NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Without quarrelling with the interpretations put upon Herr von Kuhlmann's speech by our Press, some of which are, indeed, very ingenious, we nevertheless think most of them wide of the original. They proceeded upon the assumption that Herr von Kuhlmann was addressing England; even, according to the "Sunday Times," that he was aiming at the English Labour Conference; whereas, in fact, it appears plain on a careful consideration of all the circumstances that Herr von Kuhlmann was almost exclusively appealing to the pan-Germans of his own country. To these he had a serious challenge to deliver; and since, as there is every ground for presuming, his speech had been submitted before delivery not only to the Kaiser but to certain members of the General Staff, it is a challenge that we are fortunate to overhear. What was the gist of it? In the first place, Herr von Kuhlmann attempted to convey to the pan-German fanatics—and thence to the German public that has undoubtedly supported them—the deliberate suggestion that, after all, the military situation, brilliant for Germany as it superficially appeared, might conceivably not be the prelude of an immediate end to the war; but that, on the contrary, the purely military means might even perhaps turn out to be inconclusive. And in the second place, and in view of his first suggestion, he wished to persuade the pan-Germans to moderate and, indeed, to forswear, their aims of world-dominion, now no longer in his opinion attainable, the pretensions even of the moderates in the Prussian ruling classes. Far from being prepared, even after abandoning the "Utopian" dreams of the pan-Germans, still hopes to preserve the status quo with additions to its power in the East if not in the West.

It might have been thought that such a programme, based as it was upon a responsible estimate of the military situation, would have satisfied the pan-Germans and induced them to moderate their immediate demands. And this undoubtedly was the expectation of Herr von Kuhlmann and of the persons for whom he spoke. But in the event it turned out that his calculations were utterly mistaken; for there was not the smallest appearance of the pan-German party either to admit that the military situation was as Herr von Kuhlmann had described it or, in consequence, to consent to any trimming whatever of the pan-German aims. Something like consternation, in fact, was exhibited at the bare notion of an official like Herr von Kuhlmann daring to suggest that the war might be inconclusive; and his further suggestion that in accordance with this reading the pan-Germans would be wise to run a tuck in their programme was treated as an approach to treachery. Count Westarp, the leader of the pan-Germans, was particularly emphatic upon the subject. Not only, he said, was it "defeatism" to admit that a military victory was impossible or that it might not be conclusive, but for himself and his party he re-asserted the view that the restoration of the status quo, even with the addition of the Western Russian provinces, was insufficient for Germany's needs, which demanded still, as they have demanded throughout the war, positive additions in the West as well as in the East, and, above all, the permanent Germanisation of Belgium and the Flemish coasts." Nothing less than this, he told Herr von Kuhlmann, would satisfy pan-Germans; and since, as he believed, the military situation could be held to justify such demands, he was not prepared to accept the least reduction of them. Thus raised, the issue between the two German parties (for we repeat that the incident had a primarily domestic significance) was fairly stated; and it became a mere trial of strength which should carry the day. Had Herr von Kuhlmann's policy been victorious, we might...
have expected an early offer of peace-terms directed particularly to England and based on the restoration of the status quo—an unsatisfactory basis, we need not say, but nevertheless a relatively negotiable basis. As it proved, however, it was not Herr von Kuhlmann who won in the domestic encounter, but Count Westarp. For the latter he laid about him in the course of the discussion and showed himself to be so fortified by opinion in powerful quarters that Herr von Kuhlmann was reduced to eating his words and to unsaying everything that he had appeared to say. Military means, he was seen to avoid, might be would be decisive. The pre-requisite of peace negotiations was not merely the recognition of Germany's territorial integrity, but the recognition of Germany's military victory. Hence it followed, though Herr von Kuhlmann refrained from drawing the conclusion, that the programme of conquest which he had previously described as "Utopian" was now to be regarded as practical politics, and as, in fact, the proper Prussian war-cry. In a word, Herr von Kuhlmann's challenge to the pan-Germans resulted in a triumph for the pan-German.* * *

Swallowed words, however, are rarely digested; and it is improbable that by withdrawing his expressed opinions Herr von Kuhlmann or any of his friends will induce himself or a change in their real opinion. These, moreover, have now been publically uttered; and since, as we have seen, they are to the effect that a complete Prussian military victory is impossible, their influence in Germany, outside of the pan-German circles, is likely to spread. That the encounter between the Foreign Secretary and the leader of the pan-Germans has achieved is the opening officially of a debate in Germany concerning the real war-aims of the various parties and of the prospects of accomplishing them; and we may confidently expect that the nominal triumph of the pan-Germans will only serve to throw into relief the "Imperial" character of the German war-party. From this, again, even if by only a slow process, we may expect another result, namely, the strengthening of the "commonsense" party in Germany. Hitherto, as we know, this party of common-sense has been singularly silent in Germany. It has allowed itself to go on hoping for the "best" in the belief that the "best" was, at any rate, possible. But now, after Kuhlmann, who is in a position to know, has declared that the pan-German aims are "Utopian" and unattainable, the misgivings of the moderates will be multiplied; neither will they be set at rest by the forced retraction. On the contrary, his retraction will only serve to confirm them. In these circumstances it is surely not impossible that Allied diplomacy may find something to its advantage. What if now the Allies were to throw into the debate another bone of contention between the moderates and the extremists of Germany and by propounding simultaneously two programmes of peace-terms, the one addressed to the moderates and the other launched against the extremists, to drive the wedge between them deeper? The opportunity appears to us to be one that should on no account be missed. Undoubtedly Herr von Kuhlmann is suffering at this moment from a severe political humiliation; he has been made to eat humble pie and to forswear his real opinions. Equally undoubtedly there are millions of people in Germany who are sharing his humble pie with him; and who, for want of something substantial to point to, must allow the pan-German argument to triumph by default. If these in their present condition could be given a text to hold on to, a substantial alternative to the pan-German programme, could they not be trusted to make a weapon of it both for their own credit and ours? The policy might be tried, at any rate, since at worst it could do no harm. At best it would certainly considerably strengthen the anti-pan-Germanism in Germany upon which, in the last resort, the Allies must depend for their moral victory.

