NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Though we appear to gain nothing by it but the bewilderment of our pacifist readers, we must continue to urge the absolutely paramount importance of the issue of the war. For some time now, we and our colleagues have been repeating the formula on which, we believe, Prussia went to war, the formula, namely, that by the dominion of the world. But everything, it can now be seen, tends to confirm the accuracy of this diagnosis. In other words, the plan is being carried out before our eyes. Should it succeed, we must not delude ourselves that the world after the war will be much what it was, or, still less, better than it was before the war. Certain pacifists, we know, are so unimaginative that they fancy that a peace may be patched up with Prussia and that thereafter things may continue at worst to roll along in their old style, and, at best, to roll progressively onwards towards a more complete democracy. But they are wrong. The victory or even the survival of the Prussian military system—by which we mean precisely the subordination of German policy to the decisions of the Prussian General Staff—would inevitably be followed by one of two things: a peace at the discretion of Prussia, or the militarisation of all the democracies of the world. The first would mean the end of Britain as a Great Power in the world; and the second would mean the end of democracy for several centuries.

It is difficult, of course, for good-natured Englishmen, such as we will allow our pacifists to be, to conceive that there can exist in a modern civilised State like Prussia a ruling class that does not mean well, in their sense of the word. Human nature being, as they think, what they imagine their own to be, they cannot conceive that their wrong should be Prussia’s right, or that the spark of divinity in Prussia would not leap into flame at the breath of an offer of democratic goodwill. It so happens, however, that the experiment of appealing to the “higher nature” of Prussia has been tried within the last few months; and the result should convince our pacifists that the ground for democracy in Prussia is, at any rate, stony. The circumstances under which the Bolshevists appealed to reason were as favourable as any that are ever likely to occur. There had been a Reichstag resolution in favour of peace without annexations; the Bolshevists were pacifist idealists of an extremely logical Tolstoyan type (such as is scarcely grown in any Western country); moreover, the Bolshevists were unable, even if they had been willing, to inflict any harm whatever upon Prussia. In a word, they were completely at the mercy of the “higher nature” of Prussia. Yet did all this sweet reasonableness and harmlessness call forth any answering benevolence from the German ruling caste? Did they at once proceed to meet the Bolshevists half-way and to cement a fraternal peace? We know very well that they did not. Without any hypocritical sobs and tears they proceeded, on the other hand, to sort out territories and provinces of the largest size and either to annex them or to cut them up into morass for easy digestion. No answering Tolstoyanism was to be found in the German General Staff, but general and statesman beautifully agreed that the only thing to be done was to profit materially by the spiritual opportunity. And they have done it. With this example before their eyes, will our pacifists continue to maintain that they are likely to be more successful in their appeal to Prussia’s reason? Should they succeed in persuading Britain to offer a Bolshevist peace, can they still dream that Prussia will be moved to mercy and goodwill by it? After other notable services, Russia, it appears to us, 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.

For the humbling of the self-complacency of some of our pacifists, we should like to call attention to the behaviour of Ukraine. This province of Little Russia had for long been groaning under the tyranny of the Tsar when the Revolution offered it a chance of freeing both itself and its neighbouring Slav confederates. Common sentiments, based upon a common race and a common aspiration, would, you would have thought, have united Ukraine with the other liberated provinces of Russia and together they would ad have at once allied themselves for the maintenance of both the Revolution and their independence. The Socialist Rada or governing council of Ukraine, though as full of impecably fraternal sentiments as a bushel of Mr.
Lansbury's had other plans, however, when it came to the point of practice. As victims they were nothing but what was high and noble; but, with a little power in their hands, their song changed. From offering every possible resistance to the revolutionary central government, they came to their own interest, to offer every encouragement to the anti-Russian policy of Prussia; and in the end they have not hesitated to sign a peace embarrassing in the highest degree to their Slav brothers and correspondingly convenient to their common enemies, the Germans. Nor is that all by any means. Not only have the Ukrainian Socialists accepted an independence at the discretion of Prussia—a name rather than a substance—but they have accepted slices of territory carved out of Poland and Russia to incorporate with their own, thus adding to the shame of surrender the disgrace of annexations. And all with their eyes closed by greed to the Prussian motive of such generosity, the chronic embroilment of the three Slav provinces of Poland, Ukraine and Greater Russia. There is an example, we say, of the depths of treachery and stupidity to which Socialists can sink when they rise to power. It should serve to compel our own brothers to a little self-examination.

Unfortunately, it is something more than a moral lesson for moral infants that is involved in the arrangements of Prussia with Ukraine. What we see is our formula of the war being actually carried out. The process of the Prussian assimilation of the Slav peoples is in train. Ukraine "Independent"—that is to say, dependent upon Prussia—Poland almost completely absorbed, Lithuania and Courland marked down for tomorrow's meal, and the rest of Russia in course of conveniently carving itself up for the Prussian table—what more is needed to establish that the division and assimilation of Slavdom was in reality the underlying motive of the Prussian expansionists? Whether it was the motive or not, however, the fact is the same. Slavdom is becoming the heritage of Prussia. And this is precisely the most menacing circumstance of the war; for with the subordination of the Slav peoples to Prussia, we can say, if it should be permanent, farewell to the old European balance of power. The European balance of power would become an historic phrase and no more. The Prussian hegemony of Europe would be the present reality. But even this, as our colleague Mr. de Maizet points out again this week, would not be the end of it. Prussia's hegemony of Europe, obtained by means of the subordination of the Slav peoples, is merely preliminary to her further design of re-establishing Prussia's hegemony of the world. The evolution, if you will, is logical; but it is also inevitable. It is the logic of what the Prussians call realpolitik, and we call brute facts. From having obtained control over Europe, Prussia cannot but proceed, if only by the mere pressure of facts, to obtain control over the world; for only by controlling the world would she be able to ensure her continued control over Europe.

At least one of our pacificists has at last begun, though still only dimly, to realize what all this means. Commenting on the manifest expansion of Prussia in Central Europe, Mr. Brailsford in the "Herald" remarks that it is "a disaster for civilization." We do not envy the intelligence of anybody who can come to any other conclusion, or who fails to appreciate the terrible vista thus opened before us. And we congratulate Mr. Brailsford on being one of the first of the pacificists to be brought to his senses by the fact. What, however, still appears to remain in the minds of such as Mr. Brailsford is the illusion that the expansion of Prussia over Slavdom is the mere preliminary of the hegemony of Europe, to be the consequence of the present war. If we had not gone to war, they say in effect, Prussia would never have been provoked to this ambitious purpose, but would have contented herself with remaining one among the four or five great Powers of Europe. Never let us believe it, however! The facts are otherwise. The nature of militarism, as we have often said, is such that it must continue to spread, and wherever it spreads it brings with it more and more power. It is a fire that must spread or find itself extinguished. The subjection of the Slav peoples, beginning with the Balkan Slavs, was the object of Prussia from the first; and if the war has unexpectedly thrown into her lap the Russian Slavs as well, the event is no more than an amplification of her intention. But how are we to prevent it—this "disaster for civilization"? How is the rest of Europe to prevent a Prussian hegemony of the Continent and the rest of the world the Prussian hegemony of the world? We will not assume that Mr. Brailsford, having now grown more or less aware of the designs of Prussia, thinks any longer with the "Herald" that those designs can be met by reason. The "Herald" is still under the delusion that "German Imperialism can be crippled and remains of our world by diplomacy rather than by military means, by reason rather than by blood"; thus assuming the existence of a mentality in Prussia for which Trotsky has found no evidence. But what, then, is Mr. Brailsford's alternative? How would he proceed to save civilization from the disaster now more than threatening?

With it venturing to anticipate his reply, we may remark upon the misfortune of our party politics as exemplified in the present tendency to suppose diplomacy to military force. It is apparent even in circles which imagine themselves to be above party. There, too, the habit of opposing black to white in a world of grey reality is as invertebrate as in the lobbies of Westminster. This is clearly to be seen in the division of schools now unhappily prevailing between what are called our Imperialists and our democrats respectively. Under each other's taunts, each school is pushed into the extreme of its opinion, until the one is driven to announce force as the only means of combating the German menace, while the other is driven to putting the whole of its faith upon reason. The folly is, of course, obvious, as anybody may see who can stand for a moment above the dust of the controversy. Nor is it any the less from the fact that at bottom both parties are right; it is simply a case of the world not being able to agree upon a solution, or at most to agree upon nothing more. Upon the reasonable supposition that Germany contains people open to reason as well as people amenable only to force, the reasonable policy for ourselves to pursue is to address reason to the reasonable, and to employ force against the forceful. It is not a question of employing only reason or only force; still less is it a question of employing reason against force and force against reason. What common sense dictates is that we should employ reason against reason, and force against force. Now from this point of view what becomes of our present struggle between our Imperialists and our democrats? Is it not seen to be senseless and essentially unreasonable? Would reason prevail, do our democrats think, against a conquering Hindenburg? Would force, on the other hand, persuade the German people that we mean well by them? The solution of the whole wretched and wasteful argument is surely the reconciliation of the two views in a co-ordination of both; in an agreement to use force and reason simultaneously, each in its proper sphere.

We have to admit, however, that at the present moment our sympathies are with the democratic school. It is their weapon which at present is being neglected. And in the House of Commons last week the once acute Mr. Balfour announced, with all the fanaticism of a Hindenburg, that the "for the time being diplo-
German people—while, indeed, Simultaneously with our efforts to destroy Prussian court. We must not that they, in their turn, combat force with force militarily, we must seek to build up German democracy. Establish democracy is only mitigated, because—and we recognise diplomatic failure with it was Mr. Balfour who began against Europe. Without abating either the weapon of diplomacy cannot be used. And this, again, will be the spectacle of America. At no time since Mr. Balfour has given the world a world-peace of which the world must be the judge, can settle it. But this invitation, it must be remarked, is accompanied by a tacit threat; and a threat, moreover, that America is prepared to make good. Unlike our own 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. His invitation to the German people is to a world conference to establish world-fellowship; his threat is to destroy them if they refuse. Such an attitude is the result of the co-operation of force and diplomacy of which we have spoken. We can only pray: that, before disaster is upon us, his attitude may be adopted here.

Land Power or Sea Power? By Ramiro de Menta

I do not know what the reader will think if he hears that I, the writer of this article, have not relied on uniting in my own person the powers of the Tsar of Russia, the Emperor of China and the Great Mogul of India. I imagine that even if he does not think that I am mad, he will consider the small probability that I have of achieving my ambition, and will think no more about it, for the ambition, always sinful, of a man or a group of men, is not dangerous to other men or groups unless it has reasonable calculable probabilities of realisation. The moral of it is obvious.

The men or the nations that feel themselves neutral in this war argue as if the Imperialism of Germany were no more dangerous than the Imperialism of the Allies, and chiefly of Britain, Japan and the United States. This does not mean that the political literature of these countries is exceeded by the political literature of those countries, in a considerable number of documents saturated with an Imperialistic spirit; although, of course, it is not true that this Imperialistic spirit has been cultivated among the Allies as systematically and thoroughly as in England, France and Germany. The political and military ambitions of the Allies are but the natural and logical outcome of the vanity of those who, in former days, have been accustomed to lead the world.

But neither President Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither President Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognise than we do. But neither Wilson will no more recognis...
tries harmlessly. It is obvious that these Imperialisms are not dangerous for the totality of the world, although none of them have been strong enough to subjugate the past to their will or weaker countries. And this is because England, Japan, and America are separated by oceans and continents from the dynamic centre of the world, while Germany, as a result of the war, expands and consolidates the influence she previously exercised over the Slav nations and territories, the world will be confronted by an Empire unvanquished and invincible placed in the very heart of the oldest, greatest and most populous of its continents.

Let us think for a moment what this means. There will be created a central State geographically continuous and composed of seventy million Germans, fifty million Austro-Hungarians, twenty million Balkan Slavs, twenty million Turks and fifty, sixty or seventy million Russians of different denominations. Twenty years pass. The time necessary for inaugurating these vast populations, and for laying the plants for their industrial exploitation. The new State then wants Belgium, let us say, or Holland or Denmark or Switzerland or all four. It can crush them with twenty million bayonets and two hundred thousand guns. Can anybody believe that there will be any Power or coalition of Powers that dare raise their hands?

The world, the average man—and this is the tragedy—does not realize the danger. How is it possible, people ask, that ten million Germans, including the thirty million of the Austrian Mark, can dominate a world inhabited by eighteen hundred million human beings? But people reason as if forty-two months of war had taught them nothing about the value of railways and of a central geographical position. Even cultured men are still under the hallucination of the belief that sea-power has lost as much importance as railways have won. Sea-power was one of the decisive factors in history until the middle of the nineteenth century, when the network of railways began to be formed. While there were no railways, the sea was not only the cheapest mode of commerce but also the quickest way for the transport of armies. While railways were scarce, their influence on the decision of wars could scarcely be appreciated, for even in the Franco-German war of 1870 and the Russo-Japanese war, their function was auxiliary although important. But now we are able to lay down the principle that if the sea is still in time of peace the cheapest method of transport, land is the quickest and safest way for the transport of armies in time of war. This superiority of the land-way over the sea-way explains that when the Allies had to send considerable reinforcements to the Italian army, it never occurred to them to send them by sea, but they transported them across the Alps by road, using motor-cars, or by rail, and this was the most natural thing and without the realisation of the world-wide meaning of the fact. Let us take another example. The liberation of the Peninsula a hundred years ago was partly due to the armies which England sent to the Levant and Portugal, to assist the popular struggle against Napoleon. These armies were able to arrive in time because the sailing vessels could move at a speed five or six times greater than that of armies which proceeded at the pace of infantry on the day-march. But if the Napoleonic armies had found in the Peninsula a network of roads and machinery of transport as thick as is now to be found in European industrial countries, it is probable that the French would have been able to stay in occupation.

