FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

NOTES OF AN NATIONAL

obtained—the world being what it is—only by war.

infants.

whether the 'war began at all, no more hideous catastrophe

German Chancellor concerning the origin of the war

THE

has scarcely yet got beyond the stage of diplomacy for

minutes or so! But in truth we know very well that

entertaining such aims, Germany, and Germany alone,

belligerents not for one year, but for many years

entertained aims that involved war; for, as well as

To

order in which the various nations should enter the

those fragments of time may perhaps have settled the

war;

France and Russia, we believe, might have indulged themselves in

And it is no

dreams of power without ever arriving at the point of

made

full preparation for accomplishing them. It is at

hopes to obtain from the war, we may note the

part

of desires and aims whose satisfaction could be

Turkish rule in Europe is the particular object Russia

Asquith's authority the particular object of Russia, to

must beware of concluding that "object" in this sense

"objects" of the war—the object of Russia; though

Here we are, then, in cognisance of one of the

On

the contrary, as we have explained, the particular

"object" of each of the Entente Powers has only be-

come an object of the war with the war itself. But

for the war, it might have remained a pious aspiration.

But is there any objection, now that we know on Mr.

for the war, it might have remained a pious aspiration.

getting on. But in that any objection, now that we know on Mr.

cherish? And, above all {for us), what object has

Allies? What is France's object? What is Italy's?

WHAT MODERNS. By Edward Carter

Mr. Edward Carpenter;

Mr. R. W. Seton-Watson;

Mr. H. G. Wells.

NATIONAL GUILD AND THE BALANCE OF POWERS.

By G. D. H. Cole

Having, however, forced upon the rest of Europe a
war which in all probability none of the Entente Powers
would ever have forced upon her, it is only natural that

each of the latter, being now, in spite of themselves,

engaged in war, should look to derive from victory

germany the satisfaction of the aims they

entertained while they were dreaming during peace.

What it therefore behoves us to know is the particular

notion cherished by each of the Entente Powers which

it anticipates that victory in the present war will cause

materialise. Until last week, none of these had been

defined by any of the Entente Powers except publicly, though

among themselves it has long been understood that

their respective aims are known and fixed. But last

week, at the Guildhall, Mr. Asquith did so far lift the

veil as to show us one of the particular aims of the

Entente, and that one the aim of Russia. Almost at

the very opening of his speech he referred to Turkey

in these terms: "I believe we all recognise that the

continuance of Turkish rule in Europe... means that

the Turk is there only as a vassal and a subservient

agent of German interest and ambition." And, by

way of confirming our deduction that the end of

Turkish rule in Europe is the particular object Russia

hopes to obtain from the war, we may note the Ger-

man Chancellor's statement that "already in 1915

England and France had guaranteed to Russia terri-

torial rule over Constantinople and the Bosphorus."

Here we are, then, in cognisance of one of the "objects"

of the war—the object of Russia; though we

must beware of concluding that "object" in this sense

conotes the purpose for which Russia entered the war.

On the contrary, as we have explained, the particular

"object" of each of the Entente Powers has only be-

come an object of the war with the war itself. But

for the war, it might have remained a pious aspiration.

And, above all (for us), what object has

English policy? It is obvious that public opinion can-

not enter intelligently into the discussion of the war, as a

part of national policy, until it has been duly in-
formed of the present intentions as well as of the circumstantial origins of the war itself. And that public opinion in this country—however it may be in other countries—will require to be informed as a condition of supporting the war to the end, we make no doubt. In short, Lord Grey would be well advised to cease to address us as infants, and to take us more completely and frankly into his confidence.

There depends, too, another not unimportant consideration upon the proper instruction of the public concerning the real motives of the war. At present it must be said that the public is in the position of blind followers and victims of a Government that may, for all we know, be itself blind. We venture to say that not one in a million of us can form any idea of the duration of the war or pass an intelligent judgment upon its conduct. How is it possible, in fact, to a public that is not seized of the main factors of the war and has not been told what the war is for, to join our sacrifices? . When, on the other hand, we do know, and have very good cause to know, that is the war has been prolonged from month to month, contrary to all the expectations we were allowed to form, and that it shows no signs of coming to an end. Worse even than mere prolongation, was the advice tendered by Mr. Asquith to the Admiralty, in the hope of intensification of the struggle, and, once again, with no reason given. "I will not disguise from you my conviction," he said at the Guildhall last week, "that the struggle will tax all our resources and our whole stock of patience and resolve." So be it, but is it not that the more reason for informing us what the circumstances that necessitate this continuance of sacrifice? Something, surely, must have been badly calculated at the outset to induce the Government to plunge into a war out of which, after two years, they still see no escape except by further sacrifice! And if they calculated two years ago, how do we know that they are not mis-calculating to-day? What, in fact, are their calculations and upon what are they based? It is not proper to a nation like ours to sign a blank cheque and to leave its Executive to fill in the figures without further reference to us. How is, after all, the whole undertaking should prove to have been impracticable? What if the lives lost should have been lost in vain? We do not, of course, deny that such may be the case even if public opinion is informed of all the circumstances and co-operates with the Executive at every step. What, however, we require is that if we are to be ruined we may be ruined with our own consent, with our eyes open.

When the talk is of still more sacrifices, however, we do not need to be instructed to pass a judgment upon it. For the obvious fact is that the working-classes have come to the end of their power to sacrifice and that every fresh sacrifice must fall upon the class that has hitherto not felt the war at all. And there is such a class, and it is a large one. The most striking feature of the war up to date, as it affects the personnel of the nation, is that practically all the rich and all the men who happen to be over forty are not only exempt from national service, but are left at liberty to profit by the sacrifices of the younger and poorer elements in the community. It is a satire upon the facts to speak of the nation’s sacrifice when, in reality, the sacrifice falls upon national service, but are left at liberty to profit by the exempted class, hundreds of thousands are piling private wealth in the form of profits upon war. If, therefore, there are, as Mr. Asquith says, still more sacrifices necessary, they not only must fall in justice, but they must be made to fall in reality upon that class that has so far been privileged and enriched by the war—upon the financiers and capitalists and commercial men whose interest alone upon war-loan equals the profits they used to make during peace, and whose war-profits are beyond the dreams of peace. Is this class, we ask, to continue to be exempt? Are we going to attempt to squeeze the working-classes still further, and, in addition, to compel them to shoulder the end we make no doubt. In short, Lord Grey would be well advised to cease to address us as infants, and to take us more completely and frankly into his confidence.

The "New Statesman," we observe, is disposed to allow that in playing into the hands of the "combine"
now engaged in buying, in the cheapest market they can rig, the late enemy property in Nigeria, Sir Edward Carson and his friends were "unconscious." The defence, however, is one of culpable ignorance, if not of iniquity, and William Plender, the threats he addressed to Sir Edward Carson’s intelligence, to accept it. What! this astute lawyer while pleading for the limitation of the number of bidders at a sale is "unconscious" that thereby he is playing into the hands of the few bidders left! It may be replied that the recent head of a threatened rebellion was so blinded by patriotism the poor Carson and his friends were "unconscious." The McKenna—offering to do the work himself; and when Nigerian properties fell, provided only that they did not fall into German hands. But blind as patriotism sometimes is, a man need not be a lawyer to realise that a British combine does not necessarily remain British or contemptuous even of German money. What guarantee, in fact, is there that the present purchasers of enemy property, however British they may now profess to be, will not at the first tempting chance of profit, dispose of their shares—as their like have done on myriad occasions before? Sir Edward Carson will not always have his eagle eye upon them. Nor need a man be a fool who suggests, as Mr. Hewins suggested, that the only safe means of retaining these properties in British hands is to retain them for the nation. To be unaware that the first of all guarantees is a certain danger, the second the only safe plan, is to be unaware of much less than Sir Edward Carson can claim to be. We repeat that he is a lawyer.

The correspondence between himself, Mr. McKenna and Sir William Plender which Lord Northcliffe published in the "Times" of last Saturday should make that issue of his journal historic. There are events which, though apparently small in themselves, time proves to be epoch-making or, at any rate, epoch-marking. Which, though apparently small in themselves, time proves to be epoch-making, or, at any rate, epoch-marking. There are events which, though apparently small in themselves, time proves to be epoch-making or, at any rate, epoch-marking.

It is as well for the Government to be careful of its friends in these days; but there are circumstances in which its care becomes petty and meaningless tyranny. Everybody of any independence, no matter how much in sympathy with the stories of Government espionage practised upon him; and, indeed, the remark has occurred to many that we are approximating much more rapidly to the police and spy-system of our ally Russia than our ally Russia is approximating to the historic spirit of a free Englishman. It is a case of injustice that has just come under our notice concerns a former contributor to this journal, and a man well known to us. He held until recently a post abroad as a vice-consul; but a few days ago he was recalled to show reason why he should not be dismissed for having in a private and personal letter (which had been opened and copied by the authorities) complained that the Censor had opened his previous letters and expressing the hope that this annoyance would cease. The meaning, if you please, read into this natural and innocent remark—one that would occur to anybody in the same situation—was an intention of evading the Censorship for the purpose of conveying information or assistance to the Sinn Fein movement. For it happens that the writer is an Irishman. It is true that the writer was an anti-German, and an uncompromising critic of Sinn Fein, though, like many others of us, he had interested himself in the literature of the Sinn Fein movement. The bare suspicion that it was his intention to evade the Censorship as a means of carrying on Sinn Fein and pro-German propaganda was enough, in spite of all the evidence to the contrary, to procure his suspension from his office for the duration of the war without salary. It only remains to be said—for we cannot pretend to have the secret—that to crown their imbecility the authorities have granted permission to this dangerous man to resume his residence—in Ireland.
It is perfectly fair to say that in international politics the alleged 'independence' of Poland conferred by Germany is not taken seriously, least of all by the leaders of the Polish party in the Duma. For this there are two good reasons. In the first place, the official Proclamation of General von Beseler at Warsaw stipulates that the definite fixing of the boundaries of the new Poland is "reserved." But it is equally clearly laid down in the Proclamation that the Poland to which independence is to be given is the Poland "won from the enemy after heavy sacrifices," that is to say, Russian Poland pure and simple; exclusive of the Poland already split up between Germany and Austria. On this point the Polish leaders in the Duma, MM. Yaronski and Gurevitch, express themselves in identical terms. They say that the acceptance of this new Poland would be taken as an admission and confirmation of the partition of Poland. Furthermore, it is significant enough that the new Poland is annexed (the German text has "Anschluss," which means precisely annexation) to both the Central Empires, not to one of them; and, in strict accordance again with the German text, there is no pretence of independence. The German Proclamation speaks of the new area as a "Selbstaendiger Staat," that is, as an independent State. An independent State would have been referred to as an "Unabhangiger Staat." We need not blame the Russian Governments, should once again reiterate its determination to establish a really autonomous Poland as outlined in the Grand Duke's Proclamation at the beginning of the war.

The second of the two reasons is that Germany, who is, of course, mainly responsible for the action with regard to Poland, has not professed to be actuated by motives of justice, or even of political expediency in taking an arbitrary slice of Poland and calling it autonomous. What Germany's actual motives are have been expressed with customary bluntness. Germany is running short of men and wants to raise more. For this purpose a Polish army is essential and it is reckoned that more than eight hundred thousand soldiers can be raised in the part of Poland declared to be autonomous. This is a consideration and no mistake. Compare these quotations from German papers of November 5. The "Kolnische Volkszeitung," an important organ of the Centre Party, says: "The organisation of military affairs in New Poland must be such that in case of a repeated campaign against the Russian steam-roller we shall not only be certain of the cooperation of Poland, but also certain that the Polish army finds itself as far as possible at the same pitch of perfection in military development and training as the German army." In other words, Poland is to raise an Army for the Central Powers, like Bulgaria and Turkey, and Germany will try to make sure that it shall be properly developed. "We cannot do what we have done," adds the "Kolnische Volkszeitung," frankly, "out of love for the Polish people. Rather have we been forced by our own situation to keep in view at the same time the interests of our own country." * * *

The semi-official "Kolnische Zeitung" is even more explicit. "We must," it says, "bind the Poles to us in such a manner as to leave them their full national culture, while securing for ourselves the necessary political and military guarantees." In order that there may be no possibility of a mistake, the paper goes on in the very next sentence: "We are giving them national and cultural freedom in the expectation that in future they will definitively and of their own free will ally themselves economically and culturally with the Central Powers. We must have the certainty that they will not some day make common cause against us with the Russians." That is the second reason why the German action with regard to Poland cannot be treated seriously as a piece of political justice. Its selfish motive is blazoned forth for all and sundry to observe. More than that. While the average representative German newspaper made comments of this kind—for the quotations I have given could be paralleled from many other organs—the influential pan-German organs, such as the "Tag" and the "Deutsche Tagezeitung" and the "Lokal-Anzeiger," asked almost unanimously and in similar terms the question: "Why should we set other nations free?" So great was the outcry in this quarter that the German Government deemed it advisable to issue an additional semi-official statement through the "Norddeutsche Zeitung" and the "Vossische" for the purpose of explaining frankly that military exigencies alone had led to the "liberation" of Russian Poland. * * *

I fully agree with the Polish leaders I have named, then, that an acceptance of the autonomous Poland formed by the Central Empires would indeed be an acceptance of the partition, or rather partitions; and for that reason Polish propagandists in neutral and Allied countries are not likely to be behindhand in exposing the German aims. I do not forget, nevertheless, the important fact that there may be Poles in the new "State" who are prepared to welcome the Proclamation as one means of escape from a situation which must be all but intolerable. For many long months practically all Poland has been in the factories closed down, and tens of thousands of able-bodied men drafted, like the Belgians, into the German workshops. In these circumstances it is all the more necessary that the Russian Government, supported by all the Allied Governments, should once again
A Visit to the Front.

By Ramiro de Mestres

IX.—THE PRODUCTION OF MUNITIONS.

