NOTES OF THE WEEK.

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

If the Memorandum purporting to have been written by Prince Lichnowsky, and now appearing in translation in the Swedish Socialist journal, the "Politiken," be authentic, it should be worth a moral campaign to the Allies and to this country in particular. Prince Lichnowsky was the German Ambassador in London during the two years before the war; and he, if anybody, should have known what impression our official diplomacy was aiming to make upon Germany. Well, what does he say? Does he confirm the theories popularly held in Germany and spread about in our own country by our pacifists that Germany before the war was the victim of Allied encirclement, that England was bent upon confining a commercial rival, or that Russia and France were looking for the convenient moment to fall upon Germany? Not in the least. Assuming once more that the Memorandum is authentic, no more conclusive evidence can be desired that the very contrary of all these myths was the actual truth. Russia and France, Prince Lichnowsky says, were thinking of anything but an attack upon Germany. So far from wishing to hem Germany in or to isolate her from the rest of Europe, Sir Edward Grey, he says, was always anxious to establish a lasting rapprochement with Germany, and to include her within the existing Concert. On the occasion of the Balkan Conference in London in 1913 the British authorities, so far from siding with their diplomatic friends, usually took the side of Germany in order. Prince Lichnowsky says, not to jeopardise the friendly feeling which it was hoped was growing between the two nations in spite of the "unfortunate naval question" between them. We are left, in fact, after reading the Memorandum of Prince Lichnowsky with this impression, that the procrastinations of our statesmen regarding their pre-war policy towards Germany were true and that, whatever may have subsequently become the case, their attitude was one of hopeful benevolence rather than of the cunning malevolence commonly attributed to them in Germany and elsewhere. This, it may be again remarked, is the evidence not of an Allied nor even of a neutral diplomat, but of Germany's leading ambassador during the very period in most serious question. It should therefore serve as more than a set-off to the "secret" treaties that have done so much damage to the Allied case; and silence, into the bargain, a great deal of the specious nonsense of our enemy's self-appointed advocates.

We are not going to despair of converting Germany because of the reply of "Vorwärts" to the Allied Socialists. The essential preliminary to repentance is confession; and it is a great step in advance upon the past to have got German Social Democracy to admit its moral surrender. Hitherto, as all who are familiar with the history of the International are aware, German Socialists have been in the habit of professing to be able, an they would, to bring their
We have been touched in this confession; and the moment has come when any change in German Socialist mentality must be for the better, since it cannot any longer be for the worse. We predict, in fact, that the moral change is now about to take place; and that, at long last, the German Socialists are going to begin that self-examination of which they have hitherto been the amazing delusion of their strength. How to assist it, however, is now our question. It is, indeed, the chief question for Allied diplomacy to discover and to concentrate upon the weakest part of the enemy's defence; it is the work of diplomacy to discover and to attack the point of the enemy's greatest moral weakness. For this delicate and psychological task, however, a finer directing mind than that of Lord Northcliffe, who is charged with it, is necessary. We want a Machiavelli. Have we one in this country? Could any of our statesmen recognize him if they saw him?

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

The Irish Debate in the Lords on Tuesday was remarkable for the unanimity with which the various speakers carefully avoided the crux of the problem. Lord Salisbury attributed the growing disaffection of Ireland to "administrative feebleness"; Lord Meath to "German influence"; and Lord Sydenham to the sheer naughtiness of the Irish nature. All these explanations, however, either only touch the surface, or are indifferent altogether to the actual phenomena of the situation which are, it is obvious, an increasing hostility to the British Parliament and an increasing disposition to gamble upon a Prussian victory. But why, it should be asked, has British law and government been more discredited in Ireland than elsewhere; and why, in consequence, has Irish opinion been driven to look for help to our enemies? The answer is not that the Irish are more irrational than the rest of us, or more disposed of themselves to be pro-German. The explanation, on the contrary, is that the Irish have been absurdly logical—so logical, indeed, as to miss the commonsense of the situation. When, after years of agitation and delay, the Irish Nationalists finally succeeded in putting upon the Statute-book of the British Parliament a genuine Home Rule Bill, it was naturally expected that an authority that had so long resisted the measure would have given reality to it when it was passed. The Irish minority, in other words, was expected to be invited to submit to Parliament when Parliament had at last been persuaded under its own rules to consider Ireland. We know, however, what became of the Bill when it was passed. On behalf of Ulster and himself, Sir Edward Carson loudly announced that he would defy the authority of Parliament at any cost; and so considerable was his influence, when supported by the English Unionists, that he quite succeeded in over-awing Parliament, the Crown and the British people. The Act was virtually withdrawn. Now what was the logical conclusion for a logical people to draw from this event but the conclusion that British parliamentarism is a farce, and its Acts scraps of paper? And to what else but the most powerful immediate enemy of that system—namely, Germany—would a purely logical people turn? If, indeed, it had been intended by the most subtle statesman that ever lived to alienate Ireland and to throw her into the arms of Prussia, he could have succeeded with more skill than was unconsciously employed by Sir Edward Carson and his friends. All this, however, is to explain, it is not to justify the Irish people. Tout comprendre is not always pardonner. Logical as it may have been to repudiate parliamentary government and to turn for help elsewhere, the Irish people should have calculated better both their ends and their means. Bad as Parliament had been proved to be, it was, and is, better than anyarchy; and promising as a German victory might be made to look for Irish independence, it would be in reality to exchange a log for a stalk. The choice before Ireland, in other words, was not in the actual circumstances the logical choice between the better and the worse—such ideal decisions are seldom to be made in politics—it was the choice between the bad and the worse. Lord Meath, evidently, had forced them to choose the better that has no real existence, and to fall upon the worse in an attempt to escape the bad.
circles for whom State Socialism is not inadvisable because it is impracticable, but because it is too good. It makes demands on commercial and patriotic morality which the "Spectator's" clients are unable as a body to satisfy; and hence its failure. But this is not all that must be said of the Report; for it further establishes the fact, which the "Spectator" has consistently denied, that "profiteering" has been continuous in its most indecent form, even under cover of the Government's pledges to abolish it in controlled establishments. It will be remembered that the assumption by the Government of the control of the munition factories was designed to safeguard the workmen in these establishments against being used as an instrument for robbing the nation. The "control" was, in short, a Government guarantee of fair-dealing. Now, however, it appears that in fact the control has been illusory. The Committee report that of 26 controlled contracting firms, taken at random, every one had increased its actual profits by five times the standard amount, and that when all the "control" had been exercised, every firm was left with twice its legitimate profits in its pocket. This is a sheer abandonment of the original agreement with Labour; and it would entitle Labour to regard the agreement as null and void, and to insist upon another, or to refuse to enter into any agreement whatever. This, and not the petty propagandist moral drawn by the "Spectator," is the real lesson of the Report; and we can only hope that on Labour's side it will not be too immediately learned.