Unfortunately, as we have many times observed, our journalistic diplomats appear more concerned with diplomacy and war in the abstract than they are with this war and its actual diplomacy. It is very modest of them, no doubt, to refrain from offering advice to the Foreign Office and the War Office that are charged with the responsibility of conducting the present war. But, at the same time, their modesty in respect of the actual is somewhat discounted by their immodesty and pretensions in relation to the future. For it will be observed that in the same degree in which they demonstrate their inability to offer any useful suggestions concerning the actual war before us, they show their complete competence in regard to diplomacy in general and war in general. Now, it is an ungracious act to attempt to disabuse the minds of people who have fallen under the superstition of some imaginary panacea for a real evil. One risks, moreover, the charge of callousness in respect of the evil itself. How is it possible, it is asked, that ordinarily humane persons should profess themselves sceptical of the advantages of a League of Nations, seeing that the whole object and design of the League of Nations is to perfect diplomacy and make war impossible. Must we not be indulgent of the old diplomacy or indifferent to war since we decline to consider favourably the "only" conceivable remedy against them? The truth, however, is that it is because we are disposed to think that the League of Nations is not only improbable, but would prove an aggravation of, the evils of the old diplomacy that we are opposed to it. In short, we find it in the present state of our judgment as unconvincing in theory as we fear it would be found in practice.

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In his letter to the "Times" on Saturday last, Mr. H. G. Wells admits that the difficulties of a League of Nations would be "colossal and intricate." But these difficulties, he says, must not be allowed to stonewall its way, for the simple and no other reason than that "there is no way out for humanity except to overcome them." Even, however, if there were no other way out for humanity than by means of a League of Nations, it would not follow of necessity that the colossal and intricate difficulties would be surmountable. Humanity has managed to exist along with many insoluble problems; and we are by no means certain that the failure to find a way out of war is necessarily fatal to mankind. What is more reasonable at this moment than to attempt to steer the world into a League of Nations, because the "world is on fire" is to deal with the difficulties, colossal and intricate, that admittedly exist in the creation and administration of such a League. After all, may not a League prove to be really impracticable—in which event, upon Mr. Wells' hypothesis, there is nothing but ruin staring mankind in the face? Or, again, may it not prove, if practicable, to be even worse than the evil for which it is designed as a remedy—even, we would venture to say, if the evil were necessarily the continuance of the regime of war? Some of the difficulties have already been enumerated in these pages; and they have recently been repeated by Lord Parker in a letter to the "Times." It is obvious, at the outset, so Lord Parker assures us, that the creation of a League of Nations involves us in a number of constitutional changes not all, if any, of which have been "thought out" by its advocates. Such a League to be effective would require among other things the creation of no fewer than four brand-new international, or, rather, supranational, organs—an international tribunal for the administration of international law, an international army to enforce such international law, an international legislative council to enact it, and an international executive to raise the force to sanction it. But then, it is no less obvious that a body charged with such enormous powers and duties could not co-exist with the right of self-determination on the part of any
of its members; in other words, these would require to surrender their right of sovereignty in respect not of the least but of the most important of their sovereign functions. Very well, says Mr. Ernest Barker in reply; we must be prepared for such a surrender if the interests of the world demand it. But what if, when surrender has been made, the difficulties of the case still remain colossal as well as intricate—as, indeed, they do? Sovereignty thus transferred from each of the members of the League, and now supposed to reside, in fact, in the supranational authority introduces into the world's constitution forms of government for the parts. Instead of diplomacy having now as its object the control of the national executive, the object of national diplomacy under a League of Nations would be to obtain control of the supranational executive. The same intrigues, lobbying, secret agreements and understandings would continue to be adopted, only with the object of rigging or capturing the supranational instead of the national authority. And we may be equally certain that when any party or group of nations thought itself to be both aggrieved and powerful, war would break out.

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Norr is this the most serious objection that can be raised against the League. For what would be even worse than war would be a war in which the white free peoples should find themselves at a disadvantage relatively to the rest of the League. It cannot fairly be suggested, least of all by its present advocates, that representation on the supranational authority should be anything but proportionate to the population of the nations composing it; or, again, that the decisions of the authority should be taken by any other than the "democratic" means of a majority vote. But this is to entrust to a conglomerate body upon which the white free races are represented by a minority the whole direction and control of what we, at any rate, call civilisation. Is there any person of white race who could calmly contemplate submission to the decision of an authority necessarily composed in its majority of non-whites? We are not saying that this submission should not perhaps be cheerfully made, or that, if it comes to that, the world as a whole will be safe. And this, very well without the white races altogether. It is beyond our ability to argue the matter at this altitude of thought. All we are saying is that no white free people would in fact consent to be bound by the decision of a majority if that majority were composed as in a League of Nations it must be, of representatives of the non-white races. But this is a fact which it is obvious must be faced if we are not to make hypocrites of ourselves. What is the use of inviting the world into a Democratic League if we secretly reserve to ourselves the right of arbitrarily controlling the League by means of its white minority? On the other hand, to declare openly in advance that under no conceivable circumstances do we intend our sovereignty to be controlled by a non-white majority is to smash the League before it comes into existence. And this is very well without the honesty demands. But where is there then, it may be asked, any hope for humanity? If we are honest about the League of Nations and declare that it is impossible, have we any hope that an alternative may be found which, without involving us in chicanery, at the same time promises us some mitigation of the admitted evils under which the world suffers? We are not in the least disposed to shirk the question; and, in fact, we have already in previous issues indicated our answer to it. But we must be prepared to make several candid confessions before the plan can be seriously considered on its merits. In the first place, at whatever cost to our cosmopolitan sentiments, we must be prepared to avow our predominant interest and faith in the destiny of the white free peoples. This, as we have already said, is not to deny the common humanity of the rest of the races; it is not even to deny them both justice and generosity; it is merely, to assert our own sense of responsibility. In the second place, at whatever cost to our pacifist sentiments, we must be prepared to admit that there is no infallible remedy against war in the present state of human nature. War in certain human contingencies is unavoidable; and all that we can hope to do at best is to secure the maintenance of the free peoples even in the event of war. But these confessions having been made, certain practical consequences may and should be deduced from the parts. Instead of diplomacy having now as its object the control of the national executive, the object of national diplomacy under a League of Nations would be to obtain control of the supranational executive. The same intrigues, lobbying, secret agreements and understandings would continue to be adopted, only with the object of rigging or capturing the supranational instead of the national authority. And we may be equally certain that when any party or group of nations thought itself to be both aggrieved and powerful, war would break out.