This war has for its theatre not only the battlefields but also the lands and workshops of the struggling nations. A visit to the front is not complete without a glance at the factories where munitions are produced. We had to see either Birmingham or some other industrial centre. Birmingham was chosen by the Government. At the railway station official factory inspectors are waiting for us, a sign of the Government control of industry. As Birmingham is the city of the Chamberlain family, and the most Imperialistic city in the Empire, I was a little suspicious; but of its 850,000 inhabitants, 120,000 enlisted voluntarily before compulsion was enforced. The patriotism of the town was not a sham. The enlisted were more than fourteen per cent. of the population. In no country has compulsion yielded so large a proportion of soldiers as the voluntary system in Birmingham. It would seem that a manufacturing city which has given to the Army all its men in the prime of life must suffer industrial paralysis. But it is enough to look at its factory chimneys to realise that Birmingham has never worked so furiously as now. Yet Birmingham has to work in special circumstances. Although Birmingham has coal at hand, and iron ore nearly at hand, the town lies far from the sea; and the railway rates prevent it from competing in the heavy industries, such as pig-iron, rails, etc. It had to specialise in highly skilled manufactures, such as brasses, bicycles, and motor-cars. When the war broke out the motor-car industry was one of the great realities, and one of the greatest hopes of the city of Birmingham.

The first factory we visited devoted itself two years ago to modelling and constructing small aluminium parts for motor-cars. Suddenly, as the war broke out, aluminium proved to be the metal of the day. Its lightness made it essential for aviation. Aeroplane motors, and, as far as possible, their machine-guns, had to be made of aluminium. Aluminium ingots come from Canada or Scotland. But aluminium must be hardened. This is achieved by pouring aluminium with copper. The alloy, a paste of lead and rose colour, with golden reflections, is poured into moulds hardened in a special baking apparatus, and comes out at the end of sixteen minutes in the rough shape of an aeroplane motor. From here it passes into the hands of the turners, sawyers, fitters, and polishers. In a few hours it leaves the factory for another, where aeroplanes are mounted. This firm alone, which was a small workshop before the war, constructs more than twenty aeroplane motors a week. Other English firms make more than a hundred. Does it seem too little? Well, it means six thousand aeroplanes a year.

Meantime, they have discovered the economic convenience of making out of aluminium other articles formerly made of copper. It is true that now—war prices—a ton of aluminium costs a hundred and fifty pounds, while a ton of copper costs only a hundred pounds; but as aluminium weighs much less, the result is that you obtain from a ton of aluminium a larger number of articles than from a ton and a half of copper. Here you have this factory making aluminium shell-caps rivalling in quality and price those of copper. And not only shell-caps, but also tractors for big guns and machine-gun parts. But here, again, the prime consideration is lightness and not cheapness. Thanks to aluminium, you can now make machine-guns which do not weigh more than a stone and a half, and can be comfortably carried by one man.

As for the spirit in which the work is done, let me mention one fact. I believe that the English workman is very jealous of his holiday. He would fill the air with his grumbling when he is working—he does not smoke, he does not relax his attention, he does not stop. But he likes to finish early and rest. This year the Government has suspended holidays so that there may be no interruption in the production of munitions. The suspension has been effected in the English way, more by persuasion than prohibition. Large printed placards, stuck on the walls of the workshop, depict a German soldier asking himself, as his trench is incessantly bombarded: "But when are the English workers going to take their holidays?" The reply is in the negative. On August Bank Holiday only four workmen out of seven hundred stayed away from the factory.

And now we begin to understand.

After lunch, we visit, in the environs of the city, an old factory of expensive motor-cars. In one of the yards there is still one left for show. But for the last two years the factory has produced nothing but heavy shells and aeroplanes. Every month this factory adds a new building to the old. It has already covered with its workshops seventy-five acres of land, and is still building new workshops with the object of making large shells for the new nine-inch howitzers.

We saw first of all the process of making a big shell. There is something beautiful in these new forges of Vulcan. When a square ingot is heated to rose-red, a huge crane places it in the mould. And with the pressure of an earthquake a great drill forces its way into the soft block, and causes it to expand towards the sides, which makes it round. Afterwards they begin to turn it. First, the rough lathes, then the finer, then the very fine. It is a series of most delicate operations; for the slightest imperfection in the shell would burst the guns. The strange thing is that for this turning operation women are as good as men. Perhaps this European war will go down to history as having taught women to turn iron, and in this way changed the constitution of the family. Who can tell before a century has passed away what was the characteristic feature of any historical event?

There are women everywhere—in the shell shops; in the armoured motor-shops; in those of hospital motors; in those of aeroplanes—which are immense. Some women are resting in the recreation rooms built for the members of the staff who prefer to live in the houses erected round the factory. There are also women in the workshops producing the X-ray apparatus. These workwomen do not sing the "Marseillaise," like the French; but they work with the same intensity.

At the end of the visit we are introduced to the proprietor of the factory. "It cannot be said," he tells us, "that this firm has not made an effort to serve the country." The man speaks in a rather melancholy tone. We were told that he had an only son. He enlisted voluntarily. His father had trained him to be a millionaire. The Germans killed him. And since then the father has worked day and night, not only in the management of the factory, but in devising new engines of war.

We understand.

The motor-car brings us back to Birmingham. We pass in front of the university and its famous tower. The Birmingham people call it "Chamberlain's Pally." For the great Joe imagined perhaps that the building of an Italian tower would give an Italian air to the place. The university is now a hospital for wounded soldiers. We are going to visit one of the oldest factories in Birmingham, the workshop of the shell-makers, in which are members of the Chamberlain family.

This factory was before the war one of the most important in the country. It has now tripled in size. You require a quarter of an hour to walk across...
it in a straight line, at a good pace, without stopping. The number of women occupied in it is six times what it was when the war began; but the products of the factory are the same as they were. It has always devoted itself to making ordinary shells and ordinary cartridges. It produces now only the most necessary cartridges and shells—the cartridge of the English rifle and of the Russian rifle; the eighteen-pound shell of the field-gun and the lighter shells for the anti-aircraft guns. The cartridges and cartridge charges are made almost exclusively by women, or rather by machinery which women look after. They are clean and coquetish machines, which demand nothing but attention. The Russian cartridge is charged with dust-powder; the English with cordite. Cordite is the English powder. It looks like guitar strings. Twelve thousand women are in this factory producing cartridges. And several thousand machines are producing them at the rate of several thousand cartridges per machine per day.

We pass to another department and see mountains of cartridge-barrels and mountains and mountains of shell-cases. These represent the produce of a few days. The factory sends its munitions away as soon as it produces them in order that they may be stored far away from the working population. Mr. Montagu, the Minister of Munitions, has published figures proving that what has been done in Birmingham has been done also in other parts of the country. And we do not want to see any more.

We have understood.

We have understood that the fundamental mistake in the calculations of Germany when she brought about this war was to reckon only with the actual energy and not with the potential energy of her enemies. The reader need not be frightened by these technicalities. They are very easy to explain. When the war began Germany produced as much iron and steel as all the other European countries put together. If my memory does not deceive me, Germany produced about twenty million tons; England twelve; France three; Italy one; Russia two; Austria two, and Belgium two. The success of a war depends very largely upon the gross amount of iron you can hurl against your enemy. Therefore, according to the figures of the actual energy, Germany had the war won.

What the German General Staff did not reckon with was the potential energy of the other countries. England produced twelve million tons, but was able to produce thirty; Russia produced two, but could produce twenty-five; France produced three, but could produce twenty. It is true that Germany, too, could increase her production, and she did so. But for the very reason that her actual energy was more, her potential energy was less. If the total energy of Germany was 50 and her actual energy 20, her potential energy could not exceed 30. If the total energy of England and her Colonies was 50, and their actual energy 12, their potential energy was 38. And what is said of England applies also to France, and even more so to Italy and Russia. There were in the Allied countries millions of arms and heads which could not work, but which could work. They set themselves to work under the stimulus of war, and the potential energy is becoming actual.

We have understood. Germany has lost the war. We can assert this with certain intuition. The potential energy of the Allied countries is becoming actual. Their industrial capacity is being mobilised. They will never again live in the drowsiness of the Slav nations, or, like so many in the upper and middle classes of England and France, as mere receivers of unearned income. The number of their machines has been multiplied. And not step when peace is signed; they will supply the markets of the world. For the same machines make motor-cars as well as aeroplanes, rails as well as shells, locomotives as well as guns.

The Permanence Hypothesis.

A Critique of Reconstruction.

III.—THE NEW SOCIAL CONTRACT.

The evidence already quoted proves, I think, that as a people we have finally rejected the old conception that Labour's business is to obey without question, criticism or dissent. Industrial policy has been influenced, if not penetrated, by new social conditions, predating a new status for the practical workers in every sphere of economic life. The recognition is now general, indeed, almost universal, that Labour has won through to some form of partnership with the possessing classes. The deed of partnership has not yet been signed; its clauses have not been discussed; its purpose is admitted but not defined. When the parties to the bond meet to agree, it will be found that their agreement is general rather than specific; that, in the final analysis, no harmony can be reached until the permanent hypothesis is abandoned. The danger lurking in the immediate posture of affairs is that, whilst the present possessors will at great hazard adhere to that hypothesis, Labour has yet to learn and understand in principle and detail why and how it is an imposture. Nevertheless, it is surely the opening of a new epoch when we turn our backs upon the old system. Not that as yet we have travelled much beyond it. The most we can say is that Labour can no longer be excluded from a voice in industrial policy; but the weight to be attached to it has yet to be considered. Without doubt Labour has great weight; has it the strength to impose it? Can it pass from the "passive" to the "active"? Has it the intellectual and moral power?

Pondering these epochal issues, I reach a point in the argument where purely economic considerations prove inadequate. For how can we assess the means of life without a prior valuation of life itself? Here we hit upon a spiritual hiatus in English life. We have developed the cult of the "practical" to such extent that it has become a sin against the Holy Ghost. We have accumulated untold wealth, giving our minds and hearts to it, with the most sketchy and illusory ideas how rightly to spend it—or, in other words, how to live. It needs only a detached view of English life—English rather than British—to realise this. There is, to-day, no corporate life in England. It is broken up, as though by a volcano, into isolated surfaces and gaping fissures, across which the sunned inhabitants signal to each other, sometimes in terms of hatred, invariably in terms that are misunderstood. A not surprising result, when we remember that on these islets within the island the several populations live a different life and speak a different language. The isolation is not only physical; it is mental and moral. So widely separated are these groups that intermarriage is regarded as a degraded exogamy; they maintain their own distinctive schools of writers, preachers and moralists; each ignores the ideas, ambitions and faiths of the others. The war, we are told, has induced at least a temporary unity; but no harmony in our national life is conceivable until these fissures have been bridged and a spiritual and material coalescence achieved. And that ultimately depends upon our national sense of the dignity and purpose of life. But the foundation of dignity is self-respect. The moral difficulty that confronts us is that the permanent hypothesis destroys the self-respect of Labour, compelling it not only to
value itself on a commodity basis, but to acquiesce in the morality of its masters. Is it not evident that, before Labour can make its weight felt in the new social contract, it must evolve a new conception of the life to which it aspires? In my own experience, during the last thirty years, just as the permanent hypothesis was the economic obstacle to any substantial advance, the spiritual obstacle has been a futile admiration of conditions and institutions.

If we approach the new condition of affairs in an ethical spirit (so far as it can be disentangled from the economic), it seems clear that there is a vital essence which must be implicit in the contract. Freedom! For just as dignity is built upon self-respect, so, in its turn, self-respect is the offspring of liberty. I can afford to wait patiently for the time of awakening when the permanent hypothesis and freedom shall be found to be incompatible. It must inevitably come when we reach the detailed discussion of the new social contract.

In this connection it is worth noting that we can rely upon reinforcements. Decade after decade, all through the century that has developed wagery, an apostolate of freedom has passed on its flickering and tormented torch into celebrity rank (once, perhaps, in the days of Mazzini), it has always proclaimed that freedom is greater than all else in our national life—freedom to speak and write, freedom to live in such wise that we may realise the divine within us. It was the inspiration of the Chartists; it lighted the path of the early radicals; it was the heroon of the Nonconformist Churches (who but dimly understood it), yet vaguely invoked it; the manufacturers pressed it into service, seeking to kill the feudalism that thwarted their ambitions. It is one of history's grim, ironic jests that this apostolate linked itself to the economic system that to-day enslaves mankind by the sanction of its permanent hypothesis. If we regard, with what sympathy we can, the predicament of the living in the graves of this cult—Mr. Massingham is its arch-priest—we find them in tragic perplexity. They still want freedom more than riches; they are discovering that freedom is a vain thing without economic power. They have at length discovered that "social reform" is the stage in capitalistic development, a phase of economic enslavement. It is one of history's grim, ironic jests that this apostolate linked itself to the economic system that to-day enslaves mankind by the sanction of its permanent hypothesis. If we regard, with what sympathy we can, the predicament of the living in the graves of this cult—Mr. Massingham is its arch-priest—we find them in tragic perplexity.

...
Wrenbury has glanced at page 75 of "National Guilds."

"The fundamental fact, common to every kind of wage, is the absolute sale of the labour commodity, which thereby passes from the seller to the buyer, becomes the buyer's exclusive property. This absolute sale conveys to the buyer absolute possession and control of the product of the purchased labour commodity, and ejects the seller of the labour commodity from any claim upon the surplus value created or any claim upon the conduct of the industry. The wage-earner's one function is to supply labour power at the market price. That once accomplished, he is economically of no further consideration."

Lord Wrenbury, while admitting the truth of our statement, is greatly distressed about it. He wants to square the circle: "That man will have the problem who finds the way to give the employed upon commercial principles a share and interest in the thing produced." Need I assure Lord Wrenbury that, inside the ambit of the "wage-system, that problem can never be solved? He has rejected the old idea of a subsistence product, that is left over from the pre-capitalist era, and the new idea of an "employment" that by the hypothesis of capitalist exploitation, with the resultant rejection of "commercial principles." Let me remind Lord Wrenbury of the "in the thing produced" is the negation of capitalist exploitation, with the resultant rejection of "commercial principles."

I hardly see how it is possible to give any opinion as to the industrial situation after the war until we know how the war is going to end. I rather believe the feeling in the City is that, for a long time to come, capital will be available to a certain extent, no matter how much is spent by the nations who are engaged; but, of course, the point may come, when clearly seen after the War, when the market would not be available, and it took some of the countries a very long time to recover after the Napoleonic wars.