Though the provisions of Mr. Fisher's Education Bill are not on the heroic scale of the war, they appear nevertheless to be too heroic for some of the advanced thinkers of the new Unionist group. Mr. Basil Peto, in particular, distinguished a lethargical debate on Wednesday by opposing the Bill on the ground that the raising of the school-age to 14 and of the continuation period to 18 would infallibly ruin industry. It is strange amid what convulsions of events and ideas the materialistic notion survives that the standard amount, and that when all the "control" had been exercised, every firm was left with twice its legitimate profits in its pocket. This is a sheer abandonment of the original agreement with Labour; and it would entitle Labour to regard the agreement as null and void, and to insist upon another, or to refuse to enter into any agreement whatever. This, and not the petty propagandist moral drawn by the "Spectator," is the real lesson of the Report; and we can only hope that on Labour's side it will not be too immediately learned.

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

It has become customary during the war for writers to quote the best-known saying of Clausewitz, that in which he tells us that war is simply a continuation of politics by other means—true, an adequate epitome for commentary on the peace terms forced by Germany on Russia and Roumania. Let us not, however, overlook that other aphorism of his in which he tells us that the result of a war is not necessarily absolute or final; "for the vanquished State often looks upon it as a transient evil; for the political conditions of later times may afford an opportunity of redress."

(Book I, ch. I, aph. 9) While a war lasts, no event arising from it can be regarded as definite and fixed; and it is as well that a German, of all people, should be found to admit that not even a crushing victory, which is what Clausewitz had in mind, necessarily results in a settled state of things. The peace with Russia and Roumania, however disheartening some of us may find it, and however much we may be inclined to blame the Bolshevik administration for bringing it about, may yet have a quick reaction; and an ultimate reaction can hardly be doubted.

A somewhat loose statement, the "Nation" (March 2) informs its readers editorially that the populations of the annexed provinces (Courland, Lithuania, Estonia, Livonia—an nexed for all practical purposes) are not Russian. It would be interesting to know what, then, they are; for, with the exception of a number of landowners, they are not German. The Hanseatic League had at one time, when the Hohenzollerns were not known to history, a certain commercial influence in these areas, as it had in England, Denmark, and Spain. But the Germans would have, on that account, claim the three countries just named as German property merely on the strength of what a trading company did five or six centuries ago. That the people in the Russian provinces mentioned are not Great Russians in the sense that the inhabitants of Moscow are so regarded may be freely admitted; but that they are Slavs with a distinct leaning towards the Great Russians is not open to question. The Ukrainians, however much they clamoured for their national freedom before the war, have never, to the best of my knowledge, professed to be Teutons.

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

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

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

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

"It must be clear that no report which seeks to secure 'a permanent improvement in the relations between employers and workmen' can be consistent with the first principle of Guilds, which is, 'a permanent improvement in relations,' but the abolition of the wage-system and of a master-class.'—VIGILANCE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL GUILDS LEAGUE.

"The industrialist cannot fight against the wage-class. He must be with that class even when it blunders."—M. LITVINOFF.

"The functional principle implies a continual adjustment and rearrangement of power to the functions, and of the functions to the values recognized as superior or more urgent. As all men, or societies of men, will believe themselves to be capable of filling the highest function, and will claim for this function the greatest possible amount of power, it is not to be denied that the functional principle will bring about a permanent struggle, and that only eternal vigilance will prevent this struggle from relapsing into war. More than once the difficulties inherent in the application of the functional principle will cause men to lose heart and fall into the temptation of abandoning themselves to liberal principles and let the individual grasp the position he covets, or giving themselves up to authoritarian principles and let a tyrant re-establish order on a master-class plane, which strengthens the democrat in his belief that reason or influence may determine. But when war begins, law and reason lapse, and the gods decide whether we are to pass into a better ordered society, or into anarchy and chaos.

When war begins, not only does reason fly the field, but the finer and more nicely balanced issues disappear into the black and white of the war class-board. Each man must decide on which side he will fight; his intellectual reservations must remain in suspense. This, I presume, is what M. Litvinoff means when he says that a Socialist can fight against the working-class, even when it blunders. But if he means that in normal circumstances we must support the working-class, right or wrong, then one cannot dissent too strongly. It would be the justification, long sought, of the nationalist, with his discredited motto, "My country, right or wrong." In a class-war, we have a confrontation of classes, aligned on an economic basis; but the normal struggle involves other considerations, not least a patient exploration of the principles of society and a constant re-valuation of function. The need for this becomes clear even in the titanic class-war now raging in Russia, the dominant faction being represented in England by M. Litvinoff. M. Nicolai Rubakin, a popular Russian author, writes in glowing terms of the Maximalist revolution. We are told that "the whole of Russia has transformed herself into the absolute democracy in the world, as we must and as we know that we are doing it." Russia is at the present time covered with a network of every possible germ-cell of self-government—Councils, Committees, Commissions, etc., for the greater part based on universal, equal, and secret franchise.