This superiority of land-transport allows us to assert with confidence that if the Old Continent, Europe, and Africa, has to fall under the dominion of a single nation, this nation must be continental and must be situated in the centre of the Old Continent itself. This excludes the possibility that the assumed conquering nation can be either Japan, England or America, unless all continental Powers have previously disappeared or ceased to be Powers; because so long as there are great Powers on the Continent, it will always be much easier for them to accumulate at a given point an army of defence than for an insular or American nation to assemble there an army of attack which must be brought by sea. If with this principle in our minds we open an atlas, and pass our eyes over the vast surface of the Old Continent, we need no special knowledge of geography to realise that there exists only one Power capable of dominating it during the present century. Latin countries lack mass of population and industrial power; China, culture and energy; India, technique and unity; and Russia, for the present, lies prostrate.

It is true that so long as Germany has her hands occupied on the Western front and is obliged to devote almost all her energy to resisting the combined armies of France, England, Italy and America, she will be unable to spare the energy necessary for the exploitation of the Slav countries. But let us suppose that the Allies become tired of their sacrifices in the defence of the whole world; let us suppose that the Allies resign themselves to the present disposition of Russia, on condition that Germany consents to withdrawing her armies from the Western conquered territories—and we are allowing that Germany will give more than she has ever offered; she has never renounced either the Western territories or her colonies—the new Germany will never need to strike again to obtain all the territories she wants. Her Chancellor will only need to open his mouth to obtain the surrender at discretion of central Russia, the Caucasus or Persia, if he wants it; or of Scandinavia or of Spain if he chooses to expand in the North—not to speak of the Low Countries or of Italy. And it is obvious that if a single nation become the mistress of the Old Continent, she will also have the overseas countries as soon as she cares to devote the surplus of her energies to the creation of an irresistible sea-power. The reason for it is that sea-power gives access to land, but not domination, while land-power is already the ultimate power that is sought for, and gives besides access to the sea, and the necessary means of dominating it.

If the Allies win, our children will be citizens. If the Allies lose, our children will be serfs. But the tragedy of it all is that 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.

The Little White Hope.

A ONE-MAN PIECE

By NOUGUIN."

It is a packed house in spite of the threatening moonshine. There are indications of labour in the stalls which have been tricked out with very liberal padding specially designed to let the sitters down gently. Manager, who is a rather shabby-looking rather shaky-looking party, appears before the drop-scene, a downy, greyish representation of Whistowall. Double columns support the inspiring headline, the London Mail. "England expects that every man will wait and see." Audience, which has been waiting as per formula,
claps loudly on seeing the Manager. Latter proceeds to address the assembly:

Ladies and gentlemen, perhaps you will permit me to say a few words before the curtain rises on what I venture to predict will be nothing less than a foregone conclusion. [Uproar.] I am forced to welcome you here to-night not only as my victims—[Pandemonium]—not only as my victims and accessories before the act, but, ladies and gentlemen, you are to bear witness to the end of the leaky—{House rises to the occasion, characters to one gentleman, that it is only Everyman—[pause for applause which is genious, nay, irresistible]—only Everyman who can handle successfully, nay, simultaneously, the fund of parts you will find figuring in the bill. At this crisis in the nation's post history it is safe to assume that every personal interest is vested in the year. Well, ladies and gentlemen, we have studied interest with the greatest concern, and with the result that you will all too soon find yourselves face to face with a war-piece exceeding your wildest dreams. At the risk of labouring the point, I venture to suggest, ladies and gentlemen, that we have here a piece that at first sight will appear attractive to every class feeling. What you are about to receive in the neck, ladies and gentlemen, is undoubtedly the greatest tragedy the war has produced. That this little masterpiece has had its rivals I will not deny; but while this is not the occasion to dwell upon the tricks, intrigues, calumnies, and scandals—[House rises as one man]—yes, scandals, ladies and gentlemen, which, thank God, have brought their every threatening triumph to naughts and crosses—while I say that this is scarcely the occasion to carry coals to the Coalition, I should have the greatest pleasure in doing so did advertisement space permit. Ladies and gentlemen, I will not prolong the agony; I will only ask you to think of what you would least like to see, add the fears you always had of it, divide the House by one, extract the desire nearest to your hearts—[Order! Order!] Ladies and gentlemen, you must forgive me if my partiality carries me momentarily into the realms of truth. But one word more and I have done. [Voice: "Who?"] In awkward moments, ladies and gentlemen, you must often have taken yourselves aside and asked yourselves whether, having contributed your shares—[Hear, hear]—in reducing the country to its lowest common edition, whether, I say, there does still exist in England to-day the man who is all things to all men, the man who is beyond good if not evil—the one radical cure—the only combined olive branch and rod in pickles—the one and only peoples' little panacea. The answer, ladies and gentlemen, is in the affirmative. In the words of one greater than your humble—Ring up the curtain.

Lights go out. Audience sits in darkness and composure, waiting to see. An air of peace settles on the house.

Invisible Chorus:
Now is the season of our discontent
Made glorious limelight for this son of York.

He does not die, we know, but cannot live
Till George be puff'd with Northcliffe out of print.

Curtain rises on scene of confusion: the painted background shows heavy clouds hanging over Westminster. [An ex-M.P. (Lib.) is carried out in excelsis.]

Whisperings in the wings pass enigmatically over the heads of the audience.

Prompter: To be or not to be: to wait, to see; to see, to wait.
Spot Lime gropes inquiringly round the stage: looks into all the corners and, finding nothing, goes off sulking.

[More darkness, less composure.]

Manager (de profundis): One moment, ladies and gentlemen, one moment while the hero chalks his cue.

Voice from audience: He has so many in his pockets, he doesn't know which to do. [Cries of shame.]

Another Voice: It's a long queue that has no turning.

[Giggles.]


Voice in the wings: Call him Gilband, you fool.

and Voice: Give him another write-up.

3rd Voice: Bracket him with Henderson; hyphen him to Lansdowne.

Manager's voice heard in special pleading: Forgive us this day our daily news.

[The sound of a falling majority echoes through the house.]

Manager appears smiling outwardly: Ladies and gentlemen, I am afraid to let you go home in the dark. To be quite frank—the hero has mislaid his future. Just one moment, ladies and gentlemen, while we send for a feret. * * * * *

[Several weeks have elapsed.]

Manager appears: Ladies and gentlemen, perhaps you will permit me to say a few words before the curtain rises on what I venture to predict will be nothing less than a foregone conclusion. I am forced to welcome you here to-night, etc., etc.

[To be taken every three weeks or for the duration of the war.]

HORSE-MARINE

A Second Round with Mr. Hobson.


Mr. Hobson's reply to me in two recent issues of The New Age brings us manifestly nearer to agreement on a number of points; but at the same time it opens out a more fundamental point of difference. There is one sentence of Mr. Hobson's which so well expresses the central point that I must begin by quoting it: "I believe that, providing there is the appropriate Guild organisation, no impasse can ever be reached between producer and consumer unless a fundamental question of public policy be raised."

Having expressed this view, Mr. Hobson proceeds to contrast it with another view which he takes to be his own. In order to remove a further misunderstanding, let me say at the outset that I fully agree with his statement of Mr. Hobson's, although I draw from it conclusions different from his own.

There are two phrases in the above sentence which I have italicised because I intend to make them the text of my reply. I agree that, if an impasse were reached between producer and consumer, it would almost certainly be on a fundamental question of public policy. Indeed, I go further, and say that, on whatever question such an impasse might arise, it would at once become a question of public policy, if only on account of its far-reaching effects. It would dislocate the economic machinery of Society and therefore the citizen would be concerned, not merely as producer or consumer, but as citizen.

What, then, divides Mr. Hobson and myself? These two points at least. I do not conceive of the normal intervention of the State as arising out of an
impasse; and I do not regard the State as the sole, or the ultimate, exponent of public policy.

1—"THE "IMPASSE."

The almost inevitable tendency in thinking of the relation between the State and the Guilds is to think of it in terms of disputes, conflicts, impasses, opposition of interests, and the like. What would happen, our questioners always ask us, if the State and the Guilds disagreed? In answering such questions, we can hardly avoid giving the impression that we regard the normal relation of the State and Guild as a hostile, or at least as a bargaining, relation. I, at any rate, certainly do not conceive of it in that way. It seems to me that the State would have, in the economic sphere, certain normal and necessary functions as the representative of the consumer, user and enjoyer, but that, in the vast majority of cases, these functions would be of a purely administrative character without any element of bargaining or opposition to the Guild point of view. Let me try to describe briefly the nature of these functions.

The main economic problem which touches producers and consumers alike is the co-ordination of supply and demand. It is necessary for somebody to formulate in advance a programme for such co-ordination. Take, for instance, the production and consumption of coal. How much coal is to be gotten from the mines in the coming month, quarter, or year? That is, no doubt, a problem which would, in the main, settle itself under a Guild Society without any very definite provision. But as soon as the problem of sinking new shafts or expanding huge sums on new machinery arises, as soon in fact as the question of the supply of capital to industry is raised, there is at once a question on which it seems to me that the consumers in their collective capacity must have a voice. There will probably be no opposition between their view and that of the miners' Guild; but there must be a consumers' department to express the view of the consumer on such a point.

Or take again the railway service. It is in the main for the organised users of this service to determine when and where trains shall run and at what intervals. A department is necessary to express the national will of the passenger users of the railway service. There is not likely to be any difference or impasse on these points between this department and the Railway Guild; but that does not make it less necessary that the department should exist. It is a matter of ascertaining the demand and its urgency in relation to other demands, i.e., of representing the community in its capacity as consumer or user.

This would, indeed, be the main economic function of the State nationally and of the municipalities locally under a system of National Guilds. They would have to ascertain and to express demand, and to set one demand in its proper relation to another. Mr. Hobson may contend that these functions come under the head of "public policy." I agree that they do; but it is one of my chief points that no sharp line between representing the consumer and standing for the principle of public policy can possibly be drawn. This point, however, I must hold over for the second part of this article.

In addition to the normal function of helping to co-ordinate demand and supply, the State as the representative of the consumer, user or enjoyer, would have certain of "technical functions"—exceptional in the sense that they would probably seldom need to be exercised. How to handle the old instance of the pots and pans, or, rather, let me take a similar instance of a less ludicrous kind. Suppose the State, as representing the consumer to be dissatisfied with the price of household coal. Mr. Hobson suggests that, if there were a co-ordinating National Guild, the battle in a week whether the price was excessive merely by ascertaining the net cost of production. Could he? What if the high price arose from a high cost of production due to inefficiency, obsolete machinery, or what not? Surely the consumers' representative must have the right to raise such an issue, and to carry it, failing another settlement, to the ultimate arbitrators, i.e., to the Joint Conference of the Guilds and the State. The State and the municipality must be the watchdog of the consumer against waste and inefficiency.

I agree that this issue would probably seldom arise in practice, and I regard it merely as an exceptional function of the State to deal with such matters. The normal function, as I have said, would be that of joint action with the Guilds in the co-ordination of supply and demand.

11—"PUBLIC POLICY."

This brings me again to the question of public policy.

Mr. Hobson speaks of "relegating the economic function to the Guilds" and says that he "would reserve the life of the citizen (whether capitalist, whether producer or consumer) to the care of the State.

Here lies the real point of difference between us. I do not regard the State as the sole, or the ultimate, custodian of public policy. It is my whole point that public policy has no sole or ultimate custodian. I regard the Guilds as the custodians of public policy equally with the State; and I feel strongly that any social theory which rules the Guilds out of "public policy" is not vitally or essentially different from Collectivism.

Obviously, full discussion on this point would involve the whole point round which another controversy has been raging in The New Age. Mr. Hobson's view is intimately bound up with the theory of State Sovereignty professed by "National Guildsmen" in their recent articles, whereas the view which I am advancing is at one with the view of Mr. Ewer which they set out to confute. I do not, however, desire to emmesh myself in that controversy at the present stage more than I must. I will therefore try to carry on the argument with Mr. Hobson over a narrower field.

When I refused to accept Mr. Hobson's sharp differentiation between the production and consumption of commodities on the one hand and the provision and use or enjoyment of services and amenities on the other, I was partly arguing with words. My point was that "public policy" does and should, and would far more under National Guilds, enter into every aspect of economic life, whether it be regarded from the producers', or from the consumers' or users', or from the civic, point of view. In a democratic community dominated by the ideas of active citizenship and public service, the conception of public policy would permeate every human active. We should produce, render service, provide, consume, use, enjoy, live, breath and have our whole being under its influence. Surely it follows that whoever, whatever body, had control of public policy, and was the custodian of public policy, would absolutely and completely dominate and control the community. Under such conditions, the Guilds could not be autonomous bodies invested with the control of their industries and services and responsible to the whole community; they would be merely administrative organs of convenience, entrusted by the State with certain menial functions, but essentially derivative and secondary. This is not my conception of National Guilds, nor, I suppose, Mr. Hobson's; but it seems to me to follow logically and necessarily from the attempt to make the State the sole custodian of public policy.