As regards getting people back to work again, I do not think that this ought to be so difficult if the expected economic conditions are not fancied, provided that Labour and Capital can find some ground so as not to quarrel with each other, and that the Government will try and co-operate with both of them. As an illustration, I should think we might take back an almost unlimited number of men very quickly indeed in the coal trade. That would leave vacancies to be filled by other soldiers in the Army, and an additional supply of coal would do a great deal towards making it easier to set other people to work. But, again, the amount of repairs that will be required all over Europe will be something enormous, not only on account of the destruction caused by war, but the stitch which saves the nine has been neglected for so long that the arrears of repairs will be very formidable. And this, it must be remembered, is the class of work that requires a maximum of labour compared to the amount of capital involved.

If I might be pardoned saying so, I rather doubt if the discussion is a very profitable one. If we saw peace coming either to-morrow or five years hence, I think, in the course of a very few days, we could make up our minds as to what would be the better for us, and what we can at this moment. We know how these things have worked out in other countries, and I have very little faith in the schemes people are getting up to say how trade is to be or is not to be done. For one thing, we do not know, in any case, with whom we shall have to trade when peace comes. After Waterloo, I think, England took a very different view of the terms of peace to make with France, knowing that it was to be governed by King Louis, to what it would have done if that country had still been in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon.

An Industrial Symposium.
Conducted by Huntly Carter.

With a view to pooling the practical wisdom of the nation upon the main problems of the after-war period, The New Age is submitting the following questions to representative public men and women:—

(1) What in your opinion will be the industrial situation after the war as regards (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the Nation as a single commercial entity?

(2) What in your view is the best policy to be pursued by (a) Labour, (b) Capital, (c) the State?


I hardly see how it is possible to give any opinion as to the industrial situation after the war until we know how the war is going to end. I rather believe the feeling in the City is that, for a long time to come, capital will be available to a certain extent, no matter how much is spent by the nations who are engaged; but, of course, the point may come, when clearly seen after the War, when the market would not be available, and it took some of the countries a very long time to recover after the Napoleonic wars.

As regards getting people back to work again, I do not think that this ought to be so difficult if the expected economic conditions are not fancied, provided that Labour and Capital can find some ground so as not to quarrel with each other, and that the Government will try and co-operate with both of them. As an illustration, I should think we might take back an almost unlimited number of men very quickly indeed in the coal trade. That would leave vacancies to be filled by other soldiers in the Army, and an additional supply of coal would do a great deal towards making it easier to set other people to work. But, again, the amount of repairs that will be required all over Europe will be something enormous, not only on account of the destruction caused by war, but the stitch which saves the nine has been neglected for so long that the arrears of repairs will be very formidable. And this, it must be remembered, is the class of work that requires a maximum of labour compared to the amount of capital involved.

If I might be pardoned saying so, I rather doubt if the discussion is a very profitable one. If we saw peace coming either to-morrow or five years hence, I think, in the course of a very few days, we could make up our minds as to what would be the better for us, and what we can at this moment. We know how these things have worked out in other countries, and I have very little faith in the schemes people are getting up to say how trade is to be or is not to be done. For one thing, we do not know, in any case, with whom we shall have to trade when peace comes. After Waterloo, I think, England took a very different view of the terms of peace to make with France, knowing that it was to be governed by King Louis, to what it would have done if that country had still been in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon.

DR. BERNARD BOSANQUET, M.A., L.L.D., D.C.L.

(1) I am convinced that the "Manchester doctrines," in relation to international problems, so far from being disproved, have been absolutely established by recent history. The reliance on the principle, "Your gain is my loss," acted on by all Protectionist States, and constantly threatened to be acted on by ourselves, has caused the competition for exclusive markets and the jealousy that has led to war. I am not against a reasonable recognition of Labour in the permanent hypothesis. I hardly see how it is possible to give any opinion as to the industrial situation after the war until we know how the war is going to end. I rather believe the feeling in the City is that, for a long time to come, capital will be available to a certain extent, no matter how much is spent by the nations who are engaged; but, of course, the point may come, when clearly seen after the War, when the market would not be available, and it took some of the countries a very long time to recover after the Napoleonic wars.

As regards getting people back to work again, I do not think that this ought to be so difficult if the expected economic conditions are not fancied, provided that Labour and Capital can find some ground so as not to quarrel with each other, and that the Government will try and co-operate with both of them. As an illustration, I should think we might take back an almost unlimited number of men very quickly indeed in the coal trade. That would leave vacancies to be filled by other soldiers in the Army, and an additional supply of coal would do a great deal towards making it easier to set other people to work. But, again, the amount of repairs that will be required all over Europe will be something enormous, not only on account of the destruction caused by war, but the stitch which saves the nine has been neglected for so long that the arrears of repairs will be very formidable. And this, it must be remembered, is the class of work that requires a maximum of labour compared to the amount of capital involved.

If I might be pardoned saying so, I rather doubt if the discussion is a very profitable one. If we saw peace coming either to-morrow or five years hence, I think, in the course of a very few days, we could make up our minds as to what would be the better for us, and what we can at this moment. We know how these things have worked out in other countries, and I have very little faith in the schemes people are getting up to say how trade is to be or is not to be done. For one thing, we do not know, in any case, with whom we shall have to trade when peace comes. After Waterloo, I think, England took a very different view of the terms of peace to make with France, knowing that it was to be governed by King Louis, to what it would have done if that country had still been in the hands of the Emperor Napoleon.
(7) PROFESSOR EDMUND CANNAN.

I rather deprecate all this talk about the industrial situation after the war. It will take care of itself. What I want to see is more concentration on the international situation after the war, and the establishment of that new international order by which we have peaceable relations permanently established, industry is no use.

(8) PROFESSOR EDWARD CARPENTER.

As regards (1) I do not at present feel able or inclined to prophesy.

As regards (2) I should favour something in the way of National Guilds, the State being the fly-wheel in relation to the smaller cog-wheels of the industrial groups.

(9) DR. HALVECK ELLIS.

The after-war problems you raise are highly important. But I am quite unable to forecast their solution myself, and judging from the diversity of opinions expressed, I am rather doubtful whether anyone else can.

(10) PROFESSOR H. J. FLUKE.

As regards State, Labour and Capital, it is difficult to say anything without writing a treatise. One point we have to remember is that no nation liveth unto itself, and that we shall be well advised if we look forward to a working union between nations, such as, for example, following Norway, down to Spain on the one hand, and at least North America on the other. Not merely as diplomatic government.

Another point to work for is, not at increase of money (chiefly certificates of debt owed by somebody), but to aim at a healthy population with scope and opportunity for its full development. That will lead us to reclamation of our waste lands (by wise afforestation in part), under, I hope, regional rather than State control. Thence we can go on to water power (but only thence, for without reclamation our streams are too intermittent) and the industries of many kinds under new social conditions.

The new conditions in such areas will react favourably on conditions in our slum-towns.

I look, then, with some hope to increased State power exercised regionally, and leading via an uplift of the real country population (who feeds the town population) to a discussion of the problem of Capital and Labour on a higher plane.

(11) PROFESSOR E. LIPSON.

As to the industrial situation after the war, I hesitate to express an opinion. The war has been full of surprises; the economic situation not less so. Anticipations as to the future of bankruptcy, unemployment, the enemy's capacity for endurance, have all been falsified; and we have witnessed the amazing surprises; the economic situation not less so. Anticipations as to the future of bankruptcy, unemployment, the enemy's capacity for endurance, have all been falsified; and we have witnessed the amazing

I am rather doubtful whether anyone else can.

(12) PROFESSOR W. W. ROBERTSON.

The after-war problems you raise are highly important. But I am quite unable to forecast their solution myself, and judging from the diversity of opinions expressed, I am rather doubtful whether anyone else can.

(13) MR. R. W. SIMON-WATSON.

I do not feel in the least qualified to answer your two questions, on the one hand because my knowledge of the industrial situation is regrettably small, and on the other hand because even the greatest authorities on the subject in all countries have been notoriously wrong in their prophecies and calculations as to the influence of economic factors upon the course of the war, and may therefore be equally in error as to the probable economic situation after it. All that I should venture to say is that the war will have been fought in vain if the relations of Labour and Capital are not put upon an entirely different basis by a radical extension of co-operative principles to the industrial and State control of certain key-industries on the one hand, and of State control of certain key-industries on the other.

(14) MR. H. C. WILLS.

Labour will be after some fool's grievance about the C.O.S. or such-like, under the guidance of Ramsay MacDonald, and so forth. Labour will be stuck with the title of being responsible for the war, and it will be aware that there is an economic problem. Labour will be sheep in a narrow road.

(15) Nonsense! Do you mean economic?

(16) Think hard. But this is Utopian.
National Guilds and the Balance of Powers

By G. D. H. Cole

Our conceptions of government and social organisation depend inevitably upon our outlook on life. The power of a group advocating any particular type of social organisation depends upon the extent to which its members hold the same theory of life, the same outlook on life. That is why I am going to state the fundamental principle of Guild philosophy, as it appears to me, in order that I may find out how far National Guildsmen are at one in their social philosophy.

The system of National Guilds appeals to me first of all as a balance of powers. Guildsmen have always recognised, and drawn a distinction between, two forms of social power, economic and political. Economic power, they hold, precedes political power. The social class which at any time holds the economic power will hold the political power also, and will be dispossessed in the political sphere only by a new class which is able to overthrow it in the economic sphere. The first question which National Guildsmen have to face, in adopting this position, and, at the same time, holding to their double theory of social organisation, is whether the very nature of the distinction which they draw between economic and political power does not result in obliterating the difference between them. This is the fundamental character of the criticism urged against them by Syndicalists and Marxian Industrial Unionists. “You agree with us,” such critics will say, that the State is only a pale reflexion of the economic structure of Society. Why, then, seek to preserve this mere mechanical device of capitalism when the conditions which created it have ceased to exist?

It is not enough for Guildsmen, or, at least, it does not seem to me to be enough, to reply that reflexions of class-struggle, as Marx envisaged his conception of Socialism, as the culmination and completion of this long process. We do not doubt that development will continue after National Guilds have been brought into being; but development will assume new forms. The class-struggle will be over, and the “social class” will be a thing of the past. Under these new conditions, will the old relation between economic and political power remain unchanged? Is it not rather true that the existing relation arises out of, and depends upon, the class-struggle, so that with the ceasing of the class-struggle it, too, will cease to exist? The contrast between economic and political power has only a strained application to those primitive conditions which preceded an acute division of classes; the strain will be altogether too great if we try to apply it to conditions in which there are no distinctions of class.

What, then, will be the relation between economic and political power under the Guilds? A relation, I think, of equality—equality upon which the poise and vitality of Guild Society fundamentally depend. For, to me at least, the balance of power is the underlying principle of the Guilds, and any departure from it would be destructive of their essential character. Let me explain more precisely what I mean.

We have disputed, time and again, about the Sovereignty of the State, and its application to Guild philosophy; but we have often conceived the problem rather in a negative than in a positive way. Sometimes we have started with the Guilds as a positive system, and have tried to see what respects we desire to limit their authority by State intervention, or by the assigning of certain functions to the State rather than to the Guilds. At other times, we have started from the side of the State, and considered in what respects we desire to see its power limited or its functions curtailed. What we seem to consider at the same time the positive character of both the State and the Guilds, so as to focus at once the whole problem of the relation between them.

This, however, is what we must try to do when we attempt, not to define the limits of State or Guild action, but to lay bare the basic principle of National Guilds. The fundamental reason for the preservation, in a democratic Society, of both the industrial and the political forms of organisation is that only by dividing the vast power now wielded by industrial capitalism can the individual hope to be free. The objection is not simply to the concentration of so vast a power in the present hands, but to its concentration anywhere at all, even in the hands of the whole community. If the individual is not to be a mere pigmy in the hands of a colossal social organism, there must be such a division of social powers as will preserve individual freedom by balancing one social organism so nicely against another that neither can count. If the individual is not to be merely an insignificant part of a Society in which his personality is absorbed, Society must be divided in such a way as to make the individual the link between its autonomous but interdependent parts. This is what the system of National Guilds achieves.

It divides social authority equally between the economic and the political organisation, and, in so doing, it preserves the integrity of the individual, and the rights and duties in both the economic and the political spheres.

I contend, then, that the balance of economic and political power is the fundamental principle of National Guilds, and that if the latter are to survive any longer than the political, and that its greater intensity will be enough to balance the wider “spread” or extension of the political bond. To the former a rather longer reply must be given. Every individual under the Guilds will not be a member of a Guild: but every individual, we may expect, will be a member of some form of association based on social service rendered—a productive association in the widest sense of the word. Similarly, it goes without saying that every individual will be a member of the State, and probably of other associa-
Some Feminist Fallacies.

Nothing has been added to the literature of feminism since Miss Cicely Hamilton finished “Marriage as a Trade.” Concerning this book, a man gave me his, cause. There are so many nut once, but ‘over and over. The same false and phrases, and there seems telling temper. They have got to overhaul their stock or examined. It has become a cause of catchwords the moment that the just grievances of women in the suburbs is the same, the productive association will determine the association of ‘enjoyers.’ The greater intensity of the productive association is an intensity of each Guild, or producing group, within itself: it is not a single undifferentiated intensity of the whole body of producers, and in becoming one and uniform in the Guild Congress it must also become less intense. The unity of the ‘enjoyers’ association, on the other hand, is practically indivisible: not so intense in its nature, it is of about the same intensity at the point of contact. In other words, the greater solidarity and uniformity of the State about compensates for the closer attachment which the individual may be expected to feel to his Guild. The Guilds will be many, the State one; and State unity will counterbalance Guild corporatism.

I do not deny that there is a danger in both directions, or that, when National Guilds are in being, the balance may be upset, and the essential character of the system destroyed. That will, indeed, be the ever-present peril against which it will be the function of statesmanship to guard. All I am concerned to deny is that there is anything in the nature of the Guild system which makes the balance unattainable or incapable of rescue. Far from that, National Guilds seem to me to offer the only reasonable prospect of a balance of powers, and that is the fundamental reason why, in the name of individual freedom, I call myself National Guildsman.