A number of Agrarian Councils, which are chiefly composed of men who seek to "read or write," but are, nevertheless, showing themselves capable of grasping the most complicated agrarian questions with extraordinary exactitude, and who approach this cause as though it were a religious ceremony, are working out the material form for a unprecedented system of agrarian reform. Even the factories are feeling the effects of the new régime, the eight hours day, and even the six hours day, being adopted. A cataract of intellectual life has been loosed, flowing over the broken dam of Tsarsim. All of which strengthens the democratic standard in his belief that democracy is the reservoir of spiritual and economic power. But M. Rubakin begins to doubt. "Every one demands something, everyone speaks of rights, but scarcely anyone speaks of duties." If for "duties" we read "functions," we begin to realize that blind support of the working-class, in the belief that democracy is the reservoir of spiritual and economic power, may become a subtle form of indolence. Without inquiring too closely into the persecution of Kerensky, or the suppression of the Constituent Assembly, we are not far wrong in assuming that a class-war needlessly waged without a real appreciation of function or duty, waged purely on class lines, may bring disaster in its train. The National Guildman may pointlessly add
that the Soviets, being industrial bodies functioning in the alien sphere of politics, have brought the Germans to the gates of Petrograd.

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

II.

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

For my part, I am not minded to quarrel with history. Capitalism was originally a reaction from the inertia of the medeval guilds, subsequently stimulated by feudal oppression. It was the child of its period, and it seems futile either to praise or condemn it. If I were its apostle, I could make out a tolerably good case for it, from its inception down to yesterday. It has a record of great achievements to its credit, even though it has a sweat of mitigated men, women and children, and left a trail of unspeakable cruelties. Upon its inherent vulgarity, its debasement of moral and intellectual life, it were superfluous to enlarge.

The business man of to-day stands morally in a low grade. His banker’s reference is no criterion of character. Yet there he stands, not quite so dominant as formerly, more than a little puzzled, but still undaunted.

The capitalist rests his defence on two grounds:—(a) that he has led, managed and ventured; that for his leadership and management he has been entitled to remuneration; and to profits commensurate with his risks: and (b) that whatever he has done, whether good or ill, whether cruel or human, he has had the sanction of law and public opinion. The second ground seems indisputable, particularly when we remember that his defence has been attacked by that novel apparatus which has not until recently fundamentally disputed his claims, accepting the wage-system, and so tacitly parting with the product of their labour to the capitalist in exchange for the commodity price of their labour. But law and public opinion may withdraw their sanction, and, consequently, that defence be vitiated; is, in fact, already pierced in more sectors than one. It is, then, to the first defence we must look if we are to discover any continuing function of social value in the master-class. Is it true that he has led and managed? It is.

But is it true that leadership and management are his monopolies? It is not; but it is true that circumstances have developed these faculties in the master-class when circumstances have precluded or retarded their development amongst the wage-earners. One has had the training; it has been denied to the other. Allowing for many exceptions, it is the training of an hereditary caste. Now, whether we like it or not, management is a function, and if generally it reside in the existing master-class, it can hardly be denied that the functional principle cuts across the class-struggle, to the extent that Labour depends upon management, to the extent that, in the transition to the new order of society, management can be separated from exploitation and utilised in the public interest. The Labour gangs must be levelled at exploitation; if they destroy management, they may retard the economic change we seek: may, by the lack of efficient management is in Russia today, reaction, and so defeat the purpose of the revolution.

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

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

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

S. G. H.

Dostoyevsky and Certain of his Problems.

By Janko Lavrin.

X.—DOSTOYEVSKY AND HIS SIGNIFICANCE.

I.

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

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

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

* "The Works Manager of To-day." (Longmans, Green & Co.)
† The quotations are taken from the translation by C. J. Hogarth.
Dostoevsky realised deeper than anybody that the truth of our rational reason and the truth of our "irrational" consciousness may be different and even quite opposed. And if so, then the question arises which of them is right—the truth of my logical "pitiful Euclidian mind" or the truth of my deeper "psychological" (and, sometimes, extremely illogical) Ego? And if the latter is right, why can I not bring it into harmony with the truth of my logic?

Contemporary European culture and education have the tendency to "psychology" to logic, to base and to regulate the whole of life by "science and reason." Dostoevsky revealed the absurdity of such attempts. He rejected by his physiology—even those take for their standard the highest expression to the individual as well as to the opposed. And if so, then the question arises which commonplace psychology ceases. All that is really mystery of life and cosmos to the narrow size of mathematical in its precision, well, gentlemen, logic, to base and to regulate the whole of life by understood in the common meaning of this term.

"As a matter of fact, if ever there shall be discovered a formula which shall exactly express our wills and whims; if ever there shall be discovered a formula which shall make it absolutely clear what those wills depend upon, and what laws they are governed by, and what means of diffusion possess, and what tendencies they follow under given circumstances; if ever there shall be discovered a formula which shall be mathematical in its precision, well, gentlemen, whenever such a formula shall be found, man will have ceased to have a will of his own—he will have ceased even to exist. Who would care to exercise his will-power according to a table of logarithms? In such a case man would become, not a human being at all, but an organ-handle, or something of the kind. What but the hands of God—God and Devil, Ormuzd and Ahriman, Madonna and Sodom, Christ and Satan—all are struggling in their eternal struggle, and the battlefield is man's soul, man's consciousness.

Unfortunately, the chief aim of our official psychology seems to be—to find such a formula, such a psychological 'table of logarithms.' And even those who attempt to overstep the narrow domain of psycho-physiology—even those take for their standard the "normal" average (i.e., the most unindividual) type; all that is beyond these limits is simply "pathology." All such methods can be very misleading. We must not forget that the growth of individual consciousness often goes through stages of abnormality: the quicker this inner growth the further one arrives from the average (normal) type. And if man's consciousness develops too quickly—so quickly that his "psychology" cannot follow and adapt itself to the new conditions of his "psychology"—then man becomes either perfectly abnormal, or he dies, since he cannot "become physically changed."