If the State is not to be the sole custodian of public policy, it seems to follow that, in relation to the rendering and use of services and amenities, there will be somehow divided between the Guilds and the State. Surely the necessary and proper line of division...
is that to which Mr. Hobson has raised objection. The State (in the sense in which I have throughout been using the term, as I made quite clear at the outset) consists of certain organs of government based upon election by geographical constituencies. It was my original point, to which Mr. Hobson took exception, that such organs of government cannot express the whole will of the individuals who compose the community or of the community itself, and indeed that no single organ, or set of organs, of government can do this. Representative organs based on election by geographical constituencies seem to me to be admirably suited to represent the collective view, nationally and locally, of consumers, while they are entirely unfit to represent the view of producers. Neither represents, or can represent, the citizen as such, and there is no form of representative organ which can do this. The nearest approximation to a representation of the community is obtained by putting together the various functional organs concerned in the question at issue and eliciting their common view. In the economic sphere, this means putting together the organs representing producers and consumers, i.e., the Guilds and the State. Only in the common judgments of these two does "public policy," which is imperfectly represented by each, achieve its least imperfect form of representation. I felt it was necessary, therefore, to state the general point of view in order to make the issue perfectly clear. I can now go on to a point which is subsidiary, but none the less important.

III.—THE DISTRIBUTIVE GUILD.

Mr. Hobson desires to achieve representation of the consumer through the Distributive Guild, and adjures me to "help to puzzle out this vital problem." At a later time I fully intend to comply with his suggestion; but at the moment I want merely to put forward certain general considerations which must vitally affect its form and substance. Like Mr. Hobson, I desire to see consumers represented in the counsels of the Distributive Guild; but I cannot in any sense accept such representation as a substitute for the representation of the consumers by the State.

Mr. Hobson, I know, holds as I do that where one Guild consumes the products of another, it will usually be desirable for the consuming Guild to be represented on the governing body of the producing Guild, or on a joint committee of the two Guilds to be formed, or both. Surely the representation of the consumers upon the Distributive Guild is of a similar kind, and is designed to bring the render of a service into direct contact with the particular group of consumers to whom it is designed. Such co-operation or representation is no substitute for the representation of consumers through the State, because it is specifically directed to a particular commodity or service or group of commodities and services. The State, on the other hand, I regard not as the representative of this or that group of consumers of this or that particular commodity, but as the representative of the consumer as such. Let me try to make this point clear.

The individual consumer, having a limited income, is continually under the necessity of deciding between various forms of consumption (or use or enjoyment) which are open to him. He cannot have them all because he cannot afford them all. Similarly, the consumers (and users and enjoys) in their collective capacity (i.e., in my view the State and the municipalities) have continually to decide between various forms of consumption or use or enjoyment. They have to decide what proportion of the nation's resources shall be devoted to the production of beer, to education, to public health services, to the production of commodities for immediate consumption, to the production of "capital" resources, etc., etc. In making these decisions they are acting in relation to the national income exactly as the individual consumer acts in relation to his personal income. No representation of the consumers on a Distributive Guild can supply the place of the State in making these decisions. Mr. Hobson may say again that these are matters of "public policy"; but my reply is that they are matters of public policy in which the consumer is vitally concerned—and the producer as well. They are therefore in my view matters ultimately for joint determination by the organs representing producers and consumers, by the Guilds and the State.

I agree that it is most desirable that the "domestic consumer" should be represented on the Distributive Guild, as the consuming Guild should be represented on the producing Guild; but surely Mr. Hobson will agree that this does not affect the real issue between us.

It has become clear in the course of this controversy that the real point of difference between Mr. Hobson and myself is essentially the same as that between Mr. Ewer and the writers who call themselves 'National Guildsmen.' I am with Mr. Ewer in this matter: I want, above everything else, to destroy the conception of the Sovereign State, without at the same time destroying the State itself. This I have sought to do by means of a clearer definition of the functions of the State; and, in the economic sphere, this has brought me sharply up against Mr. Hobson, as it has brought Mr. Ewer sharply up against "National Guildsmen." Clearly it is a theoretical issue which, while it may not vitally affect immediate Guild policy, is of the first importance in relation to Guild propaganda. It is an open question, and I at any rate am convinced that Guildsmen have everything to gain by discussing it fully, Mr. Hobson and I have each had two innings. What do other Guildsmen think about it?

Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janke Lavrin.

VI.—THE "TWO ABYSES."

(The Tragedy of Ivan Karamazov.)

I.

The hero in whom Dostoyevsky deposited some of his most tormenting secrets is undoubtedly Ivan Karamazov. He has many features in common with Raskolnikov and Stavrogin, but he is still more complex than they are. Raskolnikov died in horror from the void of "beyond good and evil," after the first chance at it; Stavrogin endeavoured in vain to escape from it—in spite of all his efforts and self-deceptions; Ivan Karamazov, however, was poised upon that narrow and terrible brink which separates the absolute void from the possibility of an Absolute Value, being thus compelled—like Dostoyevsky himself—to contemplate the greatest depths of belief and unbelief at the same time. The tragedy of Stavrogin was that he could not be a believer; the tragedy of Ivan Karamazov consisted in the fact that he could be neither a believer nor an unbeliever. In Stavrogin we see a superhuman who cannot find an incontestable aim and therefore turns against itself; in Ivan we see a superhuman thirst and craving for life which cannot find its meaning and hence becomes paralysed. His vigorous, brooding and destructive logic puts the meaning of life before life itself and simultaneously forms an impenetrable barrier to the meaning of it. . . . His "pitiful earthly Euclidian mind" makes the most desperate efforts to solve the riddle of life, but the greater his efforts the more complex and indigestible becomes the riddle. All that he could attain was the everlasting consciousness of two opposing truths: the truth of the self-will ("all things are lawful") leading into the void, and the possibility of the other truth which so far is neither determined nor revealed.
The everlasting struggle between these two opposite truths divided his consciousness, paralysed his will, his life, and finally also his mind. Let us see some aspects of this struggle.

II.

Unlike Stavrogin, Ivan Karamazov admits the existence of God. He admits His existence a priori, realising that this problem is beyond his "platitudinous Euclidian understanding." Nevertheless his "Euclidian understanding" at once puts this problem in such a manner that God can be accepted only as a mysterious possibility, not as aValue.

If we accept God we logically must accept His whole creation with all the suffering and injustice in it. But how is it possible to reconcile all the senseless injustice on earth and all the mockery of life with a good and just God? This first stumbling-block between God and Value is put by Ivan in such a manner that it becomes insurmountable—in spite of its "naïveté." During his dialogue with Alyosha he asks this question of his brother:

"Imagine that you are creating a fabric of human destiny with the object of making men happy in this life, giving them peace and rest at last, but that it was essential and inevitable to torture to death only one tiny creature—that baby beating its breast with its fist—and to found the edifice on its unavenged tears would you consent to be the architect on those conditions?"

"No, I wouldn't consent," answered his brother. And Ivan continues: "I say nothing of the suffering of grown-up people; they have eaten their apple, damn them all! But the little ones! Without suffering, I am sure, God cannot have existed on earth, for he could not know good and evil. Why should he know that diabolical good and evil when it costs so much? The whole world of knowledge is not worth a child's suffering. . . . What comfort is it to me that there are none guilty and that cause follows effect, and that I know it--I must have justice, or I will destroy myself. . . . I want to be there when everyone suddenly understands what it has all been for. All the religions of the world are built on this longing, and I am a believer. But then there are children, and what am I to do about them? That's a question I can't answer. . . . I don't want more suffering.

And if the suffering of children go to swell the sum of suffering which was necessary to pay for truth, then I protest that the truth is not worth such a price. I don't want the mother to embrace the oppressor who threw her son to the dogs. . . . She dare not forgive him! Let her forgive him for herself, if she will; let her forgive the torturer for the irreparable suffering of her mother's heart. But the sufferings of her tortured child she has no right to forgive. . . . And if that is so, if they dare not forgive, what becomes of harmony? I don't want harmony. From love for humanity— I don't want it. I would rather remain with my unavenged suffering and unsatisfied indignation, even if I were wrong. Besides, too high a price is asked for harmony; it's beyond our means to pay to enter on it. And so I hasten to give back my entrance ticket, and if I am an honest man I am bound to give it back as soon as possible. And that I am doing. It's not God that I don't accept, Alyosha; only I most respectfully return Him the ticket. . . ."

"That's rebellion," murmured Alyosha.

And, indeed, it is here that Ivan's cosmic "rebellion" begins. It is here that Ivan becomes a "God-struggler."

III.

This is, however, only one side of his inner tragedy.

because the question in its further development becomes more complicated. . . . If the world is filled with senseless suffering and injustice—then there are only two possibilities concerning God: either He does not exist at all, and the whole universe is only a meaningless casual "vaudeville of death," or He has concealed His "secret" (the meaning of suffering and life) from us for ever. In the first case there is no Absolute Value at all, and self-will is the only higher law for everybody; in the second case man is bound to give back the entrance ticket. . . ."

This is the Scylla and Charybdis through which Ivan's consciousness and will must pass, but cannot. His dilemma is: either the void with its "all things are lawful," or the conquest of the 'secret' which is beyond the limits of his intellect. . . . But if the 'secret' is beyond his mind, then there is no hope of conquering it by mind. Nay, more, there is even no logical certainty that it really exists. It can be accepted only as a possibility, and not as a reality.

Stavrogin's Golgotha was his indubitable void. Ivan's Golgotha was his uncertainty, his everlasting balancing between the void and the 'secret' . . . Therefore: he exclaims in such a desperation to his nightmare devil: "Is there a God or not?"

But the devil, his "trivial, paltry devil," answers ironically (quite in the spirit of the "Euclidian mind"): "My dear fellow, upon my word, I don't know. . . . I have the same philosophy as you, that would be true. 'Je pense, donc je suis,' I know that for a fact, all the rest, all these worlds, God and even Satan—all that is not proved to my mind. Does all that exist of itself, or is it only an emanation of my ego which alone has existed for ever. . . ."

And all that he himself knows about the 'secret' is this tirade à la Svidrigailov: "Before time was, by some decree which I could never make out, I was predestined to deny. And still I am genuinely good-hearted and not at all inclined to negation. No, you must go and deny; without denial there would be nothing but one 'hosannah.' But nothing but 'hosannah' is not enough for life; the 'hosannah must be tried in the crucible of doubt, and so on in the same style. But I don't believe that God exists, for that is what I was proved, I am not answerable for it. . . . Yes, till the secret is revealed, there are two sorts of Truths for me—one, their truth, yonder, which I know nothing about so far, and the other my own. And there is no knowing which will turn out the better. . . ."

The devil continues to prompt him ironically in the name of his own truth: "Since there is no God and no immortality, the new man may well become the man-oak-tree that, sitting on it, you will long to enter the new life, and finally also his mind. And he could not reveal, in spite of all his craving for belief, 'I shall sow in you only a tiny grain of faith, and it will grow into an oak-tree—and such an oak-tree that, sitting on it, you will long to enter the ranks of the hermits in the wilderness and the saintly women, for that is what you are secretly longing for. You'll die on locusts, you'll wander into the wilder-

* Quotations are taken from the translation by Mrs. C. Garnett.
ness to save your soul"—thus the devil characterises the inner torments of Ivan who (in spite of all his longing for faith) is too "serious a conscience" to accept a truth only on probability, i.e., without being absolutely certain that the truth is really ad

There are people who do not believe simply because they are too superficial; Ivan does not believe because he is too deep, too serious; he cannot decide himself to accept a truth without any guarantee—even if it were the truth and the value of Christ.

This everlastine uncertainty, this balancing on the brink between the "two truths" paralysed his will, and each of his actions was performed—so to speak—only by one-half of his ego, i.e., half-involuntarily. This we see especially in the case of the fatal murder of his father by the lackey Smerdyakov. Almost in a trance, half unconsciously, Ivan gave Smerdyakov the moral sanction ("all things are lawful") to commit murder.

In the same trance he went away to give a free hand to Smerdyakov, who took leave of him with the following words at him:

"Thus Ivan repeats to Alyosha the meaning of the devil's trahsades, and explains almost in a rage:—"I hate the monster (i.e., his brother Mitya, whom he wishes to save by his evidence against himself). Let him not in Shteria! Oh, to-morrow I'll go, stand before them, and spit in their faces."

"The anguish of a proud determination, an earnest conscience," thought Alyosha. "God, in Whom he trusted, and His truth were gaining mastery over his heart, which still refused to submit. . . . He will either rise up in the light of truth, or he will perish in hate, revenging on himself and on everyone his having served the cause he does not believe in. . . ."

