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Many conclusions might be drawn from the debate upon General Maurice's letter; but the most important political fact about it is that Mr. Asquith carried his motion to a division. On the apparent circumstances Mr. Asquith undoubtedly had every reason for withdrawing his motion as he had also every opportunity. However violently the opinion of the Press had oscillated during the days before the debate there is no doubt that it had come to rest in the just opinion that General Maurice had transgressed his duties as a Soldier. Mr. Asquith was, therefore, certain to find himself defending or involved in the consequences of defending an action condemned in itself. In the second place, it had become a Vote of Censure upon the Government. By S. G. H. ... 38

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We do not deny that it speaks well for the fair-mindedness of England that so many of our contemporaries are to be found to defend or, at least, to explain, the case for Germany. What we wish, however, is that that attitude should have a little more regard for the truth than we expect of their Imperial client. To read their views, however, as expressed in “War and Peace,” “U.D.C.,” the “Herald” and elsewhere, you would think that they also had arrived at the conclusion that nothing matters save a dialectical victory; and that in the cause of Prussia any distortion or suppression of the facts is legitimate. Let us take the disputed case of the recent Austrian correspondence with France, for example. They assume, to begin with, that it was only by an act of treachery or something very near it that France entered into “negotiations” with the Austrian Emperor at all; and thus put themselves in flat contradiction with their other assumption that every avenue that may possibly lead to peace should be thoroughly explored. But how is the exploration to be carried on if none of the Allies may undertake it without facing under the charge of treachery? Next they assume when the negotiations have broken down—in other words, when the avenue has been explored and found to be a cul-de-sac—that the fault must needs be with the Allied explorers and not at all with the avenue or with the French who invited the Allies into it. “Any time last year,” says “War and Peace,” “it seems clear that we could have had peace [by means of Austria] on the basis of the territorial status quo ante, if not on even better terms.”

What shadow of evidence is there that this statement is not absolutely false? Austria, it is certain, however disposed to make peace herself, was scarcely in a position to define peace-terms for Germany; and the reference to the territorial status quo ante is plainly out of keeping with Germany’s obvious intention of retaining her conquests in Russia. Unless we are to assume, to begin with, that it was only by an act of treachery that the Slav peoples was only made possible by her previous invasion and in constant recollection of the last. Her apprehension showed itself not on to confess, “was it not on to confess, “was it not on to confess, “was it not on to confess, “war and Peace”? Indeed, deliberately insinuates the subduing of the Slav peoples; for while the Latins and the Slavs preserve their status, Europe cannot fall under the hegemony of Prussia. But how can either the Slav peoples preserve themselves as a bulwark on the East against Prussianism or the Latin nations on the West, unless both emerge from the war with self-respect and self-confidence? And how is this possible unless both Russia and France are restored?

In a recent article contributed to a Moscow journal and republished in “La Libre Fédération,” Prince Kropotkin, as good a Socialist and Democrat as any of our pacifists, has been urging the same point that we are attempting to make: the absolute necessity to France, and hence to the world, of the undoing of the defeat of 1870. “There is one consequence of defeat,” he writes, “more terrible than the material cost or even the cost in life: it is the psychology of a defeated nation.” “I saw it,” he continues, “in France after 1871; and it is still visible in Austria.” Undoubtedly there are signs of recovery began to appear. During the intervening period, France lived in constant fear of a fresh invasion and in constant recollection of the last. Her domestic politics were carried on under the shadow of Prussia; and her apprehension showed itself everywhere and in everything—in literature, science and philosophy, in public and private morality, in an indifference to the future, and in the general lowering of vitality. “To feel it and to live it,” Kropotkin went on to confess, “was so terrible, that as the recollection of the horror came back to me while speaking in Russia recently, I could scarcely continue my speech. I would have no people live like that again!” But if it was to her defeat, sealed and signed by the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, that France owed her terrible spiritual condition during those forty or so years; if, at the same time, and as a consequence of the defeat of Prussia, Prussia was thereby enabled to turn her almost undivided attention to the East—it will be seen that the annexation of the French provinces was the first act of which the present war is the culminating tragedy. For the attempt of Prussia to subdue the Slav peoples was only made possible by her previous subjugation of France; and it follows from this that the Slav peoples are only to be saved by the recovery of France. The question of Alsace-Lorraine, we repeat, is a world-question, and even, therefore, if it should prove, as “War and Peace” accepts, that the recent negotiations with Austria broke down on the problem of Alsace-Lorraine, we can reply that they broke down upon one of the central facts of the world-war.
to be equally necessary and equally upon the same ground. Nevertheless, it is curious to remark that among the loudest supporters in this country of the claim of France to the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine are to be found the loudest opponents of the restoration of Ireland. The pacifist opponents of the claims of France are to be found the sincerest defenders of the claims of Ireland. This inconsistency of opinion is common, and we have often pointed it out in other matters; but in the situation of the world at this moment it is tragic. Here we have Mr. Lloyd George's Government lavishing life and fortune to restore to France for the sake of the world a national integrity of which she was robbed forty or fifty years ago; and simultaneously proposing to inflict a fresh defeat upon Irish nationality which has preserved its recollection and hope of freedom during seven hundred years. And, on the other side of the account, we have our pacifists and Irish nationalists virtually ignoring in France the reality of the spiritual malaise they are most acutely suffering from themselves. Need we go any farther in pointing the importance of the perpetuation of the prolongation of the war? The misunderstandings that produced it continue to feed it. Had Ireland and our own pacifists seen from the beginning that the cause of France was the cause of Ireland, the end of the war might by this time have been in sight. Could our own Government even now see that the cause of Alsace-Lorraine is to be won in Ireland, the war might the sooner be ended. As it is, however, we fear that stupidity in both camps will prevail; and instead of being won in Ireland, the cause of the war may be lost there. However, we shall return to the subject later.

Mr. Morel is free again and at his conscientious task of proving Prussia to be not so red as she paints herself. Of the Lichnowsky Memorandum he says (in "U.D.C.") that though we have made the most of it, "happily" the Memorandum cannot be made to prove that Prussia was much more guilty than Russia of bringing about the war. Even, however, if this were the case; if the case were, indeed, the reverse and Russia were more to blame than Prussia—the potentially greater menace to the world's freedom involved in the victory of Prussia would have required that the present Allies should have acted more or less as they have. But in truth it is not the case, happily or otherwise; and Mr. Morel, with characteristic honesty, unwittingly supplies the evidence of it. He affirms that "Germany and Austria decided upon their extremist policy towards Serbia in the belief that Tsardom would not, in the last resort, forcibly oppose it"—in other words, only when they thought that Russia was unwilling to go to war. But what becomes then of Mr. Morel's contention that Russia was equally guilty with Prussia if Prussia did, in fact, contemplate Russia's acquiescence? We should like to know at what point in the sequence of events beginning with the issue of the ultimatum to Serbia, Russia became equally or approximately morally responsible with Prussia for the war. Ought Russia to have acquiesced in the elimination from Slavdom of Serbia, following upon the previous elimination of Bosnia and Herzegovina? Ought she to have assented passively to the Germanisation of the whole of the Balkans, of the Straits and of Asia Minor? But if she was not to acquiesce quietly, perhaps Mr. Morel will tell us what other means than a warning mobilisation—which has already been adopted by the rest of the judging world—would have been necessary to meet the devil in hell than the German Socialists in conference." Suppose it could be shown that a free discussion with the German Socialists might spare the Allies the cost of a military victory, or that by meeting them Mr. Robert might save many of his countrymen the experience of meeting the devil in the hell of the war—the resolutions of these gentlemen would not then appear to be so heroic as rhetorical. There are two ways of ending the war—crushing Germany militarily and converting her to democracy. The first is necessary only because and while the latter (and infinitely preferable) is impossible. For professsed democrats and socialists to declare, however, that they will have no part in attempting to democratisse Germany is to abdicate the one duty they alone might perform. Is it not equivalent to a soldier being too proud to fight a Prussian?
Foreign Affairs,
By S. Verdad.

A new Anglo-Italian monthly is announced by Messrs. Constable. It has already been indicated in these columns that it will be essential for this country, after the war, to keep in close touch with its present maritime allies, and the "Anglo-Italian Review," under the editorship of Mr. Edward Hutton, should enable us to do so in the case of Italy. The Rome meeting, already mentioned in The New Age, shows what an intimate understanding now exists between the Italians and the Slavs; and some Italian and Slav questions are bound to react upon one or other of the Adriatic partners. It is essential that we should be in touch with both. We must act up to the spirit of that statement which the Kaiser popularised, and admit that seas do not separate but unite. We shall in future have to study Continental countries as if our land frontiers adjoined theirs. Land frontiers prevent, by geographical force, the development of what we call, for the sake of convenience, an insular psychology. International problems appear to be more quickly appreciated; and the ever-present menace of invasion checks the rise of the peculiar, broody pacifism that arose among us in the early years of the twentieth century. In short, Continental countries must live amid realities.

