-Watson applies this remark to the Bulgarians, but it is equally true of all the combatants. Victory was often paid for by heavy losses, "and there can be no question that many lives were recklessly wasted in frontal attacks" (p. 182). There were few Serbian and Bulgarian emigrants beyond the borders of the Balkans, but thousands of Montenegrins and Greeks returned from America to fulfil their military obligations (p. 187). It may be recalled that thousands of Italians returned in the same way during the war with Turkey in 1911. It is worth noting how Austria, in 1913, directly took steps that resulted in the present war by forbidding Serbia access to the Adriatic (p. 241). The Great Powers were induced to support Austria and the Serbs were encouraged, indeed almost instigated, to turn towards the sea in another direction and thus embroil themselves with Bulgaria and Greece. The attitude of the Great Powers, however, was vacillating from the very beginning. They declared at the outbreak of war that no territory would be allowed to change hands; then they acquiesced in the dismemberment of Turkey's possessions in the Balkans. Their policy in general and their policy in matters of detail were equally futile. At one time Serbia was to have a port, at another time she was not; Turkey was not to be deprived of Adrianople before the Bulgars took it; Turkey, again, was not to be allowed to retain Adrianople when they had forced the Bulgars to leave it. It is too little to say that the chicanery, intrigue, and manifold stupidities of the Great Powers leave a bitter taste in the mouth. Their policy was one of expediency from start to finish; they cared nothing at all for the rights of small nations as based on nationality, and their sole criterion was actual possession based upon force. They were, in a word, exceedingly angry with the small Balkan peoples for raising vast questions which the principle of expediency prevented the Great Powers from answering, and hardly a single one of the Foreign Offices concerned appears in a creditable light. Let us call attention to another striking parallel, however, before we dismiss the subject. On pages 202-3 Mr. Seton-Watson shows how the Greek naval power, being a decisive element at sea in this struggle, helped her own forces and those of her allies on land. The Greek mastery of the Ægean prevented Turkish reinforcements from being sent by sea to the western war area; and the only other available connecting link with Macedonia, the Dedeagatch-Salonika railway, broke down under the strain put upon it. The Turks, too, were prevented by the Greek fleet from sending troops from Smyrna, so they had to be brought round by the devious Anatolian railway. There are lessons here which our statesmen should have studied, but they were not thoroughly mastered until our own war had entered upon its fourth year.

"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 GUILD OF THE SPIRIT.

THE most difficult, but surely the most urgent, problem in economics is the adjustment of accounts between the present and posterity. Oliver Goldsmith drew a famous draft on posterity for fame, which has certainly been honoured, but the poet who tries to discount such a draft in his lifetime for hard cash seldom succeeds.

This is the more pitiful because there are plainly individuals here and there among the consuming classes who occasionally are visited with some faint desire to ransom their excessive wealth by doles to the undeserving. A man like Trebitsch Lincoln seems to find no difficulty in collecting thousands of pounds on account of his disservices to the public, almost at the moment when a poet of high promise is being driven to suicide for want of bread.

Whenever the artist puts forth a plea for the means to pursue his art he is treated in certain quarters as a selfish mendicant. When Columbus offered a new world to the sovereigns of Europe he was similarly treated. The artist may be compared to a silkworm, big with a precious burden which he only asks to spin forth for the benefit of others. We are robbing ourselves and robbing posterity when we refuse him leave. Is there any one who cannot see a difference between the poor schoolboy who carries off the school instruments in order to pursue his work, and the greedy urchin who steals sweets?

There is an idea that the Civil List provides endowments for genius. But how rarely do we see the name of an original worker among the grantees. Those who must be called, without offence, the parasites of literature are apt to find more favour in official eyes than the artist; and the biographer of Coleridge or the "authority" on Keats is far more sure of his reward than the living Coleridge and the living Keats. Much of the fund is bestowed on deserving widows and families of Civil Servants and others; but their desert has nothing in common with the artist's.

He is the creditor of posterity, and by paying him in advance the State is really discharging its arrears to Shelley and to Browning.