In other words: real psychology is the psychology of individuality, and it has more to do with so-called pathology than with psycho-physiological "tables of logarithms." A true psychologist realises that the actual man is only a small part of the real (i.e., of the whole) man. All that is psychological and spiritual and participatory are still to be discovered. He realises that the great unconscious domain of human personality is yet a mere telescope, although the riddle of microcosmos is perhaps hidden there.

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

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

We already know that it was the sphere of Value, the problem of God.

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

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

Among all modern spirits only Dostoevsky was strong enough to demonstrate in his apocalyptic works that man's consciousness is the arena of cosmic struggles. All the cosmic antitheses—God and Devil, Ormuzd and Ahriman, Madonna and Sodom, Christ and Satan—all are struggling in their eternal struggle, and the battlefield is man's soul, man's consciousness. This fact is of extreme importance for the growth of individual human personality. The new man realises that the greatest struggles of the Universe take and must take place in our consciousness, the more contact and participation we have in the world-building, in the world-formation and in the evolution of the whole of Cosmos: the great drama of Cosmos becomes our personal drama, the battle a private battle, etc. Only realising this, we realise also that every one of us is answerable for the Whole of the World and for the whole of Life, answerable for all and for everything. . . .

This is one of the deepest ideas Dostoevsky reached in his transvaluation—and the essence of the latter was nothing but a titanic struggle with all the Cosmic
antitheses for the sake of his own salvation. In his struggle he pushed all the chief problems of mankind to their utmost "psychological" limits. And mankind cannot ignore Dostoyevsky when attempting to solve these problems.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

IV.

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

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

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

This is the reason why we know so well the ways to all the idols and why we have forgotten. For the latter we are too weak, or, rather—too "civilised." We have even no time to think about such problems as the problem of God. And who is mad enough to aspire even to a conquest of God through self-crucifixion as Dostoyevsky did?

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

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

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

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

(End.)

Music.

By William Atheling.

HERBERT FRYER (Wigmore Hall) belongs to the blunny and rippling type of pianist; he has variety and rippling of sound, but it is tiring to wait for the beat. He was doing (or attempting to do) something with sound-retention, but the effect did not reach the Press seats. It sounded at times as if he were beating a pile of feathers; the apparent tiredness of the performer transferred itself to the critic. From his performance one might argue (I should be glad to do so, as it falls in with my own views) that even the pianists are tired of the piano, disillusioned; that the practical inconvenience of admitting this is the chief reason for the admitted sound article of commerce so to the fore on the platform.

With Fryer one felt a constant effort to express via the piano a greater musical comprehension than the piano will express. This limitation by instrument is never felt with violin, or with the better wind instruments. Digital dexterity will not supply the lack of emotionality of depth. Fryer began his transcriptions from Purcell with charm. I thought I should have to swallow my condemnation, but his tiredness made itself apparent before he reached the end of the Minuet. He went off into cinema-twinkle in his own composition, and Bridge is of the ripple school.

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

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

She needs, of course, to be "restrained," not in the repressive sense. I mean she needs a master who will insist on the finest decisions, a master highly pedantic, but pedantic with the pedantry of oversensitiveness, not of conventional fixedness. The value
of pre-Bach music for such young players cannot be over-estimated. They should begin with the old, for modern music (except the most recent) is but a relaxation of it. Its freedoms, to be effective, must be based on a full understanding of the forms when they were new. The apparent chaos of modern music is a real chaos in practice unless both composer and performer have the form-sense within them, and this sense both of the major forms and of articulation is best developed by study of the earlier "regular" music. To get so young a musician to develop Wieniawski pyrotechnics before an audience is merely a crime against her future. The exactitudes which are included in masterly playing should be learned first. After a man reads Latin with a fluid but passable inexactness he will not go back and learn conjugations (even though they would often save him many a misunderstanding of his author), neither do middle-aged musicians go back and learn musical fineness. The more remarkable the pupil's general temperament or talent equipment, the greater the crime of encouraging her to make mistakes.

Vide, in the last connection, Madame Alvarez, making splurges. In her second recital (Aeolian Hall) her voice was not in good trim. All the exquisite pianissimo, all the graces of approach were lacking; it was not what it so often is in presumably accomplished performance, a mush and a mess. The clear, hard, metallic properties of the piano were applied, not ineffectively disguised. I am the last to say that Miss Purcell is a safe pianist to recommend to the public; she has a touch of that quality which makes primitive folk believe in voodoo and witch doctors; this is sometimes called genius; it is always disturbing and distressing, if not to the public, at least to the stock-sized practitioner of music, and the stock-sized regular attendant.

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

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

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

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

WINFRED PURCELL.

As for flagrant and obvious errors of inexperience: to begin with Chopin's Twenty-Four preludes, played without intermission; and half the audience, having arrived at 3.5, 3.30, 3.40, 3.45 waiting in hall till 3.40 and decidedly out if shall he said for the reckless rashness of musicians who make their debut in this manner? I heard through the doors a brilliant, hard technique and a magnificent rhythm. This girl's playing is clear-cut, not mellifluous; it is calculated to annoy the Wagner music lover who has from childhood seen above the old family double length grand piano the large photo-reproductions of Haydn and Handel and Mendelssohn. Note that she grasped the rhythm division of the big Liszt sonata; she had the sense of asonset; she made this rather heavy work interesting. It was not at all what it so often is in presumably accomplished performance, a mush and a mess. The clear, hard, metallic properties of the piano were applied, not ineffectively disguised. I am the last to say that Miss Purcell is a safe pianist to recommend to the public; she has a touch of that quality which makes primitive folk believe in voodoo and witch doctors; this is sometimes called genius; it is always disturbing and distressing, if not to the public, at least to the stock-sized practitioner of music, and the stock-sized regular attendant.