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Notwithstanding the resolution of the Government in favour of "exploring" the possibilities of a League of Nations—an exploration that, in any case, can do no harm and may, by leading to agreement, do good—be it is, we believe, in the direction we have just indicated rather than in the direction of a League of Nations that a practical solution is being sought. This appears to us to be probable from a number of recent speeches both here and in America as well as from certain other official and semi-official activities which are not likely to be reported. Of the latter we will merely mention the declaration by Australia of a "Monroe doctrine" for the Pacific Ocean—a formula, it will be observed, that almost assumes the existence of such a League as we have been describing. Of the recent speeches that point in the same direction the most important is that of Lord Reading at Washington, followed, as that instantly was, by an endorsement by the veteran Dr. Eliot. When it is remembered that Lord Reading is now our special ambassador in America and may, for all political purposes, be regarded as our plenipotentiary there, these words of his are of great significance. "We have put forward," he said, "a proposal for a permanent Anglo-Saxon Union for the preservation of the liberties of the world." And Dr. Eliot added that "the immediate execution of an alliance, defensive and offensive, between Great Britain and the United States" could be looked upon as "an adequate outcome of the war." After this it is anti-climax to quote Mr. Hughes. Nevertheless, it may be recorded that at the Pilgrims' Club last week he hoped that "we were to see in the near future that complete unity of the English-speaking races which would be the most effective guarantee of the world's peace that could be conceived." Such speeches when accompanied by acts are not meaningless.
I.—SIGNS OF CHANGE.

"I almost invariably find people prepared, if only under logical pressure, to accept the reasonableness of National Guilds as an abstract economic theory, and many seem to have no misgivings as to their workability when once the Guilds have been established; but so often faith in the possibility of a Guild system breaks down at this question, 'How is it to be brought about?' I believe that the transition stage is the weakest part of our exposition of the principles. I do not expect to be able to build a cut and dried system of the transitional process from wagery to National Guilds, but I wish my ideas were clearer; and I feel sure it would be a real help to other Guildsmen if you were to provide us with a lengthy article or a short series on the subject, or, failing this, if you would give us references both to your book 'National Guilds' and to the articles which have appeared in The New Age in recent years, so that those of us who are really trying to get a firm grip of the subject might have the thing put to us in a simple..."

"Nothing whatever is more needed than to kindle the imagination and the faith of Labour by a vision which shall be mighty, but at the same time true. As we shall all admit, any programme of Reconstruction must be as definite as vast, and as practical as audacious. The holder the better."—The Observer.

"It has been suggested that means must be devised to safeguard the interests of the community against possible action of an anti-social character on the part of the Councils. We have, however, here assumed that the Councils, in the work of promoting the interests of their own industries, will have regard for the national interest. If they fail in this function, they will be the best builders of national prosperity. The State never consents to any independent over-riding power, but such power may be least needed when least obtained."

"Mr. Hobson’s method of Guild propaganda reminds one of the furniture company’s advertisement—'It’s so simple.'... And simple it all is if you can accept two large assumptions. The first is the easy transition from Industrial Unionism to the producing Guilds, a phase which deserves harder and more technical work than it has yet received."—The Nation.

"We cannot regard human beings as if they were merely so many units of brain-power, so many of nervous or muscular energy. We must co-operate with them, and trust them as we ourselves should wish to be trusted. This position involves the surrender by capital of its supposed right to dictate to Labour the conditions under which work shall be carried on. It involves more: for, on the one hand, all matters affecting the workers should be decided in consultation with them, when once they are recognised as members of an all-embracing human brotherhood."

"May I be permitted to make a proposal which may serve as a step in this direction? Let the Government announce that they are prepared to grant a Charter to any industry in which the Masters’ Federation employs 75 per cent. of the workpeople and the Trade Union represents 75 per cent. of the operatives, providing the application is made jointly by the two bodies, which Charter shall, inter alia, make it illegal for anyone but members of the Trade Union to be employed in the industry, or for any employer to operate unless a member of the Trade Association."—Mr. T. B. Johnson, a Managing Director, in "Land and Water," June 12, 1917.

II.

THE LIVING ORGANISM.

The correspondent cited above understands that National Guilds is not a cut-and-dried scheme, but rather a series of proposals based on the principles which have been discussed in the first part of this book. There are others of a more literal turn of mind who look askance at principle and ask for something practical. There are yet others who, having satisfied themselves that the programme adumbrated is logical, expect it to be rigidly adhered to, denouncing all variations as heretical. The two latter types seem to forget that with a vast living organism, all its parts evolved in the slow process of time and by patient, human effort. They convey the notion, unwittingly, no doubt, that society is a mass of clay, of varying degree of plasticity in its several strata, and only awaiting the impress of the Guild mould. If, in moments of despondency, we regard society as unresponsive clay—"finished and finite clods untroubled by a spark"—we speedily discover our error if we touch any of its myriad nerve-centres. But, since society is a living organism, it often contracts ailments that call for treatment, diseases that need the surgeon’s knife. As in the individual life, so in the social, we must prudently consider if a surgical operation is imperative. If yes, then Danton’s advice holds sure—audacity, and yet, again, audacity. The great revolutions of history, heroic and picturesque in many of their aspects, are mainly distinguished by prudent calculation. Necessarily so; for there can be no revolution without success—it is otherwise futile insurrection—and success demands prudence, foresight and calculation, as well as courage and audacity. A revolution is, of course, a surgical operation; but it also marks a stage of evolution: it is a phase of the unending process of revolution.

If, in the future, the Guild life, with all that it stands for, if its achievement frustrated by recalcitrant elements, then there must be a revolution. In the meantime, it is wiser to presume the sway of reason. On two grounds: because the nation may willingly accept a reasonable solution; because, if revolution become inevitable, sagacious citizens will be convinced and find themselves ranged against the selfish interests. The Guildsman has everything to gain and nothing to lose by resorting, first and last, to reason.

