NOTES OF THE WEEK.

There were good reasons for holding an Inquiry into the circumstance of the Dardanelles Expedition. Memory fades and men are not immortal. Moreover, it was desirable without as yet distributing blame and praise—which is the work of history—to arrive at the facts for the purpose of considering promotions and retirements. But there were no good reasons that we can discover for publishing the Inquiry during the progress of the war; and least of all for publishing the findings of the Committee without the evidence on which they were based. Something surely is wrong in a judgment that can decree the publication of a verdict and proceed, as it were, to execute sentence before acquainting the world with the nature of the evidence. And that something in the present instance ought itself to be the subject of an Inquiry. Who was it, we ask that pressed for the publication of the Report with the knowledge before him that the evidence could not in any case be given to the world simultaneously with it? And what motive could he (or they) have had in throwing into useless controversy a partial statement of facts, or, rather, of opinions? We do not need to go far, we think, for an answer since the "Times," on the very morning of the publication of the Report, blabbed out the secret, like the childish conspirator it is. "The Report will serve," said the "Times," as a wholesome warning against any attempt to restore the old conditions and the men who made them." This, then, was the object to be served by the promulgation of the findings of the Committee without the evidence: the discrediting of the men under examination in order to ensure the "Times" against their return to power.

We shall not be accused, if we attempt to show the injustice of the proceedings, of any partiality for Mr. Asquith, who, it is clear, is particularly aimed at in the publication of the Report. Mr. Asquith, in our opinion, has not been the success as a War Minister that he might have been hoped to be. Defects of energy, the defect, above all, of a too easy-going attitude towards his inferior colleagues, made him for a period when energetic decisions needed to be made a singularly dangerous Minister to be in supreme command of the fate of the world. At the same time there is such a thing as justice; and, what is more, there have been, and will be again, occasions when these very defects of Mr. Asquith are rather virtues than vices. England is not always, as President Wilson once said, in a state of running to a fire. The world will not always be at war. And it may therefore happen that when the war is coming to an end, and desperate men with desperate principles are no longer needed for desperate circumstances, more easy-going statesmen than the present set may be called for by the common sense of the country; and to whom shall we then turn if all the men of that type have been permanently ostracised by Lord Northcliffe and his associates? However that may be, the fact nevertheless remains that there is no good to be done by injustice; and hence that it should be with the utmost caution that the findings of the Committee are allowed to become crystallised in the form of a final condemnation of any of the chief parties. To begin with, it is by no means certain that the findings themselves are securely founded upon the evidence before the Committee. A suspicious circumstance—and one that should give pause to every judicial mind before accepting the Committee's judgment—is the fact that in a very striking fashion the conclusions of the Committee are confirmations rather than demonstrations of the judgment already formed by the popular Northcliffe Press. It is, indeed, as if the Committee...
had arrived at foregone conclusions, conclusions, that is to say, which had previously been formed and to which they were expected by the Northcliffe Press to come. To what other conclusions, for instance, would the man-in-the-Mail expect an Inquiry to come on the characters of Lord Kitchener, Mr. Asquith, Lord Fisher, Mr. Churchill, than the conclusions to which, in fact, the Committee has come? Long before the Inquiry was held, the Northcliffe judgment on Lord Kitchener was that he was a jealous autocrat, on Lord Fisher that he was a sulker among his colleagues, on Mr. Churchill that he was rash, and on Mr. Asquith that he was a sulker without the qualities of leadership. And every one of these judgments, it will be seen, has been confirmed, if not demonstrated, in the findings of the Committee. But does that coincidence not cast a doubt upon the objectivity of the Committee’s Inquiry and judgment? Is it not the very fact that its conclusions had already been popularly arrived at a warning against accepting them without further question? And when, in addition, we find the Committee itself frankly and clearly acknowledging the existence of the personal equation in its judgment, the reasons for continued suspense become overwhelming. Listen to what the Committee says in preface to its findings, and compare its judicial fairnessness with the malignant paragraphs of the Times: — ‘There is wide room,” says the Committee, “for difference of opinion as to the relative degree of responsibility... of the principal authorities and Departments concerned.’ In other words, the findings of the Committee are, by its own admission, not the only findings possible or reasonable. Other findings are as open to be made upon the evidence as the present findings that confirm, in so suspicious a manner, the preconceptions of the Northcliffe Press! The Report, we conclude, is tentative, and nothing final can be based upon it. And a much more objective and impartial investigation must be made before blame or praise may be distributed with the maximum of fairness.

It would be easy on the facts before us to find the villain of the piece in any one of the four chief parties. The Northcliffe Press, we have seen, is predisposed to make of it the person of Mr. Asquith, on the not altogether unreasonable ground that Mr. Asquith was nominally, and therefore, the officially recognized, the actual head of the War Council. But neither Mr. Asquith nor anybody else who is not an absolute autocrat can work without colleagues who are prepared to subordinate their personality in the common function of the joint body. Much more of give than of take is imposed upon the nominal head of a loose association of such men as Lords Kitchener and Fisher and Mr. Churchill. To take the case of Lord Kitchener, for example, there is Mr. Churchill’s testimony to the awful confidence he inspired, and to the impenetrable silence in which he wrapped himself. Would the country that had called for him have supported Mr. Asquith if Mr. Asquith had dismissed him? Or, take the case of Mr. Churchill. Is it not evident that he “rushed” others than Mr. Asquith, including even the members of the Board of Admiralty? Nay, did he not “rush” Lord Kitchener himself, and, for a while, at any rate, Lord Fisher? And was Mr. Asquith, the civilian, to stand out when the military and naval experts had surrendered? Finally, there is the case of Lord Fisher who honestly confesses to have never applied his mind to the questions of the Expedition; who undertook, and yet did not undertake, the naval responsibility of it;—it would be as easy, we say, to throw the major blame upon him as upon any of the men with whom he was associated. And since it is the case that any one of the four may be counted as well as any other the prime author of the failure of the Expedition, the selection for condemnation of one rather than another is at this stage unwarranted and unfair. The fact is, as we maintain, that the fault was common; and common not only to the men directly involved, but to the English mind which is our common background. And it was revealed in a flash in the admission, of which, however, nobody has yet taken much notice, made by Mr. Asquith in the course of his evidence. We considered, said Mr. Asquith in effect, so strongly the advantages that would accrue from the success of the Expedition, that we did not sufficiently consider the disadvantages that would follow upon its failure. There you have, if we are not mistaken, the cause both of the personal equation that had existed without the consciousness of the so-called autocrat, on Lord Fisher that he was a sulker among his colleagues, on Mr. Churchill that he was rash, and on Mr. Asquith that he was a sulker without the qualities of leadership. And every one of these judgments, it will be seen, has been confirmed, if not demonstrated, in the findings of the Committee. But does that coincidence not cast a doubt upon the objectivity of the Committee’s Inquiry and judgment? Is it not the very fact that its conclusions had already been popularly arrived at a warning against accepting them without further question? And when, in addition, we find the Committee itself frankly and clearly acknowledging the existence of the personal equation in its judgment, the reasons for continued suspense become overwhelming. Listen to what the Committee says in preface to its findings, and compare its judicial fairnessness with the malignant paragraphs of the Times: — ‘There is wide room,” says the Committee, “for difference of opinion as to the relative degree of responsibility... of the principal authorities and Departments concerned.’ In other words, the findings of the Committee are, by its own admission, not the only findings possible or reasonable. Other findings are as open to be made upon the evidence as the present findings that confirm, in so suspicious a manner, the preconceptions of the Northcliffe Press! The Report, we conclude, is tentative, and nothing final can be based upon it. And a much more objective and impartial investigation must be made before blame or praise may be distributed with the maximum of fairness.

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As an avowed war-measure within the category of emergency legislation, Mr. Lloyd George’s plan for the suppression of Ireland is as much as a single failure. Mr. Redmond had no difficulty in proving subsequently that Mr. Lloyd George had changed his opinions. Upon what subject, indeed, has Mr. Lloyd George not changed his opinions; and how often may he not again? On the other hand, there is no doubt that from a superficial point of view Mr. Lloyd George’s case was plausible. A good deal of intellectual courage, in fact, would be necessary to come to any other conclusion than that to which he came. For what are the superficial facts? That Ireland has instituted a movement for Home Rule in which not only Ulster but Lord Kitchener himself, and, for a while, at any rate, Lord Fisher? And was Mr. Asquith, the civilian, to stand out when the military and naval experts had surrendered? Finally, there is the case of Lord Fisher who honestly confesses to have never applied his mind to the questions of the Expedition; who undertook, and yet did not undertake, the naval responsibility of it;—it would be as easy, we say, to throw the major blame upon him as upon any of the men with whom he was associated. And since it is the case that any one of the four may be counted as well as any other the prime author of the failure of the Expedition, the selection for condemnation of one rather than another
It is necessary to insist upon the relative degrees of right as a basis for immediate judgment; for otherwise it must follow that no fine ethical judgment is possible; but we should be, in all matters of morals, in a constant suspense. And the decision in the case we are discussing is the less difficult by reason of the clearness of the criterion to be applied to it. In the first place, by every constitutional consideration involved in the subject, Ulster, it can and must be maintained, is definitely wrong; in other words, her rights have been asserted in a wrong manner and out of place. By uncompromising opposition on the part of Ulster places' authority that decreed Home Rule. Under these circumstances the appeal of Ulster, as well as of Parliament, must be to a power higher than Parliament, to a power still constitutional, and yet not so closely constitutional as Parliament has become. And the nature of that authority, if not properly of or for it, was indicated, we think, in the suggestion made by Mr. Asquith for the relegation of the problem to an ad hoc Imperial Conference or Council. Very precise ideas, however, must here be formulated if any good is to come of them. In the meantime, a Conference in the mere hope that from its discussion an atmosphere of conciliation may ensue. The Conference must have legislative power to the extent of its reference; and be prepared to support an Executive in carrying out its decisions. For this purpose it is of the greatest importance that, in the first place, the Conference should be carefully and formally convened; in the second place, be representative and impressively selected; and, in the third place, be openly and publicly commissioned to arrive at a practical decision. And all these conditions are, we think, within our choice. For the convening and the opening of the Conference we would ourselves select as the authority the King; and for the place, Belfast. For the constitution of the authority we would suggest the Dominion representatives, the Irish leaders on both sides, and the English parties both in the Lords and Commons. Finally, for the terms of reference we would suggest the means of instituting Home Rule at once, and of bringing in the Act already on the Statute-book. If, we say, Ulster should still continue in an emergency. Altogether, in short, coercion of the graver kind is not necessarily our first resort. Ulster lives largely on Government contracts; and an economic boycott is a powerful weapon against an industrial community. But we should hope that the threat of it would be enough.

We cannot refrain from referring to the extraordinary situation of Sir Edward Carson, who, more than any other man in the world, is responsible for the Prussian stubbornness of Ulster. His cost to us, we reckon, is about half a million men, every one of whom would be better engaged in France or elsewhere than where they are now placed. To begin with, there are two hundred thousand men of military age in Ireland whose services are highly desirable if we intend to win the war within the present decade. Next, it is necessary to maintain in Ireland a considerable body of trained as well as untrained British troops for the purpose of ensuring that the two hundred thousand civilians are kept in hand. And lastly it is necessary to have in England within easy reach of Ireland another considerable force of trained British troops to act in an emergency. Altogether, we estimate that half a million troops of one kind or another are immobilised by the condition of Ireland, for which Sir Edward Carson is mainly responsible, cannot be far wrong. But the question must be asked at the risk of ridicule, whether Sir Edward Carson's personal services at the Admiralty are worth half a million men to us? He tells us himself that his sole work as First Lord of the Admiralty is to let the sailors alone. Are there not many people besides Sir Edward Carson who could do that? But, on the other hand, there is but one man who can procure for the use of this country the services of the half-million men now immobilised in Ireland or because of Ireland; and that man is Sir Edward Carson. It is therefore against all sense, not to say patriotism, that he should be employed where he is least needed and exempted from the service where he is most needed. And as a beginning of the Irish settlement we would put Sir Edward Carson where he may be of the utmost use.