I am a convinced and ardent believer in feminism until I read its literature or hear its speakers. Then, I get restive and want to argue. The thing is being washed out. The agitation is too loud, too long, and the argument is not strong enough to hold the mind. It is the thing we tell our mother—"labor is to wash and make, their own jam, and see how quickly they may be free." Neither to the writers nor the readers does this rhetoric convey anything definite, but it gives them both a glowing sense of well-being, a proud consciousness that they are pioneers in a great movement.

Side by side with this emotionalism, fallacies of all sorts have been allowed to grow up unchecked. They do not help the cause, and the feminist of today must have the courage to eliminate them and start afresh.

One of the most glaring of these is that “we claim all labour for our province.” Who, in the name of all that’s sensible wants to “labor”? The originators of these magic words probably never have, and never intend to “labor”; for the writing of books is not a “labor,” but a pleasure. To labour is to wash dishes and scrub floors, to stand all day behind a counter, to type from nine till six, to run errands or mind babies, to cook dinners or make dresses, all things no sensible woman would wish to do unless it were driven thereto by economic necessity. The feminists have confused the idea that everybody likes to be kept busy at congenial work with the notion that every unemployed woman would be happier in a factory or an office.

On the same lines is the other affectation that because once we wove our own clothes and brewed our own beer there is a golden age behind us. They would have us return to our hand-looms and our salting pans. They even become sentimental over our grandmothers making their own jam. There is no man-made law against their making jam. In Heaven’s name, let them go and make their own jam, and see how quickly they will tire of it. If Mr. Cross and Blackwell is kind enough to have a large factory, with large machines, where he can turn out hundres of pots of jam quicker and better than I could turn out enough to fill my store cupboard, then let us base done with this cant, and thank God and Mr. Cross and Blackwell for saving us from a backache.

There is another dangerous fallacy which seems even harder to dislodge. The facts of the case seem powerless to affect it. It is the beautiful old story that if women had more voice in affairs there would be an end to war. Much as one would like to believe this it is obviously untrue. Has there come any organised protest from women against this war? Both in the Boer war and in the present war the women have been every bit as eager as the men. I am constantly horrified at how lightly women consider the lives and sufferings of others, once these persons have become part of the military machine. The loudest hymns of hate are sung by women, well-known feminists making recruiting speeches, and clamour for more “little nations” to join in the affray, ladies in khaki are only held back from going to the Front by the disbarring-ness of the War Office, while thousands of women are making shells. Yet, in the face of these obvious facts, feminists continue to argue that there will be no more war when women have a share in control. Apparently, they will go on saying so, undeterred by the fact that the thing isn’t true. It may or it may not be a fine thing that women have taken their part in this war, but they cannot have it both ways. They cannot argue on Monday, “Give us our rights because we helped you in the war,” and on Tuesday, “Give us our rights because we would put an end to war.”

There is one nightmare that always with the orthodox feminist. It is in all those dull, earthy women in the suburbs who do nothing all day but pay calls and do fancy work. To my mind, the problem of the dull woman in the suburbs is no greater than the problem of her dull husband. Because a man goes each day to the city to do a job and earns his bread, he does not necessarily emerge from this “labor” a man of parts. The majority of us are dull folk, and it isn’t only the women or peculiarly the women of the lower middle-class who are dull. It is the women and their husbands...
This fallacy as to sex differences is bound up with a still graver fallacy on the question of child-birth. The feminist writers assume that with the advent of motherhood comes a complete metamorphosis in a woman's life. Having dwelt on the dangers and difficulties of pregnancy they go on to explain that once a woman is mother she sees the world with new eyes. She is, as it were, gifted with a sixth sense. Brought up in this belief, the young mother is amazed when she encounters the reality. "It's not a bit what I expected. I don't feel any different." And why should she? When the first baby is a month old she finds the knowledge which new mothers are juggling with is the same which older mothers had. "No miracle has occurred. The sooner we cease to look for a miracle the better."

Feminists have a strong case, and have no need to load it with doubtful statements, the truth of which can be questioned by any thinking man, and one lie is apt to make them suspicious of your other truths. Let us rather be frank and courageous. Let us admit that there have been false preachers among us, and let us start afresh and base our claim only on what we know to be true.

Dostoievsky and Tolstoi.

By A. Volovsky.

(Translated from the Russian by C. E. Bechhofer.)

The extraordinary interest in Dostoievsky at the present time must be considered as a phenomenon of the utmost significance and importance. We are witnessing the flood-tide of a passionate, unceasing interest in him. Some of his works have even been arranged for the stage, and so that the literary side of these adaptations cannot be considered satisfactory, the audiences, nevertheless, seize eagerly upon Dostoievsky's phrases, which fall into the depths of their souls and create there a ferment of ideas. We may say with little fear of contradiction that many people are now reading his books anew and understanding them differently and more fully than before, and with greater individual psychological interest. Not Tolstoi, observe, but Dostoievsky is being summoned to complete the destruction of the old intellectual bases and foundations, and out of the ruins new paths of life and art are opening.

Comparing the works of Tolstoi and Dostoievsky, we cannot but see that Tolstoi is an artist in the simplest sense of the word. He portrays the existing world in its unalterable, let us say, its Old Testament outlines, and in the light of the ever-clearly understood rules of human conduct. Tolstoi belongs to the Old Testament; he is orthodox even when he sketches us people of moral unsettlement and searchings. With all his immense talent, he does not reach that fire, out of which great ferment of life arise—those troublesome wearinesses and impulses which inaugurate every new epoch of ideas. Even in the philosophic treatises where he sets forth plans for a new life, he obstinately closes his eyes to those inner ferment and the unconscious metaphysic of divinity—the metaphysic of the heart—which is itself more significant and sacred than all philosophic conclusions, and which alone brings us towards creative work in art and life. Indeed, Tolstoi is perhaps the oldest man alive. No one else is bound with such strong and heavy fetters to the old world, to the world of established ideas and feelings; no one else loves so unswervingly the artistically complete modes of life and the crystal clearness of the utilitarian morality; as Atlas, he bears upon his mighty shoulders all this old world, which, however, is thirsting for regeneration.

The whole art of this contemporary Titan resembles a huge oven. Human arms and legs encircle its trunk; the roots go out deep into the ground, and the branches, covered with green and sappy leaves, spread widely in the air. It has grown in the moist and fruitful soil, and the cool, beneficent shade of the rich Russian countryside. Such oaks do not grow on the heights of cold mountain air. They are the product of their environment. There another life springs. In comparison with the former, it is deformed and chaotic, with endless mists and raging whirlwinds.

The work of Dostoievsky, unlike that of Tolstoi, carries us headlong into the chaotic depths of the human soul. To this end he is the interpreter of the soul's ferment, with its radical impulses and the strife of its contending forces. For this reason not a single creature in Dostoievsky's books appears petty, limited in content, or possessed of an established, unalterable, circumscribed character. Each of his portraits resembles a geological mass, with inevitable psychological mists and whirlwinds of mad passions. Every one of Dostoievsky's works, from start to finish of his career, presents a congeries of mysterious worlds, which develop before the eyes of the reader as if impelled by the wand of genius. It is difficult to read these books, because it is difficult, almost impossible sometimes, to comprehend all these living worlds and all these new and unexpected truths which flash like lightning upon the darkness of the infinite horizon. These truths make Dostoievsky, unlike Tolstoi, an especially vital force in the world of established ideas and feelings; no one else will be able to lead a life of such strong and heavy fetters to the old world, to the world of established ideas and feelings; no one else loves so unswervingly the artistically complete modes of life and the crystal clearness of the utilitarian morality; as Atlas, he bears upon his mighty shoulders all this old world, which, however, is thirsting for regeneration.

To continue the parallel with Tolstoi, we must say that in these respects Dostoievsky is both profounder and more excited than Tolstoi; and, to relate the word to ideas, he is newer. In Tolstoi we find vast creative work accompanied by laborious and accurate self-knowledge, but his consciousness, clear and humane as it is, is directed towards the outer world. Even when he talks of himself and analyses his soul or the souls of men like his, he is always a critic, who says how the secrets of life. Tolstoi does not perceive the metaphysical element in himself. He has not the self-perception of Dostoievsky. His talent creates artistic phenomena, but he is unable to grasp his inner life by means of definitions and expressions. But it is just this fiery self-perception from which Dostoievsky draws the material for his bold metaphysical ideas. Even his
mighty and indigestible logic is only another expression of his unconscious perceptions, of the whirlwinds within himself. In this logic the passionate flame and the insatiable impulse towards the infinite are again seen. It is as if his logic drew a deep breath, and sinking intrepidly into the unknown, dived beneath the visible surface of things. Reaching the ultimate revelations and grasping its own essence, do lightening-like, piercing self-perception, the soul of Dostoievsky attains the highest, the Pythian ecstasy. But when his nervous system was too much overstretched, this reacted upon his weak human organism in the form of terrible epileptic strokes. This is the penalty on earth for coming near to God.

The true artist peers into his own soul by way of this self-perception, as through a narrow clef. He sees there the basic forces of life, its metaphysical elements and its feelings and prejudices, and, deeper still, absolute truth, and God.

With these new spiritual perceptions, which surrender to him at only the price of inner convulsions, the artist returns to the phenomenal world a new man. Ordinary people, looking at things with the eye of reason, think like, piercing self-perception, the soul of Dostoievsky, a fantastic creature, bearing in its soul the secrets of the night, the riddle of the far-off sparkling stars and the weighty silence of the sleeping world—all this which contradicts so extraordinarily the daylight workaday life we lead.

Such a mighty madman among men was Dostoievsky. Nothing was hid from him in the conflicts between the personal and the impersonal elements of life, between God and godlessness. Thus every one of his works, full of the highest ecstasy, appears a true tragedy, the struggle of the life and manners of a madhouse being shown to us, but all the time the psychology of his heroes, displayed in small artistic experiments, is essentially the psychology of every living man, but carried to an extreme of insane violence and acuteness.

If there were no great madmen like Dostoievsky, man would not know his real depth, nor, perhaps, realise so clearly his relation to the inner, higher worlds. Nowhere as in the works of Dostoievsky can we follow so closely the painful conflict of the opposing elements in man, his longing and greed, and his dephil and dephobe tendencies of his character, the struggles of demoniacal beauty, and the calm revelations of the heart—all the varied strivings of the soul towards the infinite, and the mighty reactions they produce in it.

Readers and Writers.

In a spirit of gratitude, if not of judgment, Swinburne called Theodore Watts-Dunton the greatest critic of poetry of his generation. Swinburne, however, was never a judge, but always a brilliant advocate; and I should like to add that Watts-Dunton was his solicitor. The famous article on Poetry which the latter contributed to the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica' has now been reprinted with additions and other essays by Mr. Herbert Jenkins (Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder. 3s. 6d. net). From beginning to end it is a pleasure to read it, both for its excellent sense and its excellent sense. I have found it very entertaining. But how can even idiosyncrasy justify this sentence upon Landor—that "his excursions into poetry do nothing to enhance his fame"? On the contrary, the fame of Landor, in my judgment, rests upon his poetry; and only in the anthologies of poetry will he be tenderly remembered.

An essay that is far and away better than Mr. Coleridge's (or Watts-Dunton's) is Mr. William Watson's "Fennec" (Lane. 3s. 6d. net). From beginning to end it is a pleasure to read it, both for its excellent sense and its excellent sense. It is a stimulating and inspiring essay, written by a living who could even begin to continue the tradition of the great English critics, De Quincey, Coleridge, Hazlitt, etc.; but here, in Mr. Watson, he is. His essay is mainly a defence of the literary method and the literary result. If every journalist is today what affects to despise literary craftsmanship as something that is not natural. And he invents, in order to bring home his case, a classification of literature which I, for one, find illuminating. All literature, he says, falls into one or other of three classes which, in words which
are, he confesses, "without witchery," he names the Cantative, the Scriptive, and the Loquitive. The Cantative is the transcendent, surpassing all possible powers of mere art; and to this small class belong such outpourings as David's Lament for Saul and Jonathan, Deborah's Song, etc. (It may be recalled that Coleridge said of Deborah's Song that it was poetry, but that Deborah was not a poet.) The Loquitive is clarified talk of which the great exemplar is Montaigne. But the Scriptive is the essentially literary, the written word; seen in the imitants of both the great and the good works of the writers who have ever lived. Now it is precisely Mr. Watson's purpose to restore our respect for this midway region between the spoken word, whether of inspiration on the one hand or of colloquialism on the other. Why should we not, he asks, admit that as the province of colloquialism or the Loquitive style is below art, and the province of the Cantative is above art, the middle region of the Scriptive is proper to art and must be judged by its rules? It is, you will see, a "Plea for the Older Ways"; and I must confess, with a single reservation, that Mr. Watson almost persuades me. My reservation is interrogatory; is there, after all, any fundamental distinction between clarified talk and script? Cannot as much "art" be employed in clarifying talk as in composing script; and is the test of the scriptive any other than that of idealised talk? An example of script taken by Mr. Watson from Landor is this. It refers to Dante. "He had that splenetic temper which seems to grudge brightness to the flames of Hell; to delight in deepening its gloom, in multiplying its miseries, in accumulating weight upon oppression, and building labyrinths about perplexity." This, says Mr. Watson, is a lordly, a magnificent sentence, but such a one as has never yet proceeded out of human mouth. But that is not the question, is it, whether such a sentence has actually ever been spoken extemporaneously? It occurs, he notes, in one of Landor's dialogues, and, was by him presumably intended to represent what an actual speaker would say if he could. And it differs in my judgment from the Loquitive only in this respect: that instead, like the latter, of clarifying actual speech, it merely idealises speech. In short, it is the ideally Loquitive. However, I have by no means exhausted my reading of Mr. Watson's essay, or possibly, my agreement with him. He is to be read and re-read.