In the long-extended gamut between the theoretical and the immediately practicable, it is difficult, if not impossible, to indicate precisely the present position of the Guild idea. It will not be denied that it springs from a theory which has been thoroughly explored; that it cannot adapt itself to new developments, there is a surgical operation; but it also marks a stage of evolution: it is a phase of the unending process of revolution.

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appearance of the autocratic and capitalist hegemonies, whilst freeing mankind from the duress of class domination, nevertheless involves the most fastidious inquiry into the true relations between the social and economic forces. That is to say that, however primary may be the industrial factors in the development of National Guilds, we must also measure their reactions upon the national life as a whole.

II. The Factors in Transition.

In discussing transition, my method, however logically dangerous, must be inductive. The theory has already been deduced and stated; my task now is to see how far the facts chime with the theory; if industrial and social developments, so to speak, meet the theory half-way: whether, in fact, the inferences from the abstract and the practical merge into a philosophic unity.

For our easier guidance, let me take a bird's eye view of the factors to be discussed in subsequent chapters.

i. Having regard to the economic nature of National Guild proposals, it will be convenient to consider first their industrial aspects. I must discuss in detail, which I hope will not prove too tedious, ii. If we distinguish Commerce from Industry by assuming that Commerce buys and sells what Industry produces, it is a vital part of our problem to serve upon Commerce. In the ensuing trial, the true elements of exchange must be carefully scrutinised, and their relation to home and foreign demands defined.

iii. As under capitalism Finance plays the major role, guiding Industry, governing Commerce and dominating Labour, the time is ripe, and over-ripe, to decide whether the control of money and credit is, or is not, now on an inequitable and unstable basis—an instability illuminated, if not accentuated, by the war.

iv. The problem of agriculture, apt to be neglected in our industrial preoccupations, must next be considered. Important and fundamental though it be, we may find it not so germane to our inquiry as many expect. Its peculiar organisation renders it a problem in itself.

v. Next we must see what organic changes are pending in the Civil professions; if their tendency is to move from their old individual base to the associative—the doctors, the engineers, the lawyers, the teachers, the chemists, the Civil Service. If the professions are at last finding their immediate safety in organisation, it will be for the Guildmen to find whether such organisation hides a purely artificial condition, or whether it can be related to function.

vi. My inquiry would be incomplete, unless I can promise my readers that education is coming into its own. Both civic and technical education, now struggling in hopeless confusion, must be analysed into their appropriate spheres of work. We can then test the accuracy of Guild doctrine in regard to future spiritual, intellectual and practical thought.

vii. Nor can we avoid glancing at the post-educational factors that play their part in our cultured life, notably the Press and our system of publishing.

viii. The industrial advent of woman, followed by her speedy reception into the political family, cannot be ignored. I must try to understand how far her presence in industry may tend to prolong or shorten the duration of wagnerly. But, since spending and distribution are essential economic functions, of prime importance to the moral and material life of the community, I shall be thrown back upon an inquiry into the value and necessity of home-building as a factor in National and Guild Life.

Our survey of these various factors must bring me again into contact with the State, the Administration, and the production and distribution of wealth. I can then test the theory of the spiritual State and the functional Government by ascertained facts. I suggest to the sceptical, that if this inquiry be sincerely pursued, the result must either destroy the idea of National Guilds, or finally establish it as a vital principle and process in our national life.

S. G. H.

Individuality and Character.

By Janko Lavrin.

Many people believe that the mark of a strong individuality is an unchangeable and inflexible character; and of course a strong character they usually see in a man who remains faithful to once-accepted principles and convictions up to his death without changing a single iota in them. They are persuaded that a strong, an "iron," character is even bound to stand so firmly and unshakeably on his ideological ground as to become a walking petrifaction of his convictions—i.e., of convictions of his creed, of his society, caste, or political party—quite forgetting that such a firmness may become the greatest enemy of individual development, apart from being often simply the result of stupid narrowness which pretends to play the part of virtue. For as soon as a man becomes the petrifaction or slave of any convictions and imposed "principles," he ceases to be a full individuality—since the latter requires a free and everlasting inner growth. And how many individualities are sacrificed to such a firmness may become the greatest enemy of individual development, apart from being often simply the result of stupid narrowness which pretends to play the part of virtue. For as soon as a man becomes the petrifaction or slave of any convictions and imposed "principles," he ceases to be a full individuality—since the latter requires a free and everlasting inner growth. And how many individualities are sacrificed to such a "character" simply out of fear of that compact majority which is prepared to cry "Traitor!" and to stone everybody that boldly casts away his once-acquired convictions when the latter impede his inner growth. Thus many become traitors against themselves—from fear of becoming traitors against their outgrown convictions. Every inner growth is an everlasting transvaluation—an everlasting destroying of the old principles,
ideas, and values in the name of new ones. Each new phase of individual development requires a new effort, a new attainment, a new inner content; and he is a traitor against himself who does not cast away those elements that in the new stage of his evolution might become a burden and an obstacle to further development. To remain an “iron character” in this case means nothing but compromising with one’s self and with others. Such an unshakable faithfulness to one’s “principles” may be praised as virtue; none the less, such a virtue is one of the greatest sins against the human individuality. Besides, in such cases it is far more easy to remain an unshakable “character” than to remain one’s self—i.e., to have inner honesty enough to throw away regardlessly even the most comfortable convictions if this be required by one’s inner individual evolution.

In his permanent growth and transvaluation a man may sometimes appear “characterless” simply out of his strength; he may appear wavering and uncertain in his principles and convictions out of his inner severity and honesty. Hence it is important to distinguish him from those harmful creatures who are really characterless—characterless from weakness, from the complete lack of inner honesty, as well as from an everlasting desire to look always “progressive” and “modern.”

Unfortunately, this class of chameleon-like functionaries and leaders of culture forms nowadays strong intellectual cliques more or less in all European countries. Receiving all their second-hand convictions by post—i.e., from newspapers and cheap pamphlets—they change their opinions according to the caprices of the magic words “progress” and “modern” in the same way as a coquette changes each season her hats and dresses. This year Nietzsche is modern—they are Nietzscheans; the following year mysticism is in fashion—they suddenly become mystics and subscribe to theosophical journals; the next year they may turn out feminists, then futurists, then bolsheviks, and so on, according to the “progressive” weather.