The raising by the Indian Government of the import duties on cotton goods from 25 to 75 per cent. without a countervailing excise on native manufactures has aroused Lancashire to the dangers of flirting with Tariff Reform. On the face of it, India is clearly within her rights as a quasi-sovereign dependency in cutting her fiscal policy by her cloth; and in the face of the recent resolutions of the Lancashire Chambers of Commerce in favour of a tariff for everybody, Lancashire cannot complain if India has become her first practical pupil. The economic no less than the political wisdom of India itself in raising revenue by the taxation of cotton imports is, however, another matter. It is true that India has
pledged herself to make the Empire a free present of a hundred million pounds towards the cost of the war (which is more than England has done); and it is true that now the promise has been made it must be fulfilled. But what are we to say of the fiscal policy of the Indian Government? It is a policy that deliberately chooses to thrust the burden of the tax upon the poorest classes of India by means of a tax upon their least common necessity in clothing; namely, cotton goods? The incidence of the duty as plain to be seen as anything in the whole field of economic science, that it is, will be raised in their selling-price to the consumer by at least the amount of the increased tax. And over and above this, in the absence of a corresponding excise, the native manufacturers will be able to raise the selling-price of their goods and to pocket the difference as profit. The whole transaction will therefore work out as follows: The Indian Government will obtain the revenue resulting from the addition of three and a half per cent. on the value of cotton imports. The native manufacturers will obtain an additional half per cent. on their own wares; and the Indian consumer, that is to say, the poorest class of the population, will pay the whole. This, however, is what comes of Tariff Reform where it is adopted. Its design, indeed, is to broaden the basis while reducing the peaks of taxation. And in having the fact brought home to them by a lesson affecting themselves, Lancashire men may be expected to profit by it.

The "Times" recently commended Sir Edward Carson for being willing to "face facts." It is a familiar phrase; but we are afraid its meaning has been staled by repetition. For in the selfsame issue in which the "Times" commended the facing of facts as a virtue, its leader-writer was deliberately hiding his eyes from a fact that cannot by normal sight be any longer overlooked: the fact that national and private service are not one thing, but two. Writing on the objection that we and others have raised to the employment of industrial compulsion as a form of slavery, the "Times" dismisses it as a "dishonest pretence." The right of the State to transfer labour from one place to another was conceded, it says, in the National Service Act, by which military service, together with the duty of obedience, was secured. And we are therefore, says the "Times," chopping a lesson affecting ourselves, Lancashire men may be expected to profit by it.

Our suggestion of farming England as a single farm, then endorsed, as we saw last week, by a "Practical Farmer" of considerable experience, has made no progress; nor will it, we fear, until the threat of another war compels the country to look to its agriculture nationally. But it appears from the report of a correspondent in the German "Lokal Anzeiger" that the suggestion had already occurred to the German authorities, and, like most of the suggestions that come into the German mind, had at once been carried out. We quote from the translation published by the "Daily News" last week. "The whole area of 1,000,000 acres of occupied French territory is managed practically as one farm, and is divided into a number of commandos, with experts and inspectors attached to each of them. No field may remain uncultivated, and every care is taken that nothing is wasted or concealed by the farmers. As the latter are not anxious to exert themselves too much, and as this French agricultural machinery is not, efficient, the farmers are looked after by the inspectors, who also supply them with machinery and horses. In every village there is a compulsory review of the machinery and implements, which is conducted every week, and the entire organisation is working without a hitch, and the productivity, in spite of the clayish nature of the soil, has been great, thereby affording considerable relief to those at home." We must take, of course, a grain of salt with this somewhat enthusiastic account, but the practical suggestion contained in it remains. If in occupied territory in an enemy country with an enemy population German organisation can farm a couple of million acres productively, what could not British organisation do with our own country and people by similar means? We undertake to say that the present labour applied to agricultural production we could by a national organisation treble our output. There is not a practical farmer of any experience and imagination who would deny it. But the measure of our sloth in this: that not even war has made organisation practicable.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdard.

One circumstance being granted, it will be useless for our enemies to pretend that the fall of Bagdad is a matter of indifference to the Turks, but I speak, naturally, of the Germans. The city of Bagdad represents one terminus of the great German Empire which was planned years ago in theory for the twentieth century to develop in practice. It is true that the new Empire was to include Holland and Belgium and, consequently, to begin at the Channel; it is true that it was to extend to the Persian Gulf, and thus threaten our Indian Empire. But the fact remains that the Pan-German catchword all through the war—and long before it—has been “Berlin to Bagdad!”, and one of these towns is now in the possession of the Kaiser’s enemies. As this journal, so far back as 1910, was the first to bring the Berlin-Bagdad project to the notice of the British public, it is not unreasonable to say that I have followed the performance of General Sir Stanley Maude’s troops with more than ordinary interest. The accession of prestige to the Entente Powers (particularly England) should secure from this conflict a result of at least—almost immeasurable—for the ambitions of the Emperor William and his advisers were as well known throughout Egypt, the Ottoman Empire, and the Near and Far East generally, as they were in Potsdam.

The one circumstance I have in mind is the possibility of our remaining possession of Bagdad now that we have once secured it. Although it is admittedly a very difficult town to hold, there seems, fortunately, to be little doubt that our forces are firmly established; and the Turkish organisation to-day is clearly not what it was nearly a year ago, when Kut had to be given up. General Maude’s communiqués indicate that the Turks had prepared positions at Ctesiphon (about twenty miles from the city) and at Diala, where the Diala joins the Tigris, only some twelve or fourteen miles away. Yet in each case the carefully prepared position had to be abandoned—at Ctesiphon after a skirmish or two; at Diala after a fairly stubborn struggle. Apart from this British success, the Russians, operating at the same time, were able to drive the Turks from Hamadan—the unfortunate Persian town which has changed hands so often during the war—as far as Bisutun after a few days’ fighting. This means a distance of at least eighty miles, bringing General Baratoff’s troops within 170 miles of Bagdad. The main column is now approaching Kermanshah. For some seventy miles north of Kermanshah a second Russian force has marched from Bijdar and occupied Senné. Still farther north a detachment of Russians has advanced from Sabzik to a point near Beroze (Banu), only about ninety miles from the Mosul-Bagdad highway. In other words, the Turks in Asia Minor are now being harassed from four different directions simultaneously—by General Maude from Bagdad, by the Grand Duke’s armies from the Erzjphan district, by General Baratoff from Persia, and by General Murray from Egypt. Indeed, General Murray’s armies have now crossed the Syrian frontier, and the Turks admit already the loss of one or two important prepared positions.

Judged from a military point of view, then, the position of the Turkish forces throughout Asia Minor may be said to have never been worse. The Bagdad Railway, in so far as it has been completed, can hardly yet serve for the rapid transport of troops. The only good line of retreat open to the fleeing enemy is by the road through Aleppo, but it has its disadvantages. There are few fertile areas or populated districts; and the valley of the river is little better for miles than a barren course through a desert. The river water is foul, and there is no other; and the local Arab tribes are hostile to the Turks. A retreat from Bagdad towards Mosul—the northern line—is no doubt a possibility; but any army taking this route would be in a position to be ambushed by the different detachments of advancing Russians.

Last year the Turks were still masters in their own domain. Egypt was not regarded as safe; Kut fell; incursions into Persia were frequent; and the Russians in the Caucasus were held at one or two places. Victories in fact, were the order of the day. Since the lapse of a few months has greatly altered the position in Asia Minor, and during last autumn and the early winter the Turks have suffered to a greater extent than any belligerent—more, even, than Roumania; for at least the Roumanian reserves are intact.

Taking certain things for granted, we are justified in drawing one or two conclusions from the present plight of the Turks. If our supplies and reinforcements for General Maude’s army can be kept up from India, if the Russians are not held back by intrigues at home, and if Germany is unable to relieve Turkey by sending large reserves of men and material at once, then the entire Ottoman Empire, as a factor in the war, ought not to count after June or July; and with Turkey goes Bulgaria, inevitably. In other words, from an opponent at the last moment, perhaps against Italy, perhaps against Russia, perhaps even against Salonika. To relieve Turkey in the present circumstances—to reorganise the scattered regiments into four distinct armies, and to provide them with German officers and supplies—could undoubtedly be done; but it is difficult to see how even German organisation could accomplish the task without seriously interrupting the plans of the General Staff. Certainly, the newspaper comments in the best-informed German newspapers until the very end of last week were not of a nature to prepare the public for the shock of Bagdad; and renewed offensives, not merely against Turkey, but actually within Turkish territories, do not appear to have been contemplated.

I do not wish to underrate the ability of the German General Staff—which means Falkenhayn and Ludendorff—for it has shown marvellous foresight at every stage of the campaign. No similar committee of military men is more adaptable, more quick to seize the initiative, more ready to snatch almost certain victory from an opponent at the last moment. This decided success should, therefore, be followed up immediately with the full object of getting Bulgaria and the Austro-German troops out of the war before the summer. Bulgaria is notoriously desirous of peace; on that point the recent speeches in the Sobranje, as reported in the censored newspapers, are decisive. The fall of Bagdad is likely to intensify the feeling of insecurity which consequence of this victory can be made more effective from Petrograd than from London. In other words, we ought at once to see a much stronger offensive from Erzjphan against the demoralised Turks, and a steady renewal of pressure against the Austro-German forces in Roumania. It is a fact that most allied politicians and military men have been accumulated during the recent inactivity; but, if these movements are not possible, let us, at any rate, be assured that their impracticability is due to genuine military reasons.
Reflections on the Wage System.


I. PAY AND WAGES.

We are all familiar with those critics of the economics of National Guilds who protest that the difference between "pay" and "wages" is purely nominal, and refuse to recognise "the abolition of the wage-system" as a reasonable or practicable aim. Always, they tell us, there will have to be some form of payment for service rendered, or for citizenship, and to them it makes no difference whether this is called "wages" or something else. National Guildsmen are inevitably impatient of such critics; because, in their minds, the abolition of the wage-system is present as the economic postulate of National Guilds. They do not mean by "wages" merely "some form of payment"; they mean a quite definite form of payment which is an economic postulate of capitalism. In speaking of the wage-system, they are speaking of the system under which labour is bought and sold in the labour market as an article of commerce. In demanding the abolition of wagery, they are repudiating utterly the idea that labour is a commodity, or that it ought to be bought and sold for what it will fetch in a "labour market." By "wage," they mean the price paid for labour as a commodity, and for this method of payment they wish to substitute another and a better method.

National Guildsmen have always recognised that there is more than one alternative to the wage-system. In general, they have contrasted chattel-slavery, wage-slavery, and National Guilds, and, with special reference to the propaganda of nationalisation, they have pointed to the danger that the wage-system might continue under State Socialism, and the State continue to buy its labour as a commodity. Just as the labour of postal or tramway workers is treated as a commodity, so, in fact, the conditions of service in the Army, and the State, continue to buy its labour as a commodity. Just as the labour of postal or tramway workers is treated as a commodity, so, in fact, the conditions of service in the Army, and the State, continue to buy its labour as a commodity. Just as the labour of postal or tramway workers is treated as a commodity, so, in fact, the conditions of service in the Army, and the State, continue to buy its labour as a commodity.

There are four distinguishing marks of the wage-system upon which National Guildsmen are accustomed to fix their attention. Let me set them out clearly in the simplest terms.

1. The wage-system abstracts "labour" from the labourer, so that the one can be bought and sold without the other.

2. Consequently, wages are paid to the wage-worker only when it is profitable to the capitalist to employ his labour.

3. The wage-worker, in return for his wage, surrenders all control over the organisation of production.

4. The wage-worker, in return for his wage, surrenders all claim upon the product of his labour.

If the wage-system is to be abolished, all these four marks of degraded status must be removed. National Guilds, then, must assure to the worker, at least, the following things:—

1. Recognition and payment as a human being, and not merely as the mortal tenement of so much labour power for which an efficient demand exists.

2. Consequently, payment in employment and in unemployment, in sickness and in health alike.

3. Control of the organisation of production in co-operation with his fellows.

4. A claim upon the product of his work, also exercised in co-operation with his fellows.

These four claims I propose to analyse in what follows; but, first, let me try to clear away what seems to be real misunderstandings in the way of the acceptance of our economics—misunderstandings which come partly of terminology, and partly of the illustrations which we employ.

We are fond of saying that in the Army men's sense of service is heightened because they receive not wages, but pay. But, in fact, the conditions of service in the Army are, as we all know, very far from removing the disabilities of labour. Our Army is a class Army, in which the private has no effective share in the organisation of the Service. Nor has he any share in the disposition of the spoils of victory; for these are apportioned by a secret class diplomacy. His "pay" may not be determined accurately by the state of the labour market; but there is no doubt that the prevailing standards of wage payment have a very great influence in determining its amount, especially with regard to separation allowances and the varieties of pay and allowances between grades and ranks of the Service. Only in one of the four respects we have mentioned does he differ toto coelo from the wage-earner, and that is in that he is paid alike in employment and temporary unemployment, in sickness, short of discharge, and in health. National Guildsmen, therefore, use the example of the soldier in order to emphasise one of the four great iniquities of the wage-system; but they do not, therefore, imply that the soldier's condition is that of an economic or social paradise. Indeed, they explicitly affirm that this feature of the soldier's service, wherein it differs from the wage-system, is found also in chattel-slavery.