Of the Loquitive style at its worst, "Thinking as a Science," by Henry Hazlitt (3s. net), is a good specimen. The publishers announce it as "a brilliantly written, indeed, garrulous, and as poor an illusion of Thinking as a Science as can possibly be imagined. The author appears to be under the impression that "thinking" can be developed, like any other faculty, by simple exercises. But in the absence of a motive for the exercises the exercises themselves are fatal to thought. Without curiosity, an intense hunger and thirst after knowledge, all the thinking in the world is no better than cramming; and how many of us have the appetite for truth that we have for a score or so of lesser things? The end to be achieved by the development of thought is the development of curiosity; for given the need of thought, the means will be discovered. "Some of our Socialist friends," remarks Mr. Hazlitt affably, "say that there are but two kinds of people: capitalists and labourers. ... They overlook that class of farmers who own a little piece of land and do their own tilling." How uneconomically thoughtless of us! And how grateful we should be to Mr. Hazlitt for pointing out our error! Subject to his authority, I beg to confess, however, that "overlooking" is an essential of the act of thought known as generalisation. Newton, fortunately, overlooked the rise of bodies lighter than air. Elsewhere Mr. Hazlitt assures us that Bacon's essay "On Studies" "contains more concentrated wisdom than is to be found anywhere." Again I beg to differ. I know a little book—which, pardon me, I do not mean to name—that contains in any of its sentences more concentrated wisdom upon this very subject of "Thinking as a Science" than all Bacon's essays put together. And I would throw in Mr. Hazlitt's book and still maintain it.

Letters from Ireland.

By C. E. B

YESTERDAY, before I left Dublin for Belfast, I took part in a discussion about Ulster.

A NATIONALIST.—No, we will not compromise! Ireland shall never be partitioned! C. E. B.—Very well; but what about Ulster? N.—Ulster, of course, must come in with the rest of the country and submit to the will of the vast majority. C. E. B.—But Ulster claims to be the loyal minority upholding order and allegiance against a disloyal majority.

N.—It's very loyal of Ulster, I must say, to arm in resistance to a law and throw both England and Ireland into disorder.

C. E. B.—Has it ever been put to Ulster that the best way she could prove her loyalty would be loyally to forgo her claims and join in the government of Ireland?

N.—Of course it has.

C. E. B.—In so many words?

N.—What you suggest is merely a way of shifting the onus of Ireland's unrest from our shoulders to Ulster's. The blame is Ulster's anyhow. How often did not Redmond say in the House to the Ulstermen, "Tell us the terms on which you will agree to Home Rule, and we will give you them"?

C. E. B.—Perhaps, like yourselves, Ulster scorns to compromise?

N.—Bah! She does not really fear the consequences of Home Rule; she is simply bluffing.

C. E. B.—What is she trying to do, then, behind her mask of Unionism?

187 N.—To weaken Ireland—the old Garrison policy.

2ND N.—It is a Belfast employers' trick, to divert the workers' attention from their own affairs.

3RD N.—They want to make us accept Ulster as the ruling province in Ireland and Belfast as capital.

C. E. B.—You are agreed that Ulster is bluffing?

ALL.—Absolutely.

Reflecting upon this discussion, I realise that each of the three secret aims my Nationalist friends imputed to Ulster needs explanation.

In regard to the first, that is the "Garrison policy"?

It was always the English plan before the political union to curb the "wild Irish" by an admixture of aliens. In the old days, Ireland was presented with a brand-new set of landlords, who, under Henry II, divided the island amongst themselves. Their descendants still form the governing class, centred in Dublin Castle, the seat of authority. This class is what is known as the "Castle," and is most particularly hated by its compatriots—I mean, the other Irish. It is said, for example, in "Handy Andy" of the foppish Furlong, that he "endeavoured all he could to become in-Irish in everything, and was taught to believe that all the virtue and wisdom in Ireland was vested in the Castle and hangers-on thereof, and that the more people were worse than savages." So much is the Castle distrustted that the recent Sinn Fein rising is sometimes laid to its charge, and its accursed name is associated with the desire to foment still another insurrection in order that the coming of Irish self-government may be forever postponed.

This, then, the "Castle," one part of the Garrison. The other part is the "Colonel." In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the English Government found it expedient to settle large numbers of poor Scottish farmers in Ulster. These settlements were
known as the “plantations,” and it was expected of the new Colony that it would act as the English garrison in conquered Ireland. Consisting mainly of Scotchmen, with an admixture of Dutchmen and Huguenots, the Colony has always had little in common with the rest of Ireland. Thus, when my first Nationalist friend told me that Ulster was acting the old Garrison policy, he meant that the Castle and the Colony, the landowners and the Scotchmen, were doing what they were originally intended to do, that is, to keep the “Irish dogs” in order. Certainly, this policy has been recognised even since the Union. A Lord Chancellor of Ireland wrote in 1862, “I have said that this country must be kept for some time as a Garrison country. I mean a Protestant garrison.”

The second Nationalist’s suggestion, that the Belfast employers are maintaining the opposition to Home Rule in order to divert their workmen’s attention from industrial affairs, is supported by a story I heard in Dublin.

“I was speaking,” a gentleman told me, “to a prominent Belfast manufacturer the other day, and he said, ‘You know, while we all oppose Home Rule, we get on very well with our men. But, supposing the Home Rule business were settled, I really don’t know what might not happen between us.’” Not only does Carsonism distract the workers from industrial affairs, but it tends also to prevent any active union of the Unionist and Nationalist wage-slaves.

The third suggestion is that Ulster aims at making Home Rule impossible except on one condition, namely, that she herself is put in authority over the rest of the island. The Ulstermen point out that Belfast has enormous shipping, shipbuilding, linen and other industrial affairs, is supported by a story employers are maintaining the opposition to Home Rule in order to divert their Workmen’s attention from industrial affairs, is supported by a story that she herself is put in authority over the rest of the island. Their fear is that the Ulstermen point out that Belfast has enormous shipping, shipbuilding, linen and other industrial affairs, and is actually more populous and better housed than Dublin. Their fear is that the Nationalists covet the wealth of Ulster, “the workyard of Ireland,” and would use a Dublin Parliament to crush her. According to my third Nationalist friend, Ulster, realising that Home Rule is inevitable, is endeavouring to bring the Government into its own hands.

There are, I think, obvious enough objections to all these popular Nationalist explanations of Carsonism. The first notion, that Ulster is attempting to disorganise Ireland in the interests of brutal England, seems to me strangely unreal, and England, as a whole, is certainly anything but graceful to Ulster for her efforts. To believe in the survival of the Garrison policy to this day is to imagine Ulster more Angloman than the English; she is not that.

The second theory is more plausible. It may well be that Belfast employers find the distraction of the workers by Carsonism extremely useful; at the same time, it seems far-fetched to suppose that this trick is responsible for the whole movement. Still, it will be worth investigation.

The third notion, that Ulster is trying to thrust itself into the ruling place in Ireland by making all other government impossible, is tenable, though it seems a rather remote explanation. Has Ulster ever offered to accept the responsibility of governing Ireland? She has not, to my knowledge. She seems much more to have played dog in the manger, neither willing herself to rule the country nor allowing the Nationalists to do so.

What, then, is the plot behind Ulster’s pretence of disliking Home Rule? Is it Castle and Colony villainy,—too medieval an explanation. Employers’ cunning? Municipal ambition? These explain too little.

I have heard yet another explanation of Ulster’s stubbornness. Perhaps she is not bluffing. Perhaps she has a real case against Home Rule. Perhaps it is even a great case. I did not dare to speak of this notion to the three Nationalists at Dublin, but I intend to bear it in mind to Belfast.

We Moderns.

By Edward Moore.

The Modern Reader.—What is it that the modern reader demands from those who write for him? To be challenged, and again to be challenged, and even more to be challenged—perhaps on no account to accept a challenge, on no account to be expected to take sides! A seat at the tournament is all that he asks, where he may watch the most sincere and intrepid spirits of his time waging their desperate battle and spilling their life-blood there. He leaves them when, with high gesture, they fling down their gauntlets and utter their blasphemies! His heart then exults within him; but, why? Simply because he is a connoisseur; simply because he collects gauntlets!

The Intellectual Coquette.—An intellectual coquetry is one of the worst vices of this age. From what does it arise? From fear of a decision? Or from love of freedom? It cannot be from the latter, for to abstain from a choice is not freedom but irresponsibility. To be free is, on the contrary, itself a choice, a decision involving, in its acceptance, responsibility. And it is responsibility that the intellectual coquettes fear; rather than admit that one burden they will bear all the others of scepticism, pessimism and impotence. To accept a new gospel, to live it out in all its ramifications, is too troublesome, too dangerous. It may well be that a Protestant garrison.

But in the end the soul has its revenge, for their coquetry destroys not only the power but the will to choose. To flirt with dangerous ideas in a graceful manner: that becomes their destiny. For the intellectual coquette, like other coquettes, dislikes above everything passion—passion with its seriousness, sincerity, and—demand for a decision.

The Advanced.—Among the advanced one observes a strange contradiction: the existence in one and the same person of confidence and enthusiasm about certain aspects of life along with diffidence and pessimism about life itself. The advanced have made up their minds about all the problems of existence but not about the problem of existence. In dealing with these problems they find their greatest challenge, and they are there sure-footed, convinced and convincing. But brought face to face with that other problem, how helpless, how insipid, are the intellectual coquettes, like other coquettes, dislikes above everything passion—passion with its seriousness, sincerity, and—demand for a decision.

MODERN Realism.—How crude and shallow is the whole theory of modern realism: a theory of art by the average man for the average man! It makes art intelligible by simplifying or popularising it; in short, as Nietzsche would say, by vulgarising it. The average man perceives, for instance, that there is in great drama an element of representation. Come, he says, let us make the representation as thorough as possible! Let every detail of the original be reproduced! Let us have life as it is lived! And when he has accomplished this, he will have destroyed art, for reproducible, reform, and even revolution, perishes, with many of them simply their escape from their problem?

MODERN Realism.—How crude and shallow is the whole theory of modern realism: a theory of art by the average man for the average man! It makes art intelligible by simplifying or popularising it; in short, as Nietzsche would say, by vulgarising it. The average man perceives, for instance, that there is in great drama an element of representation. Come, he says, let us make the representation as thorough as possible! Let every detail of the original be reproduced! Let us have life as it is lived! And when he has accomplished this, he will have destroyed art, for reproducible, reform, and even revolution, perishes, with many of them simply their escape from their problem?
A MODERN PROBLEM.—It has been observed again and again that as societies—forms of production, of government, and so on—become more complex, the mastery of the individual over his destiny grows weaker. In other words, the more man subjugates "nature," the more of a slave he becomes. The industrial system, for instance, which is the greatest modern example of man's subjugation of nature, is at the same time the greatest modern example of man's enslavement. What are we to think, then? Is the problem a moral one, and shall we say that a conquest of nature which is not preceded by a clearly willed subordination of man to nature is bound to be bad? In a society which has not surpassed the phase of slavery does every addition to man's power over nature simply intensify the slavery? Or is the problem intellectual? And when the intellect concentrates upon one branch of knowledge to the neglect of the others, is the outcome bound to be the enslavement of the others? For instance, the nineteenth century devoted far more of its brains to industry than to politics—its politics, indeed, was merely the reflection of its industry—with the result that industry has now enslaved us all. Yes, it has enslaved us all—not merely the wage-earners, not merely the salariat! In the old days the workman, indeed, was a slave, but now the employer is a slave as well.

In this age, therefore, in which the helpless appendage of a machine too mighty for him, it is natural that theories of Determinism should flourish. It is natural, also, that the will should become weak and discouraged, and, consequently, that the power of creation should fast diminish. And when the world of art has withered and turned barren. The artist needs above all things a sense of power; it is out of the abundance of this sense that he creates. But confronted with modern society, that vast machine, and surrounded by the hopeless mechanics and slaves, he feels the sense dying within him; nor does the evil cease there, for along with the sense of power, power itself dies.

Well, does not the moral become clearer and clearer? If art and literature are to flourish again, artists, writers, nay, the whole community must regain the sense of power. Therefore, economic emancipation first!

THE SEX NOVEL.—How did the vogue of the sex novel arise? Perhaps from the great interest which was in the last century given to the sciences of biology and physiology; and, perhaps, more especially from the popularisation of these sciences. Love was, under the spell of science, translated by the novelists into sex. Not the psychology, but the physiology, of love was found interesting; with the result that for the production of a modern novel, one qualification alone is now necessary: a "knowledge of the simple facts of physiology," as the primer-writers say. Well, what is the remedy for this? Not a denial of physiology: those who have learned it cannot now erase it from their memory and become voluntarily ignorant! No; let, rather, the opposite course be taken! Let us popularise psychology as well!

THE POET SPEAKS.—How unhappy must all those poor mortals be who are not poets! They feel and cannot express. They are dumb when their soul would utter its divinest thoughts. Clodhodish and fragmentary, they are scarcely human, these poor mortals! For one must be a poet to be altogether human. Yes! In the ideal society of the future everyone will be a poet, even the average man!

THE GOOD FELLOWS.—Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Bellow are not moderns; they would not have been "modern" even in the Middle Ages! They are the contemporaries of all good fellows of all eras. And all good fellows are traditionalists; that is to say, they look back with regret to the "good old times."

MR. G. K. CHESTERTON.—Those critics who attribute Mr. Chesterton's epigrammatic style of writing to
the influence of the tradition initiated by Wilde are surely wrong. For the characteristic of Wilde and his imitators was artificiality. The paradoxes with which they pleased or shocked their contemporaries were laboriously constructed things, built precariously out of material that had more to it; and that suspicion, that sense of elaborate bubbles their authors were vain to exactly the extent that they doubted them. Their vanity arose from their self-doubt. With Mr. Chesterton it is altogether different. There is no conscious epigrammatizing in his books. He writes in paradox, for the paradox comes. And it is this guileless brilliance that endears him to us. Wit allied with vanity is certainly to be expected. But wit allied with humility ! That is the great exception; that is Mr. Chesterton's most brilliant paradox!

Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON AGAIN.—In the feverish tragedy of modern thought, Mr. Chesterton, is the comic relief: he is the present-day porter at the gate. But he is not on that account to be disregarded, for in no tragedy hitherto played has the porter been so badly needed. Our tragedy is so unprofitable, so restless, so sceptical, in short, so neurasthenic, that we would perforce go mad if the tension were not relaxed for a moment, if our torments were not medicined now and then by laughter. And Mr. Chesterton is our medicine. He is the healing draught of the Noah's vineyard, strange as it may sound; but for him it should by this time have burnt itself out. And so there is none who understands him better, none who luxuriates more deliciously in his laughter, sanity and health, than we in whose veins burn the fevers of modern problems, modern ideas and modern hopes. No ! it is not Mr. Chesterton's "followers" who are most indebted to him—or who understand him best !