He really gave evidence against himself, "spitting in their faces." But he did not rise in the "light of truth." The indissoluble riddle crushed him and his "pitiful earthly Euclidean mind": he became mad. His strong brain was not able to bridge over his inner cleavage, though it had tested and exhausted the deepest depths of all philosophical "truths." His mind perished in its daring attempt without being able to find out the "secret."

And the catastrophe of Ivan is the catastrophe of the whole "pitiful earthly Euclidean philosophy which is fated to dance eternally in its vicious circle. For a "serious conscience" like that of Ivan who is not longing for a comfortable philosophical recipe, but for the whole truth, there is no satisfying answer. One must either go meddling, if your sacrifice is of no use to any-one? Because you don't know yourself why you go! Oh, you'd give a great deal to know yourself why you go! . . . You must guess that for yourself. That's a needle for you."

Thus Ivan repeats to Alyosha the meaning of the devil's trahsades, and explains almost in a rage:—"I hate the monster (i.e., his brother Mitya, whom he wishes to save by his evidence against himself). Let him not in Shteria! Oh, to-morrow I'll go, stand before them, and spit in their faces."

"The anguish of a proud determination, an earnest conscience," thought Alyosha. "God, in Whom he trusted, and His truth were gaining mastery over his heart, which still refused to submit. . . . He will either rise up in the light of truth, or he will perish in hate, revenging on himself and on everyone his having served the cause he does not believe in. . . ."

He really gave evidence against himself, "spitting in their faces." But he did not rise in the "light of truth." The indissoluble riddle crushed him and his "pitiful earthly Euclidean mind": he became mad. His strong brain was not able to bridge over his inner cleavage, though it had tested and exhausted the deepest depths of all philosophical "truths." His mind perished in its daring attempt without being able to find out the "secret."

And the catastrophe of Ivan is the catastrophe of the whole "pitiful earthly Euclidean philosophy which is fated to dance eternally in its vicious circle. For a "serious conscience" like that of Ivan who is not longing for a comfortable philosophical recipe, but for the whole truth, there is no satisfying answer. One must either go meddling, if your sacrifice is of no use to any-one? Because you don't know yourself why you go! Oh, you'd give a great deal to know yourself why you go! . . . You must guess that for yourself. That's a needle for you."

But after the murder had been committed, he returned from Moscow extremely nervous, "mournful and dispirited; he suddenly began to feel that he was anxious not for the escape of Mitya (who had been arrested instead of Smerdyakov), but for another reason. . . . "Is much a murderer at heart?"—he asked himself. Something very deep down seemed burning and rankling in his soul."

He suddenly became frightened by the possibility that Smerdyakov might have been the real murderer. He visits him three times not for the sake of his brother Mitya, but only to make certain if Smerdyakov was murderer or not, i.e., he wished to be rid of moral responsibility—in spite of his "all things are lawful." . . . And during his third visit Smerdyakov flung the following words at him:—

"Here we are face to face; what's the use of going on keeping up a farce to each other? Are you still trying to throw it at me? You murderer; you are the real murderer. I was only your instrument, your faithful servant. . . . I did have an idea of beginning a new life with that (i.e., stolen) money. I did dream of it, chiefly because 'all things are lawful.' . . . That was quite right what you taught me, for you talked a lot to me about that. For if there is no everlasting God, there's no such thing as virtue, and there's no need of it. You were right there. So that's how I looked at it."

"Did you come to that of yourself?" asked Ivan, with a wry smile.

"With your guidance."

"And now, I suppose, you believe in God, since you are giving back the money?"

"No, I don't believe," whispered Smerdyakov.

"Then, why are you giving it back?"

"Leave off . . . that's enough!"—Smerdyakov waved his hand again—"You used to say yourself that everything was lawful, so now why are you so upset, too? You even want to give evidence against yourself. . . ."

After this remarkable visit Smerdyakov hanged himself, while Ivan passed the most delicious and awful right talking with his nightmare devil who tortured him with the most tormenting questions accessible to man's mind and consciousness. Especially typical are the devil's hints to Ivan of firm resolution to give at the trial evidence against himself:

"You are going to perform an act of heroic virtue, and you don't believe in virtue, that's what tortures you and makes you angry, that's why you are so vindictive. . . . No matter if they disbelieve you, you are going for the sake of principle. . . . Why do you want to go meddling, if your sacrifice is of no use to anyone? Because you don't know yourself why you go! Oh, you'd give a great deal to know yourself why you go! . . . You must guess that for yourself. That's a needle for you."

"Nothing is lawful, there's no such thing as virtue, there is no satisfying answer. One must either go meddling, if your sacrifice is of no use to anyone? Because you don't know yourself why you go! Oh, you'd give a great deal to know yourself why you go! . . . You must guess that for yourself. That's a needle for you."

Dostoevsky, who could not lay down his arms, tried the other way, too—the only way which still remained to him: the way of religion.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

It is more interesting at the moment to turn from the actual theatre to the ideal, to argue about what should be instead of criticising what is. Miss Maria Lohr is lively in living when even bad wine needs no bush; when I did go to see “Love in a Cottage,” I found the theatre crowded, and after hearing the “beauty” of Nurse Bruce mentioned about six times in the first act, I left the new manager to her own triumph. God willing, she may yet learn to act. But “H. W. M.,” recent play for a large theatre has not exhausted its interest; the current number of the “Nation” contains the first of two articles on the subject, and a letter from three of the younger school of writers. What conclusion the writer of the articles will come to, is impossible to predict; at present, he is flirting with the idea that individualism is death to drama, while the three correspondents argue that commercialism in drama is the real enemy.

The industrial argument is familiar. The invention and use of machinery has simplified the industrial processes to such a point that no intelligence is required and certainly little is used in the manufacture of anything except machinery. Everything, even the ownership of machinery, has become impersonal, for a limited liability company is a corporation, and not a collection of persons, has an existence separate from that of its owners. We may, as we see, only the soul to be saved nor a body to be kicked. The sense of ownership, creation, distinction, as “B.” puts it, has disappeared from most of our national life; and in its place we have impersonality, and a monotonous routine of life. Vulcan was a lame god, and his creations have no soul, so that we cannot wander far from them. The result is, in “B.’s” opinion, that “we are forgetting how to feel,” we are becoming incapable of being impressed by new experiences even if they were accessible to us while we live in this squirrel cage; consequently, says “B.,” “the art of to-day is only popular in so far as it ‘takes people out of themselves.’” But “expressive art should carry the audience into itself,” and I expect that he will come to the conclusion that the miracle is somehow possible in spite of the machinery.

But there is a flaw in this psychology. Monotony is not only the ideal form of marriage as the schoolboy defined it, it is also the necessary condition of settling free the soul. All Yoga is based on the principle of excluding impressions, and hypnotism is induced by reducing the impressions to a minimum and tiring the attention into exhaustion by the irresistible monotony of such impressions as are allowed. It is a well-known fact that the mind works much more freely in this state, and imaginative conception is as natural to it as the delusion of some impression that is its most common feature. In an industrial art and should find it easier to flourish; precisely because the chief occupation of life needs the exercise of so little intelligence, there is more of us that is unexpressed in our work and needs to be satisfied by imagination. Indeed, the industrial explanation breaks down while “B.” handles it, for he admits that “the blackness, the tragedy of all history has set our poets singing, and even found for them an audience; nor has the painter flayed in his creation. . . . only the play has fallen.” Dramatic creation does not differ from the creation of art to other art form; drama is individual in creation, social in representation and enjoyment, and the dramatist is no more and no less than the painter and the poet affected by the prevailing condition of his time. If, therefore, poetry and painting can flourish, while drama seems to languish, in an industrial age, and the industrial age is alleged to be the cause of the decline in drama, it must also be alleged to be the cause of the progress of poetry and painting.

The probability is, as I have suggested, that the industrial age has nothing to do with the other, one way another. There is as much industrialism and monotonous corruption in the 'Neighbourhood of the New Cut as anywhere else, but drama, in a form acceptable even to “B.,” or “H. W. M.,” flourishes at the Old Vic, although it has difficulties in paying its bills.

If we turn to the letter by the three young playwrights, we are told that “the necessary rescue from ’State and Stage Philistines’ will be effected only by a higher idealism and a greater consecration to art, that the future theatre must aim at giving the fullest opportunity for expression to those whose sincerity raises them above the usual stage enterprise in artistic profiteering.” What this means is that because what is called “commercial drama” gives the people what they want, artistic drama must give them what they do not want—and the new principle of aesthetic judgment is that art is never successful. Shakespeare, by this canon, was no artist; he actually made money from his plays. But if the artists are going to hand over to the profiteers the whole business of giving the people what they want, or want sufficiently to pay for, and devote their life to deliberately writing unfounded and unsuccessful plays, I, for one, have no use for them. They will neither take me out of myself nor into their art; and their insistence on the fact that the primary need of such a theatre will be ‘endowment’ (it will be) is no more than a claim that deliberate and wilful failure shall be subsidised. If the drama is to be rescued from “State and Stage Philistines,” it will not be done by writing plays that do not appeal to the people. That it is possible to be original and successful in our generation, Shaw has proved; his intention was not the interpretation, but the instruction, of the English spirit, and his intellectualism always made him present a nervous system instead of a man. But the fact remains that his farces, such as “You Never Can Tell” and “Candida,” are masterpieces of dramatic art; and at his worst, his hit saved him from the dreary dullness of showing us workmen having bloaters for tea, and saying “bloody” every now and then to prove that the author was a strong writer, and calling that drama. When Shakespeare made Othello say, “Blood, Iago, Blood!” he had led us up to it, knew that the Squibs and the thunders should manifest the primitive passion, knew that it was dramatic language that did something. But this “bloody” business is the whole stock-in-trade of our young men, who quite rightly recognise that they need to be endowed—not with money only, but with the dramatic instinct.

I distrust the whole diagnosis of the decline of the drama. It is not bad art that takes us out of ourselves; for the best art could do no more, and ecstasy is nothing else but being taken out of ourselves. The only question is: “Whither are we taken?” Are we “borne darkly, fearfully afar” with Shelley, or taken to Lancashire by Stanley Houghton to see Fanny Hawthorn asserting the right to illicit sexual intercourse? That there is much twaddle on the stage is admitted; so there is in literature; but that is no sign of decline but that “the blacker” the better. The endowment is necessary. How many plays are written every year, I do not pretend to know; but when Miss Lena Ashwell was at the Kingsway, and offered to read plays, she was deluged with about two thousand a year. And there are not people who actually get a living by reading plays for managers; and I knew one man who offered to read plays for authors and give advice for a fee, and tired himself over a crisis in hi financial affairs by this means. When we think of the twaddle on the stage, let us not forget the twaddle that is kept off it, and given rise to the legend of unrecognised genius.
Out of School.

Intuition reaches out from a vantage-ground in the conscious mind—not necessarily an apex of intellectualised idea; I must return to that point in a moment—and extends its grasp towards something not consciously realised, but superconsciously believed in. This somewhat paradoxical idea is rather sensed harmony of things, a region of order and fitness wherein the desired inspiration is sure to be found if we can penetrate far enough, and stay for long enough. This region of harmony ("region" of course, is not the picture-language) has to be believed in, whether or not the belief is consciously formulated, before intuition will work, just as much as Dick Whittington had to believe in London as a region of unlimited wealth before he could go there and become an idealised plutocrat. Incidentally, it does not matter that Dick Whittington pictured London as having pavements of gold. The same symbol is to be found in Revelations, with the addition of a mystical transparency of the metal, a thing that no prospective Lord Mayor would appreciate.

We must pause a moment to consider what this belief, this prior necessity of faith, really is. No phrase can help being symbolic; but it might be represented as trust in the ultimate reality of truth, beauty and goodness. That covers the sources of inspiration for the philosopher, the artist and the saint. It does not matter which of these the individual happens to believe in ("most"; but it is as well not to have a rooted objection to them all, whatever the horrible associations of the words. Some people cannot hear the word goodness without a revulsion; and Mr. Chadband's children (I forget whether he had any) must have grown up with a positive detestation for terewth. And it is part of the business of education to see that the misfortune does not happen. I have made a few gropings, in earlier articles, after a scheme of education in philosophy, art and fellowship, which would lay the groundwork for a triple faith. Some consider that this faith ought to be clear, be of open, clear of religious mummeries, and others that religious teaching ought to be made big enough to include it; it is only necessary to point out here that they have got hold of opposite ends of the same stick.

Given the faith, then—and I suggested last week that the law of symbol determines it as being faith in a hypothesised message of immortality—a man may have found can embrace an absolute and ultimate truth—what is the nature of the intuition, which brings some aspect of the faith to utterance? We have considered the special attitude of the mind that invokes it, under the heading of "plasticity to inspiration"; and the conclusion emerged, then, that something beyond a mere passive receptiveness is involved. There is at least an active receptiveness, an act of grasping and drawing in, if not an act of moulding the material into form and expressiveness. Here it might seem that intellect, the moulding force that is within our conscious experience, must come into operation; but here we find that conscious intellect has to be in abeyance. 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. More often than not the effort, the reaching out of conscious thought to an apex, proves rather to have gathered obstractive ideas into a convenient heap out of the way, and the intuition quietly emerges from round the nearest corner. In writing music, I have often had to score pages of clumsy counterpoint before two themes, which had come to me separately, would play themselves together to my ear in the one and obvious way that brought out their joint meaning. Thinking helps; but it seldom helps in the way that you expect.