This point is emphasised here, because it is one in respect of which National Guildsmen are often misunderstood. Both in the case of the Army, and in the parallel case of the Panama Canal, our arguments have often been assailed on the ground that the discipline in these cases is mere autocratic and the subordination of the worker proportionately more complete than under the complete wage-system. This is perfectly true; but it does not alter the fact that in these cases one of the four great disabilities of the worker has been removed without a return to chattel-slavery. At the same time, it serves to emphasise the danger of mistaking the abolition of one factor in the wage-system for the abolition of the system itself. There is, as we shall see, a real peril that the abolition of one factor apart from the others may in effect bring with it a virtual return of chattel-slavery.

Under chattel-slavery, two of the four iniquities of the wage-system did not exist. Labour was not abstracted from the labourer, and consequently, employment was not abstracted from unemployment. Let us profit by reflection upon this fact. We must demand, and that firmly, the removal, not of one or an other or three of the four disabilities, but of them all. And, if we are to make our demand effective, we must have to our hands the means. To this question we must now turn.
International Finance and the Guilds.

By J. A. Frome Wilkinson and Laurence Welsh.

QUESTIONS of international economics may be grouped under two main headings: (1) International Trade, dealing with the direct exchange of commodities between nations (barring); (2) International Finance, dealing with those questions of exchange which are concerned with the exportation or capital in the hope of a return at some future date. We propose to deal with the second of these, touching on the first only in so far as its treatment is subsidiary to the main subject.

Defenders of the existing economic organisation, confounding capital with Capitalists, attribute to the latter useful functions which are actually carried on by the former. Socialists are sometimes guilty of a similar confusion of thought. In their indiscriminate hatred of the present social system they can conceive of no omenent uncontaminated by a dye.

Of the vast importance of an adequate supply of capital in industry it is unnecessary to speak at length. Without such a supply, not only could no new enterprises be taken up, with the result that economic stagnation would set in, but existing plants, premises and implements of all kinds could not be repaired or replaced. Of a nation's annual product, a considerable proportion (probably some 15 or 20 per cent.) should be set aside from present consumption, in order to replenish and increase the stock of implements, etc.

It is sometimes thought that under a Guild system all questions of the distribution of capital are finally settled, and, further, that if a country has so far developed its social intelligence as to substitute a guild for a capitalist organisation of industry, it can then with advantage "live only to itself" in economic isolation. Such problems as those of overseas investments, international trade and monetary exchanges, are held to be mere appendages of the capitalist system, which will disappear in the better days of Guilds. We contend, on the contrary, that it is desirable that commodities should, as far as possible, be produced in those countries best suited to them by reason of natural resources, climate, and the national or local temperament of the inhabitants. It is further undoubtedly to the advantage of mankind that the stored-up wealth of economies thus be devoted to the needs of those less mature, in order that the world's stock of goods may be increased. Accordingly, no objection, in the abstract, can be taken to the general theory of international finance, which is merely part of the machinery necessary to the foregoing ends. Although the particular form which it has assumed under capitalism has produced many and well-known evils, these will pass away with the capitalist era.

If, however, international finance is to continue, we have to find a method of carrying on it which will secure true economic benefit to all concerned. More profits must no longer be our criterion; we must look to larger social ends for our guide. In fact, similar considerations must be applied to the whole of international as in the case of national finance.

The illusions previously discussed (in the second and fourth paragraphs of this essay) are often accompanied by a complete disregard of the fundamental change, from a purely economic point of view, which the establishment of National Guilds would introduce. Instead of capital "flowing automatically" into those industries, the problem, then, is to decide first, whether capital shall be invested by a country of class A. i. in industrial enterprises in other lands and, secondly, if so, by what body or individual the capital should be administered. The first part of this problem has already been dealt with to some extent, and it will receive further consideration in the course of our discussion of the second, to which we will now proceed.

We have already suggested the establishment of a "Capital Distribution Board" to operate internal finance. The same body (acting with the advice of the Consular Service) might well be entrusted with the task of deciding what capital should be invested overseas, and the particular enterprises that should be encouraged in this way.

Although we shall have abolished rent, interest and profits so far as the natural economy is concerned, it appears to be little hope of carrying on foreign trade with countries of class A. ii. without profit on goods bought and sold, and interest on capital lent.

In the case of trade between one country and another an elaborate centralised system of bookkeeping could, no doubt, be established to do away with this necessity; but economic relations between Guild and non-Guild countries would not admit of any such bureaucratic schemes. Individual dealers in the non-Guild country would demand their shares of profit on transactions with English Guilds, and this would need to be set off by profit on dealings or interest on loans, in other quarters. When international economic relations are rationalised (by the establishment of Super-Guilds, for instance), profit seeking between people of different races will become extinct, as among the Guilds at home. Meanwhile, it seems to be a necessary expedient.

Let us now pass to the question of the actual administration of capital advanced by the Guilds under the direction of the "Capital Distribution Board." Reverting to the classification of countries according to degree of industrial development, we suggest that very little finance of this sort would be necessary in the case of countries of class A. i. (other Guild coun-
such as the prohibition of indentured labour. Either the capital advanced would be used by the "Capital Distribution Board" to see that operation otherwise unobtainable. This policy would probably have been adopted by capitalists abroad, or the English Guild would carry the Putumayo or Congo abominations, and stringent conditions put in possession of the real truth. The Controller of Commercial and Consular Affairs, when repeatedly questioned, could only depreciate the facts, but confessed himself ignorant of all the circumstances. Asked if these payments for extra work were a source of profit to the Consul, he replied: "I do not know whether they go actually into his pocket, he may pay some man who does the work." And further on he admitted that he had no idea how this money was earned or disposed of, adding, "in Paris it may be translated to paper." And the head of the Consular Service professes to have no knowledge of the most scandalous sweating he has ever heard of. The witnesses drawn from the Consulates proved unmistakably that very considerable numbers of Consular Services came too late. In spite of the increasing importance and intricacy of the subject has been achieved. The present writers do not desire to suggest more detailed solutions of the problems that have been raised. There is little mention that any such schemes will be transitional only, the probable trend of affairs being towards the establishment of an international authority competent to deal with all questions of international economics. Such an arrangement would best remove many of the objections that the present system of retaining fees, for example, attracted considerable attention but not one was the Commissioners interested in the voluminous reports, except for the compilers of "New Statesman" supplements, have been emphasised and aggravated, in this particular instance, by the outbreak of the war. Whereas the Reports on the other branches of the Civil Service did receive some comment in the public Press, the Report on the Diplomatic and Consular Services came too late. In spite of the increasing importance and intricacy of the subject the war, Northcliffe-trained journalism could not be expected to substitute a Blue Book for the heroes of a Hamilton Fyfe. Reading through the evidence one is amazed at the timidity of witnesses who must have known more than is revealed in their answers and puerile comments upon the conditions outlined in these pages. Not so surprising, but equally damning, is the ignorance and indifference displayed by the responsible authorities in charge of Consular Affairs at the Foreign Office. Whenever the Commission stumbles upon some obviously dubious or undesirable fact, nobody seems to be in a position to throw light upon it. The abuse of the system of retaining fees, for example, attracted considerable attention, but not once were the Commissioners put in possession of the real truth. The Controller of Commercial and Consular Affairs, when repeatedly questioned, could only depreciate the facts, but confessed himself ignorant of all the circumstances. Asked if these payments for extra work were a source of profit to the Consul, he replied: "I do not know whether they go actually into his pocket, he may pay some man who does the work." And further on he admitted that he had no idea how this money was earned or disposed of, adding, "in Paris it may be translated to paper." And the head of the Consular Service professes to have no knowledge of the most scandalous sweating he has ever heard of. The witnesses drawn from the Consulates proved unmistakably that very considerable numbers of Consular Services came too late. In spite of the increasing importance and intricacy of the subject has been achieved. The present writers do not desire to suggest more detailed solutions of the problems that have been raised. There is little mention that any such schemes will be transitional only, the probable trend of affairs being towards the establishment of an international authority competent to deal with all questions of international.
inspection was the perversity for every evil in the Service. As a case in point, one after another, concerned only to protect their personal interests, and utterly unconscious of the needs of the Service as a whole. With the exception of Casement, not one Consular official reported truthfully the conditions which have been described in these articles.

To add to the absurdity of their evidence, they uttered the most conflicting opinions as to the existence of defects upon which even the Commissioners entertained no doubts, thanks, it must be confessed, to the evidence of the commercial representatives examined. The latter pointed out the manifest impossibility of attracting young men of business capacity into a Service whose interests lay elsewhere, and insisted upon the necessity for the special training of salaried Consular officials. The Commissioners, however, is the manner in which the evasions of official witnesses have been brushed aside, and fundamental proposals are made, without much assistance from those primarily concerned. It is true, had the exploited members of the Service been examined, more might have been said upon points which the Commission divined rather than learned from the evidence. The first and most vital change we may note is the proposal that "for the future all fees without exception should be appropriated in aid of the Vote for Diplomatic and Consular Services." The Commissioners complain that they have received "no satisfactory explanation of the principles upon which the charge of these fees is regulated, or of the discrepancies which result from the practice as between the various Consulates." From what has already been written on the subject of Parts III and IV of the Table of Consular Fees, the reader will understand the complaint, and also the unanimous demand of the Consuls to describe the system, helpful, of course, by the ignorance of the immediate superiors. This recommendation should go a long way towards removing a disgrace from the Civil Service.

Another satisfactory reform suggested is the proposal to take candidates at a much earlier age, "corresponding to a definite stage in the educational system," but the officers who will be benefited by them. The latter are not too well satisfied with their "graft" to raise questions, or, in the case of the junior men, they are "temporarily," so he must pay the expenses of moving and setting up house out of his own pocket. Evidently there is need for such "assimilation" as the Commission recommended.

The Commission further proposed certain improvements in the scale of pay, which are likely to relieve some of the burdens imposed by their position and the exigencies of the Service upon Consular officials. It was also recommended that "the treatment of officers recalled from their posts on the interruption of diplomatic relations should be assimilated to that of Diplomatic officers," who receive an allowance, based upon the rate of Service salaries for the relief of two overworked Vice-Consuls, for the Probationer exists. They are crowded into offices where they are not, for them, no specific work to keep them occupied, and where, in the Foreign Office, at least, they are regarded as vulgar intruders, to be avoided by their "better."
was shown to those who pressed for the amalgamation of the Diplomatic and Consular Services, citing the example of France. As a great concession, it was recommended that "the practice of employing at certain posts Consular Officers with local Diplomatic rank should be extended." In other words, more of the leavings should be granted, to the "crossing-sweeper" class of British representative, for the posts where this system is in vogue is always remote and unhealthy.

The only terms upon which England can secure an efficient Consular Service are the terms which are paid by all the great industrial Powers. The cast-iron system by which a series of Mercantile Marine offices are disguised as Consulates, to the detriment and disorganisation of important Consular work, must be abolished. With a properly organised and less numerous Consular Service, supplemented by a network of shipping offices, an efficient organisation for the promotion of British trade might be established.

GEORGE BERKLEY

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 two 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?

(3) MR. W. MILLOR.

(Secretary, National Guilds League.)

About the immediate future of industry I am a pessimist. Mr. Dudley Docker, that it is to the interest of all employers to make their workpeople happy. Their methods are obvious. They intend to buy off the leaders and through them the led by offers of a very junior partnership in industry. Through Industrial Parliaments, through Factory Judges, through the Trades Boards Act, through joint committees of every conceivable kind, and, above all, through fairly high wages and comparative security the employers are trying to keep down the hostility between Labour and Capital, to them so deplorable, to National Guildsmen so just. And everything points to their success. Within the Labour Movement itself there are forces at work, even more uninviting. If, at the time when partnership in industry was a direct result of the War. Now, every union plays for its own hand, and the devil is left to care for the interests of all. Watch the actions of Mr. John Hodge, with his love of Labour Exchanges, of Protection, and of a combine of Capital and Labour in the steel industry, and see if it is not true that his outburst is entirely parochial and narrow. Were John Hodge alone, perhaps the State need not worry overmuch; unfortunately, both for our peace of mind and for our optimism, there are John Hodges in every industry, and they will lobby as a class. As every reform which would tend to raise the status of the system by which a series of Mercantile Marine offices are disguised as Consulates, to the detriment and disorganisation of important Consular work, must be abolished. With a properly organised and less numerous Consular Service, supplemented by a network of shipping offices, an efficient organisation for the promotion of British trade might be established.