Wither ?—The fever of modern thought which burns in our veins, and from which we refuse to escape by reaction into Christianity and the like—is not without its distinction: it is an "honourable sickness," to use the phrase of Nietzsche. I speak of those who sincerely strive to seek an issue from this fever; to pass through it into a new health. Of the others to whom fever is the condition of existence, who make a profession of their maladies, the valetudinarians of the spirit, the dabbler in quack soul-remedies for their own sake, it is impossible to speak without disdain. Our duty is to exterminate them, by ridicule and profit. And what, indeed, is the problem ?

Mr. Ernest Newlandsmith is not a writer of any importance, nor is it his conclusion that "England's greatest need is Jesus Christ her Lord!" an original one; but his pamphlet* will serve as a text. Few of the readers of *The New Age,* I suppose, know anything of Mr. Newlandsmith; he is, or was, a violinist of considerable ability; he was, I believe, a member of one of the bay brotherhoods, and he has lectured and written for years on the religious nature and function of Art. Art is Religion's handmaid, has been his text for years; and he used to exhort his audiences to "Come to Jesus" before he played the violin to them. He has written a miracle-play (so "The Holy Graal," of course), and with the mock-mysticism of the people who adore "Eager-Heart," he is very familiar, and, I think, in complete accord. He is, in his own way, a representative man, representative of a little cult of Word-Worshippers, who-worship Purity, Joy, Love, and read the works of St. Francis of Assisi and keep a crucifix in their bedroom.

All this is very innocent and commendable, but it is not inspiration; and of the national needs of England these people know nothing. A mystic in the indicative mood is not a mystic, he is a critic without the necessary equipment. Take the very title of this pamphlet: "England's Greatest Need." It is certain that what England needs, she has; she could not exist otherwise; what she has not may be either desirable or undesirable, but is obviously not necessary to her. No real mystic would ever have told us that England needed Jesus Christ, he would have given Jesus Christ to England; that is to say, he would not have exhorted us to seek the spiritual thing, but the spiritual thing would have been made apparent in his being and activity. "The artist whose religion is his art" gives us his art work, and like another Christ, says: "Believe for the very work's sake!" Mr. Newlandsmith, instead of playing his violin to us, only tells us that we must have a "Theatre of National Ideas," an art, not for art's sake, but for the sake of religion, a self-conscious, worshiping, moralising art.

That is just what we must not have. The man who knows that he is holy is not holy; he is divided in himself, is self-conscious, and a little hypocritical; and an art that is deliberately holy is neither art nor religion. No one method has a monopoly of the spirit; like Lago's money, "it is something, nothing! I was mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands." Or, if we go to Jesus, as Mr. Newlandsmith advises, we are told that "the wind bloweth whither it listeth ... so is every one that is born of the Spirit." We may cultivate the reverential attitude of the mind until we can no longer look the truth in the face, we may develop our capacity for genuflexion until we can no longer stand upright, but we have become no nearer to God by doing so. Reverence is one of the ways of being stand-offish, one of the subtlest methods of denying the spiritual impulse; and its effect on art is disastrous. Let us see what steps Mr. Newlandsmith proposes that we should take. He proposes "Endowed Schools of God-directed Art-Students." It is not enough that God should direct them; they must be taught in endowed schools. "Teresa and two sous are nothing; but Teresa, Jesus, and God, are all things." But we may reasonably ask what is a God-directed Art-Student; how are

we to know that God has directed him to the endowment? Is he to be a Pharisee, or a publican? It is one of the curious anomalies of the spirit that some of the most spiritual artists have not been the most obviously God-directed men. Would such a school as Mr. Newlandsmith's be accepted by a young Bo-peep, or Dostoievsky, or even a Wagner? Remember Schubert's dissolute life, and his pure music; imagine a young Shakespeare coming to London and asking admission to such a school—the list is endless. Such a school would give us many Alfreds, Lords Tennyson, many Sebastians Elches, perhaps, men whom we do not want in duplicate; but of new, spiritual impulse not a trace.

His second suggestion is similar: "Research Professorships for devising powerful Art Forms for the Theatre—especially Silent Scenes." Years ago there were some most interesting "Silent Scenes" at the Theatre, and Mrs. Ormston Chant made herself famous by denouncing them; I believe, that she called them "immoral." They were not devised by Research Professors, certainly; but we can imagine, if we like, the sort of thing that Research Professors would give us. Mary had a little lamb in dumb show and without variations; she would be followed by Little Bo-peep, who lost her sheep; and in the third scene, as a glad surprise, the discovered was the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. That was why Little Bo-peep lost him. And though professorial, even academic, art were not a byword of incompetence ("Where is 'Merope,' now?" as Russell Lowell jibed at Matthew Arnold), Mr. Newlandsmith suggests endowing Professors for the regeneration of our theatre. Think of "Q's" "Mayor of Troy," and save money.

The third suggestion: "Theatres giving inspiring and 'God-like' Art-performances" revives memories of "Eager-Heart." When Landor wanted to pay Women-worth a handsome compliment, he said that Wordsworth wrote a poem without the aid of war: the poem, of course, was "The Excursion." When Miss Buckton wrote "Eager-Heart," she wrote a play without the aid of the power of humour, without the glow of poetry. It is in verse, of course; a writer may be dull in prose, but if he intends to be unmercifully dull, he chooses verse, not prose. With five feet in a line, a writer must go straightly; the tramp of those five feet, in verse, or gently possibly, may put a reader to sleep. At which end of the scale Miss Buckton's verse is to be classified, does not matter; she intended to write a play exhibiting all the virtues; that is, she intended to be conscientiously dull, and she wrote verse. If it were really a play, the author would beg for applause; if it were really a sacrament, it would be taken by the congregation kneeling; but applause is not allowed, and people keep their seats. It is a very God-like Art-performance; the Holy Family is exhibited on the stage; and people are sufficiently inspired by it to pay for their seats, and, let us hope, send their servants to see the performance.

It will not do. If England's greatest need is a new spiritual impulse, that impulse should be communicated and not advocated. If that impulse can only come from Jesus, then those who are most in touch with Him should be the ones to communicate it. There is no need for endowed schools, or research professorships, or theatre temples, or any absurdity of that kind; now is the day of salvation, Mr. Newlandsmith is the man, and the violin is the instrument. If Mr. Newlandsmith cannot play us into the kingdom of God, then God does not want us there just yet; Swedenborg is still preparing that specially enclosed Heaven for the English, and we shall not be admitted until it is ready. In that case, England's greatest need is supplied by Mr. Newlandsmith's pen; but it will harken to the sound of his violin if he does not drone out too many dirges.

A. E. R.
consecrated by custom and law. Although the effects of this psychological evolution reproduce those of individual pathology, and one may speak in psychological terms of criminality and delirium, one cannot strictly speak of it as true madness, nor refer judgment on it to the alienists coming within their province. "He diagnoses the trouble as national megalomania merging into paranoia when its claims are met with external resistance; and he argues that "as the final catastrophe approaches, the delirium of persecution will become always more insatiable." He remarks, however, that already there are people in Germany who assert that it is necessary to break off all relations with the world; and he wishes that they would do so. In isolation, sanity might return; there could be no greater disillusion than an enforced isolation after an attempt at world-domination. "Great disillusionments are salutary even to paranoics, and collective deliria are more easily dispelled than individual." He concludes that "the prognosis is very reserved, but not hopeless." Germany cannot be cured, if the world will teach it; Germany will learn that the world can do without Germany. If the Allies extirpate every trace of German influence from their countries, Germany will learn that she is not indispensable; incidentally, as Professor Lasagne foretold, we should become as mad as he says Germany is.

The Brown Mare, and Other Studies. By Alfred Ollivant. (Allen & Unwin. 2s. 6d. net.)

This is a series of sketches all dealing with the war, from one aspect or another. The first is a rather laboured attempt to express the almost human nature of the brown mare. But Mr. Ollivant's method is more successfully employed in the description of "The Indian Hospital" at Brighton, and in "The Bombardment; and a Boy." The staccato style becomes trying at times, for these prods to our attention are never really justified. It is as though Mr. Ollivant were always asking us to look at something that was not very wonderful; "The Mind of an Empire," for example, is a most trivial series of anecdotes which dive no more deeply into the national mind than the assertion that we are at war because we are men of peace. "The Man in Command" tells the story of the daughter who took charge of the estate after her father died, and, of course, rapidly became master of the situation, stopped the deprivations of the bailiff, and made the farm pay. "The Household" is a report of a visit to an estate by a skalpion; and the volume concludes with two biographical sketches, written in memoriam.

Flying Men and their Machines. By Clarence Winchester. (Dent. 6s. net.)

This is little more than a collection of so-called popular articles on aviation. Whether Mr. Winchester was more handicapped by his practical knowledge of flying than by his practical ignorance of the public we do not profess to determine; but he seems to us to have fallen between two stools. He talks to his public as though they were children, emphasising again and again, for example, that a tractor is not a propeller, tells us, with all the gravity of the very young, that an aeroplane does not drop like a stone when the engine stops, and so on. The eagerness with which he informs us that there is an up-draught at the edge of a cliff almost makes us wonder whether he learned any science at school. Certainly, he gives us remarkably little here; and his enthusiasm for flying finds no more poetic expression than clichés about "the poetry of motion." He has an irritated habit of using "common garden" things; and if he flies as badly as he writes, we fear that his life is not safe. He is prodigal of generalities, such as "we must have aeroplanes—perhaps, nay, necessarily, up to a number exceeding 10,000" what phrase means we do not know. He gives no reasons, and little instruction; and his volume is really a collection of anecdotes illustrated by photographs.

November 16, 1916 THE NEW AGE 67

Pastiche.

HOW TO SHORTEN THE WAR—I.

(Unauthorised Adaptation from the "Speculator.")

Unless we are greatly mistaken in ourselves, there is no meaner way of shortening the war than by using every dirty little device we can think of for tempting the enemy to surrender in the most humiliating fashion. What could be calculated to uphold British traditions more gloriously than the spectacle of thousands of war-weary Germans being induced by British trickery to desert their comrades? No force need be employed, but just—well, we will let the cat out of little by little.

In view of the need for winning the war by foul means if not fair, it is obviously the duty of every Englishman (and a gentleman, Sir) to contrive some means, no matter what, of persuading the enemy to throw up his sponge. And though we would not for a moment take any of the discredit for it, we cannot help flattering ourselves that our plan reaches so far below the belt that not a schoolboy in England (all honour to him!) would stoop to tempt with it.

Not to push any longer what we suggest should be done without delay is this: apply the advertising methods of our patriotic business men (God save our Profits!) and bring our wares of plenteous food and inviting comforts for the notice to the enemy of his position in the trenches. The thing can be done by dropping attractive advertisements of the rest-cure we provide for German deserters into all the enemy lines. It is scarcely for us to point out ("Honi soit," etc.) that it would be equally consistent with our British love of fair play did we hold bread before a starving crowd, knowing it pledged by all it held most sacred to die rather than to touch one crumb of it. In Heaven's name, let us stop at nothing. We would use headlines, displays, captions, posters, leaflets, bills—every device for tempting Germans to do what no British soldier, of course, must ever dream of doing. Let us announce to the Germans: First come, first served! Gas! Fire! Bath, h. and c. ! British Trotter and Beer, Beer, glorious Beer! Support British Industries! Non-stop trips to England—personally conducted!

Such would be the attractions of our bill of fare that not only would they encourage direct surrender, but indirectly they would also achieve our cultured purpose by intensifying the brutality with which, of course, Hun officers treat the German private. To counteract the appeal of our advertising we confine ourselves to the slightest symptoms of surrender, German officers would be compelled to such extremes of cruel treatment that, hero though he be, the poor tortured wretch of a German private would be driven at last to desert at any risk. Even if he did not, what, we ask, could be more desirable and likely than that, to prevent his maturing, every German soldier, infantryman as well as machine gunner, would henceforth be chained to his post? We can assure our readers we should have them both ways. We confess that we cannot forbear a smile at the humour in our proposal. Heads off, gentlemen!—R. G. O.

BATTLE PICTURES.

Everyone should make it a duty to see the British films of the battle on the Somme. Parents and sisters can see how their sons and brothers died, while those without sons can see how the sons of others faced death and went through or fell. Everything is real. Support British Industries! Non-stop trips to England—personally conducted!

The men fall fast. One man barely had his helmet off, when he moves? I

"Most are your brother—he might, for all you know."

"Come to the Scala, putting your grief aside, come to the Scala, putting your grief aside,"

Perhaps the Somme, perhaps the Somme months ago, come to the Scala, putting your grief aside, come and see how they died—at our Picture Show. Look at them dropping! Look at that chap on the cliff almost, and made the farm pay. The thing can be done by dropping attractive advertisements of the rest-cure we provide for German deserters into all the enemy lines. It is scarcely for us to point out ("Honi soit," etc.) that it would be equally consistent with our British love of fair play did we hold bread before a starving crowd, knowing it pledged by all it held most sacred to die rather than to touch one crumb of it. In Heaven's name, let us stop at nothing. We would use headlines, displays, captions, posters, leaflets, bills—every device for tempting Germans to do what no British soldier, of course, must ever dream of doing. Let us announce to the Germans: First come, first served! Gas! Fire! Bath, h. and c. ! British Trotter and Beer, Beer, glorious Beer! Support British Industries! Non-stop trips to England—personally conducted!

Such would be the attractions of our bill of fare that not only would they encourage direct surrender, but indirectly they would also achieve our cultured purpose by intensifying the brutality with which, of course, Hun officers treat the German private. To counteract the appeal of our advertising we confine ourselves to the slightest symptoms of surrender, German officers would be compelled to such extremes of cruel treatment that, hero though he be, the poor tortured wretch of a German private would be driven at last to desert at any risk. Even if he did not, what, we ask, could be more desirable and likely than that, to prevent his maturing, every German soldier, infantryman as well as machine gunner, would henceforth be chained to his post? We can assure our readers we should have them both ways. We confess that we cannot forbear a smile at the humour in our proposal. Heads off, gentlemen!—R. G. O.