These lackeys and vulgarisers of all modern ideas are simultaneously the greatest danger and enemies of all true progress, for they reduce the most serious questions of mankind to a mere flirtation and sport. They ape all new ideas, and by their very imitating they distort and kill them. They prostitute all sport. They ape all new ideas, and by their imitating they conceivably never to others.

As the “moral” recipes and rules are chiefly a product of the collective psyche, they, logically, must have in view not the individual as such, but, first of all, the welfare and preservation of the community. Hence their impulses are always more or less utilitarian. On the other hand, ethics begin with the individual inner struggles, seekings, and attainments which may be even in great conflict with outward moral rules. Morals in general are peculiar to creeds, while true ethics begin where there begins religion, or, at least, where there begins a deeper spiritual insight. That is why a deep abyss may lie between creed and religion. That is the reason why the so-called moral rules are usually dogmatic and static. They are based on fixed and frozen formulæ, while ethics are dynamic and capable of endless development—for, instead of frozen formulæ of life, the latter try to find a living way of life which could give the prospect of infinite evolution through individual practice and experience. Therefore, sometimes one may become “immoral” for the very reason that one is too ethical—in so far as the static moral formulæ are in contradiction with the dynamic ethical impulses of Individuality. Nietzsche’s rebellion against moral principles, for instance, may be considered as an ethical rebellion. . . .

In short, an orthodox moralist in this style is usually an unconscious enemy of living and of living progress for the very reason that he is a static type. In this respect he is quite analogous to the above-mentioned “iron characters” whose souls become petrified and frozen for ever in their principles and convictions. That is why one must be equally careful in respect of “iron characters,” as well as of all the “unshakeable moralists.” For the strength of both categories is often nothing but masked impotency: their firm stability is simply the immobility of the dead. . . . And the more “stable” they are, the greater danger they present to living men, to living Life.
Out of School.

If we can safely recognise that we have souls—and perhaps a few of the causes for fear of the soul are by now dispersed—we cannot safely stop at this recognition. That would be to turn the superconscious faculty inward upon itself, and the highest development of the libido. Not all introversion is wrong, any more than all inhibition is wrong: it creates resistances which, as Jung has pointed out, cause the more primitive libido-manifestations to change and develop into new wish forms. But to introvert the lowest, the most animal part of the soul, is only to cause its re-emergence in regressive, infantile form—witness the return to primitive mythological symbolism in the dreams of neurotics, and in neurotic art. The first sign of this regression, in philosophy, is the harking-back to realisation of social good. It is here that the useful long-circuited by resistances that introvert one portion of the libido. The first sign of this regression, in philosophy, is the harking-back to realisation of social good. It is here that the useful

emotion of soul—the building material of the soul, reaches out for unity with the superconscious. We can say that we search our innermost souls for it, or that we reach out to it as something beyond ourselves; and we mean the same thing.

The soul desires good, and, desiring, possesses it in some degree. But what is the superconscious conception of good? From the point of view of psychological evolution, the highest developments of desire arise by sublimation from the three primary desires of the animal nature—nutrition, self-defence, reproduction—long-circuited by resistances that introvert one portion after another of the libido, compelling it (if it escapes regression) to seek new outlets, new differentiation, and a wider unity in difference. The desire of the soul has often been expressed (with notable lucidity in Mr. Clutton-Brock's "The Ultimate Belief") as a craving for truth, goodness and beauty. Truth is the nourishment of soul—the building material of mind, upon which soul is supported. Goodness is the refuge of soul: an illogicality in so far as it is misrepresented by an unnatural or a faulty moral code; but a sure fortress in so far as it is active. Beauty is the fertilising union of soul with something that gives profound happiness and inspiration, but eludes the conscious understanding. That these are high sublimations from the primitive urgencies towards nutrition, self-defence and reproduction is sufficiently obvious. But are the objectives of soul real, or fantastic? Analytical psychology has something to say on this point. Follow the purely causal line of reasoning, and you necessarily arrive, as Jung arrived, at the teleological. All libido-sublimations, throughout the history of evolution, lead to the extended perception of reality: new physical organs, new ganglia, new brain-cells, and finally, in the psychic being, new thoughts and feelings, all result in the possession of reality, and the possession of it more abundantly. Our sublimations can be trusted to lead us on to the possession of reality still unknown.

But our difficulty is to know whether they are genuine sublimations, seeking further reality, or regressive fantasies, seeking escape from reality. The unconscious is capable of a thousand tricks; in so far as it is complexed (and we are all more or less complexed) it is work-shy, inevitably shrinking from its dynamic task of new adaptation, and receding into the static contemplation of empty imagery—the imagery of satisfactions that are past and dead. The test is, precisely, in the static or dynamic character of the individual. Regressive fantasies do not promote activity; real sublimations do. And the one test of genuine activity (for there are many pseudo-activities—fussiness is a common mask of the regressive and static) is capacity for effectual fellowship. The real, active towards the wishes of the soul, reaches out for unity with the soul-wish of other people. The criticism of one's own projections is the criticism of one's soul-wish; to find good in another is to realise, one's own possession of that good. Not that this criticism is easy: it is much easier to simulate the right projection than to effect it, and in the last analysis only the completely spontaneous projection, that takes consciousness by surprise, is a certain test.

A word should be said about the value of regressive fantasy, after the exceedingly bad name that I have given it as a substitute for the true soul-wish. In a sense, all symbol is fantasy, and all fantasy is regressive; the question is, what is symbolised, and whether the regressive is brought into association with the progressive. The regressive symbolism of mythology did not prevent mythology from having immense dynamic effect; rather, it made the effect possible, by clothing with form and colour the cold heights of the unrealised superconscious. There is part of the libido that belongs in the past, or we should not have such things as memories; and from this we draw symbols, consciously and unconsciously (the unconscious goes on extraordinarily long way back into the primitive history of man, as is revealed by dream analysis), for the partial interpretation of the soul's urgency. But regression, in ordinary psycho-analytic language—naturally, a very imperfect instrument as yet—usually implies the wrong regression, which is a shirkng of life, a projection backwards of vital interest that ought to be thrusting forwards.