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

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

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

I need hardly say that I have no objection to foreign drama per se, and have no intention of suggesting that it should be prohibited. But the attainment of culture should not denationalise a man, should not diminish either his typical or personal significance; it should make him more, not less, himself and more representative of his people. Fond as I am of Restoration comedy, its unmistakable "Frenchness" shows that it is not, and cannot become, an English institution; on the other hand, Shakespeare did not become the spirit of the English until he had become acquainted with various forms of foreign drama, modern and antique, and carefully disrobed their artistic commandments. The value of acquaintance with other modes of thought or forms of expression is that it enables us to overpass our self-imposed limitations, whether of conformity or nonconformity with prevailing conceptions, and to treat the objects of our interest natively and with spirit, the manner is in our way and not after the manner of heathenish imitators, to give them a personal in addition to their traditional value, to make the universe (in a final extension) not merely alive but alive with our selves. There is genuine English character is that mankind acquired a translation of an Italian play, called "The Dead City"; as it would be to say: "I agreed with Lloyd George."

But although I would, in this matter, allow the utmost liberty to the individual, let him read anything and see what he should do (with the caution that there are men in the library at the British Museum who look like Greek verbs walking, and irregular verbs at that); some limitation should be imposed on, or rather, some direction should be given to the activities of those who have not unlimited time or zest for culture. That the Stage Society should bring the world to our doors is well, but it must not dump the refuse of the world on our doorstep: it takes us all our time to clear away the mess. We must insist that the experiments of the Stage Society, or any other, must subserve public policy; and by this I mean that if English drama is not good enough for English people, then the selections from alien sources should be made either to repair the omissions or to indicate improvements. If we want, as some of us do, to restore poetry to the stage, it is useless to produce French tragedy in Alexandrine verse, for example, or Greek in hexameters; these are not native measures, do not express the genius of our language, and cannot be acclimatised but must remain for ever exotic.

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

"The Dead City" contains nothing but what the English poetic dramatist must avoid. Its language lacks character; each of the five players uses the same rhythm and the same literal construction, and the same quality of descriptive epithet. But the English prose dramatist must avoid this, too; it is not, and cannot become, an English institution; on the other hand, Shakespeare did not become the spirit of the English until he had become acquainted with various forms of foreign drama, modern and antique, and carefully disrobed their artistic commandments. The value of acquaintance with other modes of thought or forms of expression is that it enables us to overpass our self-imposed limitations, whether of conformity or nonconformity with prevailing conceptions, and to treat the objects of our interest natively and with spirit, the manner is in our way and not after the manner of heathenish imitators, to give them a personal in addition to their traditional value, to make the universe (in a final extension) not merely alive but alive with our selves. There is genuine English character is that mankind acquired a translation of an Italian play, called "The Dead City"; as it would be to say: "I agreed with Lloyd George."

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

Readers and Writers.

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

Without complaining particularly—for what does it matter whether The New Age, or any other journal, is reduced, or even suspended, during the world’s midnight—are not hundreds of young men dying every week?—without complaining particularly for ourselves, I say, it must be remarked that little is done fairly on this side of death: in short, human government is very imperfect and partial. And of this I am reminded that only by the probable disability under which The New Age is about to labour, but by the candid charge of Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes that, after all, the anti-Northcliffe Press is not half as virtuous as it thinks itself. Within the last few weeks, for example, I have noted occurrences in that Press which, had they arisen in the Northcliffe Press, would have been duly entered with a black mark; not very serious things in themselves, perhaps, but significant of a corruptitude only awaiting success to bloom into something as bad as the Northcliffe Press. Let me mention them here. The “Nation” last week consisted of 38 pp., of which no fewer than 9 were given over to advertisements; and of the 9 pages of advertisements 4 were sold to the Prudential. This is how we economise in paper. The “Star” one day last week devoted nearly a column to an eulogy of Sir Edward Carson as the “King of the Bar”—a perfectly gratuitous, absolutely useless and sickeningly sycophantic advertisement of the Ulster barrister’s return to his professional work. The article followed, I may say, a leading in the “Daily News,” in which Sir Edward Carson was held up to approbation (and quite rightly, I think), as one of the enemies of our uterine democracy. The “New Statesman,” a week or so ago, published a review of Mr. Belloc’s book on the “Free Press.” As you know, the “Free Press” first appeared in these columns; it was dedicated to the Editor of this journal in a pre-fatory letter of some importance; and the text of the articles was, of course, The New Age and the “New Witness.” Believe me, however, the “New Statesman” managed to publish a page review of Mr. Belloc’s book without once mentioning the name of either The New Age or the “New Witness.” Mr. Squire, who is now editing the “New Statesman,” is, of course, as honourable as he is talented. To the best of my recollection there has never been the smallest ground for personal quarrel between us. The “New Statesman,” moreover, was founded by Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Sidney Webb, and others for the express purpose of improving upon the ideals of The New Age, and bringing Utopia to the earth sooner than we could do it. Yet here is Mr. Squire under all these distinguished auspices and with nothing to gain by his act of suppression behaving as if the “New Statesman” were a rival grocer apprehensive of advertising his next-door neighbour. It is too petty even for Utopians; and I have only mentioned it in slight support of Mr. Hughes’ contention that the best of us need to be on guard against behaving like the worst.