Even the endowment of research is restricted to research of the most material and mechanical kind. Imagine Bacon applying to a Cambridge college for a Fellowship to enable him to write the *Novum Organum*, or a living theologian soliciting a vicarage in which to reconstruct theology in the light of science!

Few greater boons can be conferred on humanity than a good school book, and such books are exceedingly few. Their production is left to commercial enterprise, and they are generally the work of unimaginative pedagogues.

The Ministry of Education spends millions a year on buildings and plant. It has recently seen its way to spend a trifle on schoolmasters. But the provision of school books is more important still. By no effort can we hope to staff tens of thousands of schools with none but inspired teachers, but it is in our power to place inspired books in the hands of every teacher, and thus to render education to some extent independent of the personal equation.

Here perhaps is work for a Teachers' Guild. But is there not room for a Spiritual Guild to raise the ideals of all the other Guilds?

ALLEN UPWARD.

Pastiche.

THE SONG.

Born of my grief, I sang a lay
Unto a maid apart;
Singing, my sorrow stole away
And crept into her heart.

For as I sang, she looked at me
With tearful eyes that smiled,
But ere I ceased, she turned from me
Her eyes with sorrow wild.

Without one word she went away,
She made nor moan nor cry.
With bitter words that selfsame day
I laid my singing by.

And yet this maiden loved, I know,
Its burden, spite her pain.
I'll sing it to the winds that blow,
Maybe she'll come again.

D. R. GUTTERY.

A WARNING FABLE.

(To whom it may concern.)

A caravan was making its way across a desert. At noon it came to a halt, and during the halt the four members of the party held a conference in the shadows of their camels. They had good need of taking counsel, for, to tell the truth, they had lost their way.

"At any rate," said one of them, "we know the way we have come."

"But I do not," said the fourth and the tallest of the party, who bore a strong resemblance to those whom this fable concerns.

"Surely," said the second, "there can be no dispute about that. Did we not pass Oasis 73 and then Dead Camel 89, and did I not call your attention to the odour of the beast?"

"What evidence have you at this moment of that, if I choose to deny it?" asked the fourth.

"As to that," said the third, "I remember it too; and you know I was there."

"What I know and what I don't know are for you to prove," said Number Four. "Meanwhile, none of you has convinced me."

"Very well," said all three together; "which way do you say we have come?"

"All we can be certain of," said Number Four, "is that we have come the way we have come."

"No matter," said the three, putting their pistols back into their holds reluctantly. "The important point is where we are now. Have you any ideas upon that, Number Four?"

Thus directly challenged, Number Four replied: "That is for you to discover. I don't know what I do know; but, unlike the rest of you, I do know what I don't know."

Here the second broke in: "To my mind, our position is clear. We have travelled due north three days at twenty miles a day since leaving Dead Camel 89, and that was four days north-east from Oasis 73. We must be now 140 miles from Oasis 108, due north, and hence within three days of Oasis 99."

"Good enough," said the third.

"For you, but not for me," put in Number Four. "This man assumes what is still to be proven—the facts of our passage of Oasis 73 and Dead Camel 89. Having left those open, all the rest is guess-work."

"Well," said the first, "I agree with Two and Three; but, for the sake of truth, tell us where you think we are."

"Why should I, since you are satisfied you know?" replied Number Four. "Admit that you do not know, and I may say something."

The three, having peace in view, admitted it, whereupon Number Four said: "My opinion is that we can only be certain that we are where we are and nowhere else."

Hereupon three pistols went back to their holds reluctantly, and with an impatient jerk.

The first then said: "We have still the most import-

ant question to settle. Which way shall we now go? What are your views on this, Number Four?"

Thus once more directly challenged, Number Four replied: "We shall go the way we shall go, and that alone is certain."

"Yes," said Number Two, "but that is only to be wise after the event. Have you any idea of the way we should go?"

"Certainly," replied Number Four; "the way we ought—but we shall probably not go that way."

"But which is it?" asked the third. "Tell us the way we ought to go in order that we may take it."