The root problem of psychical research, in its present phase, is whether there is any superconscious power of intellectual construction or not. Dreams-fantasies do not help us: they may show us nothing but the structures of the conscious intellect more or less broken down and re-symbolised. But the artificiant fantasy that introduces a new element of synthesis; is this something made, or some-thing appropriate? Again, in the immensely difficult psychology of evidence for survival, the source of the veridical detail that is proferred by, or through, the unconscious mind of a medium, may or may not be traceable to thought-reading at a distance. The psychological question is, in cases where conscious or unconscious fraud can certainly be ruled out, whence the elaborate building up of detail into coherent evidence? We have to postulate, either a superconscious constructive faculty in the individual, or a something beyond, for which a world of spirits is our nearest, and may be our rightest, symbol.

I do not think the state of the inquiry justifies the refusal of either hypothesis. The only comparative certainty is that there is a hiatus between consciously intellectual construction and the postulate of something of a structural idea. The two processes are not continuous, though intellec- tion seems in a way to tune up the superconscious faculty—perhaps by establishing a strong enough wish, perhaps also by raising the standard of effort in the mind as a whole. A pragmatical test may be applied to our two hypotheses or, at default of an inductive judgment. The belief that intuitions are entirely "given," out of a world of spirit, leads straight to superstitition and the putting down of normal events to supernormal causes. You begin to believe that all dreams, including the dreams of indigestion, are spiritual warnings. On the other hand, an absolute faith in the capacity of the mind to have produced everything that comes to its conscious surface leads to a recognisable Freudian complex, characterised by a dull hostility to evidence and a tendency to snatch at flimsy arguments—alogous to the attitude of the child who knows he is in the wrong but is past admitting it.

This seems to suggest that the two hypotheses may be complementary half-truths. In that case, we begin to define intuition as an act of the unconscious in collaboration with something beyond itself. The idea at any rate restores the relativity of things. The dream of indigestion is a bio-chemical phenomenon resulting in certain nerve- and brain-stimuli; but it is also part of the Absolute of Health. The poet's and the prophet's intuition of immortality, and the trance-medium's fumbling production of evidence for survival, give us symbols of some actual continuity; but they also come about because the interpreter, for normal, traceable reasons, wants them to come about. The mistake lies in the antithesis between function and purpose—an antithesis that never works in any of the relations in which we can try to make it work, and is only held by abstracting two complementsaries entirely from one another. I find from a sentimental point of view, and not solely from a logical or a practical point of view, that you have explained a function you have explained away a purpose, and that when you have posited a purpose you have short-circuited function.

Purpose is another term for God, and function is another term for the known universe. Faith is contact, so far as contact is attainable, with pure purpose; knowledge is contact (again, so far as contact is attainable) with pure function. With that statement there comes a sense that the two contacts are ultimately one, and the human perception is intuitive; in fact it is, as nearly as possible, intuition. An intuition, then, if I may try to define the particular from so brief a discussion of the general, is the moment of union between a conceived purpose and a perceived function.

KENNETH RICHMOND.
Readers and Writers.

I have lately had sent me the recent issues of an American magazine of belle-lettres, to which reference has been made before in these columns—"the Little Review" (1.50 a year, New York). Mr. Ezra Pound has for some time been the foreign exile editor of it; and I gather from the nature of the contributions that he has practically commandeered most of the space of the recent issues. A series of letters and some stories by Mr. Wyndham Lewis; letters, stories and some doctine by Mr. Pound; ditto, ditto, ditto by Mr. Lewis; et al. I say shall I say London?—writers evidence that Mr. Pound’s office is no sinecure. He delivers the goods. The aim of the “Little Review,” as defined without the least attempt at camouflage by the editor (that is to say, the real American director of the venture) is to publish articles, stories, verses and drawings of pure art—whatever that may be. It is not demanded of them that they shall be true—or false; that they shall have a meaning—single or double; that they shall be concerned with life—or fancy. Nothing, in fact, is asked of them but that they shall be art, just art. Less explicitly, but to the same effect, Mr. Pound and Mr. Wyndham Lewis subscribe to the same formula. They, too, are after art, nothing but art. But in some respects they define themselves more clearly. From Mr. Wyndham Lewis, for instance, I gather that the aim of the Little Review is to set up a gulf between himself and the mob. Art would seem to consist, indeed, in this differentiation or self-separation. Whatever puts a gulf between your self and the herd, and thus “distinguishes” you, is, and must be, art, because of this very effect. And Mr. Pound carries on the doctrine a stage by insisting that the one thing that matters about the mob is to deliver individuals from it. Art, in short, is the discovery, maintenance and culture of individuals.

We have all heard of this doctrine; and there is no doubt that it is very seductive. But to whom? I have remarked before that the appeal of Nietzsche has often been to the last persons in the world you would have thought capable of responding to him; or, let me say, to the last persons that ought to respond to him—wasps, wasps, with not enough real intelligence to be even efficient slaves. These, as Nietzsche discovered, were only too often the sort of person that was attracted by his muscilar doctrine of the Will to Power. It is the case likewise with the doctrine of individuality. Among its disciples there are, of course, the few who understand it; but the majority of them are precisely the persons who prove by their devotion their personal need of it. Individuality is for these as much a cult as health is a cult among the sick; and it is to be observed that they also have to take a good deal of care of their body. They must never, for instance, associate with the mob; they must be careful what they eat in the way of aesthetics; they must pick and choose among people, places, and things with all the delicacy of an egg-shell among potsherds. Above all, they must keep their art pure. Now, I am not, of course, going to say that Mr. Wyndham Lewis or Mr. Ezra Pound belongs to this class of aesthetic valutelarians. Both are robust persons with excellent digestion, and with a great deal of substantial common sense. Nevertheless, both of them, to my mind, pose as invalids and simulate all the whimperings and fastidiousness of the maladies imaginaires. Read Mr. Lewis’ letters, for example, in the issues of the “Little Review” here under notice. The writer is obviously a very clever man, with a good experience and judgment of life, and possessed of a powerful style. But he has chosen to exhibit himself as a clever gymnast of words, with innumerable finick-

ing fancies against taking this or that lead he should be confused with the “mob.” And Mr. Pound is in much the same state. What is the need of it, I ask, in their case? Unlike most of the other writers (I especially except Mr. T. S. Eliot, whose poem the “Hippopotamus” is impertinent), neither Lewis nor Pound has any need to “cultivate” an individuality, or to surround it with walls and moats of poses. Neither has any need whatever to appear clever in order to be clever. On the contrary, both of them have need to do exactly the reverse—namely, to cut out their too coherent individuality, and to reveal their cleverness by concealing it. Simplicity, as Oscar Wilde said—he, of course, only said it, he never really thought it—is the last refuge of complexity. And I put it to Mr. Lewis and Mr. Pound that with just a little more individuality and with just a little more cleverness their ambition will be to be indistin-

guishable from the mob either by their individuality or their cleverness. They will not succeed in this, of course. Individuality and cleverness, like murder, will out. The aim, however, of the wise possessor of either is to conceal in subtler and subtler forms of common sense and simplicity.

Among the clever poses of this type of “stage-

player of the spirit,” as Nietzsche called them, is the pose of the infant terrible. They are mightily concerned to shock the bourgeoisie and to be so happy as when they have said something naughty and actually got it into print. Now it is, of course, very stupid for the bourgeoisie to be shocked. The bourgeoisie would be wiser to yawn. But it argues a similar kind of stupidity—anti-stupidity—to wish to shock them. But we do not wish to shock them, do we? We are indifferent to the existence of the bourgeoisie! Our aim is simply to write freely as artists and to be at liberty to publish our work for such an understand it. Publishing, however, is a public act; and I maintain with the bourgeoisie, that the art of an intimate circle or group is not of necessity a public art. Between private and public morality, personal and public policy, individual and communal art, there is all the difference of two differing scales of value. Queen Victoria did not wish to be addressed by Mr. Gladstone as if she were a public meeting. A public meeting does not like to be addressed as if it were a party of personal friends. The introduction of personal considerations into public policy is felt to be an intrusion; and likewise to treat your friends as if you were legislating on their behalf is a public policy itself. For all this it follows that to thrust all private art into the public eye is to mix the two worlds. Only that part of private art that is in good public taste ought to be exhibited in public; the rest is for private, personal, individual consumption, and ought to be left unpublished or circulated only privately. That, at any rate, is my view of the question. Let the artist, I say, write what pleases him; let him circulate it among his friends: the only criterion here is personal taste. But immediately he proposes to publish his work, he should ask himself the question: Is this in good public taste?

Among the issues of the “Little Review” now lying before me is one the distribution of which was forbidden by the New York Postal Censor. It contains a short story by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. The story is clever—obviously clever; it is hard and brilliant; and, in the milionth case, perhaps, it may be a true account of a piece of real life. The Circular among writers exclusively, as a kind of studio-experiment in stylistic realism, it might be of service to art; for new methods of writing are of more concern to writers than the substance of the things written. As a public document, on the other hand, to be circulated among readers as well as writers, I have no fancy for defending Mr.
Lewis' story. It interests me, but I do not want it to interest my neighbours.

In giving judgment against the proprietors who appealed against the Post Office, the Judge in the case delivered himself of some sensible remarks, but of at least one sublimity of unconscious satire upon American culture. "I have little doubt," he said, "that numerous really great writings would come under the ban if tests that are frequently current were applied; and these approved publications doubtless at times escape only because they come within the term 'classics,'" which means for the purpose of the Statute that they are ordinarily immune from interference, because they have the sanction of age and fame, and usually appeal to a comparatively limited number of readers. The classics of limited appeal include, of course, the Bible and Shakespeare.

R. H. C.

A Modern Prose Anthology.
Edited by R. Harrison.

XVI.-L-RD D-NS-NY.

(We regret that we are unable to reproduce the picture which should accompany this story.)

"A Dream of Yedd." By Lord Dunsany.

One evening, having nothing to do, I suddenly beat in my head the face of Yehi Ghazul, and I said: I will take some bash, and I will go to Yehi Ghazul, even to the beautiful city that dwells alone among the plains in distant Sard. So I went out and bought bash at a little shop which is there only when some man needs it, in the street of twisted souls, and which sells only merchandise that the spirit needs, for with the body it has no traffic, and not of this world.

And I said to the old man with the long beard and the eyes crossed so that he could see both your body and your soul, "O man of the trailing beard and peculiar eyes," I said, "give me bash." And when he had given me it, I said, "O man of the bowing whiscker, even you of the wandering eye, obata for me from your little store the green-faced idol of Kammeruk, for I would pray to the idol with the green face." And I paid for my purchases in kashheech, which in Kammeruk is worth more than gold or diamonds or hope of heaven, and I returned to two rooms and prayed to the idol, even to the green-faced idol, which is the forsaken god of the vanished races of Kammeruk.

"O Idol," I said, "the hills of Ithara are far away, and thou comest from beyond the hills of Ithara, where rises the mighty river of Yann and into the heart of which no man has penetrated." And the eyes of the little god moved as though he would contradict me, and I went on quickly: "Beyond the hills of Ithara lies Kammeruk, and is not Yehi Ghazul the chief city of Kammeruk, O idol of the green face and moving eyes?" And now the eyes of the god no longer moved, but his lips moved as if he would murmur to himself prayers he once had heard in far Ithara and Kammeruk, where he was a god and not a green-faced idol the size of a man's hand.

And he took some bash, and I saw his hands twitch greedily when the incense reached him, and I spoke again, in low tones and in his own tongue.

"O mighty little god," I said, "give ear to me or I will find a god of some other race than thine, and to this god I will pray, since thou wilt not hear me when I address myself before thee." Then the god's eye flashed fire, and his lips gave forth strange sounds, and I knew it was not the god of Kammeruk to whom I prayed, but that the man at the little shop had cheated me, and that I was praying to a god of the awful city of Yed. And fear laid hold of me; but already the fumes of the bash were in my head, and the walls of the room were fading away and I was flying through the night.

As my soul took its flight through desolate centuries and trackless forests (of bash verbiage), I tried to remember tales that travellers had told me in lonely taverns of this city of blackness and evil, and of its terrible rulers, and of the gods of Aghra Gad, and then to return to God in a gush of dead dreams and spiritless phrases to whom I might pray for help. But my spirit, dragged with the fumes of bash, refused the effort and fled on and on, over fiery deserts and seas blue with cold, until presently out of the darkness arose the sound of chanting and playing on the titubate, I knew that I was not in Yedd.

I was overcome with fatigue and sank down on the stones of the street, which received me like cushions, and two men ran to me and lifted me up and carried me into a cool place shut off by curtains from the noise of the street, and offered me a dish of syrabub flavoured with bash, which I drank greedily. I felt better and looked at the men, and their faces were dark with cunning, and their limbs bent with evil living. It is many years since Yedd became desolate, and I knew that my soul must have fled back many centuries, and a deadly fear took me that it might never be allowed to go out from Yedd. But they gave me more syrabub, and when I had drunk it they led me to Aghra Gad.