GEORGE BERKLEY.
to Labour which of the two "controls." Unless Labour
suddenly recovers its sanity—and of that I see little
hope—the State after the War will more than ever act
as Capital's watchdog, and the movement towards real
nationalisation will be stopped, because the capi-
talists prefer nominal national control. The majority
of the nation is in the hands of the owners of the nation
now more than ever, and they will not let it go. State
and Capital have combined their workpeople to be happy, and
servility is their method. No price is too high where
profits are at stake.

First let us discuss Capital. It is pursuing the best
policy for itself now, and presumably it is aware of the
fact. To be kind and to make your worker contented,
is Capital's proper course, and, were I a capitalist, I
would go to any lengths, short of surrendering my busi-
ness, to procure harmony in my works. And the speci-
cifics I would use would be High Wages, Short Hours,
Workshops' Committees, and Joint Control. As I am
not a capitalist, I hope my advice will not be taken.

To turn [a] (d) Labour and the State. The two are so
bound up together in my ideal of society that in attempt-
ing to answer the question addressed to me by The New
Age I can but deal with the two together. The best
policy for Labour is the policy of mind. It possesses neither
the organisation nor the
industrial machine, to avoid all entangling alliances, to
policy for Labour with regard to the State is to organise
its own business. A selfish policy, perhaps, but
Labour cannot afford to be unsatisfactory. And what is
Labour's own business? To organise the workes of this
and every other country that the voice of the black-
leg shall no more be heard in the land; so to enroch on
the management of industry that the capitalist will,
find his occupation gone, and the professional
will be forced over on to Labour's side; so to reorganise
the internal machinery that it shall have one and plan
an army. I admit that this sounds like the per-
oration of an orator's speech, but it is the peroration of
such speeches that are right. I admit that it
has all been said before, but, if a truism be true,
reiteration cannot make it false.

The time most definitely has not yet come for Labour
become a responsible partner in industry or in Govern-
ment. It possesses neither the organisation nor the
men, and, until it does, " responsibility " means disaster.
For Nationalisation when the ideal is clear, but they
should beware lest they try to force its growth. And
that is what is happening. We have reached the stage
when everybody is beginning to say, "We are all
National Guardsmen," but we have not reached the stage
when their deeds have ceased to betray them. To me
the danger lies in accepting partial measures in the hope
of " getting a move on." What is needed is a machine
and an army that will know what it wants; then the
move will come. The policy of reformism is damned;
National Guardsmen should see that it is also dead.
Unlike Mr. Dudley Docker, I believe that it is Labour's
right to make the capitalist unhappy. The more Labour
succeeds in this task, the more it shall be pleased. For
constant unhappiness kills, and I want Capitalism to die.
Labour should insist that the capitalist
ought to do, nor about what the State ought to
do; Labour should make up its mind what it wants to
and—then do it.

(52) MRS. E. TOWNSHEND.

I have no claim to give an opinion on these points, but,
since you ask me (i), (b), and (c), I think that the
street-rates are at fault. In the event of War Labour are looking for trouble in the wrong quarter. Lloyd
George is no fool, and it would be the height of folly

if a capitalist Government with unlimited funds to draw
on were to permit "our brave fellows," who will be, for
the moment, popular heroes, to languish for want of
employment. Such a course would spell revolution.
With a little caution and discretion in the discharge of the
soldiers (Government and the capitalists) the Workers' Unions and Mr. Hodge undertake this job for them, and
execute it so as to satisfy the employers), there need be no unem-
ployment. Mr. Hodge's policy is not likely to annihilate
at any great extent by the War, but Labour.

Death, disease, and maiming will have diminished man-
power, but there will be as much industrial plant and
raw material in the country as ever. The factories will have to be reconverted to the service of peace. England will still have plenty of credit for
getting raw material from abroad, and, although there
will be some shortage in shipping, trade will hum.

Of course, there will be some difficulty in absorbing
the new unskilled labour (women, Belgians, etc.), but
it will not prove insurmountable, for it will be to the
interest of a butchering class to make necessary adjustments and keep Labour in a good temper.

A considerable proportion of the women will not want to
stay in factories when their husbands return and are
earning good wages. Femininism has made but little
way among the proletariate, and in the lower middle
class, where it does exist, there will be an ever-widening
demand for women clerks and women teachers. Men.
will also be forced back, to some extent, into
their homes by the servant problem, for women servants
will never again be so cheap and so docile as they were
before the War.

Although the woman-peril is not entirely negligible,
however, it is not unemployment that Labour has to
fear after the War, or rather that we have to fear for
Labour, nor poverty; for, though, of course, real wages
will probably be low, yet Capital will be bound for its
own sake to offer a much greater variety of occupation
than it has been able to do before. The seduction of Messrs.
Henderson and Hodge will not prove insurmountable, for it will be to the
interest of a butchering class to make necessary adjustments and keep Labour in a good temper.

The danger lies in the opposite direction. The govern-
class will have learnt much during the War, and
Labour little. The contest will be more unequal than
ever. The seduction of Messrs. Henderson and Hodge
is symptomatic. It is enough to catch the bell-wethers;
the flock will follow peaceably to the shearing ground.

Labour will be by and by from the trenches will not take easily to the monotonous
sedentary work that women like. Middle-class
women will also be forced back, to some extent, into
their homes by the servant problem, for women servants
will never again be so cheap and so docile as they were
before the War.

Our chief hope lies in sporadic and more and more in-
articulate revolt like that of the Clyde Workers' Com-
mittee, a method of salvation which it will be very hard
for the Trade Unions to digest.

(a) I should like to see Labour stubbornly and

warily refuse to assist in its own enslavement. The
price of freedom is vigilance. The Trade Unions are
bound to take a share in the work of reorganisation,
but they must doggedly decline any sort of partnership
with Capitalism, and any kind of co-operation that
might lead to it.

Details and dangers of the inevitable process of settling
down have been already ably dealt with in this sym-
posium by Mr. Cole and others, but besides vigilance
there is an active policy which cannot be too of-
insisted on: Labour must enlarge its borders at both ends
of the scale. The Trade Unions must strain every nerve
to organise agriculture, women, and the small man, not
what is more important, they must, by hook or
crook, absorb the brains of industry. This cannot be
done suddenly, but it can be done gradually by in-
fuencing public opinion and by getting into touch
with the Universities, technical colleges, and profes-
sional associations. There is no reason why skill,
talent, and imagination should remain in the serv-
ces of Capitalism. They have far more real affinity
with Labour, and they must be led to recognise it.
Judgment and experience will be more difficult to
win over. They will probably need a heavy bribe.
Labour's job is to make friends with the expert and to
seduce the managing director.

(b) If you mean capitalists, I should recommend them to
retire from the interfering role. After the War Loan be allowed to lose the services of their experts and managers. If you
mean Capital to be taken literally, I should wish it
to employ itself in producing necessities and comforts instead of luxury or destruction.

(e) The best policy for the State would be to increase the tax on profits little by little, as the direction of industry passes more and more into the hands of labour, and as time to time the growth of legislation so that the extinction of the profit may coincide in point of time with the establishment of complete Trade Union control.

Drama,
By John Francis Hope.

The Stage Society continues to provide its members with an admirable variety of dramatic work. Its revival of interest in comedy has been a most welcome diversion; but its recent production of Mr. John Masefield's play in verse, "Good Friday," and a ballet of the Italian Renaissance, "La Pomm D'Or," shows that it is not neglecting the more serious drama. These experiments prove, at least, that the Society has taken a new lease of life, that it has discarded its demi-repertoire traditions, and is determined to prove new things, instead of all Russian things. The production of the ballet alone of the most quaintly pretty and clearly intelligible ballet that I have seen, would have satisfied. Country, a play which constrains even Pontius Pilate to attendant circumstance e Crucifixion, even brought repertory traditions, and is determined to prove all things, instead of all Russian things. The production of the ballet alone, the most quaintly pretty and clearly intelligible ballet that I have seen, would have satisfied.

Mr. Masefield laboured (it is the correct word) under the difficulty that the story of Good Friday has already been told in the Gospels. But the story in the Gospels does not suit at Good Friday, it goes on to Easter Sunday; and Christian theology has insisted so powerfully and for so long that the Crucifixion was only one of the necessary stages to redemption that a modern audience either believes it or disbelieves it. In either case, the incidents of Good Friday have no tragic possibilities; with the Gospels, the scheme of redemption is no longer a Divine Comedy, from the Crucifixion the mind reaches to the Resurrection and the Ascension. The story ranges from death unto life, insists upon death as a condition of a higher life; and as the effect of tragedy ranges from death unto life, insists upon death as a condition of a higher life; and as the effect of tragedy depends upon the belief that death is an inevitable disaster, the Christian story is not a suitable subject for tragedy.

Mr. Masefield does not try to make a tragedy of it; but I certainly pitied poor Pilate when he had to say: "Time and again Rome proves herself your friend; then some mad writing brings it to an end."

I wondered if he ever had to find a rhyme to Herod. But it is difficult to discover exactly what Mr. Masefield did try to make of the story. He gave us all the attendant circumstance of the Crucifixion, even brought Pilate's wife on the stage, but he gave us no word or sign of Christ. It is not a question of dramatic propriety; in the Gospels, Christ appeared in person at his trial; it is really a question of dramatic purpose.ought the dramatist to try to elucidate the mind of Christ, or the mind of his accusers and judge? He may do either, of course; but what a failure of daring to find words for those who were vocal in the original story, and to leave the silent without expression! Mr. Masefield chooses the easier task of paraphrase, and leaves interpretation to the inspired; but even so, he has to vary the narrative, to give point to his paraphrase of Pilate by attributing a motive for the condemnation that the Gospels do not support.

In the Gospels, Pilate plainly yields to clamour; Christ declares himself to be King of the Jews, and Pilate tells the Jews: "I find no fault in Him at all." But it is the persistence in this claim that, in Mr. Masefield's play, determines the condemnation; it is a treasonable claim, and Pilate's hands are tied by the law. He must condemn, and the penalty is death. According to this reading, Christ was a political criminal; the conflict staged by Mr. Masefield is not the conflict between inspired and established religion, but between sedition and government. Pilate ceases to be the unwitting and unwilling instrument of God, and the death of Christ has no more meaning than has the death of James Connolly. In short, by excluding Christ from his play, Mr. Masefield has also excluded Christianity.

Pilate's wife stab her arm? Because Mr. Masefield wanted to exhibit Pilate in the act of rendering first aid. But if we are to have all these modern touches, why dress the characters in Roman or Jewish costume, why set the scene in Galilee? Bring it up to date, stage it at the Old Bailey, and Mr. Masefield's "local colour" would be equally appropriate. Mr. Justice Pilate would still be able to say:

I grant he says wise things, Too wise by half.

and the comment, "Laughter in court, which was instantaneously suppressed," would enable Mr. Masefield to gain a reputation as a humorist. However, a good word must be said for some of the actors; Mr. Athol Forde, as Pilate, was "more an antique Roman" than his text rendered, and the Chief Jew was played by Mr. Charles Doran with fanatical intensity. Mr. Russell Thorn-dike's Herod was a masterly rendering of "that fox," and the singing sentry of Mr. Frank Cochrane beguiled the time pleasantly. But for sheer dramatic effect, the few Jewish citizens would be the centre of the controversy. Mr. Masefield's play, determines the condemnation; it is a treasonable claim, and Pilate's hands are tied by the law. He must condemn, and the penalty is death. According to this reading, Christ was a political criminal; the conflict staged by Mr. Masefield is not the conflict between inspired and established religion, but between sedition and government. Pilate ceases to be the unwitting and unwilling instrument of God, and the death of Christ has no more meaning than has the death of James Connolly. In short, by excluding Christ from his play, Mr. Masefield has also excluded Christianity.