The Liberal papers continue their campaign against State interference with trade; and some new protection association has been formed—with a letter from the inevitable Inchcape—to demand that State control of trade shall be removed after the war, never to be renewed, and so on. Let it be said frankly that this is impossible. There will be State control of trade after the war; and for a very good reason. How is it assumed that trade is to be expanded, or even recovered, after the war if not with the indispensable assistance of the Government? Is the present position of British trade realised? For, of course, when "trade" is mentioned in this connection it is our foreign trade which is meant. Well, how does our foreign trade stand as compared with the last comparable year, 1913? It has shrunk generally, to less than a third in quantity and to a little over a third of the value, in view of the high prices now being charged for most commodities of exportable value. It is true that the German export trade has stood still so far as overseas countries are concerned; but this does not mean that Germany has sent nothing abroad since the war began. On the contrary, she has been able to do exclusive business with Bulgaria, Turkey, and Poland, and a large share of the business of the Scandinavian countries, Rumania, and Holland. Our own trade with Central Europe has been cut off, and it was very valuable. But, apart from England and Germany, there are two powerful export nations, the United States and Japan. How do they stand? Brazil, Ecuador, Colombia, and Venezuela imported from the United States in 1917 more than twice as much as in 1913; Argentina, Chile, and Peru, three times as much; Uruguay, four times as much. The United States is herself dependent upon certain imports, some of which used to come from Germany and some from England. She has made up for this by purchasing in other markets. Comparing again 1913 with 1917, Japan's exports to the United States have increased by 250 per cent., not a bad expansion of export trade in war time. Japan's imports from China have doubled, to India they have trebled, and to the United Kingdom they have sextupled. Australia is buying silk from Japan instead of from France, to mention another striking instance; and instances of this sort could be multiplied in such a way as to fill this copy of The New Age.

This is only half the story; and I will now tell part of the other half. For the last three years and more German agents have investigated every feature of trade in overseas markets, particularly Central and South America, Spain, the Near East, and the Far East. Commercial leagues of all sorts have sprung up, and every care has been taken to amass facts, figures, statistics of all kinds bearing upon the revised requirements of these distant countries. The German consul service—and we know how efficient it is, for many of our own consuls before the war were Germans—has been hard at work; but it has been supplemented in every case by special commercial travellers, or rather commercial inquiry agents, whose business it was to take notes and not to book orders. Under local names German branch factories are still working in South America; yet others are being established in China and even Japan in this present year. Germany will start, after the war, with a completely new list of overseas requirements, and naturally she will take care that the only goods sent out are those likely to be in demand. I fully realise that our own Oversea Trade Department is doing what it can in the same direction; but compare the feeling shown by the business men in the two instances. Every German business man is anxious to help the Government in every way he can. He puts his branch offices and his travellers at the disposal of the authorities; he attends meetings at which competitors are well represented and freely discusses plans, and gives away information which the average Englishman would not think of mentioning even to his private secretary. And yet the Harold Coxes and Inchcapes and innumerable others like them coldly repudiate State-aid of all kinds—why, Mr. Cox suggests that information of the sort I have described should be collected by private firms! The merest tyro knows by this time that no private firm, no combination of private firms, can possibly compete with the State in amassing commercial information for the use of manufacturers and traders. The only point is whether we are going to be stronger in this respect than our chief competitors after the war—America, Germany, and Japan. It is only fair to say that at present we are the worst off, and we are in that position solely on account of the apathy and stupid individualism of the business community as a whole. One assumes that the editor of the "Times" Trade Supplement is an old-fashioned Liberal of the 'seventies or 'eighties; for surely no one else would ask Mr. Harold Cox to set forth jejune views on post-bellum trade organisation, of which he has not yet grasped the elements.

All this will, of course, react on State control of industry. The State will undoubtedly collect information; but it will, let us hope, look for a quid pro quo before distributing it among a pack of profiteers. The Balfour Report has shown that the day of the big business has arrived—in competing with the United States and Germany we are competing with countries where big businesses have been established for years. Therefore, we shall have to be profitably busy from the beginning of the mistakes, confusion, and heartburnings of our American and German competitors. Big businesses are essential; but they must be controlled by the State if each of them is not to become a centre of economic anarchy.
**Société des Nations.**

It was only natural that the renewed offensive should bring further appeals to the League of Nations of which we have lately heard so much; and M. Clemen-
cean is coming in for the usual criticism because he has refused, with contempt, to give his attention to a useless formula. We need not, therefore, think it surprising if another member of the Latin races, of the class which in this country seems temperamentally inclined to place its trust in words instead of in facts, experience, and sound principles, has just attacked the League of Nations theory with a humorous, penetrat-

**sharpness** that will appeal, one hopes, to Mr. Woolf and his colleagues. M. Jean Grave, of the celebrated syndicalist organ, "La Bataille," has written a little pamphlet entitled "La Société des Nations" (Temps Nouveaux, 4 rue Broca, Paris), which is well worth a translation. As the pamphlet, like a certain lawyer's documentary evidence, is "all gist," it is not easy to sum it up; but an attempt ought at least to be made.

M. Grave reminds us that long before the war several working-class organisations, particularly the famous International, sought to find means of preventing an appeal to arms in disputes between nations. They devoted their efforts, however, to suggesting how the different proletariat might prevent their respective governments from dragging the country into war; but they quite forgot to consider what action they should take in the event of war being brought about by an aggressor resolved upon the mastery of Europe, and bent upon forcing Europe under a reactionary yoke. This was the primary error of the international—its members overlooked, or pretended not to see, the aggressive designs of Germany and the support these designs had before the war from the Social Democrats. This, says M. Grave, was a fatal piece of forgetfulness, and it led to the downfall of the International. Its members had not provided for the contingency, and they did not know what to do when the moment came for them to act. Hence, as he impresses upon us, if we set about discussing the formation of a League of Nations now, we must not fall into the error of the International—we must define a programme that will not be defeated in the event of a revolutionary upheaval. Some pacifists, M. Grave continues, regard the League of Nations as a form of government superimposed upon the existing national Governments; others look upon it as an international tribunal or court of law; others, again, consider the League simply in the light of an international police. In all cases, the existence of an international court of law appears to be assumed. But a court, which enforces international legislation by means of an international police, is in effect a government. Quotations are given which show that this acceptance of the League and its constitution has become typical. Many pacifists expatiate at length on the uses of an international court, though they do not breathe the word "government." But, says M. Grave, if you make laws, set up a tribunal, and force the people to obey the laws, what is the difference between a national tribunal simply the Kaiser's world-hegemony in a different form? On the other hand, while the Kaiser's world-authority would be personal, the international tribunal would represent simply "the anonymous and irresponsible authority of a new bureaucracy; and that would be no better." It would be a useless complication; dangerous in practice.

Let it be supposed, however, that the representatives on the tribunal would be nominated or elected by the peoples. Each nation would have a representative to defend its own interests.

In theory nothing could be more logical; it is only in practice that this system would fail to work. In every nation we have before the eyes of public opinion important goings-on, in which every deputy or member is supposed to represent the interests of those who have elected him; but in which, in reality, he represents only the interests of the group or party which succeeded in forcing him on the electorate, always assuming that he is acting in favour of his own interests. Further, when the different parties and groups in a parliament discuss and take decisions, they make it appear that they are discussing and taking decisions in the interests of the country; though in point of fact what they regard as the interests of the country are simply the interests which they themselves represent—class, party, or purely personal interests. But if all this happens in national parliaments, what reason is there for supposing that the same thing will not happen in an international parliament—even if it were only called a tribunal?

Politicians, diplomats, and lawyers, M. Grave holds, would welcome such a chamber or court; "they would be as much at home in its atmosphere as a fish in water." For his part he would like to set fire to the Peace Palace at The Hague. The reason is clear. The formation of an international court implies international legislation, and, in consequence, it implies also "people who pretend to have studied international law. But do such people not exist already?" Lawyers will be only too glad to rack their brains in twisting international law to suit the views of their clients. But, assuming that an agreement is reached on the interpretation of a law—an arbitrary law, an arbitrary interpretation, as we see in our own national courts—there comes the question of enforcing the law. All the supporters of an international tribunal are thus led to approve of an international police. So long as power is exercised (e.g., by police or otherwise) it can enforce obedience to such regulations as may be laid down; but, if the laws are not approved by the mass of the people—and peoples are always in advance of their rulers—then they will be resisted; and, if the makers of the laws do not give in gracefully, there is a revolution. It is not enough for some pacifists or supporters of a League of Nations (e.g., Cosmos, in the "New York Times," Nov.-Dec., 1916) to lay stress on the moral influence of an international tribunal; for, however impartial or just its members may wish to be, their very esprit de corps tends to "obliterate their judgment in the exercise of their functions." Every existing authority is liable to abuse; there is in our own national courts the question of supposing that an international authority would be otherwise. "On the other hand, the solution of a dispute must not be accepted by the parties interested merely because those who lay down the solution enjoy a more or less deserved moral authority; but because the people themselves find the solution just and equitable." As M. Grave puts it, not all the moral authority of the judges can make the effects of a decision good if it is in itself unjust. It is possible for all of us to err, both those among us who possess moral authority and those who do not.