The reality of the soul's objectives, and the unescapable importance of fellowship in every stage of the approach to them, are questions that touch the first fundamentals of realization, so laboriously and with a discussion as the foregoing, it may seem a very long step to the nursery and the schoolroom; but if, in the nursery and the schoolroom, we are going to regard the functioning of children's souls as our ultimate concern, it is somewhat important that we should start with the best idea that we can get of what the soul is, and what its functions are. Then, we can watch the child through the process of sublimating the primitive life-forces, as he recapitulates, in miniature, the history of the human race; and we can help the process, instead of hindering it. Especially, we can recognize and respond to the instinctive outreach for fellowship that comes with each new realisation of the childhood libido, and make sure that no vital current gets dammed back and wrongly introverted. The greater the potential genius in the child, the more numerous and the finer these currents will be, and the greater the facilities for turning a healthy individual into a neurotic one by ignorant repressions. The child has to extrovert his desire for truth, however awkward; his desire for beauty, however crude; his desire for a morality, however little it tallies (mercifully) with our own moral compromises. We can gradually impose right and helpful resistances to his awkwardness, his crudities, the barbarian side of his ethic; but we have to learn not to thrust back the young, vital wish while we encourage it to cast its successive shells.
Drama.
By John Francis Hope.

It is an old complaint that the actor is vain, and that the actor-manager, particularly, knows nothing but his own perfection. But there is always even in art; Sir John Stowe, for example, frequently accepted and produced plays in which his was not the principal part—although even he did not reach the extreme of self-abnegation, for the parts that he did play he could pay. For perfect self-abnegation we have to look to the feminine sex, the model of so many of the virtues; and virtue is never so powerfully recommended as when it calls upon youth and beauty to exemplify it. Our youngest actor-manager is Miss Marie Löh, and of her beauty there can, I think, be no two opinions; but her absolute unselfishness does not seem to receive the recognition that is due to it. For she must know (none could know better) that her powers as an actress are no greater than those of, say, Miss Ailsa Craig; yet she is joint-leesee of the Globe Theatre, has as her manager the man who worked for so long with the late Sir Herbert Tree, has collected in her company some of the most brilliant of the older generation of actors, and herself plays a part that almost any woman in white could walk through as well.

It is true that her two first attempts in production for the good of others, were not successful; "Love in a Cotter's " was quite followed by "Press the Button"; but "Nurse Benson" is advertised as "an instantaneous success," and promises, at least, to pay its way. That she is a pioneer there can be no doubt; the repertory theatre tried to abolish the "star" system by producing plays with a miasmic atmosphere through which no heavenly phenomenon was visible, but Miss Marie Löh has invented the "dark star" system, in which she is the centre of attraction, but not of illumination. It will take us some time to accustom ourselves to the change; trained in the old habit of expecting the "star" to shine, to show us better acting, or at least superior command of the stage to that exhibited by the rest of the cast, we feel a queer sense of disappointment when Miss Marie Löh comes and goes (beautifully dressed, it is true) without effecting anything, and that sense of disappointment does, for the moment, disguise the fact that she is presenting for our entertainment some of the best acting in London in a setting worthy of its quality.

This revolution is the more worthy of notice because it revives the almost forgotten virtue of respect for seniors. That a young and beautiful woman like Miss Löh should give the only feminine acting part in the play to an older and more competent actress, Miss Lottie Venne, illustrates not only Miss Löh's virtues, but also the fact that virtue is a necessary condition of efficiency. For there is no doubt that Miss Lottie Venne's performance of Mrs. Joseph Tuppenham is one of the most successful features of "Nurse Benson"; no one can drop her aspersion quite so heavily as Miss Venne does, or hoist them again in a hod with quite that professional air of the bricklayer's labourer clime necessary for the male sex. As a study of the parvenu, Miss Lottie Venne's performance is perfect; and we have only to look at Miss Marie Löh on the stage to know that she could not play the parvenu.

But when we think of the men, we must conclude that Miss Löh has an almost Victorian respect for the male sex. It is often asserted that, as a consequence of the war, this is likely to be an old man's world for a generation; and although I should hesitate to call either Mr. Fred Kerr, Mr. Dawson Millward, Mr. George Elton, or Mr. Vivian Reynolds, an "old" man, yet it must be admitted that they are Miss Löh's seniors in years, and exhibit dramatic powers that are worthy of her deference. Such an "old men's world," ministered to by such a beautiful grace as Miss Löh possesses, is a paradise for the lover of comedic acting. Before the war, we talked much of "naturalism" in acting, by which term was meant an utter lack of technical skill and power to express character; people raved about peasant players, and any set of clothhoppers from the country was supposed to be capable of showing us what drama could be—and they certainly succeeded. But in drama, at least, Nature has need of art for her expression; and the most "natural" acting came, and still comes, from those who were not born like it.

Mr. Fred Kerr (to take one example from "Nurse Benson") is not, I feel sure, a member of the House of Lords; but it is difficult to believe it when he is on the stage. He might be any peer, from a Law Lord downward, except a "Die-Hard"; the "wit and tact" that he assumes that he possesses, is necessary for the propaganda of national economy, would save him from that extravagance. But not the most noble of them all could have played the quarrel scene in the last act of "Nurse Benson" so naturally as Mr. Fred Kerr played it; they would have choked with temper as he did, but they would not have enunciated their ejaculations so clearly; they would have talked through the laughs, and we should have seen an irascible old fool quarrelling in an undignified fashion, instead of a comic scene that was classic in the perfection of its playing. It is the supremest art that preserves the realities of the part; and Mr. Fred Kerr never allowed us to forget, by any excess, that he was a peer, an elderly peer, an elderly peer who was tired and bewildered, but was still capable of resenting what was, as he said, not only an aspersion on his moral character, but a reflection on his good taste. I do not remember ever seeing anything more natural, or anything more perfectly comic in the clash of character, than in this scene played by Mr. Fred Kerr and Mr. George Elton; the acting honours of the production must be awarded to this scene, which, if there is any love of acting left in London, should make "Nurse Benson" not only an "instantaneous" but a permanent success.