The ballet, appropriately enough, told the story of the Fall of Man. The first scene showed us a passionate priest panting for some fin eate of the golden apple, which the children had carelessly left. She seized it, and passion overwhelmed her; she tempted him with it, he resisted, but yielded at last, and bit it. Then the curtain descended; but whether he returned to prayer, in his chapel or became famous as a Renaissance Pope, we were not told. But the whole plan and production of the ballet was so delightfully rendered, the music and the dancing alike were so pleasant and intelligible, that it is to be hoped that the ballet will be seen again. Fallen man really did fall eurhythmically, to the accompaniment of really good music, by Corelli and W. Yelin, he ought to do it regularly for his own benefit. Fallen man has to be content with revue and rag-time, and dancing that has no meaning. Back to Paradise, and fall again!
Readers and Writers.

It was Butler who remarked on several occasions (as if it were an ever-present reflection with him) that a born literary man is to be known by his carrying of a small note-book in his upper waistcoat-pocket. I have never done such a thing in my life, though I read of it in Butler enough years ago to adopt the sign of the profession before my friends could suspect me of fraud. But, on the other hand, I have always carried a substantial note-book in my side pocket for extracts and reflections picked up in divers places and in various fashions. Of the column occasionally: “working under forced smooth. Try it. I must have read or heard some saying is) by attributing to a third person little jewels uses. Here is a proverb fairly happily mixed, I think, of my own. How discerning, on the contrary, I appear to have have winnowed its contents, I think its year must have long ‘extracts; and the very longest in my museum is this column occasionally) : “working under forced smooth. Try it. 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CREATIVE LOVE. To us who nourish hopes for the thoughts It was itself a happy thought But reflections be arranged? But if it could be arranged, we should not be at war. The comprehension of the nature of a Puritan in the ordinary sense of the word. The create something, out of oneself, not oneself, whether of this journal which more than most, to my thinking, was full of meat. The concluding section of Mr. Anderson's "Considerations on Class Ideologies" is a suppressed triumph of destructive criticism of the title of Capitalism to Productivity. No paean was raised, there were no dithyrambs. Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note. But Capitalism was intellectually killed and buried. Mr. B. van Dieren on "Epstein" had, again, some notable ideas, which rank him for me with the great critics. His interpretation of the "Venus" idea and of Mr. Epstein's conception of it is a new light upon both. I bow again. Finally, I have made a note of A. E. R.'s 'deadly criticism of the neutral's attitude towards the war. "Can't the thing be arranged? But the duller and narrower one is, the more he has to be at war." The comprehension of the nature of war revealed in such a sentence is dazzling in its simplicity. Mere thought cannot make it dearer. Mere thought cannot make it dearer.

We Moderns.

By Edward Moore.

CREATIVE LOVE. To us who nourish hopes for the future of Man, the important distinction to be drawn in Love is not that between the sacred and the profane. We ask, rather, Is our Love creative or barren? That Love should bring happiness, or union, or fulfilment, seems to us not such a very great matter! The will to create something, out of oneself, not oneself, whether the pleasure of noting their source. The last entries in my pocket-book were, I find, from last week's issue of this journal, which more than most, to my thinking, was full of meat. The concluding section of Mr. Anderson's "Considerations on Class Ideologies" is a suppressed triumph of destructive criticism of the title of Capitalism to Productivity. No paean was raised, there were no dithyrambs. Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note. But Capitalism was intellectually killed and buried. Mr. B. van Dieren on "Epstein" had, again, some notable ideas, which rank him for me with the great critics. His interpretation of the "Venus" idea and of Mr. Epstein's conception of it is a new light upon both. And I bow again. Finally, I have made a note of A. E. R.'s 'deadly criticism of the neutral's attitude towards the war. "Can't the thing be arranged? But the duller and narrower one is, the more he has to be at war." The comprehension of the nature of war revealed in such a sentence is dazzling in its simplicity. Mere thought cannot make it dearer. Mere thought cannot make it dearer.

For the whole of the current volume of The New Age, the compiler of "Memoranda" has saved me the trouble of keeping a note-book of my colleagues' happy thoughts. It was itself a happy thought. But reflections be arranged? But if it could be arranged, we should not be at war. The comprehension of the nature of a Puritan in the ordinary sense of the word. The create something, out of oneself, not oneself, whether of this journal which more than most, to my thinking, was full of meat. The concluding section of Mr. Anderson's "Considerations on Class Ideologies" is a suppressed triumph of destructive criticism of the title of Capitalism to Productivity. No paean was raised, there were no dithyrambs. Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note. But Capitalism was intellectually killed and buried. Mr. B. van Dieren on "Epstein" had, again, some notable ideas, which rank him for me with the great critics. His interpretation of the "Venus" idea and of Mr. Epstein's conception of it is a new light upon both. And I bow again. Finally, I have made a note of A. E. R.'s 'deadly criticism of the neutral's attitude towards the war. "Can't the thing be arranged? But the duller and narrower one is, the more he has to be at war." The comprehension of the nature of war revealed in such a sentence is dazzling in its simplicity. Mere thought cannot make it dearer. Mere thought cannot make it dearer.

A CRITERION. To find out whether a thing is creative or non-creative, let us first examine the question: Does it spring from creative Love? Is the Will to suffering incarnate in it, or the will to alleviate suffering? How much must by this standard be condemned? Humanitarianism is its central dogma; and it is never

Where Man is Innocent. There is one region in Man where innocence and a good conscience still reign—Love. How may a great creative age be interpreted on the hypothesis of Love? Shall it yet be found that the
mainspring of the Renaissance was a newly discovered
love of Life and, therefore, of Man.

In the Middle Ages that part of Life, then called God,
had become isolated and abstract, and was worshipped
to the detriment of all other Life; while Man was
neglected where he was not belittled. Thus, a strong
current of Man's love was diverted away from Man
altogether, and the earth became dark and sterile. How
was the earth to recapture its love again, and drink
back into itself its rapture and creativeness? By a
marriage in which God and the Universe were made
one flesh; by the incorporation of God into Life, and,
therefore, into Man. Hence arose the Pantheism of
the Renaissance. To love Life with a good conscience,
to love Life unconditionally, it was necessary to
love Life God. Out of this Love sprang not only the art
but the science of the Renaissance. For Man once
more became interested in himself, and, from himself,
in Life; ultimately discoveries were made, and more
and more one New World was brought to light.

Perhaps it is the defect of all theistic, objective
theologies that they become, sooner or later, barren.
Only by being translated into the subjective do they
regain their creative power: Pantheism is the remedy for
Theism. Yet to Theism we owe this, that it lent
intensity and elevation to Love. The Love of the
Pantheists of the Renaissance was not ordinary human
Life; it united in a unique emotion the love that had
formerly been given to Man along with that which had
formerly belonged to God. It loved Man as God
should be loved—a dangerous thing. But out of this
Love of God in Man it created, nevertheless, something
great, somewhat less than the one, somewhat more
than the other—the demi-god. The Renaissance was
the age of the demi-gods.

Sympathy. Sympathy is Love benefic of his bow and
arrows—but still blind.

A Self-Evident Proposition. This is certain, that
God is Love. How else, could He have created the
Universe?

"God is Love." When Jesus said, "God is Love,"
He defined a religion of Becoming. Was it not neces-
sarily so? For Love is something which may
choose to create; it must create, it is fundamentally the
will and the power to create. And Eternal Love, or
God, is, therefore, eternal creation, eternal change,
Eternal Becoming. Consequently, there is no ultimate
goal, no Perfection, except that which is realised at
every moment in the self-expression of Love. A vision?
A nightmare? Well, it depends whether one is in
favour of Life, or of Death; whether one loves, or is
loved. And, therefore, whether religion is subjective or
objective. Whether God is within us, or outside us?
For so long as God is within us, we must create.
That should be our Becoming!

Myth. The worst evil of our time is this, that there
is nothing greater than the current, average existence
to which men can look; Religion has dried up; Art
has decayed from an idealisation of Life into a reflection of
it. In short, Art has become a passive thing, where
once it was the "great stimulus to Life." The idealisa-
tion and enchantment which the moderns have so
carefully eliminated from it was precisely its raison d'être.
And modern Art, which sets out to copy life, has for-
gotten Art altogether, its origin, its meaning, and its
end.

Against this aimless Realism, we must oppose ideal-
isation, and especially that which is its highest expres-
sion, Myth. And let no one say that it is impossible
at this stage in Man's history to resuscitate Myth. The
past has certainly lost its mystery for us, and it was in
the past, at the source of Humanity, that the old poets
set their sublime fictions. But the future is still ours,
and there, at Man's goal, our myths must be planted.

Peter Gynt, Zarathustra—there were no greater figures
in the literature of last century—were all myths, and all
forecasts of the future. The soil out of which litera-
ture grows, then, has not yet been exhausted! If we
but break away from Realism, if we make Art sym-

colic, if we bring about a marriage between Art and
Religion, Art will rise again. That this is possible, we
who have faith in the Future must believe.

Lisardo the Student.
By Triboulet.

(A lane near the Abbey ruins outside Cordova. Late
at night. Moonlight.)

(Enter a masked man followed by Lisardo; both carry
naked swords.)

The Mask: This is the place.

Lisardo: I am ready. If you will not name yourself, I
shall kill you with a better heart.

The Mask: You lie, Lisardo. I am ready. This is
the very place. Here you met Isabel. Here, one
of us must die.

Lisardo: Waste no words, then. Whoever you be,
what care I? Die unknown, and the devil take
you. Be you father, brother, cousin, you are not
her guardian: she has pledged all with me.

The Mask: God is her guardian.

Lisardo: The slave-owning Church guards its slave.
The Church stole her from me.

Lisardo: She took the veil voluntarily and sincerely.
She made a promise to God. Against herself you
made her desire to break holy obligations.

Lisardo: You lie! She was taken from me by pious
hypocrites and jealous relatives.

The Mask: She rightly belongs to God.

Lisardo: She is mine! She is mine! Cope, let words
finish. I would risk my soul for her, so it is easy
to risk my life. Come, hold out your weapon. I
am ready.

The Mask: Lisardo, you will die! You are dying.
There is no gulf between the two worlds: all is one.
You cannot rob God.

The Mask: Rob God: Pious blasphemy! Let your sword
speak for you; if it can speak no better sense, you
are the dead man. You have robbed me in God's
name. The haters of men built that hell of stone:
you locked her in. Then, you say that my passion
and my will are sin.

The Mask: Is this Lisardo the student? Your will is
vain: your passions die as fades the bloom of
Isabel's cheeks.

Lisardo: Talker, cease! Defend yourself!

The Mask: Lisardo! Defend yourself from these pas-
sions. swords.)

Lisardo (advancing): Are you afraid? I shall make
you fight. Stand now or die! (He plunges for-
ward, but his antagonist disappears, and Lisardo
almost strikes his servant Francisco, who comes
through the bushes).

Francisco: Mother of God, sir, what is this? I am
Francisco. You nearly spitted me.

Lisardo: Where is he, Francisco? Where has he gone?


Lisardo: Saw nobody! Am I mad? Did I not see
him run through the bushes? Did you not hear
him?

Francisco: I saw nobody: I heard nobody. Who was
with you?

Lisardo: Lisardo, I set out to meet Don Pedro and you
at this place. As I crossed an alley in the town, I
was conscious that I was being followed, and then
I heard voices cry, "If it be Lisardo, kill him!"
I fled, but while I ran a man ran by my side.
I stopped and drew my sword. He clutched my
arm, and whispered, "No, this is not the place to
fight. Come!’ Then, he led me to this spot, yet he would not fight. He ran away.

Francisco: I saw nobody.

Lisardo: It is strange. Don’t look like that, you fool! Francisco: The hand of God is in this.

Lisardo: Nonsense! God’s hand is far from us. I must have lost my nerve. The stress of this adventure has affected my imagination. Was I dreaming? Yet, it matters not whether it was a fact or a dream. Call it a dream, and I may forget it. Come along; don’t gape. Have you the ropes and the ladder?

Francisco: I have.

Lisardo: All is ready, and we must wait here for Don Pedro. He will come soon.

Francisco: Might not the man you saw be gone to find companions?

Lisardo: Do not think of what I said. I was lying. I was raving. Why should he bring me to this spot? The very spot where I am to meet Don Pedro. Could he know that? It was on this very spot where I first saw Isabel. Could he know that? I invented him. He urged me to abandon this enterprise. Why were his reasons exactly those which I have urged against myself in reflective moments? Why should he risk his life one minute, and run away the next? The creature is impossible. How superstitious clutches us. We are poisoned from the cradle, and we cannot breathe freely without tearing half our soul away. I’ll break the covenant. I have dared much; yet, as I approach the real crime, my imagination slips back and makes me afraid of what I know is a priest’s lie. I wish Don Pedro would come. If this is sin, I am eager for it. It is too exhilarating to be bad.