As for an international police, adds M. Grave, those who suggest such a thing do not realise the enormity of their proposal. In order to be effective, such a force must be at least equal to the force which could be exercised by the most powerful nation in the world if it chose to take up arms against a decision of the international tribunal. But this Power, apart from Russia, is Germany, a country which boasts of being able to put ten million men under arms. This, says M. Grave, is all the disarming power the pacificists can offer us! I have dealt with half of M. Grave's pamphlet, but the other half is worth reading also. It is not easy to be constructive, but the author has at any rate suggestions to make.

-Leighton J. Warnock.
VIII.--NATION, STATE, AND GOVERNMENT.
(Continued.)

VI.

If, in emphasising the sovereignty of the citizen in the body politic, I have seemed to depreciate the functional value of local production and the guild spirit, I am nevertheless always conscious that, as things are to-day and must continue for another generation, man's livelihood is his main pre-occupation. Even when we have set our economy upon a new foundation of equity, there remains the perennial struggle with nature. My difficulty has been, not to minimise the economic problem, but to set it in due relation to the spiritual life of mankind—to religion, art, literature, science, what, in short, we live for. Señor de Maeztu comes near to the truth of it in the hierarchy of values he outlines in his book.* Highest in the scale come moral satisfaction, scientific discovery, and artistic creation. Next comes man with his associations and institutions. After these and on a lower grade come the economic values. "The reason why it is impossible for me to accept any other scale of values, or to change the order of this scale," he says, "is not difficult to explain. It is thought out in such a way that the first category of values includes the second and third; the second includes the third but not the first; and the third does not include either the first or second." If we apply this scale of values to the capitalist system, we find that the functional definition of wealth production and inequitable distribution of wealth accepts the false scale of values imposed by capitalism. And herein we discover the ethical condemnation of the suggested co-sovereignty of the first and third grades of this scale. Although my approach to the problem differs from Señor de Maeztu's, it may be observed that his first grade of values generally corresponds with the spiritual aspect of citizenship upon which I have insisted.

The logic of my statement as to the *role* of the State demands that in structure it shall be elastic, mobile, and responsive to the sovereign power—so elastic as to preclude functional definition. State organisation is primarily directed to the main purpose of expressing the will of the community, nationally through Parliament, locally through the local elected authorities. The local problem need not detain us here, but I may remark, in passing, that one of my reasons in urging the development of municipal into provincial government is that citizens may secure greater freedom in local life. The smaller the body, the less representative it becomes and the more inevitable that it should be kept in leading strings by the central authority. But it has not as yet dawned upon many thinkers that, if the federal principle can work so well in Canada with one-quarter or one-fifth our population, it may with advantage be applied in Great Britain. In any event, I do not shrink from the fullest application of the principle of sovereign citizenship, in its right degree, to local as to national life. The spine, then, of State structure is a Parliament charged to give effect to the express will of the general body of citizens, voting as citizens. I need not here discuss the vexed question whether the members of the Parliament are properly interpreters of the communal will or delegates. Personally, I think they ought to regard themselves as interpreters. In the process of interpreting their constituents' minds, they play, or ought to play, a considerable part as educators, the special knowledge they have concerning the economic problem, but as a consequence of which the division of State and Guild powers can be found in function. But Mr. Cole dismisses the vital distinction between legislation and administration tenable: "We must recognise that the control of legislation and administration cannot be divorced, and if we are to find a cleavage at all, we must make a new cut."
This "new cut" is by function. But to resort to function in this general sense is to beg the question. We cannot, in the first place, accept without further examination Mr. Cole's assumption that legislation and administration are not a single function. I have already argued for this separation on three grounds: (a) the nature of the State; (b) function applied to administration and not applicable to the State—this fact in itself involving differentiation; and (c) the adoption of Guild principles by all administrative bodies—a right they share equally with the producers.

As the next section of this chapter deals with administration, Mr. Cole and I can most conveniently discuss our differences in that regard.

In our previous discussion on the relation of production to consumption, it will be remembered that Mr. Cole gave the word "consumer" a much wider connotation than I was prepared to admit. Now, let us look at the result. He argues for two legislative machines of supreme authority—Parliament for the consumer as such; the Guild Congress for the producer as such. But having regard to the broad definition that Mr. Cole gives the consumer, there is not a section or even a sub-section of Guild legislation to which the consumer cannot take objection, if so minded, that we need anticipate cantankerous criticism; but we may reasonably anticipate a constant struggle for power, in small things as in great. Where objection is taken by the Parliament of consumers to legislative measures passed by the Guild Congress, Mr. Cole's solution is a joint session of the co-sovereign bodies. This opens up a vista of an almost perpetual joint session, with consequent delays and irritations, and incidentally destroys co-sovereignty, the joint session becoming, ipso facto, the ultimate sovereign authority. But I, for one, have advocated National Guilds for two reasons, which Mr. Cole's proposals would effectually nullify: I would relegate the economic function to the Guilds that Parliamentary work may be unhampered and unvitiated by economic interests; secondly, I want National Guilds to be absolutely masters in their own house and within their defined function—a function upon which they would naturally agree with the State, from which they obtain their charter. In plain terms, the producers shall be masters of production—a principle essential to good craftsmanship. Thus, the effect of Mr. Cole's theory of balance or co-sovereignty is to subject the producer to a supervision almost as galling as under capitalism—an intervention with the minimum result and the maximum friction. I again affirm that the consumer, in my sense or Mr. Cole's, is only concerned with the finished product. If he poke his nose into the productive processes, which are no business of his, he must expect the fate that pursues the interloper.

In regard to Guild legislation, Mr. Cole and I are in substantial agreement. I have already argued that sick, old age, and unemployed maintenance is a Guild function. The administration of the necessary funds involves regulations which in effect constitute legislation. Indeed, the Guilds would produce every day automatically legislate. The power would be implicit in the Guild charter. Nor is it a novel principle in law. It would be little more than an expansion of the already juridically recognised "custom of the trade." Even to-day, municipal authorities, chartered corporations, and public trusts have powers of regulation which, in their own sphere, practically amount to legislation. But the rights of citizenship remain sacred. Citizenship is a discipline and a destiny that knows neither producer nor consumer: regards production and consumption, not as ends in themselves, but means to an end.

S. G. H.

Master and Creator.

By Janko Lavrin.

Many misunderstandings in art and criticism are due to the confusion of Reality with Actuality. The so-called realists (and, still more, naturalists) usually take actuality for the only reality, quite forgetting that the former may be only a casual aspect of the latter. In fact, reality is more than actuality, for it includes the actual and, at the same time, the deeper, transcendental, aspects of life. Every creative talent may become actualist, while to be a true realist one must see something more than (external) actuality. This "something more" can often be expressed only in symbols. Moreover, for a true realist actuality is nothing but a symbolic veil of something that is deeper and more important than the actual aspects of life. Goethe's famous aphorism, "Alles Vergaengliche ist ein Gleichnis" could be translated: "Actuality is a symbol." Thus, true symbolism is the method and the profoundest aspect of realism. Hence, it is a mistake to divide writers into symbolists and realists: they should rather be divided into realists and actualists.

This has been to a certain extent understood by the great Russian writers (beginning with Gogol), whose realism often has a wider symbolical conception, and endeavours to go beyond the limits of stylized actuality, as well as of self-styled art. Being more penetrating than perceptive, they are greater in inner revelations than in external combinations or in external mastery. Sometimes they are even bad masters simply because they are more than masters, i.e., we see in them a certain divergence between creative and purely artistic elements, a divergence between Man and artist, between creator and master. Such a divergence may often be of great interest, for it is due far less to the external influences of different "schools" of art than to the inner psychological constitution of the artists themselves; it corresponds to two different psychologies of creation, even to two different kinds of imagination (which could partly explain the difference between intuition and imagination).

We know, for instance, that imagination may often be of purely mental origin, and, as such, peculiar even to very cold and "logical" people whose brain is not in the slightest degree disturbed by different affects and "moods." Being good observers, such characters may imagine an infinite quantity of external plots and forms without revealing the slightest mystery of Reality. Their imagination is too horizontal to bring them beyond the limits of the actual. They may work with combinations (either in events or in forms), but no new creative revelations. In art they are rather versatile and able masters than great creators. Their intuition (if they have any) is not of primary but of secondary origin; it is led and conditioned by their imagination, while in intuitive characters, especially in musicians, the imagination is subdued to the intuition and directed by the latter. The imagination of such a character has a vertical direction. His intellect has not differentiated itself (from the entire consciousness) as a dominant factor; his thoughts are so much interwoven with his feelings that often it is almost impossible to trace a line between them. He rather feels than "thinks" his thoughts. Being more penetrating than perceptive, he divines in actuality more than its surface. There are impressions he chiefly feels in lyric rhythms, in plastic symbols, without being able to express them in the usual "logical" way. And when his thought-feelings endeavour to catch the necessary expression in words, he sees a complete insufficiency of purely intellectual means for such a purpose.