We owe it, as I have said, to the unselfishness of Miss Marie Löh. I do not know, but she may choose plays which have a typical Marie Löh part; she is certainly fond of wearing a nurse's uniform; but the typical Marie Löh part is never the chief, nor the most difficult nor the best acted, in the play. She keeps well within her limits; it is impossible to imagine her playing anything but herself; she has only one effect with her voice other than the normal modulations of a lady, a "ringing voice" fortissimo effect, which is pitched too high, expresses nothing but resistance, and its complete emptiness of all dramatic meaning or quality makes it very distressing to hear. One wonders why she does it; her parts are never declamatory, and, if they were, she obviously does not know how to declaim, and the fortissimo "ringing voice" effect is no substitute. It reminds me only of "Then up spake brave Horatius," and up the voice goes to about F sharp. Why a woman who never wears anything out of the picture should not preserve the same sense of rectitude in her vocal behaviour is a puzzle, of which the only reasonable solution, I think, is that she has not the strength in her new system of production, and feels that she must help the older actors to success by doing something energetic. It is a palpable error; the "dark star" system of production will succeed on its merits if only Miss Löh will remember that the music of the spheres is not uttered in a ringing voice.
Readers and Writers.

I am prepared to apologise if I have ever used "Victorian" in a derogatory sense. But I know I have not. I have too deeply respected the writers and thinkers of my own generation, that can afford to laugh at so little. Mr. Strachey's "brilliant" essays therefore leave me laughing at him rather than with him. One is impelled to take him personally and to turn the tables upon Mr. Strachey with the same question: How do you compare with the people you write about? For it is the peculiarity of the Victorians—our grandfathers and great-grandfathers—that whatever we may feel about them in our opinions, someone has only to sneer at them to provoke us to their defence; and what better defence can they ask for than to be compared, man for man, with their critics? As a set-off to the "brilliant" essays of Mr. Strachey—how easy it is to be brilliant nowadays!—I have just been reading, on the loan of his great-grandson, the privately printed personal memoir of Wm. Mattingly Soundy, who died in 1892 at the full age of 96. During 24 years he was a member of his local Congregational church and for 46 years he was deacon. During nearly the whole of that time he never missed a meeting, Sunday or week-day, and was never known to be late, though he lived two miles from the church. It is the round of a machine, you may say; and there is no wonder that the age was mechanical. But I think of the passionate mainspring that kept a "machine", going for so long without a psychological breakdown. What an intensity it must have had, what a character! If to love it is impossible not to admire it; since we truly live by admiration, hope and love, it is something for the Victorians that they can still fill us with admiration. My own generation (now past as a force) provided the soul of the world with nothing so fine. * * *

A correspondent, Mr. J. D. McPetrie, Rector of the Keith Grammar School, sends me the following comments on my notes upon Dr. Jespersen's "Chapters on English" (June 20):—

"Is not Fielding's sentence susceptible of explanation as the complement to what happens in Thackeray's sentence, though one cannot use the term "relative attraction" in connection with Fielding's sentence, which does not contain a relative, expressed or understood? Thackeray uses "me" to express the object of the anxiety; Fielding uses "she" because he wishes the person indicated by that word to be thought of as the subject who is to know, the knower. That seems to me the feeling of the thing. The syntax is another matter. Is the verb "know" an infinitive or a subjunctive? If I felt it as an infinitive, the "she" would be intolerably harsh: whereas, with "she" immediately preceding, the subjunctive feels natural—perhaps, on account of the common Latin idiom, "velim" with the subjunctive. In the latter case I should not object to your saying that you and she are in the vocative, though I think it unnecessary to consider them other than nominative, but I am not sure that I know what you mean when you say the sentence is vocative, unless you depart from the ordinary grammatical sense of the word and mean merely that the sentence is addressed to a second person, the "she" being slumped with "you.""

"It may interest you to know that, despite the Biblical "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit," W. Scott does not think of "except" as a conjunction. Please do not think me impertinent if I say that I think your psychological analysis of the difference between Meredith's "is admirable." At the same time, though I do not forget that Meredith was not a Scotsman, I venture to think that syntactically his "except I" is a reversion to the original use of "except" as a past participle used in the "nominative absolute" construction. Don't you think that, partly at any rate, the reason why we sometimes object to "It's I" and still more to "It is I," when it stands nakedly alone without a relative clause following, as pretentious, is that we are so familiar with the Biblical "It is I"?"

I could discuss with Mr. McPetrie for hours, so much I love the subject; but the point that it all out is another matter. I think his suggestion happy that attributes the felt pretentiousness of "It is I" to the Biblical association. But I cannot accept my correspondent's suggestion for Meredith's use of "except." "Except" is not the only word of variable status as conjunction and preposition at discretion; and it so happens that in Meredith's "Egoist" his preference for the conjunctive sense is almost invariable. With a choice between "than we" and "than I" or "as her" and "as she," Meredith writes in the one case: "When was the right of a miserable creature as she to excite disturbance?"; and in the other: "If I could see you with a worthier than I." Is it not safer to assume in all these examples without exception that Meredith was purposely writing "stiffly"? For Mr. McPetrie's fair catch of my misuse of the term "vocative" as applied to Fielding's sentence, I shall take my revenge by pointing out his similar misuse of the term "object" in his reference to Thackeray's sentence. Since it was the grammar of the sentence we were discussing, I refuse to accept the excuse that the syntax is another matter. The object of his anxiety did not compel Thackeray to make "me" the object of a preposition.

* * *

Referring to a recent request for the first use in The New Age of the word "profiteering," diligent search has discovered the date to be July 20, 1911. In a passage in the "Notes" of that week it is said that "while profiteering continues, all doles and levies extracted from employers are deducted, sooner or later, from labour, either individually or in the mass." In the issue for August 31 of the same year the word "profiteers" was first used. This is correct to the best of my knowledge by research; and I cannot spare the time to look again.