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

That reminds me of a case in point. I happen to know of more than one weekly journal that started the war with an issue of 20 or 30 pages. During the last year or so, its issues have contained sometimes over a hundred pages; it feed equally and useful with the advertisements. Only recently an issue was of 90 pages, of which 60 were commercial hoardings. Let us see what is to happen to such a journal under the new regulations. Its future supply of paper is to be reckoned as one-half of its average weekly use of paper during the last twelve months; in other words, the journal will be required to reduce itself to no fewer, at most, than 60 pages—more than double its pre-war size. But that is not the worst of it; for the advertisements they publish are not only at the expense of text in The New Age and other mainly textual journals, but they actually increase the double expense of the public and of the State as well; for it can be at nothing but at a loss that the public is encouraged to purchase unnecessary articles during the war, and the purchase-money of the advertising space is in many cases the fruit of subtractions from the Ex-
cess Profits tax. Altogether, indeed, the continued prosperity of such a journal under the new uniform regulations is as unjust as it will be certain; and the case is only one of many. But what is to be done, you ask? Well, I think, it is an invidious task, I admit, to discriminate between the public value of "Comic Cuts" and The New Age; and no official, I should think, be called upon to make the choice. But the discrimination of text from advertisement is within the compass of everybody; and since the vast majority of advertisements are little better than pleas for private waste in war-time, the rigorous censorship of advertisements would do harm to nothing of public value. On the other hand, upon which it is certain that advertisements will be published during the coming year all the current textual journals could be published without the smallest diminution.

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

R. H. C.

Out of School.

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

First, we must yield to the obvious, which often gets left out of a discussion because it is the obvious, and takes its revenge by coming in at the conclusion and upsetting it. To bring about that union between a "purpose-believed-in" and a "realised function," between an element of faith and an element of knowledge, it needs no hard thinking to make out that we have to bring the two elements together. We are on the common, broad, flat highway of a union between the real and the ideal, between science and religion, faith and works—there are half a hundred ways of expressing the generalisation. And I think the prospects of education for genius will have to depend, and a sensible person will have to consider that they will let us in for, once we allow them to reunite, and to re-engage the positive and powerful forces that spring from their union. Religion is the largest example. We revolt from the religious conceptions of an earlier generation—and "generation" here, means a cycle in the provenance of ideas as well as of people; we pull the temple to pieces, and then brightly observe that there is no temple, but only a collection of odd and interesting antique stones. The temple existed, however, even if it had come to exist only as a prison; and it is right while to consider whether it was anything but claustrophobia that made us deny the reality of the temple-idea.

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

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

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

We can look more briefly into the phobias of
thought and of art. Whenever anyone writes on the principle of Make a muddle and leave it, you can trace a wish to upset somebody's convictions—a respectable wish, if the convictions wanted upsetting, but uncalled for as a secondary wish, to put up a clear alternative hypothesis. Here, again, there is a complex and a suppression; and the cure, again, is to get out into the general before coming back to a focus upon the particular. The muddle, for instance, that some psychologists are making of grammar, is largely motivated by a wish to entangle and upset grammarians—against whom anyone who has ever been at school can share the latent grudge. But this hostility has to be recognised and left behind, before we can explore the psychology of language freely; then we can get back to the philosophy of language, which is grammar, and which grammarians neglect.

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

All these phobias complicate the tangle from which intuition vainly tries to extricate itself; they keep the functional element in the mind enslaved by irrelevant hostile associations, so that it cannot reach out and fulfill the conception of purpose which we have seen to be the other element in an intuition. The first principle, then, of union between faith (faith-in-purpose) and function would seem to lie in the careful analysis and resolution of phobias. But there is something more in it than this—something more than the re-appearance, in another form, of the principle of release which we considered in some of the earth articles of this series. We can begin to press for an answer to the question, Release for what?—and to see the first stage of the release as an escape from the particular into the general, with the promise of a return from this wider range of understanding to a new and more vital expression of the particular. This free flight into the domain of understanding as a whole, followed by a return to fresh conceptual building, ought to be the fresh rhythm of our lives, not by no means purely intuitive, but it is the preliminary disenchanting of the intuitive organ. This principle furnishes the ultimate reason for teaching the unity of the content, for our earlier feeling vans of definition and with a gain of understanding, for our earlier and somewhat more constricted term, unity of knowledge. —KENNETH RICHMOND.

A RONDEL.

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

Demosthenes fad, as doth his kind;
For bread the people have a stone,
The wheels begin to creak and groan,
And liberty sails in the wind.

Thus Pluto reaps as he hath sown:
(Damnation take him and his kind).
Yet Death shall claim him as his own.
While fortune Youth new worlds shall find.

The wheels begin to creak and groan
And liberty sails in the wind.

WILLIAM REPTON.

A Modern Prose Anthology.

Edited by R. Harrison.

XVIII.—Mr. GR-NV-LLE B-RK-R.

(Produced at the Repertory Theatre, on the evening of April 1, 1909.)

ACT I.


The dining-room at The Myricks can hardly be said to express the personality of Mr. Dubly; nor yet can it be said to express the personality of Mrs. Dubly, or the composite personality of the numerous other Dublys, it has, very like the average dining-room anywhere. There is a dining-table in the centre of the room, and a Chesterfield couch at the back of the room—just where you would expect a Chesterfield to be (as Mrs. Dubly's second cousin remarks, "The Dublys can always be expected to have everything 'just so')."

Above the couch hangs a portrait of Mrs. Dubly, painted by some long-forgotten artist, who has thought fit to represent Mrs. Dubly as comparatively young and alert.

You would not immediately recognise her in the very commonplace and placidly plump lady who represents the present edition of Mrs. Dubly. (Briefly, you would not immediately recognise any of the characters, and we would willingly draw up a list and a diagram; but, as we are committed to our present method, here goes.) On Mrs. Dubly's left is Philip Frebell. Frebell might at first be taken for a particularly hard-headed business man; at second glance, you might guess him to be a dramatist with a 'purpose'—in reality, he is neither the one nor the other. On Frebell's right is Mrs. Colquhoun, a lady with a sharp expression and a manner which belies it. On Mrs. Colquhoun's left is No! that's Frebell again... Courage, my song, and like a lover climp. Behide Frebell, a little to the left, is Denis Bilkshtree, a nice enough young man. Next to him is Kitty Dalby, who is trying to look happy and intelligent at the same time and not at all succeeding. Mr. Dalby himself, seated in state on the Chesterfield (q.v.), is a very deaf, talkative old gentleman, very pleased to find himself in a play. There are many other persons, but they are not in the room yet; we will describe them at length when they appear.