The result is a certain nervousness, eccentricity and inconsequence in his "thinking," as well as in his life;
he seldom is a good speaker—for the simple reason that he has more inner content than words (while of a good speaker just the contrary holds). His language often stutters like the language of a man who has so much to say that no words are enough to express it. The more he wants to say the more he is tortured by the lack of adequate means of expression. But after having attained a certain amount of such means, he often becomes eruptive like a volcano. The moment of such a union between his inner need of expression and his means of expression is the point where the intuition passes over into inspiration; and this is the moment when the best works of art are created.

But here we arrive at another essential difference between the creator and a mere master. In the former the inner need is stronger than the will to create, while in the latter just the contrary is the case. A mere master can compel himself, while a creator is being compelled to create. The former may do his work methodically; the latter does it rather periodically, paying for each intense creative act by a spiritual and physical reaction. Further—a master has always plenty of means of expression. He can do his work almost at any time, being always equally able, versatile and equally superficial. The great productivity (which often is a bad symptom) is peculiar to him. Being very ambitious he is usually quite satisfied with his works. He even is their greatest (and sometimes also their only) admirer—for the very reason that he finds in them more than he intended to say, while the true creator often hates his own works, seeing even in the best of them much less than he wanted to express. In other words: the latter is more than artist; the artist is only a part of him.

The actualism (or Art of the Surface) may concentrate itself either on external events or on external artificiality, the dynamic simplicity by rhetorics, and style by stylisation. Creative artists, as well as creative epochs, have their style, while the substitution of style by ecstatic stylisation is the typical mark of parasitic and "intellectual" epochs. And this is peculiar just to our epoch which has lost almost every organic connection between art and life. Thanks to the complete "divorce" between them, art loses its style, its vital force, as well as its great social meaning. The religion of Beauty has been split up into thousands of small dogmatic sects quarrelling about the "rites," in which—instead of spirit—mere formalism prevails. (The modern public has in this respect even a worse taste than the modern artists.) Our life is a negation of art, and our art—a negation of life. Art has become concubine of Capitalism; hence, her only prospect is—spiritual prostitution as well as progressive paralysis of all creative potency.

The creative poverty of contemporary art and artists is indeed astonishing—in spite of all the external acrobacy, versatility and mastery. Once the artists went like emperors to the crowd, scattering their riches and, as such, rather a psychological than an artistic document; its "daring" iconoclastic principles (collected in a cheap futuristic gospel by their "prophet" Marinetti) are nothing but an hysterical cry of weakness longing for strength. Unfortunately, longing for strength and real strength are two different things. In this difference, i.e., in the lack of real creative power, consists the tragedy of Futurism, as well as of all our contemporary art; or, rather—of our epoch.

Out of School.

If I come out of a classroom, and tell an inquirer that I have been talking to children about their souls, he will conclude, almost certainly, that I have been talking to morals to them and not psychology, and, probably (since I am not a parson), that there must have been some "row" to bring the question of morals to the surface. It is necessary, in this discussion, to dwell upon our unconscious and semi-conscious resistances to the soul-idea, because these resistances are rooted in a phobia, and all phobias need steady and repeated pressure to bring them to conscious realisation, which is the necessary first step in curing them. (They also need an occasional loosening jolt, from an unexpected angle; but that I shall try to administer, to myself and to the reader, without going into the method and spoiling the surprise.)

We hate morals, because they have been kept ineradicable; and we find it hard to imagine an ethic of truth which shall not be associated with a jelly-fish ethic of goodness. The quest of truth looks like an attempt to put bones into the jelly-fish, and we know that bones will make it no better and may very well make it worse. Children, once spoiled by preaching—this can be done very simply and at a very early age—always resent a discussion of conduct and why it happens, until they are assured that your psychology is not a back-stair approach to the same thing. Precisely the same thing is true of adults, though the reaction is generally more disguised. For this reason it is advisable not to leave morals out of it (since truth without goodness is not truth), but to set up truth as the primary aim, and to let morals grow, of their own accord, upon the growing framework of truth. That is to say, in school practice and home management of children, work to elicit truths and let the children suggest the morals—as they most undoubtedly will. I do not mean that direct moral teaching is bad in the abstract, but that we have to get out of a very awkward complex in the matter of morals, which is entangling the present phase of civilisation; and that this seems to be the best way of unravelling the tangle. "Truth first" is the only watchword for people who have for generations been putting truth last and then failing to find time for it.

But we must have method in the quest of truth: it is not enough to set up a pious aspiration towards truth in general. The method falls under two headings. First, there is the absolute necessity of coherence, if the facts represented and discovered in education are to yield their meaning. Everything must be taught in relation to a growing continuum of knowledge. I have tried to survey this region of method very simply, and with strict regard to what is practically possible in schools as they now are, in a book called "Education for Liberty," which will be out by the time these lines are in print. If I recommend this book, for its practical notes on method for the quest of truth (which are added to the speculations about the unexplored mind that appeared under the above title in THE NEW AGE), the reader will be able, I hope, to take my recommendations for exactly what it is worth. I will only add that the practical suggestions I have put together make easier reading than most of this present series of articles—I am frankly exploring now, and, I know, making a considerable demand upon the reader's co-operation. The reader who has not given me up in
despair by this time should find no difficulty in seeing through and beyond the method for developing a unity of knowledge, and in discerning behind it that further aim, a unity of the understanding, upon which this present discussion has lately dwelt.

Next to the unity, the coherence, that distinguishes the quest of truth from the collecting of facts, we have to put the principle that justifies us in calling the unity of the understanding an "aim." Even this achievement is not worthy an aim, in and for itself: either it reaches beyond itself to a purpose, or it shrinks into an academic cloud, a pseudo-philosophical unity in littleness. Education has to guide this outward reach of the understanding, in virtue of which it becomes more than understanding—becomes, in fact, truth-seeking soul; and the first principle of method for this guidance is, as we have seen, the principle of "know your wish." It is for the sake of developing this principle that I have dwelt on the importance of making the child's natural quest of truth a conscious (but not a self-conscious) quest. He must be with people who are ready to talk about truth, and to satisfy his root desire for a sense of fellowship in the one whole act of the understanding. I put this down as a broad generalisation from experience, and I shall assume that it is true; it cannot be argued, because the people who think it untrue to the "young barbarian" nature of childhood have already encouraged the young philosopher and the young barbarian together—apart, they are a prig and a savage respectively; united, they make a natural and a delightful blend—will know quite well what I mean, and the reader without experience must judge by whatever sense of child-nature he possesses.

I have still to particularise about method for the cultivation of The Wish. This demands another book, which I have been remiss enough not to write yet; I shall only have room, here, for one or two general suggestions. We have, first, to get round any soul-phobia that the children may have caught from those who are afflicted with it. When we speak of the soul we want that to include the part of the understanding that reaches out beyond knowledge. The wish is the simplest form that this projection of the understanding can take. We can make it part of the mental machinery, in the simplest inquiry, that a child should ask himself how far the things that he wishes fit in with the things that he knows. Children are genuinely interested in expressing their wishes, and in expressing them as well as possible (incidentally, this gives us our most fruitful opportunity for training their sense of language); and they are very ready to go further, and to criticise their own and each other's expressed wishes in terms of their correspondence, or lack of correspondence, with reality. I need hardly define The Wish in this connection. Every question that a child asks implies a wish; and the point is that we should recognise the wish, and inquire into its nature, besides helping the child towards a solution of his own. Children become intensely keen on this inquiry, and the habit of mind that it sets up is invaluable. The habit of recognising one's wish, from the start, is the foundation of the habit of recognising one's soul. Not that the wish is the soul, by any means; the purpose of the inquiry is to see how far it represents the soul, in any given case.

This, of course, means a return to morals, and at the very first step: for whatever is the most embryonic truth of the soul, is morality. But there is no need to say so—except that we must beware of letting moraltv-phobia tie our tongues when the child himself gives the lead. Indeed, we may bring off an exchange: if we take the trouble to teach children about truth, they may be able, as a natural and spontaneous reaction, to teach us authentic morality. But of course a child's morality needs careful adaptation to adult life. It is too dangerously true. —Kenneth Richmond.

Readers and Writers.

The centenary celebrations of Marx ought not to conclude without a reference to his astonishing political insight. Philosophically, as Mr. Robes is has pointed out, Marx was confused; as an economist he has suffered from his disciples; but as a political critic he has seldom been surpassed. I would draw attention in particular to his analysis of the circumstances of Bismarck's annexation of Alsace-Lorraine and to his forecast of the consequences. Though writing in London, and without our historic knowledge of the Ems telegram, or our present knowledge of the world-war, Marx might have written his Manifesto to-day; but, in that case, I doubt whether he would be published in Germany, or read with much attention by Marx's followers in this country. It is a strange reflection, indeed, upon the fate of Marxism, that it is precisely the most clear and prophetic part of them that his professed followers neglect. For his dubious forecasts and his riddling analyses they have a literal reverence that transcends bibliolatry; but concerning his most absolute and explicit political prophecies—not a word!