He was seated on a high throne of pure gold, draped round with curtains made from the wings of dragonflies, and his crown was of onyx studded with opals, and he was fat and yellow with sin, and his eyes were sometimes green and sometimes red, with anger and green with vengeance. And behind his throne towered the awful god of Yedd, to whom, unknowingly, I had prayed in my room in London. And first I was made to abase myself before this god, as I had abased myself before the little idol, then I was taken to Aghra Gad. And Aghra Gad looked at me and spoke in a tongue which I did not understand, so I answered him in Yannish, which I found he spoke with difficulty.

"O king, I am a stranger to Yedd; I come from a far land, a land of light but without gods except false gods of steam and iron, and when gods die men dream no more, but I have made me gods of my own, or I have prayed to the gods of other men, and they have re-awed me with empty tales which—in an appropriate style—I have narrated to the people without gods or prophets, and they have listened tardily, but some have listened, and that is all I care for."

And the king said: "It seems you have spoken, in this style flavoured with bash, of the lands where we dwell to these people without gods?"

And I answered, touching the floor with my head: "It is true."

Then, "Tell me one of these tales," he said, "which you prophesy to the people without prophets, betraying our secrets to them of the outer light."

And I told him a tale I had told to the applause of my people, of how the bad old woman in black ran down the street of the ox-butchers. And when I had finished, the king yawned. "You lie," he said, wearily. "Tell us another."

So I told him another which had found great favour in my own land—of how they, never came to Carcassonne. It is a long tale and I have told it, and the shadows had deepened, and I could see the king no longer; but his voice came to me drowsily from the darkness. "You lie," he said, "and are the son of lies. One more story, however, shall you prophesy to these heathen, and then return to us, O you who know so much of our ways, and we will appoint you composer-in-chief of tall tales, so that our sleep may be heavy and dreamless," and he waved his arm.

And suddenly fear left me, and I was alone in my room again, and I was on my knees as I had been, but the idol was gone.
Music.

By William Atheling.

DAMMERUNG OF THE PIANO.

Conductor Capt. A. Williams, M.V.O., Mus.Doc.,
Oxon, in a red sash, sword, white gloves, etc., opened
the concert of the Grenadier Guards Band, with no per-
ception of the room, opening wall of the building
(Queen's Hall). I have inspected the savage rites of
our little Island; for twenty years nothing like it has
happened to me. (I write this almost immediately after
the operation; I hope my ears will be in condition to
hear the concerts next week.) Still, one does not want
to hear or see inside the hall. Mr. Harry
Deerth sang his comic song (serious ending) with clear-
ejection. The singing of Miss Lett is a sort of
combination of "Deutschland Uber Alles" and Sunday
Service in a thoroughly Presbyterian village. Her at-
tack on the Italian language was, without qualification,
distressing. Captain Williams made heroic efforts, and
in great measure succeeded in keeping the band
almost quiet during Felix Salmond's 'cello playing.
Salmond can do anything he likes with the 'cello. He
is one of the rare artists who are really worth hearing
(I had almost written 'even with a band in the back-
ground'). For the rest these rites of Broadaca are
beyond my comprehension; they are an imperial or
political manifestation; the performance was obviously
credible of its kind, but the language is one to which
I have lost the dictionary.

The first impression of Miss Annabel McDonald is
that she is in some ways competent, sings in tune,
and has learned correctly to pronounce Italian; then
appear traces of the Christmas festival manner. Her
defect of passion is only too apparent when she at-
ttempts the Kennedy Fraser interpretations of Hebridean
Songs. These things were painted in wood, but Miss
McDonald gives them swathed in blue baby-bibbny.
One can only pray that the original wilderness of
the songs will be apparent at a performance to be given
under the indefatigable collector's own supervision at
Holian Hall, March 11th, at 6 p.m.; for the melodies
are among the finest of our national heritage, as
Wagner found out rather before the English musicians,
gaining no considerable advantage from the priority
of his knowledge.

The McDonald afternoon was relieved by Salmond's
'cello, resonant, fully mastered, but impeded by the
accompanist. Mr. H. Samuel was determined that the
audience should realise to the last drop of gore that the
Rachmaninoff on, in E minor is entitled Sonatina for
the Pianoforte and Cello. "Cello" is really
printed in the same size type as Pianoforte, but we
must admit that the word "pianoforte" comes first
in the title. As Mr. Samuel's piano playing is, to put
it mildly, without the least vestige of interest, his
insistence on the order of words in the title was at
times rather trying.

The programme had been chosen without any musical
significance and descended to simon-pure suburbania in
the second group of songs. I fled before
Mr. Samuel was permitted to reach the section labelled
Pianoforte Solos. "We should be profoundly grateful if
Mr. Samuel would give a recital by himself.

THE PIANO.

Why, indeed, the piano? This instrument has many
 sins on its keyboard. I leave aside the unending bicker-
ing over the tempered scale, even though one in-
teriorly protests against the argument that it is no use
bothering over an accuracy of pitch that only one
person in two hundred can perceive. People without
an absolute pitch-sense do, and do very often, get a certain
definite pleasure from correct playing even if they are
incapable of detecting a single error, or even a series of
errors save by a vague dissatisfaction or by an even
slightly and more vague diminution of pleasure.

All keyboard instruments tend to make into per-
formers people not born to be musicians; and the very
fact that one can play a keyboard instrument quite
correctly without in the least knowing whether a given
note is in tune or not correct in itself, tends to obscure
the value of true pitch training. What is the long-term
result of any player upon strings is therefore left perhaps wholly
uncared for by the piano student. The pianist-tuner
is responsible for all that. His services are expensive.
This argument could be used against the earlier key-
board instruments, but they were never sufficiently
loud to drive out and dominate over the rest of the
instruments. They did not " fill the building."

From carelessness about pitch the piano has gradually
progressed to a carelessness about actual sound. The
attention centred, in earlier music, upon purity of tone,
upon sound quality, has been weakened and weakened,
till I have seen a composer of no small talent utterly
impervious to the quality of noise he was making.
The notes were in the right order; they followed each
other as he intended; he was satisfied.

I long, perhaps not too vainly, for the day when the
piano shall be as the hansom, which vehicle it not a
little resembles; and when the pianist shall be as the
cab-driver, so far as the concert hall is concerned.
The instrument will abide with us yet; for there is the
pianola attachment, as if for some time it is necessary
to train acrobats to play Bach-Busoni for pianola
records, surely human invention will lead to, and has
already discovered, a means for making the records
direct. The future composer will do his work, not with
a pen but a punch. "You couldn't pack a Broadwood
half a mile," says Mr. Kipps, but there is always
the gramophone.

But the platform pianist? These remarks are not all
due to the last performance I suffered, but that per-
formance has nevertheless been unable to arrest them.
She opened, indeed, with a pair of Berlioz
critic's death mask gaping at
us, and with prettiness, getting a very good variety of sounds out of her instrument.
She had no forte. I recalled indefinitely some Berlioz
critic's outburst to the effect that the piano was not a
'Slag instrument.' Then we had the 'Stimmung'
of the studios; and the "Ahnung," in the stealthy
creeping bass notes. She was really doing quite well.
At least " it took me back twenty years." Have we not
all, with the shades of Marger, with the well-known
death mask gaping at us, and with the plaster cast of
the drowned girl being dropped in the foyer.
What have we not all of us known the charm? (The Schumann
quality that has been read into Chopin by generations of
conservatoires, terrible to the obscurity of Chopin's aesthete.) The pathetic thing is that the
pianist had thought about music, and had prettiness,
the art, to some extent. It was the studio mood,
as opposed to the piano of Sir Frederick Leighton and
the Leightonia, the instrument at which the very
young mother sits with her numerous well-washed,
offspring clambering about her, receiving the
cultural rudiments. The pianist in this case had merits,
so has the cab-driver.

In the next piece there were fireworks; the pianola
would have compassed them. Attention faded. I left
the hall. I observed the more distinguished critic sitting
patiently in his seat, with a bandage deep in a French book.
I do not say that I am above the studio manner; that
I would not willingly recall the pest, forget my bald
spot. "Forty and forty times would I," as Mr. Kip-
ling has it, listen to the waif note as the more
reserved couple watch it, time is too precious, and
the less reserved, or more "bohemian" couple hold
hands under the sofa cushion.—Jugend, Jugend,
Jugend! and the inefficient illustrator (aged sixty) who
once hoped to paint like Raphael, looks at the ceiling
or the performer.

But what has all this to do with the concert hall? A
subtle spell of female pianists always hoped to pro-
duce in the concert-hall the atmosphere of the studio;
to bring to the hoarse old gentleman from the Thames valley and to the large-waisted lady from Rochampton a "breath of the real meaning," to "show them that life . . ."; and sometimes the female pianist succeeded . . .


for example, could be happy in the everlasting High Mass of Heaven that the usual clergyman offers? He would be happier in discovering whether the universe does really work without friction, in calculating the stresses and strains of the whole structure, or in criticising the margin of safety allowed in its construction.

This may seem to represent the engineer as a person without a soul; actually, it represents him as being like the rest of us, a person with a soul that does not require to be saved but to be exercised. He might even invent some more efficient form of planetary attraction than gravitation, and teach the comets to be more symmetrical in their orbits; anyhow, until he does think of Heaven in this or some similar way, he will not want to be there.

In the volume to which I referred last week (Immortality: published by Macmillan), Mr. Clutton-Brock constructs his own "Dream of Heaven" from the experience most vital to him. To him, as to Campion, "Heaven is music"; and all art is prophetic of Heaven. For the characteristic of all experience, all apprehension, all myths of Heaven is that they present life stripped of irrelevance; if we may adapt Emerson, we may say that they show us "life only available—not the getting a living." For to Mr. Clutton-Brock, the supreme irrelevance of life is that most of it should be devoted to getting a living, to the struggle for existence; we are most of us, like Martha, "careful and troubled about many things," and the "one thing needful" seems to be that we should be free from these cares so that we develop the wisdom at the feet of Christ. Heaven, for Mr. Clutton-Brock, is still an escape from, and not a conquest of, the material conditions of life; but it is at least an escape from getting a living to actual living, an experience that music can give us here, and Heaven may offer hereafter. And by music, we mean not just the very material harps and tabors and trumpets that the musical instrument makers advertise as examples of eternal life, but the vital musical which is released or manifested in the flood of sound and which enables us to see life in being and striving towards manifestation. Music does more than show us life: it contains it in so slight a substance that it radiates the soul, does not so much prophesy as restore to us the consciousness of our spiritual nature. "The man that hath no music in his soul is like a reed that is blown into and out of life by the breath of wind." If our souls have dwindled into lives that are indistinguishable from ordinary lives, we may learn the word gémio, and spoil'; he succeeds better in getting a living than in living, is rich in the irrelevance of things, but has so little experience of life that he is as helpless as an actor without his "props," in any condition that does not do him the support of his illusions. So Mr. Clutton-Brock imagines Heaven (including Purgatory in the conception) as a dual process of stripping and enriching, of stripping of our possessions and enriching of our capacities. Nietzsche's counsel of perfection: "Become what thou art": will be realised in actual fact when life is exalted above the struggle for existence; we shall not be able to be anything else when we have lost what we have, and are dependent upon what we are for what we get. For our enriching will depend upon our receptivity, our apprehension of other ways of life, and our actual development of what are now latent powers. If our souls have dwindled through lack of use until they rattle like dried peas in a canister, our revitalisation will be difficult; but the spirit of life will not be denied, and even the dried pea will lose its wrinkled external hardness of activity, and learn to grow according to the Mendelian theory. All the old logomachy concerning Heaven, whether it is a state or a place, is swept aside by this conception; Christ came that we "might have life, and that we might have it more abundantly." Then Heaven is the condition in which this is realised.

But it is still a defect, I think, that Mr. Clutton-Brock imagines that this conception is of a life beyond the grave. He is still concerned with the idea that
life has extension, whether continuous or discontinuous, and that immortal life is described by duration rather than intensity. Extension is a property of matter, not of force; force does not extend to a point, it operates over a space, and although this statement is not scientifically accurate (for even light takes time to travel), yet the idea needs to be preserved for the sake of contrast. It is possible that we may not live for ever in the sense of persisting for all eternity, it is possible that, as Browning put it, "be, the moment makes immortal, proves that he is mortal in the moment," that we attain immortal life only by giving up the ghost, by yielding mortal life to the moment. Until we consider the evidences of survival, we cannot be sure that our faith is anything more than the substance, the understanding, of things hoped for; and if the Kingdom of God is within us, our only Heaven must be realised while we are here "in the body pent." I shall consider the evidences of survival in my next article.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

The Monarchy in Politics. By J. A. Farrer.

(Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

The revival of interest in republicanism that is becoming so marked a feature of Colonial political speculation, and has found here no better exponent than Mr. Wells, will doubtless be stimulated by the appearance of this book. For Mr. Farrer examines with considerable impartiality the practical working of Constitutional Monarchy in England during the reigns of George III, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria. He has drawn his evidence from the letters, memoirs, diaries, and speeches, of contemporary statesmen, and especially from the letters of the Sovereigns themselves to their Ministers. The most obvious development of the whole period is a development of style; Ministers no longer address the Crown, but for the benefit of Ministers, hut the Attorney-General to the judges in defence or justification of the Government's use of the Royal Prerogative.