Francisco: For Mary’s sake, do not speak like this. I am afraid—ah, sir! I hear the sound of many feet!

Lisardo: So do I. Quick, stand in the shadow here. Put those ropes down and draw your sword. Have you any pistols?

Francisco: Yes; two.

Lisardo: Give me one. Stand firm, now. We cannot run; we might run into their arms. Perhaps they have met my friends.

Francisco: Lisardo! Listen! They are coming. (The shouting of several voices is heard. One voice cries above the rest: “If it be Lisardo, kill him!” and the others cry in chorus: “Kill him! Kill him!”)

Lisardo: Stand tight, Francisco! By God, I will not die easily.

Francisco: Listen. They do not come directly here. They are pursuing someone yonder. (Shouting increases; then a voice calls out, “Lo! here I stand. I am Lisardo! Here I stand!”)

Lisardo: What is that? Someone stands in my name. That voice!

Francisco: Mother of God, who spoke? Ah, they are fighting now. (A clash of swords. Some cry: “At him! Now! Now!” and then the victim cries out in despair: “Ah! you have killed me!” The sound of a falling body; then profound silence.)

Lisardo: I am going mad. Is this another dream?

Francisco: There is no dream. Lisardo: I understand. Alas! they have killed Don Pedro. He has been pursued, and to save me he has cried my name. Who else would do so but he? Oh, my friend, my friend! Let me see him.

(Lisardo prepares to go out.)

Francisco: Softly, someone comes. (They creep in the shadows. Enter Don Pedro.)

Pedro (calling in a low voice): Lisardo!

Lisardo: Don Pedro lives; he lives!

Pedro: What do you mean? Why should you think I am dead?

Lisardo: A dead man lies in yonder bushes. We heard the assassins kill him. He sought death in my name. I thought it was you.

Pedro: This is strange.

Lisardo: All is strange to-night. I am prepared for anything. Let me see whom they have killed.

Francisco: Lisardo: Let us go away, sir. For God’s sake, do not approach! Let us go. You will be implicated in the murder.

Lisardo: Peace, coward! Come, Who is he that would cry my name, when, by crying his own, he could have saved himself?

Pedro: Do not approach, Lisardo! This spot is dangerous. Come, friend, we are courting death by loitering near the scene of a murder. Come, come, this is not bravery; it is madness.

Lisardo: I must see this man. He cried, “I am Lisardo.” Why should he do this? If I do not know this, I will fear any trick of the senses. Sanity has but one safeguard, and that is understanding. Why should this man who is dead have chosen death by a lie? (Going.)

Pedro: Do not go, I say.

Lisardo: I must; I will know this. (Goes out.)

Francisco: Mary! Mary! I would I had never stirred a foot this night. We shall be lost.

Pedro: Lisardo is a fool. He will ruin this enterprise. I should not trust him an inch out of my sight.

(Re-enter Lisardo.) Well, whom do you find?

Lisardo: Nobody! O God, what is this horror? Friend, let us go. I grow sick with fear. I am afraid! Come!

(Exit, followed by Don Pedro and Francisco.)

(Later. Outside the doors of a monastery.

Two monks enter, carrying a body on a bier. They slowly approach the doors of the monastery which are opened by invisible hands. The men pass through with their burden and the doors close again. Enter Lisardo, creeping in the shadows. He paws awhile, irresolute. Francisco follows; he clutches his master’s cloak.)

Francisco: Don Lisardo, whither are you going? For God’s sake come, come away!

Lisardo: I cannot. I would have gone with you, but—

but I could not. I was led into the path of those who carry the dead. I must follow the dead.

Chains are on my limbs. My strength is gone. My courage is gone. I must follow the dead.

Francisco: Come away, come away. Be strong; come!

Lisardo: I cannot. I am like a child.

Francisco: O God, who is he? Lisardo: Isabel! O my love. I am not false. I cannot not believe that I ever loved.

Francisco: Come, away, sir. The accidents of the night have troubled your mind. We risk our lives by staying here.

Lisardo: What have I to risk? I was Lisardo the student, but love killed Lisardo the student. I was Lisardo the lover, but love lies decayed in his heart.

Lisardo: I must see the dead. (Approaches the doors of the church.)

Lisardo: What have I to risk? I was Lisardo the student, but love killed Lisardo the student. I was Lisardo the lover, but love lies decayed in his heart. I must go.

Francisco: You are mad.

Lisardo: Did I not try to fly away? Have I not told you? Reason, a cold self-interest, showed me my dangers. Can you do what reason, what selfishness could not do? Reason failed me, and I thought of the crime and the victim as things of a dream. Leave me, Francisco, your voice is the voice of my own selfishness, and your voice is powerless. I must see the dead. (Approaches the doors of the church.)

Francisco (holding him): No, you shall not, sir. (Enter Don Pedro.)

Pedro: Aha! you have found him. What is this folly, Lisardo?
Lisardo (to Francisco): Let me go, I say.

Pedro: Leave this religious ground, Lisardo. The place is making you a coward. You are afraid of the shadows. Come into the open. Let us look at the stars as they dance in the clouds; let us see the moon plunging over the fields. As she shines now but dimly, you see, she seems an imprisoned ghost. All around us the priests have placed their boggies. Look, this pile makes the gentle starlight terrifying. Half an hour ago you were the bravest man in the world, but the trickery of the Church is making a woman of you.

Lisardo: Half an hour ago! Foul or imagine, friend, it is easy to speak. Where are the stars that dance in the clouds? They are steadfast eyes. I have no secrets now.

Pedro: This is too much. Have you forgotten everything: Do you ask your friends to endanger life and limbs for your love's sake, and do you, then, desert them?

Lisardo: No. A man died for me. He cried out my name, and died with my enemies' steel in his throat. Who is this man? (The church windows twinkle with light. A solemn chant begins.) Ah! They sing and pray for his soul. Holy, holy, how serene are those voices! This is no trick of the senses. They pray for his soul, and I would pray with them, with them, with them.

Pedro: Lisardo!

Lisardo: Pray with them! (He stretches out his hands but the doors open before he can touch them. Two monks, heads bowed, stand before him. He cries to one of them.) I would pray for the soul of the dead. Tell me, what is his name?

First Monk: It is Lisardo, Lisardo the student. Speak of him, for you were he.

Lisardo: What have you said? (To the other monk.)

Tell me, who is this dead man?

Second Monk: Lisardo the student.

Lisardo: Look! Look! I am Lisardo, and I live!

(The voices within respond like echo calling to echo along empty aisles: "Live! Live!")

A Voice Within: We bury Lisardo and pray for his soul. Holy, holy, how serene are those voices! This is no trick of the senses. They pray for his soul, and I would pray with them, with them, with them.

Pedro: Lisardo!

Lisardo: Father!

Pedro: Lisardo was killed. No man died for him.

Lisardo: Lisardo died, the student died, the lover died. What am I? Have I body? Have I mind? Where is the passage to death? Where is the gulf?

Priest: Man is many, God is one.

Pedro: Lisardo!

Lisardo: Father!

Priest: No man died for him.

Lisardo: Lisardo died, the student died, the lover died. What am I? Have I body? Have I mind? Where is the passage to death? Where is the gulf?

Priest: Man is many, God is one. There is no gulf between the worlds; all is one.

Lisardo: I heard that voice when I was drunken with love. Father, I am at your feet.

Priest: Follow me. (The priest enters the church. Lisardo rises to his feet and follows him.)

Pedro: Lisardo, pause and look upon me. Look upon me and see in the face of a friend the hopes, the loves, the glories of the days of youth. Look ere you step into the grave.

Lisardo: I look, friend, I must say goodbye. You cannot call me back to life. Youth had no glory. God, God, God, tell them who loves me, how I loved, that Lisardo is dead. 'Tis enough. Goodbye! (Exit.)

Views and Reviews.

THE MELODRAMA OF LIFE.

The recent "Poison Plot," the trial of which has ended with the conviction of three "desperate and dangerous" persons, was a most extraordinary example of the melodrama of real life. Its origin and inception are still wrapped in mystery (I intend to use all the cliches), but its discovery coincided with the crisis of the hero's career. Mr. Lloyd George had scarcely enough time to seize himself comfortably in the chair of the Premier, he could only just have drawn the curtain of invisibility about the sanctum of the W. C. H. and the life became manifest to the world. That the plot should have been discovered by the secret police, that one of the poisons to be used should have been a secret poison in the sense that it would leave no trace, are facts that could not better have preserved the melodramatic atmosphere if they had been deliberately chosen for that purpose. The exposure of the villains was as complete as it always is in melodrama; on the one hand, they professed a conscientious objection to the deliberate taking of human life, on the other, they were planning assassination. They allotted the execution of their plan to another, and that other was the Spirit of Justice in disguise. If this had happened on the stage, it would have been as entertaining and as incredible as melodrama always is; but it happened in real life, and the most sceptical can only fall back on Tertullian's "Credo quia impossibile."

Truth is stranger than fiction in this case only because it is so like it that we almost expect the leading actors to take a "call." With what heartlessness would we hiss the villains, with what rapturous applause would we greet Gordon, if only they were to appear before the curtain! We should particularly like to see Gordon, for if he has been a criminal, as the defence alleged, he needs some public commendation to encourage him to persist in the reformation of his character by using his undoubted knowledge of crime for the maintenance of Law and Order. We have all the proverbs at our command: "A reformed poacher makes the best gamekeeper," "Set a thief to catch a thief," and so on; and the substantial truth of proverbial wisdom is exemplified once again in this case. Gordon deserves to become as famous as Bendigo, the converted prize-fighter, or "Spring" Onions, who for years appeared in the dock at the Thames Police Court, and for years afterwards appeared at the same court, unfortunately not in the dock, as a poet. But the melodrama of the case includes even its own death mask: the machine will not descend, the god will not be revealed, because human ingenuity discovered a method of solving the difficulty without involving the help of the god.

The Attorney-General said that "he had come to the conclusion that on public grounds sufficient reason existed for not calling Gordon. The Crown was entitled, if they so liked, not to call a particular witness, but he agreed that if the jury were dissatisfied with the course the prosecution had taken, they were entitled to see the view that the case of the Crown rested on the evidence of the witness Boodi, whose honour and integrity had not been challenged." Even here, the case maintains the melodramatic tradition, for melodrama will always vary a legal process to obtain a conviction. In it a custodian of public morality, the Attorney-General, with the original accuser, but the Attorney-General's variation of the custom guarantees more surely the
conviction of the criminals. It is possible to separate an accusation from the character of the person who makes it, and it is necessary to do so if the case is to be presented at its highest value. Grant that Gordon had been a criminal, he may yet have decided to act according to the law; grant that he was a liar, yet in this case, he may have been telling the truth. That truth should be the fact that the propositions that no one will dispute; and truth is more likely to triumph if it is told by a witness whose honour and integrity have not been challenged than if it is stated by one who has no such immunity. By this means, we eliminate even the possibility of those recriminations that always accompany the introduction of personalities; and the jury to whom the truth is told by a truthful witness cannot fail to return a true verdict. Justice is done by the simple process of resting the case 'on the evidence of a witness whose honour and integrity have not been challenged,' whereas, if the original accuser were called, the jury might commit the logical fallacy of deciding that the accusation was not true because the accuser was a liar.

If this case had occurred in some other country at some time other than the present, we might reasonably be suspicious of the origin of the plot. In November, 1898, for example, August Bebel delivered a speech in Berlin. The Empress of Austria had just been murdered, and an attempt was made by the German reactionaries to connect the murderer, Luccheni, with the Socialists. Bebel devoted his speech to showing how often 'police agents have helped in the attempted or executed assassinations of the last decades.' He quoted a letter that Bismarck, when Federal Ambassador at Frankfort, wrote to his wife: 'For lack of material the police agents lie and exaggerate in a most inexcusable manner.' He went on to assert that 'these agents are engaged to discover contemplated assassinations. Under these circumstances the bad fellows among them come to the idea: 'If people don't commit assassinations, then we ourselves must help the thing along.' For if they cannot report that there is something doing, they will be considered superfluous. So they help the thing along by 'correcting luck,' as the French say.' He quoted the 'Reminiscences' of Andrioue, former Chief of Police in Paris, referred to Inspector Melville's work in England, Pourbaix in Belgium, and Ungera-Sternberg in Germany. From practically every civilised country in the world came similar tales told the French Chamber of Deputies in 1894: 'From the beginning of the anarchist epidemic in France, you find either the hand or the money of one of your prefects of police.'