The war of 1870, as we all know, was for Germany a declared war of defence, exactly like the present war. Germany is always defending herself at the world's expense. No sooner, however, had the motive of defence been satisfied by Sedan, than the real objects of German militarism began to be revealed. Unhindered by the earlier protestations of the Emperor William that Germany was at war only with Napoleon and not with France, the militarists inspired the German liberal bourgeoisie to press for annexations in the name of race and security. They dared to pretend, said Marx, that the people of the two provinces were burning to be annexed to Germany; and they, moreover, adopted without reflection the excuse of the military party that a rectification of the Imperial frontiers was a strategic necessity. Thus concluded Marx, they insisted upon sowing in the terms of peace the seeds of new wars—the phrase is Marx's own. And what wars, too! Marx was not blind to their probable character. History, he said, would not measure the German offence by the number of miles of territory annexed, but by the significance of the fact of annexation. This significance was no less than a declaration of "a policy of conquest," from which might be anticipated in logical order a German racial war against the Slav and Latin races combined. The war of 1870 having thus ended would, he said, be the precursor of a series of international wars, in the course of which it was probable that the working-classes everywhere would have to succumb to the forces of militarism and capitalism. What comment, I ask, has the "Call" or any of our contemporary Marxian pacifists to make upon this? It is right that they should ignore it, more especially when it is recalled that Marx paid a tribute to the English working-classes of his day, who "protested with all their might against the dismemberment of France".

Marx, however, was not the only observer of the events of 1870 to be moved to prophecy by them. As a matter of fact, everything has been foreseen. John Mitchel, the Irish Nationalist, whose name is invoked by Sinn Feiners to-day, was in Paris before the 1870 war and wrote of the events of the war in the "Irish Citizen" and elsewhere during its progress. He, too
had no illusions concerning the nature of Prussian militarism; and though his sympathies were mainly with France, he said, "Prussia," he said, "cannot be England's friend. With France, he had a word of warning for England. Things have not worked out exactly as Mitchell prophesied; but they have worked out nearly enough to justify his political clairvoyance. Together with Marx he was not deceived by the events before him; but both saw in them the shadows of the events that have now befallen us. I remark with irony that just as the self-styled followers of the economist Marx ignore the political judgments of their master, the professed inheritors of the Nationalist opinions of Mitchell ignore his international opinions. It is in this way that the garments of the great are divided and the seamless garment shredded into ribbons. More of Mitchell's writings on the subject, by the way, may be found in the pamphlet just issued by the Talbot Press, Dublin, and Mr. Fisher Unwin (8d. net).

Mr. J. C. Powell contributed to the "Times" Literary Supplement last week a letter in which he criticised the description of Guild Socialism, previously made in the "Times," as "a very recent and peculiarly English invention, which seems to be still unknown to Continental Socialists." All the statements implied in the quoted sentence are, according to Mr. Powell, untrue. On the contrary, however, they are all of them true; and nothing parallel to the proposals of National Guilds is to be found, I believe, in Continental literature to this day. It is undeniably the case, as Mr. Powell points out, that a movement for the restoration of the Guild system was begun in Germany during the 'eighties by the Catholic Socialist, Canon Hitze; and that this was a revival of a still earlier movement, begun by Adam Muller and Leopold von Haller fifty years before. But in both movements the central proposal was for the restoration of the craft guilds of the Middle Ages, and in no sense a proposal to make national guilds of the existing industrial organisations. Mr. Penty may, therefore, be said to have been anticipated in Germany; but National Guilds remain what they are: a very recent, and peculiarly English invention, which seems to be still unknown to Continental Socialists"—including, I may say, M. Vandervelde, who should know better.

I have received from the editor of one of the best-known English dictionaries a request for a date of the earliest mention in The New Age of the word "profiteering." The earliest reference discovered by himself is, he tells me, in our issue of September 20, 1912; but it is probable from the context that the word had previously appeared. When was it? I have in vain interrogated those who should know, and chiefly the author of the word; and, in despair, I have been searching through the earlier files of The New Age, but with the same result. Re-reading the old volumes of this journal, I find, the most extravagant amusement it is possible to indulge in. I have found everything but what I was looking for; and for the most part of the time I even forgot what it was I was seeking.
horses in a cavern by the sea. The blind old woman still sat out before the door. I walked all round the tower and noticed small fields enclosed with small wattle palings on the landward side, and a few hobbled goats upon a strip of herbage near the shore; which, with some fishing-nets spread out upon the rocks to dry, informed me how our host obtained a livelihood.

As I went back towards the door, I met Rashid bringing our saddle-bags. He nodded to the woman, who still sat there motionless, and told me:

"She is mad, the poor one—but not dangerous. Fear nothing. They are quite good people. It is strange, but he informs me she is not his mother nor his wife, nor anyone by birth allied to him. And yet he waits upon her, helping her as she is."

Just then, the master of the tower appeared, and, going to the woman, took her hand and raised her.

"Haddalu !" he said, with just the same polite and strange, but he informs me she is not his mother nor his wife, nor anyone by birth allied to him. And yet he waits upon her, helping her as she is.

"Let be," he said. 'There is no hope for us in flight. Lie low. Perhaps they will pass by without perceiving us.'

"And so they might have done, God knows, had not our horses neighed, winding the other horses."

The old man wrung his hands, then hid his eyes with them.

"Never, never can I tell thee details of what followed. We fought and the prince sought us, snatching a skirmish which I was carrying from my side. Her boldness helped us somewhat to delay the end, for our assailants were her father's people, and they feared to hurt her. But the end came; it was from the first inevitable. I was lying helpless on the ground, wounded, but fully conscious, when they shot my lord. At once they hewed his body into fragments, each of which was soon exalted on a spear. The princess, wounded in the face, and pinioned, witnessed that. Her damsel lay insensible, and at the time I thought her dead. She was my promised bride. Then the Emir approached with a great spear—as I suppose, to kill his daughter, but just then there were loud shouts, and then another battle, in which I heard the war-cry of our tribe. The father of my lord, pursuing also with intent to punish us, had come upon his ancient enemy at unawares. He won the day. The other Arabs broke and fled. The noblest of our braves pursued them; but several of the lewder sort remained behind to torture and dishonour my unhappy lady. I tried to rise and rescue her, but, with the effort, my spirit left my body, and I lay as dead—the praise to Allah!—which is the reason why I am alive to-day.

"So great a fight could not take place so near the guarded country without coming to the knowledge of the Government. Ten Turkish soldiers, armed with carbines, and on horseback, coming down the road, discovered us, and carried the survivors to a place of safety. The princess was then as you yourselves have seen her, except that she was young and now is older. Her damsel had survived the fight without much hurt, by God's protection, having lain upon the ground so still that she was left for dead. When I recovered from my wounds, I married her.

"So tragic was our tale that all men pitied us. The Governor himself protected the princess, and placed her with the women of his household. But she could not be happy in the city, in that kind of life; her soul grew restless, pining. My wife, who visited her every day, was grieved for her; and when I found that it was as she said, I went and asked the Governor's permission to support our lady. Perceiving that she was not happy in his house, he yielded; and we three wandered through the settled country for long months, the people showing kindness to us through compassion, for our tale was known. At last we reached this ruin by the sea, which pleased our lady, because, my wife believed, the mountains are so like a wall raised up between her and the country of her grief. That must be thirty years ago; but she has never wandered since. My wife died and I buried her beside the shore; for years I have performed her duties to our lady. The people of these parts are wicked, but they let us be, because they think that we are under some enchantment. My prayer is always that I may survive my fatigue. Their weakness had to be considered, and there came a time when it was evident that they could go no farther with their princess, but felt secured to her, and her woman suffered greatly from endurance, and her woman woman suffered greatly from endurance, and her woman suffered greatly from endurance.
lady, for how would she, poor creature, fare alone? So far, we have been very fortunate, praise be to Allah!"

Rashid was loud in his expressions of amazement at the story, his mind intent upon the central tragedy. He said no word of praise or wonder at our host’s self-sacrifice. That he accepted as a thing of course. This attitude of his, which I observed, prevented me from uttering the words of pity and condolence which were on my tongue; but I in glad these words were never uttered, for they were impertinent, and would have seemed absurd to Orientals, who have not our sentiment.

So, after the conclusion of the tale, we went to bed.

Music.
By William Atheling.

HANDEL’S "Hear me, ye winds and waves," is a good hymn tune, and impressive if one likes church music for opera. We reserve our personal grudge, however, against the Near Eastern influence.

M. Rodolphe Gaillard (Æolian Hall) has a largish, mellow voice. He sang the extremely badly written libretto of Handel with affected enunciation, such as "legiontx" for "legions," and "wein-tcss" for "winds." That he had to sing "glor-ree" for "glory" is due to the stupidty of the librettist. The sense of fitting words to notes, fitting them so that they fit, has not greatly shone in this island since, as we continue to repeat, the era of Lawes and Tho. Campion. The last line, "I pray for death alone," is well done, and there is something to be said for Samuel Butler’s taste. Handel was not a pernicious influence in English music. English music had already gone to pot and Meinheer von Handel was the best man of his time. He did not retain the best style of his earlier English predecessors, but neither did his English competitors.