The value of such a study as this is that it does correct many false assumptions. Our Constitution is so constantly explained in the terms of democratic and republican theory that it is difficult to remember that it is a constitutional monarchy which, in spite of appearances has actually increased its power during the nineteenth century. "Although the actual Veto has passed into disuse," says Mr. Farrer, "the Veto precedent has become a more serious barrier against any legislation distasteful to the Crown." Mr. Lecky's statement that English sovereignty is so restricted in its province that it has, or ought to have, no real influence on legislation, is hardly borne out by the influence exercised over legislation by George III, George IV, William IV, and Queen Victoria." Indeed, Mr. Farrer goes so far as to say that "A monarch who chose to exercise his full prerogative of making peace or war, or of dismissing his Ministers, would probably find that his powers were much less restricted than the text-books define them." The chief consequence of our Constitution being, in the main, unwritten is that the powers attaching to each element of it are undefined; and its nature is therefore determined by the character of the person or persons representing the particular element; he has, or they have, just as much power as they like to, or can, exert. Particularly is this the case with the Monarchy; "the high, monarchical pretensions" which were so luxuriant in the reign of Queen Anne by no means died with her. In a limited Constitutional monarchy they lie never far below the surface, and need but favourable conditions for their revival. Was it not so lately as 1911, the first year of the reign of King George V, that an address to him was signed by many peers and others, urging him to thwart the policy of the government by vetoing the Parliament Bill? A monarch of strong character can, under our Constitution, play a much greater part in politics than is usually recognised; Queen Victoria fought inch by inch to restore to the monarchy that "right to more than a concurrent control where Imperial matters were concerned." The story of her feud with Palmerston is one of the most dramatic passages of this book, told, as it is, in the actual language of the parties. On this question of foreign affairs, the historical fact is in opposition to those democrats who think that the people are more pacific than their rulers; the truth of the argument depends entirely on the character of the ruler. As Mr. Farrer says, it was Queen Victoria, for instance, who mainly kept us at peace with Germany in 1864, when the people would have jumped at war. A democracy under modern conditions, sensitive to every gust of rumour, and to every whim of passion that is fanned by the Press, is subject to no restraint from war like that which may operate on a pacific monarch. It may be said of every war, what the Prince Consort said of the Crimean War, that it places Parliamentary Government on its trial. It has to be remembered, in this connection, that the extreme doctrine of the power of the Crown has been revived during the war not for the benefit of the Crown, but for the benefit of Ministers, which suggests a temporary transformation of our Constitution from an hereditary to an elective monarchy. On this point, Mr. Farrer concludes: "That an hereditary monarchy or an elective one is among the few things that historical experience can claim confidently to have proved. But hereditary monarchy suffers from the drawback of placing that prize [of supreme power] too much within the sphere of pure and uncontrollable chance; and the same system which made a Queen Victoria possible is also responsible for a George IV. Experience, therefore, though it has proved the superiority of an hereditary to an elective monarchy, cannot yet assert the superiority of an hereditary monarchy to a republican form of Government." We commend this last quotation from a fascinating book. "If Lord Salisbury's view be right, whatever other merits a democracy may have, it is not to the spread of popular forms of government over the earth that the pacifist can look with the least confidence for the realisation of his dreams of a world from which the curse of war has been eliminated. On this point, the rival claims of the rival systems of government must remain open questions: the commercial incentive to war may operate as strongly on the American or the Russian republics as ever it did on monarchical countries; and centuries more of experiments in Government must be added to the world's experience before a decisive judgment can be formed. But if it be the destiny of the world to become more addicted to war as it becomes more democratic, no republican transformation can be looked to as making for the increase of freedom, and military democracies can hardly escape a metamorphosis into military despotisms, with as crushing a control of individual liberty as the worst autocracies have ever exercised."
“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.]

SELF-DETERMINATION.

It is curious how a new label sometimes succeeds in popularising an old idea. The view that every nation should have a free choice as to its political allegiance is the first principle of Liberalism, but as long as it was called Home Rule it roused little enthusiasm outside Leinster. Minister and Comptroller. Under the modern and soothing style of “self-determination” it is suddenly discovered to be the political gospel for every community outside Ulster.

The whole difficulty consists in the application of the principle, as we see in the case of Ireland. What is to be the unit of self-determination, and who is to fix it? The case of Macedonia, or, it may be said, of the old Turkish dominions throughout, is much more complicated than that of Ireland. In one province, not so large as Ulster, there are Greeks, Bulgarian and Turkish villages all mixed up together, and many difficulties.

If the principle is to be applied, the only satisfactory solution would be a wholesale scheme of emigration and exchange of territories, and even that must involve great hardships.

In reality, the old Turks managed things better than a more civilised Government, because they applied the principle of self-determination in the form of privilege, or personal law. Turks, Greeks, and Bulgarians, considered as Muslims, Patriarchists and Exarchists, formed independent communities living under their own laws as regards marriage, inheritance, and so forth, administered in their own courts. This is a system which the British Government applies to some extent in India and Nigeria. But in Christian countries generally the influence of monothelitism and monotheism is more pronounced and self-determination on the part of minorities, if they have the misfortune to be of European race. Thus we allow a plurality of villages to the Hindu or Moslem or Pagan, while for bidding it to the Englishman dwelling beside them; and the United States was moved to intervene with the Mormons while respecting the customs of the Redskins.

The frank acceptance of the principle would do more to promote human happiness than any revolution that has yet taken place. The Roman lawyers laid down the true limits of State interference with the individual in his maxim—“So use what is yours as not to hurt your neighbour.” At present we are suffering from too much solidarity. 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.

The deal weight of an ignorant and conservative majority is a drag on all human progress. Before we can build the New Jerusalem we must make endless experiments, at the cost of countless failures, but every such experiment is a real service to mankind.

Now that almost the whole surface of the planet has passed under European control the question has become a burning one. To what regions are the Pilgrim Fathers of today to bind their voyage? Where can the new Order of the Temple or the Hospital find a Malta, or a Rhodes? Whither can youth escape from the tyranny of age?

What we have to do meanwhile is to insist on the full sense of this fortunate phrase. There must be an end to the old, mischievous arguments about race and language as the determinants of nationality. Allegiance must be a matter of free choice. Free trade must be so obtained in citizenship, and patriotism be no longer decided by birth.

Allen Upward.

Pastiche.

WAR GEOMETRY.

(With acknowledgments to the Author of “Boarding-House Geometry.”)

1. All wars are the same war.
2. A war is length without breed.
3. The extremities of a war are hard lines.
4. Nations in the same war and on the same side of it are equal to the same line.
5. An enemy victory is that which has no parts and no magnitude.
6. A war-aim is a figure that is enclosed by one or more boundaries, but that cannot be described and is equal to anything.
7. A be-line may be made from any war-aim to any other war-aim.
8. A wrangle is the disconnection of each other of the governments of two nations that meet together in the same alliance and say they are in perfect accord.
9. All the other lines being cut off, a war is said to be a war to end war.
10. A lie may be produced any number of times.
11. A circle may describe any Cabinet Minister from any question, at any distance from that question.
12. The speeches of a Cabinet Council, stretched over so far both ways, will not meet.
13. War-lords may be reduced to their lowest terms by a series of democratic revolutions.
14. Any two statements in war-time are together less than one square truth.
15. On the same newspaper and on the same side of it should not be two contradictory lies about the same defeat.
16. If there be two governments in the same war, and the amount of side of the one be equal to the amount of side of the other, and the wrangle between the one government and peace be equal to the wrangle between peace and the other government, then shall the peace terms of the two governments be equal. For if not, let one be the greater. Then the other is less than it might have been, and peace may come sooner than it need, which is absurd.

V. H. Friedlaender.

WARRIOR SONNETS.

I.

In this I have not failed; my hand has taken
Pate by the hand, and bidden bold where am
Suffering and strife were blossoming; although
Youth in my heart had paled before Christ's pain,
And in my soul the dreams of woman's gain,
Of gold, of singing maidens, flowers abound.
Had almost made me faint; now the flow
Of stronger things has taken me in train.
I shall no more be weak because of sloth,
Spotted by sweet things and rendered fool by lust.
Pain with my soul has plighted mystic troth,
Youth that I am, I have grown old in trust,
White is my hand and clean my strong desire.

II.

God granted it, that throned before challenging
Should bring to dust the city's girding wall
But once! Now have His chosen ones the gall,
The spear of grief; His Son, the mystic King,
His crown of thorns, the leaders scourges stinging
Then who will say I am not feared at all,
But still would lift Faith's burden and be thrall
To none but Truth; march out, the banners swing.
The mighty hand, the vision and the sword,
The shout of spearmen, and the heraldry
Of goodly deeds shall make the youthful lord
More of a king than ever gauded crown
Or cloth of purple, or rich beasts he bare,
The dead, as the bones of ancient battles grown.

III.

To them the singers who have held on high
Lost in a brimming goblet, be there shame!
To them new-born who fan the mother flame,
Our warrior recognition... Let us cry,
"Hail!" for our hearts would let the vain things die,
We who are born to bear another name,
To see the flood, and prate, and sit at ease,
To reaffirm what pleasure does deny.

Wraith and the combat call us from afar,
Emptying a spade of our despair;
The mountains beckon, echoing our war;
March we in order, and, if we shall fail,
Say but of us, we asked nor tear nor ruth,
But strength to thrust out justifying God's fail.

B.E.F.
FRANCIS ANDREWS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CONSUMER.

Sir,—In "Notes of the Week" of February 7 occurred the strange statement that Mr. May's defeat at Prestwich constitutes a reply to a view that the State should represent the consumer. Surely it is somewhat fantastic to base so large a conclusion on so small a circumstance as the defeat, in a rotten register, of the first candidate for the seat, by the conservative movement—to say nothing of the claim of Co-operation to represent the whole body of consumers. On this view the defeat of the first Socialist candidate away back in the last election might have been as meaning the defeat of Socialism. Moreover, I have never said that the State of to-day primarily represents the consumer. My point is that it would do so under a system of National Guilds.


***

PAINTED DRAGONS.

Sir,—I have no desire to quarrel with your correspondent, "W. D.," on the main issues of his book; order is always better than disorder, and the more complex our lives become in detail, the more necessary it is that the principles, whether legal or other, explaining those details should be clear to us. Codification of the law is impossible until the principles of jurisprudence are clearly defined and agreed upon; and much has already been done in this direction even in England. Mr. Edward Jenks, in his "Short History of English Law," tells us that "another Royal Commission on the Criminal Law, which sat for several years prior to 1861, was responsible for an important group of consolidating statutes which, though not in themselves amounting to a Criminal Code, gave fair promise of the adoption of such a code in the future. These are the five great enactments of the year 1861, which dealt respectively with larceny, malicious damage to property, forgery, false evidence, and adversary against the person. They still regulate to a great extent the everyday business of the criminal courts; and in the opinion of so well qualified a critic as James Stephen, who have been productive of much good. An attempt was made to add an Homicide Law in 1872; but the times were not propitious and the effort was unsuccessful. A very recent enterprise in another direction has been more fortunate; and the value of the consolidating Perjury Act of 1811 may be gathered from the suggestive fact that it repeals, in whole or in part, no less than 131 other statutes, among which the statutory law of perjury had previously been dispersed." The Criminal Procedure Act, the Costs in Criminal Cases Act, the Criminal Evidence Act, the Poor Prisoners' Defence Act, are all examples of the trend towards greater simplicity and more accessible justice that the advocates of codification desire; while in Civil Law a similar trend is manifest from the Uniformity of Procedure Act, 1832, through the Civil Procedure Act, 1831, the Real Property Limitation Act, to the Common Law Procedure Acts, the Common Law Courts Act, the Judicature Acts, the County Courts Act, and many more, including the Bankruptcy Acts. That the law should operate at least as well as tailors effect repairs, "with neatness and dispatch," is honored praise of men, but a necessary condition of an ordered and reasonable social life; and so far as codification, by simplifying and systematising our jurisprudence, enables the law so to operate, so far is it a boon.

But a Code does nothing of itself; it has to be used and interpreted by men, and Equity surely has its place in the interpretation of Law. I may remind your correspondent that the French Code did not secure the conviction of Madame Caillaux for murder, nor until the matter had become of world-wide interest and importance did the acquittal of Dreyfus. It is therefore possible to argue that although a Code may be a great good, it may not be unmixied good; to say, as Faguet says: "I do not dream of wishing that a judge should judge in equity, and I think it a good thing that he should judge by a code," is the practice of judging by the text has also this drawback, that it discharges the judges completely from moral responsibility. It leaves them responsible for having understood or failed to understand the law, for having been successful or unsuccessful in applying the law to the case or the case to the law, and for failure to observe the forms; but that is all the responsibility it leaves them. In a word, it leaves in their integrity until real responsibility and it discharges them altogether from moral responsibility. This is perhaps only the drawback of a great good, but it is a great drawback.