"If you don't know which way you ought to go," began to reply Number Four; but three pistols rang out, and the party of three went on together.

Moral: Have something to say when your advice is asked, and don't quibble when you are lost in the desert.

SOLOMON.

Memoranda.

(From last week's NEW AGE.)

After other notable services, Russia has performed this fresh great service for the Allies, that of trying the nature of Prussian militarism; and her failure ought to be our lesson.

Not reason or force, but both.

Unlike our pacifists, if President Wilson has a speech in one hand, he has a sword in the other. Unlike our Imperialists, if he has a sword in one hand, he has a speech in the other.—"Notes of the Week."

It is not the Imperialist ambition that is the more dangerous, but the Imperialist ambition which is capable of fulfilling itself.

The experience of the war proves that sea-power has lost as much importance as railways have won.

The world is fighting against Germany as if it were fighting for Empire and not for its life, while Germany is fighting for Empire as if for her life.—RAMIRO DE MARZU.

When we think of the twaddle on the stage, let us not forget the twaddle that is kept off it, and gives rise to the legend of unrecognised genius.—JOHN FRANCIS HOPE.

It is a matter of experience that intuitions come *after* a conscious effort of the understanding; but they do not come *during* such an effort.

Thinking helps; but it seldom helps in the way that you expect.

Purpose is another term for God, and function is another term for the known universe.

An intuition is the moment of union between a conceived purpose and a perceived function.—KENNETH RICHMOND.

Individuality and cleverness, like murder, will out. The aim, however, of the wise possessor of either is to conceal it in subtler and subtler forms of common sense and simplicity.

Only that part of private art that is in good public taste ought to be exhibited in public.

New methods of writing are of more concern to writers than the substance of the things written.—R. H. C.

One does *not* want to hear the chimes from inside the belfry.

All keyboard instruments tend to make into performers people not born to be musicians.

The concert-hall is not the studio.—WILLIAM ATHELING.

The human mind has a persistent habit of elaborating conclusions from given premisses, instead of criticising the premisses.—A. E. R.

If a group of Englishmen wish to organise their lives on healthy and rational lines, they are obliged to set to work to convert more than half the nation to their views before they can proceed.—ALLEN UPWARD.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

New York, January 25.—Charles M. Schwab, president of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, declared in an address at a dinner here last night that the time is near at hand, "when the men of the working class—the men without property—will control the destinies of the world."

"The Bolshevik sentiment must be taken into consideration," Mr. Schwab declared, "and in the very near future we must look to the worker for a solution of the great economic questions now being considered. I am not one to carelessly turn over my belongings for the uplift of the nation, but I am one who has come to a belief that the workers will rule, and the sooner we realise this the better it will be for our country and the world at large."—New Brunswick "Star."

THE NEW AGE, Mr. Belloc's other example of the free press, may be compared to the venture of a too clever painter who, finding the Academy and all the regular galleries closed to him, opens a Salon of the Rejected to provide an exhibition for himself. The experiment has been remarkably successful: Mr. Orage has secured a free pulpit for himself; and his contributors are often as readable as he. Even when he has to fill up with trash, it is not really worse than the average "middles" of his contemporaries, though it may be less plausible and trade-finished. But outside Mr. Orage's own notes the paper has no policy and no character. It is a hotch-potch, stimulating thought in general, but not prompting opinion like "The Nation" or "The New Statesman," nor reflecting it like "The Spectator." It cannot get things done any more than "Notes and Queries" can: it is probable that politicians pay much more attention to "John Bull." Its freedom is the freedom of the explosive which is not confined in a cannon, spending itself incalculably in all directions.—"G. B. S." in "The Nation."