Gaillard got emotional force into "Vision Fugi-
tive," and the accompaniment was good; he warbled or caterwauled in "Though I am young"; there was some charm and richness, but this singer has not the Campion. The last line, "I pray for death alone," is due to the stupidity of the librettist. The sense of fitting words to notes, fitting them so that they fit, has not greatly shone in this island since, as we continue to repeat, the era of Lawes and Tho. Campion. The last line, "I pray for death alone," is well done, and there is something to be said for Samuel Butler’s taste. Handel was not a pernicious influence in English music. English music had already gone to pot and Meinheer von Handel was the best man of his time. He did not retain the best style of his earlier English predecessors, but neither did his English competitors.

Gaillard got emotional force into "Vision Fugi-
tive," and the accompaniment was good; he warbled or caterwauled in "Though I am young"; there was some charm and richness, but this singer has not the neatness requisite for Ben Jonson or "old music." His work is rather of the popular sort: rather better than the Chappell ballad school, emotional rather than finished, and the melody in "Though I am young" is a pleasant high part of the voice; he grazes the sentimental, and is altogether of the romantic school. The "Chant Hindou" was well sung, the solemnity rather suitting him, but a better artist would have made a greater distinction between the sorrow of the Hindou whose love is dead, "I am sad," etc., and the sorrows of the Kipling-Ed. German gentleman, who laments that he has "never seen a jaguar nor yet an armadillo," and who hopes to roll to Rio some day. The two griefs are scarcely in the same register. We cannot accept the armadillo matter as heart-rending; and Gaillard has taken the Ed. German phrase, cheap music-hall stuff a great deal too seriously. We have also heard "Bonjour, Suzon," often enough for one season.

Emmanuel Compinsky (Æolian Hall) played his violin with temperament and brilliancy; was a little hard, had no mannerisms, a few squeaks and a squawk; he made the cuts in the rhythm fairly and clearly, showed not the least messiness, but some harshness, perhaps even a certain roughness, as of a good apple unripe, unripe but a good apple. He should be above the average, quite well above it, if one is to take the risk of a prophecy. He had already found delicacy, if not finish, and before the end of the Scherzo in the Beethoven Sonata he had got the music up on to the stage. I find that I hear Wieniawski’s music, its wailing and wallowing, with an increasing dislike, and I saw no good purpose to be served by sitting through the D minor Op. 22 Concerto of this restaurateur.

Miss Margaret Cooper (Æolian Hall) has far more personal charm than the pictures on her ads. would lead us to expect; she has magnificent arms and a figure the Greeks would have envied. She brings the British sentimental ballad menace to art, perhaps, as this highly autochthonous product is capable of being hoisted. Her Sterndale-Bennet was done as well as possible. The absence of Ed. German’s music from all programmes or from any programme in particular would cause me no personal pangs. The real nature of Miss Cooper’s programmes broadly preferred to us (it is a matter for psychology) until the fourth song on her programme, "Because my love has come." This revealed, really revealed to us "how far this sort of thing can go"; or perhaps it didn’t; perhaps we didn’t get the gist and the core until she began on the limericks and on that untried thing novelty, the verset wherein the rhyme-scheme leads one almost to suspect the fair creature is about to soil her lips with an expletive (Cam, cram, etc.), and ends to the utter bewilderment of the tittivated audience in some phrase like "Oh, horrors." Some people like it, and Barton, laurongh, in particular. Mr. Gervase Elwes was fittingly included in her programme. His mellow, not to say dulcet, voice pro- truded in the sentimental manner, oh, yes, in all its honeyed sacchariness.

The Walford-Davies concert (Æolian Hall) gave a general impression of feminine chaos and indistinctness; there was plenty of technique in detail. The Walford-Davies sonata may perhaps be itself this general sort of welter, a clouded emotional welter with various musical clichés interspersed. As given, the effect was rather that of queerness than of governed production. Miss Monro put forth a sort of pleasing Chinese gong tone in her Brahms, but the whole was also confused. Her Liszt was done with a maul; however, it was done her own way. Both these ladies obviously play as they like. One’s difference would in the end be found to be rather personal. As with the Walford-Davies sonata, one couldn’t, from a single hearing, swear there was nothing in it; but one wouldn’t be in the least convinced that the content amounted to much.

Raymond Collignon’s delicate and exquisite art (Æolian Hall) was taxed to its utmost with a rather spineless and monotonous programme. Moullé, to her credit, suits her better than Bax (we should hope so). Of her first group the Weitz "Lorsque j’etais petit" is worth keeping. In the second group the Campion "Jack and Joan" was so infinitely above the rest of the songs that one would pray her to keep to the masters; considering that it is nearly impossible to get this old music sung with due precision and delicacy and that she is really equipped for it. It is rather a waste for her to do even the Mignardise, though "La Peche des Moules" was delightful and the best of the Harold Scott pieces given.

We were delighted with the exquisite melodic line of the Rummel reconstructions from the Troubadour music, and it was a comfort to find words in some relation to notes, a treat not commonly granted us. In the Ventadour song the last line was sung with the words more separate and distinct, since it is the whole point and climax of the song. Whatever may be written in a modern text, the notes in this medieval music emphasise and illustrate the words, and the words may stand clearly right. Likewise in the Usiel song the effect would be greatly enhanced if the voice gave more the effect of a pluck and tang of the strings. In work as fine-wrought as this one can afford such close criticism of detail; we so seldom get
within sight or reach of the perfect that the narrowed margin of difference becomes almost more a grievance than would my conduct and widen the gap between the achieved and the wholly desirable.

Some of Mlle. Collignon’s gestures were exquisite, though the whole programme was not as well conceived as that of her folk-song concert. But what do we ask or expect; is the really exquisite effect so common that we should hold mile if we can only give it perfect moments in an hour? Mlle. Collignon’s art is there, even if this particular performance was not in all points wholly felicitous. It is one of our most precious bibelots.

NOTA BENE.—Felix Salmond’s cello recital, Wigmore Hall, Tuesday, May 28, at 3 o’clock.

Views and Reviews.

THE DUTY OF A CITIZEN.

General Maurice’s famous letter to the Press contained one phrase of peculiar interest, for it stated, in effect, the principle which is maintained by the conscientious objectors. This is the phrase: “I have therefore decided, fully realising the consequences to myself, that I must over-ride my duty as a soldier.” There is manifest in this phrase a confusion of meaning attaching to the word “duty”; for if we can recognise "the duty of a soldier," we must deny that it is the “duty of a citizen," in the same sense of the word, to give the lie to the Prime Minister or to tell the truth about anything done by the Government. For the "duty of a soldier" is a legal duty, for the non-performance of which punishments are prescribed by law; but the law will not give legal immunity to any person who performs such an action. A "duty" is that which the law requires, and will punish the wilful neglect of, and where there is no legal remedy, there is no legal wrong; where there is no legal penalty for the omission of an act, there is no legal duty to perform it. The "duty" of a citizen does not include participation in the conduct of high politics, does not include the commission of what is, I understand from Dicey’s "Law of the Constitution", a sedition libel.

There is a real legal difference between the duty of a soldier and the duty of a citizen as is implied by General Maurice’s phrase. "The fixed doctrine of English law is that a soldier, though a member of a standing army, is in England subject to all the duties and liabilities of an ordinary citizen. ‘Nothing in this Act contained’ (so runs the first Mutiny Act) ‘shall extend or be construed to exempt any officer or soldier whatsoever from the ordinary process of law.’" These words contain the clue to all our legislation with regard to the standing army whilst employed in the United Kingdom. A soldier by his contract of enlistment undertakes many obligations in addition to the duties incumbent upon a civilian. But he does not escape from any of the duties of an ordinary British subject. The “duty” of a soldier includes the duty of a citizen, but is not limited by it; on the contrary, a citizen entering the army becomes liable to special duties as being "a person subject to military law." Those "special duties" do not include the "duty" of contradicting the Government on questions of military fact, that is to say, a soldier, like a civilian, is not compelled to do it under penalty for omission. It is not one’s "duty," in the legal sense, to contradict the Government, nor is it a soldier’s privilege; the act confers no immunity on either civilian or soldier who commits it, and, under military law, it is definitely an offence, as General Maurice recognised.

Then what did General Maurice mean by saying: “My duty as a citizen must over-ride my duty as a soldier”? He could not mean his legal duty as a citizen, for that duty is enforced without the legislation which General Maurice attempts to justify by his invocation; he can only mean his “moral” duty. Like the conscientious objectors, he professes allegiance to the moral law, and claims for it the right to over-ride the law of the land. That is a principle that has absolutely no political validity; a society could never be founded on it, and could not endure for a week if it were to be generally accepted in a society already founded. For the moral law has no legislative organ, takes no cognisance of political conditions, establishes no machinery, either of jurisdiction or of interpretation, and announces itself only by proclamation through an individual, to whom it grants no credentials of plenary inspiration. It is a law that anyone may proclaim, for no one is more, or less, subject to it than another; and as “every way of a man is right in his own eyes, but the Lord pondereth the hearts,” as the Book of Proverbs puts it, the moral law, like Emerson’s “religion,” will not only produce “a new statement every day,” but a different statement from practically every man, no one of whom would be subject to the duty of introducing coherence into the mass of proclamations by relating them to each other in some orderly fashion. Chaos is again so soon as it becomes the duty of a citizen to over-ride the law of the land; and the moral law, like the “Bishop of Rome, hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England.”