But that is history. We are living in a different century, where we are protected against whom and integrity have not been challenged, whereas, if the original accuser were called, the jury might commit the logical fallacy of deciding that the accusation was not true because the accuser was a liar.

These essays by the Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury are extremely interesting. They have, in the first place, the interest of novelty, for the 'modernists' and new theologians have monopolised attention during the last generation, with only Mr. G. K. Chesterton's 'Orthodoxy' to remind us that there was something to say on the other side. The tendency of all democratic movements is towards democracy, that is to say, sooner or later the subject is degraded to the level of the comprehension of the general public, instead of the comprehension of the general public being educated to an understanding of the subject. Popular science, popular religion, popular politics, popular literature, all show the same tendency to degradation; finally, science, religion, politics, and literature lose their precision, cease to be disciplines and become pastimes. Everything at last becomes translated into the terms of the family, and nothing outside the experience of the family is allowed to have a real existence. In politics, we get books like Mr. Benchara Branford's 'Janus and Vesta,' which interprets the 'world crisis' in the terms of 'the God-given archetypal design of government, the institution of the human family'; in religion, we have books like the recent symposium entitled 'Faith or Fear?' in which the democratic argument was stated at its baldest. What the working man cannot instantly understand should be either abolished or restated in the terms of his knowledge, was the argument of that book; for democracy always retains its predilection for telling the wise men deliberate and the fools decide. But it is a simple fact that technical questions cannot be popularised without being falsified; corollaries become converted into antinomies, the disjunctive 'versus' takes the place of the conjunctive 'and.' Take, for example, the theological idea of God the Father; it is a dual conception of Divinity and of a relation between Divinity and humanity. Attempt to explain the idea to the average man, and the Fatherhood of God becomes the only reality, and the Divinity of God is forgotten. But as the essence of religion is the revelation of the mystery of the Divine, obviously the modernists have lost their religion in their attempt to save it. They have converted religion into ethics; they have reduced it to a reality by a confusion; they have denied the mystery that they attempted to explain. Particularly is this the case with the doctrine of the Incarnation; as the modernist usually interprets it, the Divine became human in the Person of Jesus Christ, while, to the orthodox, humanity was made Divine, actually or potentially, by the same miracle. Insist on the perfect humanity of Christ, and it is easy to forget, to ignore, or to deny, that He was 'Very God of Very God.' The modernists really lack logic, for the conclusion of their argument is not that the Christian religion of the Divine, but the Comtean religion of humanity. They have degraded theology to ethics, as minor prophets always do.

There is no doubt that orthodoxy is, to a large extent, responsible for the present confusion of the subject. The nineteenth century was characterised by a desire to know, a desire which science, in its manifold aspects, gratified. 'Knowledge is of things we see,' said Tennyson; and modern science gave us more exact knowledge of the relations of the things we see than was furnished by the poets of the Holy Bible. Orthodox religion fought on an issue that it could not sustain; it fought against the evidence of our own eyes, it denied what was really beyond its competence to judge. Faith means faith in the life of faith, while science pertains to the life of works; faith is cognisant of the mystery of Divine Personality, science is confronted with the mystery of eternal pro-
admitted; but the solution of the difficulty is not to
Christianity asserts that Christ was not the prophet of
absolute statements of a revelation of that life. They
but faith apprehends, and by that apprehension enters
into, the mystery of the Divine Personality. Its life
is a life of experience, but it is experience of a life that
is different not only in degree but in kind from human life;
and orthodox religion claims that the creeds are absolute statements of a revelation of that life. They
are not to be re-cast in the nomenclature of the moment,
in the terms of any knowledge of a different order of
reality. The mystery is admitted; the difficulty is also
admitted; but explanation of the difficulty is not to state
the creeds in the form which the general public will
accept, but to induce the general public to think
in the terms of the creeds. There is no reason, for
example, why the doctrine of the Trinity should be
rejected because the general public finds it difficult to
avoid "confounding the Persons and dividing the sub-
stance." The popular mind on this subject tends towards Mahommedanism, with its postulate: "There
is but one God, and Mahomet is His prophet"; while
Christianity assumes that Christ was not the prophet of
God, but God. Not re-statement of the creeds, but explanation of them, is the real duty of all teachers
of religion; and the Chaplain to the Archbishop of
Canterbury offers in these essays explanations which
are intelligible, though those of the modernists, but do not fall into the commonplace error of repetition:
they would explain. They are essays which will do
much to stop the rot in religion which began with the
"liberal" thinkers, and has ended with the cant of
"Modern Times." We regard it as a
joyous task to stimulate the imagination that the children will believe
Tolstoi has found his level; "a little child shall read
them," as Isaiah ought to have said. The stories
chosen are: "Ivan the Fool"; "Where There Is Love,
There is God Also"; "A Prisoner"; "Emelian and
The Empty Drum"; "The Great Bear"; "Three
Questions"; and "The Godson." There is one fatal
flaw in Tolstoi's presentation of the anti-militarist argu-
ment in "Ivan the Fool," he has no money, or none worth speaking of, but they were not
anti-militarist. The kingdom of Ivan the Fool would
probably be conquer by a modern Spartan, as was
the country of the Helots and Messenians, and forced
to pay taxes in kind and labour. But that is an objec-
tion which is not likely to occur to a child; and the rest
of these stories except "A Prisoner" (which is hardly
suitable for a child) are easily intelligible, and should
be interesting. The Boy Scout intent on doing his one
good turn a day may have doubts when he reads that
Emelian, by avoiding stepping on a frog, had to marry
the beautiful maidens in which it metamorphosed; and
the peck of trouble that followed is not really compen-
sated by the grain of comfort of "lived happily ever
after" that concludes the story. However, we are not
the children for whom these stories are translated, so
our objections do not matter. The moral teaching of
"The Godson" is very profound, and is very simply
stated; but the fact that the hermit spends a whole lifetime in unprofitable labour, and dies so soon as he
discovers how to do rightly, is not a very encouraging
prospect to a child who will probably take the story
literally. However, the pictures make amends; their
crude colouring and quaint drawing will fascinate chil-
dren who love the exotic, and they probably so
stimulate the imagination that the children will
think that Tolstoi's morals are only the manners of fairy-
land, and have no reference to real children who have never seen a fairy.
Notes on Economic Terms.

MONEY. A legal warrant for the delivery of commodities. Man is a creature as full of desires as an egg is full of meat; and the world for the individual is a vast shop with workmen and works on the premises. Money is the recognised warrant that enables the possessor to run loose in the shop, and to procure whatever is in it, or can be brought into it. Thus, money is command, in the first instance, over commodities already in existence; and, in the second instance, it is command over that which brings commodities into existence, namely, labour acting upon tools. It is an Open Sesame, at whose utterance not only are the ordinary shops opened, but the workshops as well. But by what virtue has Money this power? By virtue of the credit attached to a symbol. For it is indifferent whether the money is itself of value; it may, we know, be merely paper. But whether paper or metal, its symbolic character resides in the fact that it is a receivable hence (and only upon that account) a warrant for the delivery of work of the same amount in return. All money is a credit-note, given for services rendered, and entitled the owner to the equivalent in return.

SAVING. As a consequence of "earning" money, that is, of putting Society under a debt equivalent to the services rendered, the earner becomes entitled to draw upon Society to the extent of his credit. Suppose that instead of so drawing—by the simple means of "spending" his money—he refrains, and leaves the commodities or services he might have consumed, still in Society's reserve—he is then said to save. Saving is thus foregoing the present demand for commodities, and postponing their consumption for a later date. In the case of commodities that either will not "keep," or acquire no new value by keeping—the act of individual saving may be in the sum a loss, or, at any rate, no gain. But, in general, what is spared early consumption is itself productive during its reprieve, and, hence, the longer the reprieve the more advantageous is the sparing or saving to Society at large. Saving on a large scale implies that the population, as a whole, is consuming less than it produces; hence, that it is accumulating a full cupboard of commodities for use in emergency, for exchange abroad, or for, lending. It is, in fact, comparable with the storing of honey by bees in summer, who, while gathering it, eat much less than they bring home. On the other hand, not all saving is necessarily as economic as it appears. A man may, for example, consume less than he produces, and thus be storing up in Society's cupboard a store for himself against a rainy day; and yet not be doing the best for himself or for Society. If it should happen that by consuming twice as much he could produce three times as much, his original act of saving would be, though genuine saving, an economic mistake. Economic saving consists in consuming as much as is necessary for the production of commodities.

INDUSTRY. The means of adapting Nature (including Human nature!) to human use as defined by the requirements of the market. The generalisation to bear in mind is of Nature on the one side, with its raw material; and of Man with his appetites and ingenuity on the other side. The application by Man of his active ingenuity to the Nature, as a whole, resultant commodities represent Nature adapted to his use. Industry is thus Man's means of making a conquest of Nature; or, if you like it, it is his assimilation of Nature. Nature made assimilable by man as a result of industry becomes an economic commodity.

TRADE UNIONISM. A Trade Union is a rudimentary organ for the ultimate overthrow of Capitalism, and Trade Unionism is its activity. It has been said that Capitalism bears within it the seed of its own destruction; but the question should be asked: What is the nature of that seed? Marx and others have presumed that Capitalism will end with the final exploitation of the world-market. But they forget that there is no end to human demand. The seed, in fact, of the destruction of Capitalism is not a reaction from Capitalism: but the rise into power, consequent upon Capitalism, of the hostile organism of the Trade Union. Trade Unionism was the egg which Liberty laid in Capitalism to destroy the wage-system. It is of no importance that the early Trade Unions were unaware of the function Trade Unionism was actually created to perform. We do not expect an egg to crow. And it is of not much more importance that Trade Unions even to-day are unaware of their real mission. Their mission to destroy the wage-system is, we may say, independent of their realisation of it: it is in the nature of things; and the absence of realisation can only delay the success of the mission, and cannot frustrate it. Industry must be carried on. That is the first law of Society. But as Trade Unionism becomes more and more powerful, the satisfaction of its demands becomes more and more incompatible with the maintenance of capitalist industry, until at last it must surrender to give place to the control of Labour. The purpose of Trade Unionism is thus not to assist capitalist industry; but by increasing its demands to destroy Capitalism. The destruction of the wage-system is the end of Trade Unionism. Both will fall together.

STRIKES AND LOCK-OUTS. When an employer dismisses a single workman, he is said to give him the sack. When a workman leaves an employer he is said to hand in his checks. In each operation there is a definite termination of a virtual contract; and nobody denies the right of one or the other party to end it. What is called a strike occurs only when whether few or many, collectively terminate their engagement with an employer; and what is called a lock-out occurs when an employer terminates his engagement with a number of men collectively. The difference between getting the sack and a lock-out, and between handing in your checks and a Strike is thus wholly the difference between individual and collective action. And, though more serious in its effects, the latter cannot be said to differ from the former in essence. If it is within the right of an employer or a workman individually to terminate his contract with the other party, it is no less within the right of the workmen to terminate their engagement collectively.

ECONOMY. The production of Maximum values by Minimum means. Note that the object of Economy is the production of values, that is, of satisfactions; and that there are two parts of economy—(a) the increase of the values of commodities, and (b) the decrease of the labour spent in producing them. Whoever discovers the way to increase values without increasing the cost of producing them is a practical economist. And he is also a practical economist who discovers a way to reduce the labour spent on producing commodities without reducing their values. Economy, therefore, implies value-increasing or labour-saving.

COMPETITION. Competition begins when commodities, having been produced, are brought to market. The object of the buyers being to buy as cheaply as possible, and of the sellers to sell as dearly as possible, the struggle between them, which is finally terminated by a price, is called competition. The competitive system is thus, as it were, superimposed upon the productive system. Production concerns values; competition concerns prices. From production to competition is a transition from value-creating to price-creating; and the competitive system is one in which prices are left to be decided by the play of the market.
Pastiche.

POEMS FROM FRANCE.

THE CHURCH DESOLATE.

Sweet bride of God, who stood before His stair,
Resplendent in pale beauty like the moon,
With glories robed about thee for a boon;
A wreath of light upon thy forehead fair;
Till Lust came on thy bower and, unaware,
There stands instead our heritage of pain,
A wreath of light upon thy forehead fair;
No more, no more, the wind may moan in vain,
Until at last, strong, risen to revoke
The bloodier deed, you wooed the virgin lands;
And they with you; your strong, remorseless hands
Letting the future mould-smitten trees the path leads to the paddocks, with
their silver-bellied leaves dance in the wind. Beneath
lustre of their darker feathers, and the crimson splash
stretching till the girding hills complete our vision.