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

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

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

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

(Denise meanwhile) She goes to the piano and commences to play. Denis and Kitty move their chairs closer together and converse in whispers.)

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

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

KITTY (loudly): Father! Mr. Frebell is not discussing bishoprics.
Mr. Dalby: Well, curacies. Even if the curacies are endowed—(He talks on, no one listening.)

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

Mrs. Dalby: Frebell? Good Lord!—(This isn’t quite what he means, but he lets it pass.)

Kitty: Oh . . . the waste . . . !

Mr. Dalby: Yes, sir.

Maid: I dunno, but I think it’s Mr. Frebell, sir.

Frebell: Shut up!

Mr. Dalby: My argument has always been that if bishops are endowed—(He talks on, while Cavendish and Hasledean stand gloomily silent, each occupied with his own thoughts.)
understand that "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." It was of this doctrine that Matthew reports "When the multitude heard this, they were astonished"; and we who have thought a little more on these subjects than had the Jews, may begin to have some of an idealist than a materialist: For—what, after all, do we know of this terrible 'matter,' except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that 'spirit' over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising? We know, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause, or condition, of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena." Huxley's insistence on consciousness does not imply the belief that the phenomena have no existence apart from our consciousness, nor does it imply that our consciousness can exist apart from this relation to phenomena. It implies only that the categories of matter and spirit are both necessary conditions of our reality.

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

Dr. Hadfield does not help us much here; indeed, I think that he rather misses the point of some of his cases. People are very prone to talk about the sense of personal identity, or of time, as in the case of the man who has lost the memory of six months of his life, but the delusion of sense-impression, as in the case of some of his hypnotic subjects, but the increased awareness of our personal existence and of the memory of our experience, and the sudden certainty of our sense impressions. Dr. Boris Sidis has mentioned several cases in which suggestions were given to hypnotised subjects, coupled with the suggestion of amnesia and the possibility of writing the suggestion. When the subjects were awakened, and put to the automatic recorder, the hand began to write; and in reply to the question concerning what they wrote, the subjects could always give a reply concerning the subject. In spite of the suggestion of amnesia, the subject's consciousness was aware of what it did, although the origin of the impulse might be for the time disguised from him. The important fact is not that consciousness may be restricted, but that it may be extended, and that even in its most intense and exclusive activity, it still retains awareness of what happens on the fringe of its perception. It is probable that we are not realising the full potentiality of human consciousness, and that the memory of everything that has ever happened is accessible to us; certainly, the automatic writings relating to Glastonbury Abbey which have just been published under the title, "The Gate of Remembrance," point to that conclusion. But even here, the verdict must be against any "spiritualistic" hypothesis; it was no discarnate intelligence, but the automatism of the subject of Mr. Bligh Bond, which revived these memories, and the Director of Excavations at Glastonbury is emphatic on the point that such revelations are not to be obtained without previous study and preparation. "The more complex a state of consciousness is the greater length of time it requires," said Ribot; and the automatism of Mr. Bligh Bond's friend has extended intermittently over ten years, of study and research. But for the theory that consciousness is even spiritual existence can exist or be obtained apart from the substratum of the physical body, there is not only no evidence but no indication of possible evidence. When St. Paul wrote of his translation to the third heaven and paradise, he was careful to say: 'Whether in the body or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;' but he retained conscious memory of the occurrence because consciousness accompanied it, and the ordinary conditions of the production of conscious states apply. If immortality is a future life separate from bodily existence, we have no reason, however dim, for believing in it; the soul does not exist in vacuo but in relation, and it cannot survive the necessary conditions of its existence. It is possible, though, that the word immortality, or the phrase "eternal life," has a meaning apart from that of immaterial life after death; and it will be worth while writing one more article on the subject.

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

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

Within this general conception, Mr. Chesterton allows full play to his hobbies and his hates. Barbarism is represented to him by every invader but the Latin; he even argues that the Normans were more Latins than Scandinavians, and that the good they did us derives from their assimilation of French culture. Emerson asserted that the Normans came out of France worse men than they went into it, that "twelve thousand thieves landed at Hastings!" and it is certainly a fact that the old chronicles called the Conquest the "memory of sorrow." Apparently, the
trouble is that Harold was a Saxon, and, therefore, a mere liar and treaty-breaker; and not, like William of Falaise, "the ambassador of Europe to Britain." In his enthusiasm for everything Latin, or his hatred for everything German, Mr. Chesterton even goes so far as to state that "although both phrases would be inaccurate, it is very much nearer the truth to call William the first of the English than to call Harold the last of them." But the fact that "the Norman Bruce becomes a Scot, and the descendant of the Norman Strongbow becomes an Irishman," should also give the Normans patent rights to those peoples; and Mr. Chesterton would stand revealed as the thing he most dislikes, a racial theorist, and one who believes that one man can be the father of his people. But the fact that the Normans did disappear, that, as Mr. Chesterton puts it, they rapidly became anonymous, shows us that they did not create the English but were absorbed by them.

But there is no need to pick holes in a coat of many colours, even if it does often resemble motley. After all, England is real enough to permit a little fancy in her history, and Mr. Chesterton rightly insists on the largely mythical, or at least fairy-tale, element of it. It is certainly not usual for an artist who can get a hundred thousand who were resolved to have it at all costs, it has been given to six millions, most of whom would rather be without it. In the same way compulsory teetotalism, compulsory venereal disease, and any number of other nuisances have been and are being inflicted on the public by the sheer force of will power on the part of a few.

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

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

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

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

ALLEN UPWARD.
Pastiche.

WAR.