General Maurice’s new statement of the moral law, of his “duty as a citizen,” introduces another difficulty into constitutional practice. That public opinion should be expressed not only by public bodies and public meetings, but by the public Press, is a practice to which no objection can be made, consistently with the admission of the principle of government by consent. But public opinion expressed by these methods does not over-ride public opinion as expressed by the election of the House of Commons; the citizen as newspaper-purchaser is not superior to the citizen as elector, and although he has a perfect right to air his grievances (subject only to the law of the land) against the results of his election, he has no right to behave or to be treated as though the political power yielded by his vote remained in his hands. But a running fire of criticism or exhortation, may formulate new demands and press them upon the attention of Parliament; but he is emphatically not the custodian of the honour of Parliament, and is not entitled to be addressed in such a matter before Parliament itself. If a Government can convince Parliament that the moon is made of green cheese, and that Lord Rhondda has made arrangements for the supply of it to munition-workers, the citizen is entitled to register a protest against the credulity of Parliament, and to determine not to elect such a Parliament next time; but he has no right to be informed before Parliament itself that the moon is not made of green cheese, or that Lord Rhondda has omitted to control the supply. What is said and done in Parliament is, first of all, the affair of Parliament itself; the citizen has no relation to the Executive but that of a subject, except through the medium of his representative, to the body of whom the Executive is responsible, and not to the body of citizens. The citizen is entitled to approach his representative on any matter which, in his opinion, needs the attention of Parliament; but it is no part of his duty to appeal to the public against the relations of the Executive with the body of whom the Executive is responsible, and not to the body of citizens. The citizen is entitled to approach his representative on any matter which, in his opinion, needs the attention of Parliament; but it is no part of his duty to appeal to the public against the relations of the Executive with the body of whom the Executive is responsible, and not to the body of citizens. The citizen is entitled to approach his representative on any matter which, in his opinion, needs the attention of Parliament; but it is no part of his duty to appeal to the public against the relations of the Executive with the body of whom the Executive is responsible, and not to the body of citizens. The citizen is entitled to approach his representative on any matter which, in his opinion, needs the attention of Parliament; but it is no part of his duty to appeal to the public against the relations of the Executive with the body of whom the Executive is responsible, and not to the body of citizens.
House of Commons, and is not entitled to interfere between the Executive and the legislature. We may think what we like of Parliament, but we may not, even at General Maurice's invitation, arrogate to the citizen powers that he has surrendered to that Parliament.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Production: The Foundation Stone of the State. By James Glass. (The Saracen's Head. 6d. net.) Mr. Glass begins by declaring: "I am attached to no political party, and I have no axe of my own to grind." We can assure him that the political opinions expressed in his pamphlet, although they merit ostracism, do not entail it; he would probably find equally disinterested philanthropists in the National Party. He wants a consolidated Empire, Free Trade within it, and Protection against the rest of the world: the House of Lords, like the German Empire, must go, Labour must be conscripted sans phrase, and "the dormant capital lying in our banks ought to be subscribed by Government to such use. The owners of the money should be paid a fair rate of interest [cent. per cent.?] and Government should employ it in stimulating British agriculture, industries, and commerce." Mr. Glass, we may say, is a business man, and a business man, of course, neither uses nor grinds axes; and we can appreciate the disinterestedness that wishes to compel every fit male and female person from fifteen to sixty-five to "work in the national interest," and to pay what we suppose is the same "interest" to the owners of the "dormant capital lying, etc."—we always thought it was lying. To make this crazy conscription scheme palatable, Mr. Glass puts forward what is vulgarly called "a fair treat" of an idea. The Government which is called upon to do all these things on behalf of British industry is apparently incapable of looking after its disabled soldiers; and Mr. Glass detects here the opportunity of showing how disinterested private enterprise can be. "And now I introduce my scheme of a Commonweal Farm. During a long and active business life I have saved £20,000 (stand back, you boys!). With this money I intend [only intend?] to buy a small estate in the vicinity of my native City of Edinburgh [we have heard of Edinburgh], and to build thereon suitable housing accommodation for fifty disabled soldiers and sailors. [At £200 each (very cheap), fifty houses will cost £10,000, to say nothing of the cost of the freehold.] The land will be laid out as a poultry, pig, vegetable and dairy farm. [The stock and farm buildings and machinery will, we think, make a hole in the remaining £10,000 at present prices.] I am informed that such a farm, under good management, should be very profitable. [Suppose that it is not: what then?] After paying wages and expenses, half of the profits would go [if they could?] to the workers and the other half to enlarging the farm and increasing the number of workers. I hope to make a beginning this year [we hope, also, an ending. Better be thorough.] Although the scheme is philanthropic [we understood that it was to be "very profitable"] such a farm to be successful must be run on business lines. [Prepare your axes, please.] I know little or nothing about agriculture, but among fifty disabled soldiers there will be some who do. The business management I will keep in my own hands." How Mr. Glass will be able to do this we cannot imagine; for he also says: "When my plans are complete, I intend [still only intend?] to ask the Corporation of Edinburgh to act as trustees, and I will hand them over £20,000 by deed of gift." Is it usual to make deeds of gift to trustees? We suggest that before Mr. Glass spends sixpence he should get in touch with the Pensions Ministry.

Christine. By Alice Cholmondeley. (Macmillan. 6s. net.) Mrs. Cholmondeley offers these letters from her daughter because she wishes to share with the public whatever there may be of love and happiness as well as grief. Christine went to Berlin at the age of 22 to perfect her violin-playing; she went Opportunity for the purpose of publication, arriving there on May 28, 1914, and dying of double pneumonia on August 8, 1914, although on August 6 she was at Wurzburg and apparently in the best of health. She crammed into these two months and fifteen days more than most people could do in as many years; she became the favourite pupil of her master, Kloster, she became acquainted with the family of a Prussian Minister, whose wife "pulled most of the strings at Bayreuth," became acquainted with a Herr von Inser, a musician genius in the Garde-Uhlan—a Prussian officer who "hated soldiering"), over-worked herself, and had to go to the forest near Stettin to recuperate, was there taken to the country house of the above-mentioned Prussian Minister, and was most dramatically betrothed to the Garde-Uhlan after playing the violin in the garden. Think of it! An unknown English genius, living unchaperoned in a Berlin boarding-house, becomes engaged (to an officer not that) without his previous inquiry into her history or the status of her family, without the consent of the Colonel or the Kaiser, after nothing but playing the fiddle in the garden. Her mother says that she had a great gift, but we doubt whether it was fiddling. These letters betray on every page a literary gift that is not disguised by "the love in them which made them sacred things," so sacred that Mrs. Cholmondeley did not publish them for three years, and then did publish them. There is love in them, a love for her mother that is extravagantly expressed, and is strangely incongruous with the mature skill with which she extracts from her social experiences such profound judgments of the German nation, andmarshals the whole into the form of a narrative novel. The lecture delivered to her by Pastor Wienicke in the forester's house during the German equivalent of five o'clock after tea, a lecture on the materialism of England, is a passage that betray such art, both in what it selects and omits, that we must believe that a great novelist has been lost in Christine. And to think that it occurred in a mere letter to her "sweet mother" only increases our wonder; if she could throw off such things, in letters written against time ("the Oberförster is calling for this"!), what could she not have done with a little leisure? She forgets nothing in her picture of Germany; her lover's Colonel, for example, betrays the omniscience of the German General Staff by talking of the dangerous roads at her home in Petworth, although he had never been there. The conversations in her boarding-house were typical of the nation, so Kloster told her; they confirmed everything that has been written by English writers to explain the German psychology; and she divided energy (having the clue from Kloster) the Kaiser's manipulation of public opinion and stage-management of popular feeling. She did not forget to state (how could she?) the change of feeling towards her when England declared war, to tell her mother how the Koseritzes turned her out of the house, and how the Colonel (previously so friendly) forbade her lover to say farewell to her. She was only twenty-two, and five feet ten inches in height, and she died in August of double pneumonia two days after she had written an account of events that seemed more likely to cause sunstroke, but which apparently had not affected her health or her literary powers.

THE NEW AGE

May 16, 1918
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE WAR BUDGET.