"The Free Press" (Allen & Unwin) is a reprint in volume form of certain articles by Mr. *Hilaire Belloc* which I remember in the trenchant pages of THE NEW AGE. In them he sets out to prove that the Common (or Capitalist, as he calls it) newspaper is useless and dangerous, and ought to be abolished; and conversely that the hope of the future lies in a Press genuinely free both from the shackles of private ownership and the tyranny of advertisement. In one respect at least I should join issue with Mr. Belloc. Never, I fancy, was what we call the influence of the Press so apparently great, but in reality so slight. We may all, or most of us, buy more papers than ever before; but as for that pathetic faith, which I seem to recall from the early days of 1914, by which a statement read in the "Daily Something" became ipso facto more probable than not—where, oh, where is it now? Still, after making allowance for Mr. Belloc's prejudices (notably that eagerness *chercher le juif* which is still an obsession with him), the fact remains that he has stated clearly and well an exceedingly strong case; though I cannot think that he is altogether kind in his comparison of the notes in "The Spectator" to "the conversation of commercial travellers in a railway carriage." That any indictment of the "advertisement-run" papers naturally resolves itself more or less into a puff of certain organs notoriously not thus supported is perhaps unavoidable. Mr. Belloc's little book is a half-crown's worth of special pleading over which anyone, with whatever result to his convictions, may spend a stimulating hour.—"Punch."

"The panic which, like an epidemic transport, seized upon all classes of men during the excesses consequent upon the French Revolution, is gradually giving place to sanity. It has ceased to be believed that whole generations of mankind ought to consign themselves to a hopeless inheritance of ignorance and misery, be-

cause a nation of men who had been dupes and slaves for centuries were incapable of conducting themselves with the wisdom and tranquillity of freemen so soon as some of their fetters were partially loosened."

Perhaps that was easy wisdom for Shelley, but it was wisdom; and we shall do well to remember it now, when we see another nation of men who have been dupes and slaves for centuries showing a like want of wisdom and tranquillity. Nothing is stranger than the eagerness of some Englishmen to think democracy impossible or their desire to prove it impossible for ourselves by the failure of those who attempt it for the first time. That eagerness exists now as it existed a century ago. But is there no failure in the despotism of Prussia? And would not any one of us rather belong to the Russian nation with all its chaos and immeasurable disappointed hopes than to the finite despairing order of Germany? . . . Is he [Shelley] not right in believing that we shall only make this world like that other by dreaming of it? At least, what have those who never ~~dream~~ made of this world? They call themselves practical men; and look at their practice. They are not concerned with abstract standards of right and wrong; and look at the wrong they do. . . . Wars happen because men believe that it is in the nature of man for ever to make war; and poverty persists because they think it is the inevitable result of the struggle for life. But these beliefs are seldom held by the private soldier or the poor. They are the beliefs of those who try to preserve their own comfort with them; and, when one is poor, one cannot be comforted by the belief that poverty is in the nature of things. . . . Any fool now can see that Shelley was right about the Revolution and the panic-stricken statesmen wrong. But fools are free from the folly of the past because they are not subject to its fears. It is the fears of the present that tempt them to the same old follies. They believe in only one reality, the chaos of this world, and their desire is to save what they can out of it.—"Times" Literary Supplement.

THE PACIFIST AND THE LION.

A Pacifist, despairing to convert the civilised portion of this world to his views and principles, decided to seek rest and peace of mind in a primeval forest.

Having slept the first night after his arrival in the shelter of thick and *gigantic* bushes, through whose entangled branches the moonlight sent a friendly greeting, he arose at sunrise, bathed in a rivulet close by, and ventured forth into the tempting mystery surrounding him.

Oblivious of time, distance, and direction, he had been walking for some hours, when his onward stride was suddenly arrested by a grand lion, who, planting himself across his path, eyed him fiercely.

"Good-morning," said the Pacifist. "I hope I am not intruding."

"What is your business?" growled the Lion.

"I have fled," the Pacifist replied, "from the warring murderous turmoil of Europe to this world of peace! I will try and forget the horrors and awful misery I have seen."

The Lion, eyeing him with a satirical look, inquired: "Tell me, what are you? What do you call yourself?"

Proudly the man replied: "I am a Pacifist."

"I am not," said the Lion, struck him down with a powerful claw, and ate him!

H. A. H.

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