When we was hooin'
We'd eat 'em come;
An' uster stare
Up in th' air
S' if we was dumb;
But now we 'ardlin' n'or notice 'em.
Coz—after all—
'Eers nowt in 'em,
When you gits agin 'em
Swinburne—our blacksmith—what he now
Helya' to mend 'em, behind the "Thorough";
'It's they're nobbut moty-cars
Wi' floatin' fixed on, like moffy—barry—
'Eers nowt about 'em as 'll stand
Agin' a renner what can't tie
A double knot, an' cut the thread,
Knottin' the string afore yer eye:
'Eers nowt like that to find, sez 'e:
But that's a mericle, you see!
An' 'yt, 'is fine to watch 'em fly,
Like a gagle o' geese agen the sky,
You see 'em V-shaped, high as high,
The leader first, then each one follows:
When all of a sudden—darin' like—swallows—
Head over heels, wing over wing,
They shrill about like lambs in spring
I tell 'e—they can do any mortal thing!
Of all, I loves to watch 'em best
When they be floatin' clear at night,
Their little bodies sparklin' bright,
When they be flitthin' about, they seem as if they couldn't do enough by day!
But nom me 'ardlin' iver notice 'em.
We'ed hear 'em come;
But that's
When you was hoein'
And uster stare
Up
While parson says
It's cracked—'e seems to think—beyond 'is mendin'!
She's hid it in her cellar, that I know,
Coz George's wife she told our Susan so;
While person says as 'ow the world be endin':
'Th're made my pig bashkin' bright,
Wi' wings held stiff behint 'em—soa—
Down, down they goa—
All diving slantways, home'ards to their nest.
This war the same, I reckon,
A dolch o' talk;
A nize, a scare, a wonder in the sky,
Less bacon on our baulk,
(If damna the war why)
The labourers be gettin' better pay!
'Eers noa more scrattin' for eighteen-pence a day!
An' farmers one and all be crazed, sure-lie!
They've made my pig bashkin' bright,
An' Mrs. Potterton ain't got noa sugar,
Confound 'er eyes!
She says as how them Jarmins has 'et it all
A pack o' lies!
She's hid it in her cellar, that I know,
Coz George's wife she told our Susan so;
While person says as 'ow the world be endin':
'It's cracked—'e seems to think—beyond 'is mendin'!
An' over all, these airy-planes be round
As if there won't room along the ground:
Rot th' owd things!
But there; I spec as 'ow
Some day they'll set the critters on to plough,
Or fix 'em up for waterin' the crops,
Wi' a nozzle undernean,
An' water from the downy-flowers,
Soa as they can misten the turnip tops!
'Th'ell be all rate, o' course, for scarin' crows:
The mockery things!
They take a lot o' scarin'—God 'e knows,
What rave 'em wings:
Yes! If they scar the craws it would be grand;
Meanwhile—they goa to war;
An' me—
I tills the land?

BERNARD GILBERT.

THE MAID'S BURIAL.

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

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

Chill is the thin breeze
That wafteth off the deep,
Yet marreth no man's ease,
Nor drives him home to sleep:
Graciously doth it go,
And savour doth afford
Of early blossoms mixt with snow,
Though neither be abroad.

RUTH PITTER.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

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

LEONARD WOOLF.

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

MUSIC.

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

KAHLESRI SORAJJI.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

The reason for the condition of the ordinary Home Railway shareholder is explained by the genuine apprehension felt with regard to Labour at the end of the war. There is also a haunting fear lest the Government may not "play fair" with the railway companies in the way of producing nationalisation. 

The time arrives for a grand squaring-up of accounts and the handing back to the railways of their own property. To such a length does this feeling of nervousness extend that the idea of nationalisation is now received with a measure of sympathy even by some of those to whom the very word spelt ruin and confiscation. It is admitted now that the ground deserves exploration, examination, and guarded by guarantees of fair prices—therein lies the shifting of responsibility from joint stock shoulders to those of a Government department might not be a disaster for Home Railway proprietors, whatever its effect might be upon the time of the International. Whether peace is to come soon or delayed, depends largely upon how soon you can produce a change in the mentality of your Government. When you induce your Government to accept the broad human principles which inspire the peace proposals of Allied Labour and Socialism, then a world peace is assured. Then, and then only, will the peoples of the world be free to sheathe the sword and walk together in the paths of progress and peace—"Times." 

However powerful may be the adaptable genius of the General Secretary, no genius ever developed and carried to issue his designs without a capable staff of advisers and administrators. Success lies with those who select the most capable general staff, and at this time in our history there is need for the architect and the builder. This application for a constitutional manifestation of our desires, and to which considered attention might be given by the controlling bodies.

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

One of the most interesting of the extracts is that from The New Age, for long one of the leading suppliers of ideas to the "intellectuals" of the British Socialist movement and, which, while Socialist, has never forgotten to be British. The New Age has got to the point of the matter in recognising that African races are not a mass of material to be "philanthropised" over, but men with definite political affiliations and convictions. He other men, the difference being that while lacking the stimulating climates of non-tropical regions, they have an exceptionally large percentage of illiteracy and political incapacity. We doubt if that percentage is larger than in the Russians. We question if any African race would be so wanting in shrewdness as to allow its spokesmen to do in face of the enemy what Russia's spokesmen have been allowed to do with their country. This is why we emphatically hold that any attempt to carry out the first fantastic plan of the British Labour Party and govern tropical Africa by some International Board would have produced chaos—"West Africa." 

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

Memoranda. 

(From last week's New Age.) 

Prussianism and Capitalism are variants of the same mentality. The war is between militarist collectivism and economic individualism. But only as we approach a national economic shall we approach a decisive victory over Prussia. The very condition of an effective anti-Prussianism is an effective anti-capitalism. —"Notes of the Week." 

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

A rule of thumb should always be able to give an account of itself. The statesman's task is only the teacher's task writ large. If philosophy cannot settle its own difficulties, science can at least find a way round them. —A. E. R. 

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

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