Sir,—It would be invidious and serve no purpose at this juncture to enter into much detail or too severely criticise the attempt of the well-meaning but unimaginative Mr. Bonar Law. It is quite evident that routine work has deadened his inspiration and the dawdling with faint proposals which his latest proposals have provoked are their severest condemnation. Scourges need drastic remedies, so why does not Mr. Law defy precedent and "face the music"? He must know that a slight increase in the income tax, so-called "fining" of the distillers, which will in many cases defeat its own object, an increase of stamp duty on cheques (by the way, why not on receipts?), a "fining" of the distillers—these petty things will be only a source of aggravation, and will but insult the intelligence of right-thinking people. A war, such as this, which for the very best reason that it was unexpected and undesired, and has cost the Empire even more thousands of millions than it would have done had we been prepared, can only be paid for by enormous pecuniary sacrifice and personal contribution according to the financial means of each individual. It is no use having an academic discussion as to what fortunes have been made by armament or shipping firms, financiers, profiteers, et hoc genera omne, but one indisputable fact we have to all—out a tremendous debt, and the only honest way to keep our country solvent is that everyone should be made to contribute a certain percentage of capital (or income, if the capital be unavailable), enough and sufficiently progressive, according to individual wealth, to liquidate the entire war debt.

The usual cry will be heard, the same lamentation, that the taxing of capital will discourage business and create additional hardship for the employee; me have full responsibility for the integrity and soundness of the capitalist with instead of the magnate with "that the taxing of capital will discourage business and require immediate payment; that if I chose to wait therefore could not utilise it until he had reimbursed me his debt to me, I can sell the draft to the banker's. "Wait and see" is quite a sound formula here.

The Liquor Trade may be viewed as a revenue-producing concern or as a public nuisance. It is only on the former hypothesis that State purchase at any price at all is defensible. Viewed, then, on a revenue basis, it is of great importance to consider the effect of paying out the present shareholders. They will, of course, invest their money in other industrials, or in Government stock, which is based upon the productiveness of purely industrial concerns. In either case the new State Liquor business will consist for revenue with them. On this ground it will be to the interest of all the ex-shareholders to limit drink sales if not to suppress them; and also on another ground, that the millions spent by wage-slaves upon drink represent a margin of possible wage-retrenchment. The "promotion of sobriety" will be announced to the public as the most worthy ideal in practical politics; but in "Industrial Peace" ("for private circulation only") the appeal to employers will run on the lives of "Cut lubricating costs on your human machines." No one doubts that Drink is to a certain degree a check on output. The State Purchase scheme presupposes a continuance of this "check"—otherwise the selling of brewery interests is a manifest swindle. But is it conceivable that the check "will continue in the face of the above contrary forces? ARTHUR BRENTON.

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EFFICIENCY.

Sir,—In your article, "Foreign Affairs," in your issue of May 9th, you say: "the present highly efficient leaders of Germany—and nobody denies their efficiency—" The efficiency of the leaders of Germany is denied. What is the scientific value of the statement of opinion of a man to an end. The attainment of the end is implied. Taking efficiency in this sense, the Germans are the least efficient people in Europe, and we are faced by the anomaly of an inferior people trying to impose their will upon their superiors. Another proof of the inefficiency of the leaders of Germany is their adoption of three philosophic concepts, all of them false, concepts of high explosive power which are the real causes of the present war—first, the State is Supreme; second, Necessity knows no Law; third, Might is Right. Someone should undertake the formulation of a Philosophy of War, particularly of this war. Will The New Age undertake it? K. W. JOHNSON.

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CONTROL IN EDUCATION.

Sir,—Mr. O. Latham, in his third article, claims on behalf of the teachers that "the introduction of compulsory education finally destroyed the natural right of the parent to control the child's destiny." If by "destiny" he means the kind of education the child is to receive, he will find himself up against a stronger opposition than he seems to dream of. A natural right cannot be destroyed, especially when it is a duty as well as a right; and if some parents forget their responsibilities, others will become still more alive. The State is Supreme; in particular (for it is only fair to tell Mr. Latham on whose toes he is treading) let me name Catholic parents. Education, like marriage, is one of those borderline questions which the Catholic Church cannot abandon entirely to the State, or even to the Guild. Catholics will be heart and soul with Mr. Latham in any attempt to raise the status of the profession; but the technical and essentially official character of the patient's office, and a free choice of teachers, as of doctors, is one of the elementary rights of man. The Guild of Teachers, having arrived at years of discretion, will assuredly manage its own affairs without the interference (State or local) which is the rule at present; but there are limits to what it can regard as exclusively its own affairs. No single Guild can take on itself to decree what shall be the mentality of the next generation.

F. H. D.
Pastiche.

REFLECTIONS OF MY PATRON SAINT.

When the stag with his antlers gets caught in his toe's, And the two or three bumble bees hum and buzz, and sting, Lose their lives for their love in a brief taste of hell; They tear muscle from bone as in combat they close; For the male for his female must pay through the nose.

When with assegai, arrow, or bludgeon he goes, From the forest or jungle, to battle with those Who have rivaled his claims in a fair maiden's heart, The young savage invokes, ere he ventures to start, All the blessings of parent and priest; for he knows That the male for his female must pay through the nose.

When the civilised citizen tries to dispose In his favour the heart of a Mary or Rose, And her family waits till he's able to bring Some just claim to indulge his warm passion of Spring, A Life's care is the minimum term they impose; For the male for his female must pay through the nose.

And when war breaks upon us, and precious blood flows, And the youth of the world reels beneath its own blows, And it's "Over the top!" with your very last breath, And the mud of the battlefield hugs your last throes; For the male for his female must pay through the nose.

Sometimes sometimes think, when there is no one nigh me, And twilight hides beyond the distant hill, Where the fresh-grass with dew is ever wet, And her family waits till he's able to bring Some just claim to indulge his warm passion of Spring, Or in the mirror in the hall.

But which of these I truly be I know not, nor do I pretend Where lies the mystery—in me Or in the mirror in the hall.

ELUSIVELY THE WORLD IS SLIPPING BY ME.

Elusively the world is slipping by me, Elusively my thoughts have gone astray; I sometimes think, when there is no one nigh me, How pleasant it would be to glide away On a great barge through silent rivers flowing, With woods and meadows set along each side, All things forgetting, caring not nor knowing, About the dreams of the time that is setting on, By moonlit meadows and mysterious streams, A shade of shadows and reflections of my patron saint.

As regards the economic system, I believe that Guild Socialism would do more than any other system yet proposed to secure the economic justice at which Socialism aims, without the more extreme forms of bureaucracy which are inevitably associated with State Socialism. No system is good unless it preserves the inward and outward liberty of the individual—the inward freedom to think for himself, independently of the weight of public opinion, and the outward freedom to act for himself in all ways that do not involve violence against his neighbour. A good economic and political system should encourage these things; and, conversely, where they are absent, no good system can be said to be better. It is the goal is clear, but the road to it is by no means clear, and will not be found the more quickly for an undue readiness to adopt party shibboleths or ready-made solutions which are a sop to impatience and a sedative to the arduousness of thought.—Mr. Bertrand Russell in "The Ploughshare."

The present ruling class in Germany is not going to repent. No matter what the result of the war is, no matter how thoroughly it is beaten, it is not going to repent. The ideas and the plans, the ambitions and the hatreds, which have attempted to conquer the world in this war, have been too effectually drilled into the German consciousness, have been too exclusively an atmosphere breathed and the nourishment fed upon by this class for two whole generations, to leave any possibility of repentance. It is this hardening of the German nature which is the explanation of the perversion of the moral sense which Germany has shown in this war in ways that are so shocking as to seem incredible to civilised man. To hope that a Germany, still in possession of those men, will cordially and honestly abandon its ambitions and unite with others in a genuine cultivation of peace, because it has been overcome by a stronger military force, is the vainest delusion. The hope of Germany and the hope of a League of Peace, with Germany an equal and working partner in it, lies, and lies only, in the so-called Socialists of all groups and in the lower-middle and lower classes. If the mass of the people of Germany can be put fully and not in mere pretence in control of their Government, all things may in time be hoped for, and with no great accompanying danger.—G. B. Adams in "The New Europe."

The German Armaments Industry, not content with the possession of organs at home, has lately bought up several newspapers in Austria. Steel, cotton, and oil are capable of acting on the same model if their interests bring them into world-politics. In the schemes generally accepted for the working of a League of Nations we see nowhere a guarantee of any power popular enough and responsible enough to hold these forces in check. If the League works only through bureaucratic or diplomatic commissions and conferences, its dealings with syndicated capital will be secret. What is still worse, they can never be brought under the control of the national representative Parliaments. The arrangements made by the Raw Materials Commission, or the decisions taken as to mining concessions in Russia or China, might be hotly criticised in succession by the Commons, the French Chamber, and the Reichstag. But the British, French, and German Foreign Offices would all disclaim responsibility, and shroud themselves in the excuse of loyalty to colleagues and obedience to the supernational authority. That authority would live in the clouds, and no nation or its representatives could ever bring it to book. We know from experience that, hard as it is to control our own diplomacy when it acts alone, it is very much harder to control it when it acts with Allies. Mr. Balfourinding off curtsey to the doings of the super national authority would achieve a dignity that would touch the sublime. For our part we would have democracy take this risk, provided that it takes it with its eyes open.—"The Nation."