And if this is not substantial enough, let me turn to a man whom "W. D." regards as "worth many Faguet and Diceys," I mean Sir Henry Maine. After all, Codes are not things of yesterday, and may be the only things of tomorrow; and it seems to me that it is necessary to liberal interpretation if they are not to hamper the development of society, and how they will operate will depend on the people who interpret them. In Chapter I of "Ancient Law" Maine says: "The Roman Code was merely an enunciation in words of the existing customs of the Roman people. Relatively to the progress of the Romans in civilisation, it was a remarkably early Code, and it was published at a time when Roman society had barely emerged from that intellectual condition in which civil obligation and religious duty are inevitably confused. Society practising a body of customs is exposed to some especial dangers which may be fatal to its progress in civilisation. The enunciation of a portion of these customs in the form of a Code has been found to have adopted in its infancy and in its primitive forms, those which are on the whole best suited to promote its physical and moral well-being; and if they are retained in their integrity until new social wants have taught new practices, the upward march of society is almost certain. But unhappily there is a law of development which ever threatens to operate upon unwritten usage. The customs are, of course, obeyed by multitudes who are incapable of understanding the true groundwork of their expediency, and who are therefore left in the dark to invent strange and practical reasons for their permanence. A process then commences which may be shortly described by saying that usage which is reasonable generates usage which is unreasonable. Analogously, the value of valuable facts in the maturity of jurisprudence, is the most dangerous of snares in its infancy. Prohibitions and ordinances, originally confused, for good reasons, to a single description of acts, are made to apply to all acts of the same class, because a man menaced with the anger of the gods for doing one thing feels a natural terror in doing any other thing which is remotely like it." Maine proceeds to show how the code of Hindoo law maintains to this day an immense apparatus of cruel absurdities, while he argues that "from these corruptions the Romans were protected by their Code. It was compiled while the usage was still wholesome, and a hundred years afterwards it might have been too late. The Hindoo law has been to a great extent embodied in a barbarous society, while he argues that "from these corruptions the Romans were protected by their Code. It was compiled while the usage was still wholesome, and a hundred years afterwards it might have been too late. The Hindoo law has been to a great extent embodied in a barbarous society, while he argues that "from these corruptions the Romans were protected by their Code. It was compiled while the usage was still wholesome, and a hundred years afterwards it might have been too late. The Hindoo law has been to a great extent embodied in a barbarous society, while he argues that "from these corruptions the Romans were protected by their Code. It was compiled while the usage was still wholesome, and a hundred years afterwards it might have been too late. The Hindoo law has been to a great extent embodied in a barbarous society, while he argues that "from these corruptions the Romans were protected by their Code. It was compiled while the usage was still wholesome, and a hundred years afterwards it might have been too late. The Hindoo law has been to a great extent embodied in a barbarous society.
Code depends mainly on interpretation, allowing that the Code perpetuates reasonable usage—and, by the way, Maine contends that case-law "has no characteristic which distinguishes it from written law. It is written caselaw, and only differs from Code-law because it is written in a different way." My contention is, assuming that the codification of English law would perpetuate reasonable usage, it is necessary that a judge should, in Montesquieu's phrase, "have nothing but eyes" if its benefits are to operate almost automatically. Once permit "interpretation," and Equity returns to the Law Courts, and "judge-made law" begins to give up its precedents again. But keeping "interpretation" its rights, we are committed to the letter of the law; Becarra said: "Nothing is more dangerous than the generally accepted maxim—consult the spirit of the law. To adopt this maxim is to break all the rules and toss the laws to the tides of opinion." But a judge who is "nothing but eyes" has no conscience because he has no moral responsibility; and when the Bench is also a career as in France, instead of the crown of a career as in England, we do get the situation described by Faguet not, as "W. D." thinks, as relating to the Second Empire, but quite recently to the Third Repub-
ic. "Who selects judges in France? The prince. Who pays them? The prince. Who favours their advancement or leaves them indefinitely at the foot of the ladder? The prince. Then the act of the prince—that is, the will of the government—controls them, and they judge according to the will of the government, except in cases in which the government has no interest. In France, there is but one word for it: the government is the judge."

I have written at too great length already (my apology is the interest of the subject, but I should like to correct one misapprehension of your correspondent. Faguet is not "mistaken in thinking that we have noress against judicial freaks at present"; "W. D." is mistaken in supposing that the passage referred to the judiciary. For, in England, the judge is not a Government functionary, but a representative of the King's Justice; and Faguet's remark refers only to those functionaries "who attend you in the exercise of their function. The Anglo-Saxon legislator understands that there is justice to be invoked against an agent of government as well as against an equal"; and, so far, English judges are not "agents of government." If ever they become so, we shall have no more redress against judicial freaks than at present; but, in addition, we shall have no redress against those other functionaries who exceed their powers, or do damage to us in the performance of their duty. YOUR REVIEW.

* * *

MUSIC.

Sir,—After suffering nearly four years' infliction from concert platforms of the musical monstrosity known as the "British Piano," one can sympathise without wholly agreeing with Mr. Atheling in his wish for the relegation of the pianist to the back parlour. With regard to the British caricature of a piano, its rightful place is not the back parlour, but the rubbish heap.

Happily, the piano at its best, i.e., as exemplified by the products of the great American makers, such as Mason and Hamlin (easily the greatest but, of course, absolutely unknown here) or Steinway, is a very superb and glorious instrument, the discovery of whose welfl-nigh limitless possibilities is one of the most significant and conspicuous facts of modern music. The piano works of Ravel, Soriabin, Roslavets, and Babevsky mark the advents to discrimination real and original piano technique, as far removed from that of Chopin or Liszt as theirs from the clavier technique of Bach.

It is very pleasing to see Mr. Attelburg's appreciation of that great artist Mme. D'Alvarez and his denunciation of fifth-rate mediocrity and incompetence summed up in the words British singers, this lady, Mlle. Rosowsky, M. Strouco and Mme. Marchesi stand out as rich ones. It will be noticed that in it as an article as they possibly can. One had never fully realised, before Aug., 1914, the hideous deficiencies and delinquencies of British singers, but it was not long before one did realise them, and the yawning void created by the absence of the great artists who used to visit this country. And it was not long before that part of the musical public which had any pretensions to discrimination realised it too, despite the vulgar boastings of the so-called "musical press," i.e., which journals devoted to the advertisement of a particular publisher's wares, and the "critics," i.e., newspaper reporters of the daily press, devoted to the puffery of anyone who cares to pay for it.

It is highly significant that when Britain does produce singers or instrumentalists of the highest rank, they invariably reside permanently outside this country, and set foot in it as seldom as a serf-in a career of by law.—ALICE MONTGOMERY.

The evils of tyranny are not inherent in sovereignty but only in the mode of its exercise by removable human agents of sovereignty, to wit, the Government.

When every non-sovereign function is exercised autonomously, the sovereign function remaining to the State is sufficiently checked to rob it of the chance of tyranny.

Talent implies duty.

Liberalism ceases to be decent when it only defends the selfishness of individuals against the common good. I do not mind being a serf-in a state in which all men are serfs.—RAMIRO DE MARES.

A faith which is largely self-deception does help the insurrections.

A dogma must, sooner or later, be insincerely held. A dogma is only a hypothesis suffering from cata-

KAIKHUSRU SORABJI.

Memoranda.

(From last week's New Age.)

Unlike the Russian steam-roller of which all that is now left is only the red flag, the Prussian steam-roller is still in being; but the red flag is more evident to-day than it has ever been.

The Labour Party is no doubt increasing in popularity daily; but whether it is increasing in power is another question.

Trade union problems are national problems. It is hard to be unable to hasten Labour's triumph by so much as an idea.—"Notes of the Week."

There are differences of opinion even amongst judges. Capitalism is internationally organised; peoples are not.—S. VERDAD.

Woe be to the next world if it be run by rule instead of by law.—ALICE MONTGOMERY.

A faith which is largely self-deception does help the insurrections.

A dogma must, sooner or later, be insincerely held. A dogma is only a hypothesis suffering from cata-

KENNETH RICHMOND.

Faith is the source of fact.—R. H. C.

One bad turn deserves a good turn.

The dramatic conflict of our time is the class war, expressed for dramatic purposes in the conflict of standards.—"Reviews."

A great many of the clergy are underpaid, and more would be so if they were worthier of their office.—ALLEN UPWARD.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

It may be stated authoritatively that President Wilson sought, not only in specific paragraphs, but by the whole tone of his address, to make abundantly clear that America will never make peace with German militarism and autocracy. In this the President admirably interprets the unanimous opinion of the United States, and also satisfies the hopes of those who have most closely studied internal conditions in Germany and are convinced that German Liberalism cannot go on with its work of political revolution without repeated assurances that America and all the Allies will never compromise the most vital issue of the war. — "The Times" Washington Correspondent.

Mr. Belloc's remedy for the ills in which he appears to believe is the extension of what he pompously terms the "Free Press." This expression connotes such publications of limited circulation, written, one hastens to declare, with the most conspicuous brilliance and ability, as THE NEW AGE, the "New Witness," and "Justice," to name three of the best known. In regard to the influence of these organs of opinion, the present writer is perhaps more optimistic than Mr. Belloc. They are undoubtedly doing extraordinarily good work, and their influence tends to increase weekly, but we of the "Official Press" must call to mind that in the morning and evening papers in general, also have moments which may be accounted unto us for righteousness. The good is not all on the one side and the evil all on the other. Indeed, some of the most vindictive papers which in his view conform to this standard, are undoubtedly doing extraordinarily good work, and of the other vices castigated by Mr. Belloc, stand to the discredit of his "Free Press." — "The Globe."

But we are sadly afraid that there never will or can be a Press corresponding to Mr. Belloc's ideals. For that would be a Press in which certain opinions which he holds strongly are told daily or nightly to the sorrowing earth—e.g., his opinions about Jews, about Catholicism and the Reformation, about the worthlessness of the House of Commons, about the conspiracy of party politics, the corrupt nature of politicians and political lawyers, the "servile state," the iniquity of larger legislation, and some others deemed honest or, independent, except a selected group of other opinions which Mr. Belloc does not hold himself personally, but which, if expressed in a vehement, challenging, and unscientific way, have the effect of uniting an army of great many other writers who do not hold these views and are restrained from expressing them, not by sinister and corrupt motives, or even by the heavy hands of capitalist newspaper proprietors, but simply and solely because they do not believe in them. — "Westminster Gazette."

From all parts of the country there continue to reach us reports of the quite extraordinary progress of the Agricultural Labourers' Union. Take, for instance, this report from a district hitherto totally untouched by agricultural organisation. Mr. W. E. Crawford, a railwayman from Doncaster who is the son of a farm labourer and himself worked on a farm as a young man, has been appointed organiser, and is carrying the fiery cross of Trade Unionism through the East Riding. Since the New Year, branches of the Agricultural Labourers' Union have been formed at Bawtry, Wombwell, Skirlaugh, Sprowle, Conisop, South Elmsall, and Market Weighton, and Mr. Crawford is forming further branches as fast as he can gather round from the countryside to place. This is only one example among many. All over the country the labourers are organising as they have never organised before, even in the days of Joseph Arch. A blackleg-proof Industrial Union for the whole countryside is now nothing impossible if Trade Unions in other industries will put their back into the task and give the Agricultural Labourers' Union all the help they can, alike in money and in men. — "The Herald."

To the Editor of the "Times."

When will employers realise that until they convince their employees and the consumers (who must always be in the vast majority) that their interests are identical—as will be the case only when every economy in production results in a corresponding reduction in the selling price—they cannot hope to secure the support of Government, for the obvious reason that Government is going to be more and more influenced by the votes of the majority, rather than by the riches of the few?

When the interests of employer and employee—manufacturer and consumer—are united, then such a problem as Tariff Reform versus Free Trade will in a large measure cease to exist, for the reason that the manufacturers and consumers combined in each trade will be able to prove to the Government—conflict of interest and therefore, in most cases, of opinion being removed—that either Free Trade or such-and-such a tariff in their own particular line of business is of a definitely calculable advantage to nation as a whole.

I would apologise for this somewhat lengthy letter upon this vastly important subject, and in doing so would emphasise the following ennobling extract from Mr. Hichens's paper:—"No man can serve two masters; he cannot serve himself and the community; for then the kingdom would be divided against itself; he can only serve himself by serving the community, and this is surely the only sound foundation on which industry can rest. If we are ever to solve the great industrial problem, it can only be by recognising that industry is primarily a national service, and that the object of those engaged in it is first and foremost for the good of the community as a whole." — EDGAR P. CHANCE.

"If for any reason whatever we fall short of victory—and there is no half-way house between victory and defeat—what happens to us is this: Every relation, every understanding, every decency upon which civilisation has been so anxiously built will go, will be washed out, because it will have been proved unable to endure, the whole idea of democracy—which at the bottom is what the Hun fights against—will be dismissed from men's minds, because it will have been shown incapable of maintaining itself; together with every belief and practice that is based upon it. The Hun ideal, the Hun's root notions of life will take its place throughout the world."—RUDYARD KIPLING.

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

United Kingdom. Abroad.
One Year .......... 28s. 0d. .......... 30s. 0d.
Six Months ...... 14s. 0d. .......... 15s. 0d.
Three Months .... 7s. 0d. .......... 7s. 6d.

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4. (4).

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS (A. R. Oakes), 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4, and printed for them by BONNER & CO., THE CHANCERY LANE PRESS, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.