Look at them dropping! Look at that chap on the cliff almost, and made the farm pay. The thing can be done by dropping attractive advertisements of the rest-cure we provide for German deserters into all the enemy lines. It is scarcely for us to point out ("Honi soit," etc.) that it would be equally consistent with our British love of fair play did we hold bread before a starving crowd, knowing it pledged by all it held most sacred to die rather than to touch one crumb of it. In Heaven's name, let us stop at nothing. We would use headlines, displays, captions, posters, leaflets, bills—every device for tempting Germans to do what no British soldier, of course, must ever dream of doing. Let us announce to the Germans: First come, first served! Gas! Fire! Bath, h. and c. ! British Trotter and Beer, Beer, glorious Beer! Support British Industries! Non-stop trips to England—personally conducted!

Such would be the attractions of our bill of fare that not only would they encourage direct surrender, but indirectly they would also achieve our cultured purpose by intensifying the brutality with which, of course, Hun officers treat the German private. To counteract the appeal of our advertising we confine ourselves to the slightest symptoms of surrender, German officers would be compelled to such extremes of cruel treatment that, hero though he be, the poor tortured wretch of a German private would be driven at last to desert at any risk. Even if he did not, what, we ask, could be more desirable and likely than that, to prevent his maturing, every German soldier, infantryman as well as machine gunner, would henceforth be chained to his post? We can assure our readers we should have them both ways. We confess that we cannot forbear a smile at the humour in our proposal. Heads off, gentlemen!—R. G. O.

Look at them dropping! Look at that chap on the cliff almost, and made the farm pay. The thing can be done by dropping attractive advertisements of the rest-cure we provide for German deserters into all the enemy lines. It is scarcely for us to point out ("Honi soit," etc.) that it would be equally consistent with our British love of fair play did we hold bread before a starving crowd, knowing it pledged by all it held most sacred to die rather than to touch one crumb of it. In Heaven's name, let us stop at nothing. We would use headlines, displays, captions, posters, leaflets, bills—every device for tempting Germans to do what no British soldier, of course, must ever dream of doing. Let us announce to the Germans: First come, first served! Gas! Fire! Bath, h. and c. ! British Trotter and Beer, Beer, glorious Beer! Support British Industries! Non-stop trips to England—personally conducted!

Such would be the attractions of our bill of fare that not only would they encourage direct surrender, but indirectly they would also achieve our cultured purpose by intensifying the brutality with which, of course, Hun officers treat the German private. To counteract the appeal of our advertising we confine ourselves to the slightest symptoms of surrender, German officers would be compelled to such extremes of cruel treatment that, hero though he be, the poor tortured wretch of a German private would be driven at last to desert at any risk. Even if he did not, what, we ask, could be more desirable and likely than that, to prevent his maturing, every German soldier, infantryman as well as machine gunner, would henceforth be chained to his post? We can assure our readers we should have them both ways. We confess that we cannot forbear a smile at the humour in our proposal. Heads off, gentlemen!—R. G. O.
Parents, sisters, and wives of the men who fell Fighting for you—and were photographed dying in pain.

Gape on these sights—if they know, they will know full well
That for you, and the likes of you, they have died in vain.

F. R. C.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE GREEK SITUATION.

Sir,—I am much interested in the article by Mr. Constantines in your issue of November 2, which can certainly claim to be an impartial review of the Greek situation. I am bound to say, however, that the implicit assumption of a letter, to examine all the points raised, I should like to make a few corrections which seem necessary to a proper understanding of the subject.

Broadly speaking, Mr. Constantines represents the conflict between King Constantine and Venizelos as a competition between the ideal of expansion to Constantinople and the ideal of expansion in Asia Minor. Albeit from any question of evidence, which, as Mr. Constantines admits, is entirely lacking, this view seems to ignore the fact that the conflict is based almost entirely on personal stultification. Also certain evidence represents honest democracy in competition with a corrupt autocracy.

Secondly, Mr. Constantines suggests that Greece was not bound by any treaty to come to the assistance of Serbia. If this contenion of the Royalists is correct, there seems to be no reason why she should not publish the text of the treaty, and so silence the criticism of the Venizelists. It should also be remembered that the applicability of the treaty was never questioned, even by the opponents of Venizelos in Greece, before the King’s dismissal of Venizelos in September, 1916.

Thirdly, Constantine may indeed, as Mr. Constantines suggests, have made some bargain with Germany which was satisfactory from the Greek point of view; but there is no evidence that Germany proposed to persuade Turkey to withdraw from the Balkans, and even a victorious Germany would not be in a position to compensate Greece for her present demoralisation. The race against Constantine is that from being an ordinary pro-German he has been so soon actively to help Germany by fostering—to put it mildly—the Greek Greed. Here would be no case against him if he had remained as neutral as he professes to be.

Fourthly, the pressure brought to bear upon Greece by the Allies does not exceed, in my opinion, the legal authority conferred on them by their position as Protecting Powers; but, of course, this authority cannot be extended to cover Italian pretensions, and I suspect that the present deadlock is caused by Italian demands to share the position rightly held in Greece by England, France, and Russia. Italy is disqualified from any action in Greece, not only by the fact that she is not one of the protecting Powers, but also by the fact that she has territorial ambitions in Greek lands.

JOHN MAVROGORDATO.

THE BIRTH-RATE.

Sir,—Miss Margaret Macgregor has presented in your columns a problem which would yield much interest in its process of solution. Your correspondent “C. W. E.” does not deal with it adequately or wisely. Miss Macgregor’s appeal to women is undoubtedly an exact parallel to that put to the men of the country to become soldiers. It is a puerile folly to suggest that women long to be soldiers, while men have never been known to desire the experience of motherhood. The sort of woman who wants to be a soldier is of exactly the type who shrinks from motherhood on the grounds set down by “C. W. E.” and her work is not in any way an indication of the sordid and terrible work the soldier has to perform. “There is certainly much that is exhilarating,” says “C. W. E.,” “much that makes even for jollity.” “C. W. E.” has been studying the pictures in Life and the Mirror, for there seems to be much that is the reverse of exhilarating in standing in water for months at a stretch, enduring the unimaginable suspense of shell-fire, watching comrades in all degrees of pain and mutilation, waging a perpetual warfare with rats and lice, and bearing the discomforts inflicted by these vermin for months on end. Imagine the exhilaration of seeing a good certificate most horribly dismembered, say, or disembowelled, by one’s side.

The woman who wants to be a soldier is as much a degenerate as the fool who shrinks from vulgar comment on her beautiful dress during pregnancy. (Any full-busted woman will call forth as much comment.) “An object of pity” an expectant mother is not. She is an object of much care and thoughtfulness by all decent members of society—exactly as is the soldier. An object of admiration she is not either. Why for the Lord’s sake should she be, any more than the soldier? Both are carrying risks, both are devoted to a cause. It is perhaps, to meet death in their adventure, but both are simply fulfilling the needs which, with free minds, they consider that society demands of them.

And “highly strung” women are not “beginning to shrink from the conditions attendant on motherhood,” as “C. W. E.” sets them down. The said “highly strung” women are gone off on the Isenora stunt; they want to be soldiers, they want to be soldiers. No, Sir, Madison Square Garden, or dockers—anything rather than cultivate a virile philosophy of life that will combat the devils who are dealing death to civilisation.

But Miss Macgregor must realise with sadness that there are thinking women to whom her call must go unanswered. Who would be the mother of a lad of military age now? Who would like to see her son or daughter going forth to seek a healthy living in the chaos that will reign when peace is made?

Most of the women who are not highly strung cannot afford babies financially, whilst others of us deem that we must help to create a sane society before we confound the unborn to an existence in the mad world of to-day.

Rearing a child is not like writing a tract or a “problem” play. Parents will tell that children seldom effect so and dare, all honour; theirs is the courage which will reign when peace is made?

MODERN ASTROLOGERS.

Sir,—I bought yesterday “Zadkiel’s Almanac for 1917,” reputed the most honest of such publications. In it is a list of sixteen “fulfilled prophecies” from the same publication for 1916. Some of these are obscure, others less than remarkable. For example, Zadkiel predicted in October, 1915, that in the ensuing winter quarter “a Cabinet Minister will be in trouble or ill-health.” In a parallel column is given the “fulfilment”: “Sir John Simon resigned office on January 6, 1916.” But surely the prophecy might apply equally well to almost any quarter of any year of the last hundred years? When hasn’t some Cabinet Minister been ill or in trouble? However, I have looked at “Zadkiel’s Almanac for 1916,” and verified the “prophecy.” But alas! I find so many prophecies in its ninety-six pages which have as yet shown no result at all. For example—

The Kaiser “will be fortunate if he escapes dethronement and death this year.” (Z. S. A. for 1916.)

“T he crowning victory of the Allies over the Central Powers seems to be expected to take place about the first third of 1916. Should fighting, desultory or otherwise, in Germany or elsewhere, drag on to the last quarter of this year, victorious peace will be secured about December.” (P. 84.)

“Jupiter enters Aries in February, 1916, and will be very near the place of the Moon at birth in either March or April. This transit promises success and increase of honour to General French.” (P. 56.)
There will be abundance of fruit this summer." (P. 72.)

"To sum up, we may say that the farmers have good reasons for hoping and believing that the war is coming to an end, and probably to an early end, especially towards the latter end of the year, if the proposed peace terms are accepted." (P. 73.)

A prophecy for October, 1916: "As for the German Empire, it will be negligible, and the old Prussian militarism will be reduced to a state of impotence." (P. 41.) And a further benefit was anticipated: "... and in all probability to Persia and Ireland also." (P. 33.)

On p. 82-3 we are shown how even the attack of the Daily Mail on Lord Kitchener's record of his 'lost' dates does not damage the general belief in his probable return. This is not said to Zadkiel complacently. And there follows this strange statement: "... in the usual way, 'How has man survived it? By abolishing the rule of Force, where the individual looks after his own interests before those of the community, with the result that the law has to offer him a satisfactory equivalent to the blood-feud to make him forsake it, and even then there is no guarantee that he will remain loyal to the law.'"

The modern day equivalent of this is the concept of the "rule of Law." Man did not "replace the rule of Force with the rule of Law." He was forced upon him by the king, and was no more than one of the king's officers. The heavy fines imposed on places and people were not to be taken lightly, but were more of a way to keep the peace among the fierce and warlike race of freemen of the time. The nation, however, might avoid any share in the presence of an archbishop (according to the laws of the time). The king was deemed to be the penultimate evil, and this is why the law had to offer him a satisfactory equivalent to the blood-feud to make him forsake it, and even then there is no guarantee that he will remain loyal to the law.

It is interesting to note that the concept of the "rule of Law" is still with us today, and that the concept of the "rule of Force" is not. The "rule of Law" is often associated with the system of justice and the enforcement of laws, while the "rule of Force" is often associated with the use of military force to achieve political objectives. The "rule of Law" is often seen as a more just and fair system, while the "rule of Force" is often seen as a more efficient and effective system.

The modern day equivalent of this is the concept of the "rule of Law." Man did not "replace the rule of Force with the rule of Law." He was forced upon him by the king, and was no more than one of the king's officers. The heavy fines imposed on places and people were not to be taken lightly, but were more of a way to keep the peace among the fierce and warlike race of freemen of the time. The nation, however, might avoid any share in the presence of an archbishop (according to the laws of the time). The king was deemed to be the penultimate evil, and this is why the law had to offer him a satisfactory equivalent to the blood-feud to make him forsake it, and even then there is no guarantee that he will remain loyal to the law.

It is interesting to note that the concept of the "rule of Law" is still with us today, and that the concept of the "rule of Force" is not. The "rule of Law" is often associated with the system of justice and the enforcement of laws, while the "rule of Force" is often associated with the use of military force to achieve political objectives. The "rule of Law" is often seen as a more just and fair system, while the "rule of Force" is often seen as a more efficient and effective system.
"TWILIGHT IN ITALY."

Sir,—In his furious "R. H. C." has taken the seat of judge, although he is only counsel to one of the parties. I might have put up with this, but he opens the case by commenting unfavourably on my brief! If "R. H. C." stands as it did, "English thought" and "English thought" would be mere provincial. Passing over "R. H. C.'s" journalistic flattery of my "subtle lucidity" which falls, falls into every kind of confusion, I define sensualism as the way we know by the senses, and nature sensualism as that which is not generally considered sensualism (no more Pagan than Heathen). The modern revolt from this education went to the extreme of intellectually instructing children in sex matters. The right way would be to develop their senses. There is, of course, no need of instruction in sex-love. Sensualism itself could not arrest this, although its opposition to all sensual ecstasy left us English an ill-born people as to colour and music, the food of love. (Note, by the way, that poets, the hardest of all artists, have brought from abroad most of what they have given to the English people; the majority even had to travel before doing anything except poem.) Sensualism of Greece and Rome, we English would be in the same poor case with literature as we are with the more delicate sense of delicacy dependent on food, drink and colour, and this even for materials. Poetry is always the first of the arts to make headway in a nation. Puritanism has left it first and last for us.

All it may do is to turn aside; etc. What object might there be in "converting" us from natural sensualism? The diversion, even, of the senses ends either in solitude or debauch, both of which states threaten the existence of the individual. The escape from sensualism is the right way to develop their senses. There is no need of instruction in sex-love. Sensualism itself could not arrest this, although its opposition to all sensual ecstasy left us English an ill-born people as to colour and music, the food of love. (Note, by the way, that poets, the hardest of all artists, have brought from abroad most of what they have given to the English people; the majority even had to travel before doing anything except poem.) Sensualism of Greece and Rome, we English would be in the same poor case with literature as we are with the more delicate sense of delicacy dependent on food, drink and colour, and this even for materials. Poetry is always the first of the arts to make headway in a nation. Puritanism has left it first and last for us.

By intellectual opposition. I hinted to "R. H. C." that sensualism (no more pagan than Heathen or Christian, by the way) could not be arrested; etc. He was not challenged to find any other means at all. There is no means except universal death. This statement does not hold writing up to ridicule. Mr. Lawrence may give people the intellectual courage of being simple, if his words are positive and active. "R. H. C.'s" words, being negative and inactive, may only leave timid people where they have been since Puritanism came in. For instance, our education of children, as Spencer hinted, is perverted; and I pass to "R. H. C.'s" summary of my letter. Readers sufficiently interested to follow may turn to "Readers and Writers" of October 26.