The banners raised the wakening fires of hate,
The 'venging sword Thy: children's hands have bared.
Thus will we sing to thee, even as thou
Out from our gloom, to the gold of the day?
Clouds.

Over us, floatingly, careless and free,
Clouds that are spread on the blue of the wave;
Wings that are spread in the wind.

We spring with lust flashed from our bayonets.

Food was your prayer and fear your daily yoke,
And they with you; your strong, remorseless hands

Resplendent in pale beauty like the moon
Flung thee to earth, so that thy spousal noon;

The sacred blood flow through the fields of France.

To AUDREY.

Little daughter, when you dance,
Do not think of me in France;
When you skip and sing a song,
Do not think of me in France.

Little daughter, when you wake,
Watch the Glory roses shake;
When you hear the cattle low,
And the morning breezes blow,
Say 'tis father passing by;
Ranciere; the landscape is a cloud;
The roses nod so prettily,
The sun peeps over meadow-rim.
I am always with you, dear,
Down the valley, up the hill;

It is I who answer clear,
When you mock old yellow-bill;
It is I who laugh and shout,
Whistle when the cornfields move,
And when the big red sun comes out,
Sing him songs of things I love.

PASTORALS.

By Herbert Read.

I. CHILDHOOD.

The years come with their still perspective, enveloping
the past is a light of high romance.

The old elm-trees rock round the tiled farmstead, and
their silver-bellied leaves dance in the wind. Beneath
their shade, and in the corner of the green, is a pond.
In winter it is full of water, green with various weeds;
and in spring a lily will bloom in its centre.

The ducks waddle in the mud, and sail in circles round
the pond, or preen their feathers on the bank.

We discover frog-spawn in the wet ditch.

We scurry over the pasture, chasing the wind-strewn
oak-leaves.

We kiss the fresh petals of cowslips and primroses.

The wagons loom like blue caravans in the dusk;
We discover frog-spawn in the wet ditch.

IV. HARVEST-HOME.

The waggons look like blue caravans in the dusky;
They lumber mysteriously down the moonlit lanes.
We ride on the stacks of rusty-gold corn, and fill
the sky with our song.

The horses toss their heads, and the harness-bells
jingle all the way.

DISCONTENT.

A HYMN.

Too soon doth Summer fold her gracious wings;
Too soon doth Autumn close her fruitful day;
The nightingale in the deep wood sings
Trills his last song, and swiftly flies away.

Sings he, “Let others pipe a roundelay;”
I must be gone, Arcadian groves to find;
The years come with their still perspective, enveloping
the past is a light of high romance.

The greed of kings, or stupid peoples’. strife,
The tears of stricken women tired of life?

Eternal singer of a deathless song,

What carest thou for quarrels right or wrong,
The greed of kings, or stupid peoples’ strife,
The tears of stricken women tired of life?

It is I who answer clear,
When you mock old yellow-bill.
It is I who laugh and shout,
Whistle when the cornfields move,
And when the big red sun comes out,
Sing him songs of things I love.

FRANCIS ANDREWS.

D. WOODLANDS.

Pine-needles cover the silent ground; pine-tree chancel
the woodland ways.

We penetrate into the dark depths where only the
garlic and hemlock grow—till we meet the blue stream
flowing through the fields of France.

III. PASTURELANDS.

We scurry over the pasture, chasing the wind-strewn
oak-leaves.

We kiss the fresh petals of cowslips and primroses.

We discover frog-spawn in the wet ditch.

IV. HARVEST-HOME.

The waggons look like blue caravans in the dusky;
They lumber mysteriously down the moonlit lanes.
We ride on the stacks of rusty-gold corn, and fill
the sky with our song.

The horses toss their heads, and the harness-bells
jingle all the way.

FRANCIS ANDREWS.
THOU must be gone, Arcadian groves to find;  
The wintry days to thee are most unkind.

What, then, is man? A little moulded earth  
Exuding breath, a bundle of false fears,  
A sense of shame, with deeds of little worth,  
Menacing this body and barren stretch of years.  
Too little of a god—how this thought sears!  
He must be gone; God knows what he can find;  
An Ishmaelite, to whom himself's unkinked.

L. BACCHUS.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

LABOUR AS DIRECTOR.

Sir,—In your issue of March 1, you quote opportunely, with approval, the statement of Mrs. Sidney Webb, in the "Herald," concerning Trade Union leaders accepting seats on boards of directors. It has been put out as a "moderate proposal" that before they do so there shall be an agreement that all interest on capital be reduced to the rate given on Government stock. I take it this refers to interest on the "Ordinary" stocks. Now, even in the case of large and steady "Capitalist Trusts," I ask:

(a) What size of reserve would have to be accumulated, and how, by the securities of large railways, for example, Great Eastern or Great Central, which have, in the event, paid poor or no dividends, on the basis of a Government security?

(b) How is capital to be found by private people for new companies with uncertain commercial risks on such terms, even for necessities like soap, steel, and shipping? And

(c) Are Trade Union representatives to cut themselves off from all concerns promoted to work new inventions, or improve old modes of procedure, in the light of modern science, until all spirit of risk and enterprise has been eliminated, and the terms on such companies are as sure as on Consols?

CO-PARTNERSHIP OF CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

Sir,—Just after reading in your last issue the interesting prophecy under the heading, "Towards National Guilds," on the overtures which Labour may expect from Capital in the near future, my attention was drawn to an overture in such a shape as the origin and growth of anarchy was fairly simple. The men of the Theatre are supposed to cater for various tastes; they are provided with dramatic materials; but as a rule there is no principle of unity laid down for them, no compass, as it were, to guide them, and under the circumstances it is no wonder that they proceed in all directions, and that the Theatre has been and is still an altogether sorry structure made up of unrelated bits instead of forming a dignified whole. To this view I hastened to oppose another. It was unity embodying the principle of unity.

Sir,—Some matter has come to hand since I last wrote to you on the above subject, which serves nicely to illustrate the point I raised. It will be remembered that we were asked to accept Mr. Bakshy, view of anarchy in the theatre as the most intelligent interpretation yet heard of the growth and development of the Theatre. The reason given for the origin and growth of anarchy was fairly simple. The men of the Theatre are supposed to cater for various tastes; they are provided with dramatic materials; but as a rule there is no principle of unity laid down for them, no compass, as it were, to guide them, and under the circumstances it is no wonder that they proceed in all directions, and that the Theatre has been and is still an altogether sorry structure made up of unrelated bits instead of forming a dignified whole. To this view I hastened to oppose another. It was unity embodying the principle of unity.
to uncover the said principle of unity, so that it may assert its power and dramatic benefits. Drama must be restated metaphorically, and assigned an absolute value; it comprises part of the furniture or theatrical equipment of the mind. There is promise, however, that it will soon disappear, leaving the ideal striving of the theatre fully exposed. Such, then, is my conception of theatrical unity.

Now let me come to my illustration with as few mauve metaphysical splashes as possible. What I wish to illustrate is the presence of unity in the Theatre and the nature of its existing and persisting basis. For the sake of clearness let me repeat that the unity is found in conversion proceeding from the universal application of the principle of intimacy. Consciously or unconsciously, all significant dramatists are actuated in their works by the idea that a dramatic play rightly conceived is the instrument for a magical conversion accomplished by the energy of the Will of the Theatre, concentrated on a single point—the transmission of the conversion of the author. This concentration leads to a real obliteration of all the objects and agents of transmission, so that nothing remains to the spectator but a raw, sense of dramatic exaltation or transfiguration. It is a conversion by a conversion. On February 17 the Theosophical Society greatly distinguished itself by giving a dramatic recital of dialogues from the ancient Upanishad, entitled "King Janaka and the Brahmin." The matter recited consisted of episodes contained in didactic poems or philosophical dialogues between certain personages. I dare say it was written primarily to expound ancient Indian metaphysics and philosophy. But I notice that, either by design or accident, it is made to contain the dramatic process of which I speak. It reveals (1) the writers' self-emancipation or conversion to the truth of Self; (2) a concentration on a single point—that of self-illumination, contained in the exposition of the identity nature of Self; (3) the audience's self-illumination, consisting of an act of conversion proceeding from exaltation and intimacy. Accordingly, the first dialogue discusses Self as the originating spirit whence all proceeds, in which I speak. It is in the I not in the Me—that is, in the spirit, not in the body, that drama fully exposed. This concentration leads to a real obliteration of all the objects and agents of transmission, so that nothing remains to the spectator but a raw sense of dramatic exaltation or transfiguration. It is a conversion by a conversion.

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As a practical creed, "maximum production" is strictly for the proletariat. For capitalism, it belongs rather to the sphere of apologetics. It is only in such a state of affairs as that contem- plated by those Socialists who foresee the end of the class-war that the question of the exploitation of nature for the benefit of man could become at once the subject of deliberate human efforts and a determining condition in economic activities.

A deliberate provision of national requirements in its characteristic operations is too much to expect of the capitalist interest and tradition.—W. ANDERSON.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

Parlourmaid, first and second, under butler, required for excellent situation in Wokingham; four in family; 16 servants; boy kept; good wages.—Apply, if possible personally, Regina Bureau (servants' entrance), 27 and 28, Thomas Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

Parlourmaid, third, under butler, required at once for Berkeley Square; little experience preferred; 12 servants kept; good; if possible personally, Regina Bureau (servants' entrance), 27 and 28, Thomas Street, Grosvenor Square, W.

Parlourmaid wanted; carping, vaeling, lambs; age 35-40; for lady; 3 servants; wages about £14-£22; Write, or call to 1 to 3, Mrs. Swabey, 69, Pont Street, S.W.

The Dowager Lady Hastings requires parlourmaid to replace butler; 3 in family; 7 servants; wages about £20 to £40, according to experience; good reference essential.—Write or call, 5 to 7, 2, Clarendon Place, Hyde Park Gardens, W.

It is impossible to explain in a short review why the "new model," as a plan of social reconstruction, seems to us both impracticable and undesirable. The Guild Idea is nowhere embodied in a living institution. To prove the certain failure of something which has not been tried is obviously impossible. A detailed criticism of the failacies which underlie the Guild Idea would involve us in an argument in which we would have to explain all the differences between the Communal Socialists and the Guild Socialists by no means prevent their working together; and seeing in the Trade Union the germ of the National Guild, they apply themselves to developing it. It is the arbitrary rule and secretiveness of a middle-class bureaucracy in league with a powerfully organised private adventurer. In the Army you do not have to think of money, nor to cut off your neighbour, nor to cheat and adulterate and entrap customers by lying advertisements. Instead of your hand being against every man's and every man's hand against you, you are continually trying to get things done in the best possible way, for the benefit of your comrades in arms, of your country, of the whole of which you are a part.

For our own part, though we disbelieve absolutely in the National Guilds as machinery for social reconstruction, we have no desire to take the field against the Guild Idea; for the "thought tendency" which the National Guilds express seems to us of real value to the industrial world. There is not the remotest danger of the democracy of industry becoming too powerful; it is more likely that neither the Trade Unions of manual workers nor the Professional Associations of brainworkers will obtain even the right measure of control of their own working lives. The rock ahead of us is the arbitrary rule and secretiveness of a middle-class bureaucracy in league with a powerfully organised private adventurer. This is an argument, not for the perpetuation of war but for the purification of peace; but as long as peace remains unpurified, and war remains in some respects nobler, let us give it its due and not deliver ourselves to the oppression of an unrelieved horror.—G. Bernard Shaw.

Archdeacon Wakeford, of Lincoln, said we needed the great war to give us at least a reason for not giving up the war. As a people, luxury, materialism, and social iniquity were consuming us when God in His mercy smote us.

We had gone through more than two years of war, but, if the war had ended in the first six months with sweeping victories on land and sea for ourselves, by this time we should have become the rottenest nation the world had ever known. If we had an easy victory, we should be a perfectly intolerable people, and we needed not only war but all that we had had. As God used false gods of Egypt to scourge the people, so He was using false gods worded in this country.

Three years ago we worshipped riches, and He made us spend five millions a day. We could not spare a single sou for missionary work now.

He required our first-born for the trenches, and the publicans themselves acquiesced in the despotic licensing order for the welfare of the State. The nation was finding its true self in what Ruskin called the rough school of war.—Press.

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