Intellecual opposition. I hinted to "R. H. C." that sensualism (no more pagan than Heathen or Christian, by the way) could not be arrested; etc. He was not challenged to find any other means at all. There is no means except universal death. This statement does not hold writing up to ridicule. Mr. Lawrence may give people the intellectual courage of being simple, if his words are positive and active. "R. H. C.'s" words, being negative and inactive, may only leave timid people where they have been since Puritanism came in. For instance, our education of children, as Spencer hinted, is perverted; and I pass to "R. H. C.'s" summary of my letter. Readers sufficiently interested to follow may turn to "Readers and Writers" of October 26.

An idea apart from a passion. I wrote carelessly. There is no idea apart from a passion. "To the gods of the gods of the gods of the gods from man's passion for immortality. I meant that persons who preach without passion are condemned to one's own perceptions and not another's. Many people's sense-perceptions are already as developed as those of animals—that is, only so far as is necessary to secure their mere existence. They have only the jingle passions of hunger and sex, and jealousy. This is why the general standard of life must be raised high before even conceives more than the rudiments of liberty. I do not say that liberty is attainable. The free have hitherto been persecuted into solitude or debauch, both of which states threaten the existence of the individual. The revolt against Science. I personally have this dissatisfaction of the English volunteers. Have I ever written a word to this end? My part was always "intellectual opposition. I hinted to "R. H. C." that sensualism (no more pagan than Heathen or Christian, by the way) could not be arrested; etc. He was not challenged to find any other means at all. There is no means except universal death. This statement does not hold writing up to ridicule. Mr. Lawrence may give people the intellectual courage of being simple, if his words are positive and active. "R. H. C.'s" words, being negative and inactive, may only leave timid people where they have been since Puritanism came in. For instance, our education of children, as Spencer hinted, is perverted; and I pass to "R. H. C.'s" summary of my letter. Readers sufficiently interested to follow may turn to "Readers and Writers" of October 26.

The Prussians, etc. What is proved by the fact that Socialism is of French origin? That none but the French are socialists? "Apart from this fact," which has nothing to do with the case, the phenomenon is not one of natural sensualism, but of perverted sensualism.

The Prussians, etc. What is proved by the fact that Socialism is of French origin? That none but the French are socialists? "Apart from this fact," which has nothing to do with the case, the phenomenon is not one of natural sensualism, but of perverted sensualism.

The French have a passion for liberty. I wish "R. H. C." had a passion for criticism. It was incredible to me that anyone should care to sneer at the English volunteers. Have I ever written a word to this end? My part was always "intellectual opposition. I hinted to "R. H. C." that sensualism (no more pagan than Heathen or Christian, by the way) could not be arrested; etc. He was not challenged to find any other means at all. There is no means except universal death. This statement does not hold writing up to ridicule. Mr. Lawrence may give people the intellectual courage of being simple, if his words are positive and active. "R. H. C.'s" words, being negative and inactive, may only leave timid people where they have been since Puritanism came in. For instance, our education of children, as Spencer hinted, is perverted; and I pass to "R. H. C.'s" summary of my letter. Readers sufficiently interested to follow may turn to "Readers and Writers" of October 26.

The revolt against Science. "R. H. C.'s" reply is a mere statement, at best of no more value than mine. Phallic worship is a condition of human existence.
MR. NEVINSON'S ART.

Sir,—If Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's blood pictures are the best the war can give us, we are better without the war. And why should not war give us something in the way of pictures to satisfy its existence? Yet war shall be promoted in order to provide painters with a job. Of course, peace is vastly more important than this studio-art. Put to be fair, one must admit that the vice of producing Fleet Street adders to tell lies on its behalf. Let to itself, it presents an appearance that fills clear headed persons with disgust. In fact, the truth it tells is, war is the seed of its own destruction. Artists, we are repeatedly told, are necessary for the perception and dissemination of truth. And it may be said that, if the artist will take war seriously, we will take him seriously. It will readily yield up the precious seed of its own destruction. Mr. Nevinson's pictures that he has not taken war seriously, with the result that his work has simply Bainsfethered Mr. Nevinson. It is scarcely a coincidence that his latest pictures are being exhibited in the Hogarth room of the Leicester Gallery. There will, without doubt war come on. Hogarth and Mr. Nevinson have stories to tell. Both tell them with many lights and shadows. Hogarth moves relentlessly towards a bitter truth that shocks the spectator, Mr. Nevinson flies from it.

The fact is the matter is, Mr. Nevinson is not at home to the truth of war as Goya is. Evidently it appeared to him, told him to go off to the trenches, and made him speak on its behalf. "Tell people what I am," it said, "bloody war pictures do so in my way." And he shall wring from even the most reluctant craven lips the truth of war. Mr. Nevinson's courage failed him, for certainly his method is suited to the requirements of a certain kind of war picture. Italian futurism is especially prone to the mania for devouring objects and reproducing them in a form that suggests an alcoholic Saturday to Monday. Mr. Nevinson in his catalogue preface calls it giving an "abstract, dynamic, and mental impression," and imagines it is something more than it actually is,—namely, an artificial trick of carving objects with light. The method affects a violence of action and a ragged emphatic savagery admirably suited to war matter not likely to be banned at Sunday service. Put to be fair, one must admit that Mr. Nevinson's pictures certainly "go" at a terrific rate. But one notes that they all go at the same rate. The figures in the hospital "Resting," and "Troops," and "Clockwork puppets" are zigzagging at a uniform speed in all directions, like clockwork puppets. I suppose this is as far, or deep, as the "geometrical energy which we call war, and which is released at intervals and strikes at us with a touch, so as to assume a multitude of appalling shapes,—this demands another method. And perhaps another vision. Armageddon made up of jolly-looking groups and columns and clouds and bright fireworks displays may excite the fancy of the Harold Begbies, but those of us who are not Begbies will assure Mr. Nevinson that there is no harm in his seeing war as a good patriot. But we will not consent to see it in a truth-fit sense also. Let the artist in him tell the truth and shame the Fleet Street devils,—not lick their boots. Kill war with truth; don't play with its lights. H. C.

Memoranda.

(From The New Age of last week.)

The main support of war is to be found in the fact that a considerable class of the nation is not merely exempt from its horrors and losses, but actually profits in every way by war. The subscription of wealth is the means of peace.

We would gladly make a present to Germany of a good part of our Press and of many of our members of Parliament. England would be more England in their absence.

It has remained for Mr. Samuel to prove that in the persecution of Jews a Jew can be worse than the Russian Government.

Captain Bathurst, M.P., announced that as an encouragement to his tenants he intended to raise their rents.—NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Economic and commercial values are by no means identical.—S. G. H.

What can poor Capital do except defend itself? What it ought to do, of course, according to my principle, is to help the art against itself with zeal.—Hilaire Belloc.

There is no freedom of contract with respect to labour, never has been, and never will be, until the working class is emancipated.

Radicalism itself is but the exuberant politics of early capitalism.

In social events there is no appeal.

Serve legislation precisely hits the proletariat in the will.

Legislation is an extraordinarily efficient instrument of social change; indeed, it is the most efficient known.

Even the Great Big Beautiful Blonde Beast himself must manage to get attached to some source of economic power if he is not to be brought down to share the ignobles epitaphs dished for him.—"He meant well."—W. Anderson.

Humorous literature is the creation of stupid nations.

Youthful transplantation has proved a decisive factor in scores of writers.

Imaginative thought has as its aim practice, not mere thought.—R. H. C.

Without wit and malice, the whole business of improving other people becomes rather dull.—DIERAN KOUYOUNDJIAN.

Latin makes mistakes sometimes, of course, usually they recover themselves; the German once started in error continues to the bitter end.—PROFESSOR YVRE DELAGE.

The paradox of this war which has involved practically everybody is that nobody wanted it.—A. E. R.

God save our King and Country! (Business permitting.)—R. G. O.

Are the working classes waiting until the Guild propaganda is brought to their doors by the very capitalists themselves?—S. A. R.

Children will become fashionable when the wage-earners practically cease to have more than two per family, and the possession of three or four healthy children will be a sign of success in life.—R. Dunlop, M.B.

Those who have been through Hell to save our civilisation from the Beast are not going to allow it to be jeopardised by a return to the old life after the war.—W. A. Y.

Men perfects more means of offence than of defence.—R. E. DICKINSON.

The Marble Arch is the one institution that really makes England greater than Germany. At the Marble Arch you can get more cerebration and real drama in half an hour than you can get in a year at a West End theatre.—WILLIAM MARIGNE.
PRESS CUTTINGS.
To the Editor of the "Times."

Sir,—Sir Norman Hill is no doubt right in saying that better organisation in the handling of cargoes at our ports is one of the measures necessary to mitigate the stringency caused by shortage of shipping. But as much might be also done if the Board of Trade would only carry out honestly the policy they have themselves professed to adopt for the purpose of economising tonnage.

On May 49 Mr. Pretyman announced the intention of the Government to prohibit the import of foreign hops, for the reasons that "their import tends to space segregation and operates times over that occupied by grain." The prohibition came into operation on June 8. Nevertheless, substantial imports of hops continued, which Mr. Harcourt explained on July 24 as consisting of goods which "were en route to the consignees in this country on or before June 1.

It is curious, in the light of that declaration, that up to the present moment foreign hops continue to arrive in considerable quantities. In the last week of October 998 imports of hops amounted to 27,000 cwt., which it might have been possible to bring to English ports in the tonnage devoted to hops. Even if there was a shortage of hops, this preference for unessential imports would be indefensible, with bread at a lower price. In view of the fact that there is in the country a large stock of home-grown hops, at a low price in the market, than the brewers can consume, it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that the Board of Trade was following a policy of supporting the dollar pressure, which they are not willing to acknowledge.

House of Commons. RONALD MCNEIL.

The Government Workers United Trade Union, together with the South Wales Miners, are definitely demanding the State control of the food supplies as a remedy against the further alarming increase in prices. As we have already pointed out, the control of the food supplies by the Government by no means ensures a decrease in the cost. The result of the Government control of our meat has tended to raise the cost to the workers, and the same applies to the State control of corn. Such control can only be efficacious if it is accompanied by the establishment of Municipal Stores, able to buy at a special price and to sell to the public at a lower figure than the local shopkeepers. Side by side with the increase in the cost of food comes the steady refusal of the Government to allow the workers employed on munition making and the allied trades to receive any further increase in their wages, while the purchasing power of the sovereign has steadily grown less. Meanwhile much could be done to bring down prices if the Government really meant business in the first place, the system by which a number of Government agents are permitted to trade in the surplus meat left over from the provisioning of the Allied armies could be abolished and butchers permitted to buy direct. In the second, the profitmongers who have amassed millions over the food of the people—milk and bread, bacon and tea—should be forced to disgorge. In place of such action, however, the mere remedying of the evil by the State of food supplies will do little to ease the situation.—"The New Witness."

THE BURNING OF WAR BONDS.
To the Editor of the "Spectator."

Sir,—No doubt there are large masses of our population who have not begun to learn to be thrifty, but there are also large numbers who are practising thrift at the expense of the State, and it is of the utmost importance that we should, as a high rate of interest they might well afford to give. The King has set a noble example by giving, not lending, £20,000,000 to the country, and why should not those who are not willing to have incomes in excess of their own needs follow his example? What can be meaner than to exact a high rate of interest when you lend money to a friend in distress? And in this case the friend in distress is represented by our own country.—I am, Sir, etc., H.

The outlook for the country will become very serious if reckless "combining" is persisted in. Take the Civil Service, again, which at the moment is the most favored position of the State of all. Anybody who knows Whitehall knows that the administrative working of the departments has been strained almost to breaking-point by the amount of dilution that has already taken place; and of the weakening of the nation, which all inefficiency there must entail, is not a whit less real because it cannot be expressed in pounds sterling or tons of navadrops. Or take munitions; it is not amazing how short the very author of the phrase, "The war of munitions," seems to have forgotten his words after changing his office? Or take agriculture, which is, perhaps, in the worst case of all, because since Lord Crawford replaced Lord Selborne it has no whole-hearted official champion. In 1915 we grew 258,000 fewer acres of wheat than in 1915; in 1917, as things are, we shall grow much fewer still. Everybody in the country at this moment there are stubbles which ought by now to have been ploughed and sown. The futility of the land with weeds in county after county is simply stupefying to anyone familiar with farming. Potatoes lie rotting in the ground, and not even prices beyond the dreams of avarice can enable farmers to lift them without labour. The cause of these things is a patent dispute; it is shortage of farm labour through over-recruiting. And now the War Office have announced a further heavy raid on farm labour at the New Year! If this be allowed to be continued the army will not only be left short of all the labour it needs, but it will not have sufficiency recruited because of the disaffection to the State of the labour it has already been afforded of the present Government's disastrous inability to grasp any problem as a whole, instead of leaving it to be solved by a tug of war between strong and weak Departments.—"The New Statesman."

But vindictiveness and small-mindedness are not the only passions of war from which we may guess to be delivered. A more concrete evil is that of naked profliteering. It is inevitable that a certain number of people in every belligerent nation should contrive to make war pay. From the declaration of any war, armament firms and armament shareholders, and the great and always extending army of State contractors, stand in this favoured position towards their countrymen who suffer and die in it. So far as they extend this privilege to their workpeople there is added a further though a partial and rapidly disappearing area of profit from war. We see no remedy for it save in a swift and thorough reform of these practices, enough to shear off practically the entire accretion of war-gain. But we are faced with a sinister evil than this. It is clear that much of the meat left over from the feeding of the troops is being disposed of under a convenient mask of anti-Germanism. We have already dealt with the case of the duty of £2 a ton on palm-kernels exported from our West African Colonies, not only to Germany, but to all countries but their own. This tends to leave the trade in the hands into which it was designed that it should fall. A British ring has lowered the price of the palm-kernels to the native producer, and raised it to the British consumer. The difference has largely gone into the pockets of the ring of shippers and dealers who organised this reversion to the old Colonial Protectionism.—"The Nation."

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

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rate</th>
<th>United Kingdom</th>
<th>Abroad</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>One Year</td>
<td>28s. 0d.</td>
<td>30s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Six Months</td>
<td>14s. 0d.</td>
<td>15s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Three Months</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
<td>7s. 0d.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE should be addressed to THE NEW AGE, 36, Curzon Street, E.C.