* * *

Among the French works on Style that have been recently sent me is "La Clarté Française," by H. Vannier. As an evidence that such works are actually read and not merely published in France, I may observe that my edition is the fourth and that it is dated 1912. What work upon English style has ever gone into a fourth edition, even into a fourth French "edition"? I can remember none; yet there are several that deserve such a sale. M. Vannier's "La Clarté Française," however, does not throw much light for me upon the mysteries of French lucidity. He accepts as self-evident Rivarol's axiom that "what is not clear is not French"—surely worthy to be a national device of France; and he analyses with admirable humour a considerable number of examples of "clarté" and the want of it. But the mystery of lucidity remains a mystery still. Flaubert's practice of reading his compositions aloud puts us, perhaps, on the most promising and clear road. But the French "clarté" is eminently readable aloud and in company. A great deal of our own literature is meant for the eye and not for the ear, for the study and not for the salon, with the consequence, I think, that at its best it is grand but simple, but at its worst shocking. Written (let us suppose) for the ear and meant to be read in company, French literature, on the other hand, is never grand, but neither is it ever silly. Its range is society, while ours is solitude.

R. H. C.
Common Sense.

In the work of various writers (both in The New Age and out of it) there occurs a curious argument which is worth some analysis. It is almost like a gesture of dismissal, and its presence is a sure sign of the academic tradition. Essentially it consists in saying that a new theory or position or suggestion is really very old. Undoubtedly it is a pose, and an arrogant pose. It implies not so much that there is no new thing under the sun as that some people at least have nothing to learn. Probably its causes are complex and some of them are not creditable. Academic teaching aggravates the malady. I speak that which I know, for I am a chief sinner in this regard.

Whether I can promise to produce the evidences of a sincere repentance is doubtful, but in any case I can furnish the results of a self-examination which (if tradition is to be believed) is the preliminary to conversion. The occasion was the re-reading its appearance in volume form of Mr. Edward Moore’s series of articles “We Moderns.” At one time their very title would have made me shudder, and I know that I am not alone in finding their strange and unfamiliar and even repellent. More than one perusal has not been altogether effective in dissipating this feeling, but it has certainly cleared up something of the state of mind that underlies it. Mr. Moore’s work is clearly an accomplishment of the most striking sort, and it (as I suppose is the case) this is his first piece of serious writing. The New Age has fulfilled its purpose of enabling genius as well as talent to find a means of expression. But I remain in considerable perplexity in spite of my admiration.

The topics on which Mr. Moore writes are plainly of a philosophical sort. But he does not appear to have read anything earlier than Hobbes, and he seldom refers to a philosopher by name. Nor does he indulge in the controversies the ordinary student of philosophy finds so congenial. We would, suppose, prefer an octavo page and numerous footnotes, for which devotion to the idea of the cave the world would rightly scorn us. Behind it, I should claim, there is a more defensible attitude. We are accustomed to a man knowing what has been written on his subject and taking account of it. If he differs, we expect to know the reasons why. And if he agrees, we look for a relevant difference in ideas or mode of presentation which makes the new exposition worth while.

That professional philosophers should desire this formal clearness and distinctness of statement is not mere pedantry, an incapacity to see anything outside one’s groove which, it is alleged, the atmosphere of a college engenders. Such a partiality is in fact one of the healthiest signs in present-day philosophy: for it means the introduction into it of the scientific attitude. A philosophical work is no longer a collection of amiable opinions and distressing generalisations, helped out by an awe-inspiring terminology. Even in moral philosophy and metaphysics one does sometimes come across a book which reaches a level of clear, exact thinking comparable to one on logic or even natural science. About the German tradition in philosophy and in the English as affected by the German there has always been a flavour of the esoteric. At its best there is a familiar difficulty in getting hold of it. When “R. H. C.” said that Mr. Moore lacked common-sense he referred, I take it, to a like element in “We Moderns.” All science is essentially common-sense, and so should all philosophy be, or almost all of it. Plainly this cannot mean that its content must be at once intelligible to the ordinary man, (1) it must carry conviction to anyone who takes the trouble to follow all the steps, generally a lengthy process, (2) its results should be (at least partly) capable of statement in non-technical language. In short, the appreciation of it does not depend on your being a particular sort of person or getting into a certain mood or possessing high faculties, but only on using the powers we all possess. There does not seem to be much in the best modern philosophy which is not capable of this sort of treatment; and one or two people, notably Russell, can carry it very successfully. Most men who have tried to teach philosophy or to communicate it by discussion must have felt a curious sense of failure when their students wrote nonsense or their friends continued obdurate. Had I been perfectly competent, one feels, had I sufficiently analysed the argument into steps and presented them in their proper order, it must have carried conviction. We are no mystery-mongers. We work no miracles. It is not to the elect that we promise salvation. We thank God that we are as other men.

It may be argued, however, that this is all very well, beyond to a certain point we have always been of it. So long as we confine ourselves to science and some parts of metaphysics, these traditional and solid ideas work well enough. But when the question is really fundamental and abstract, of things that really matter, something altogether different is required. Progress and truth depend on insights which are the possession only of specially gifted minds, and their influence is always disintegrating. It leads to enlightenment. It brings not peace but a sword. We require to know exactly what is meant here. Are these prophets partakers in a vision to which all men may one day attain, pioneers who clear the path before the masses of the people? In this case the seer may be specially honoured, but not as of a race apart; he is of the same stuff as his fellows. On the other hand, there are people who claim experience of another sort. The mystic is one. The adept is another. Certainly it is not possible in the abstract to deny that such supernormal faculties may emerge in some individuals, that clairvoyance may be possible or clairaudience a fact, and that by no extension of ordinary faculties can they be accounted for. But obviously their use and results take one far beyond common-sense.

Whether these things ever occur is a mere question of fact. What I object to is the tendency of some writers to claim these privileges, that freedom from everyday criticism, from the examination of common-sense, for opinions and ideas which, however true in themselves and attractive in presentation, yet belong and must belong to the familiar order. I do not accuse Mr. Moore of this arrogant error. But the suggestion of something which is not a psychic vision mystic and incommunicable, but yet not open to ordinary argument, is seldom absent from his writings. Mr. Moore had better choose one of these two. He is, or he is not, reaching after a truth which will compel all men and draw them after him. If he is, the philosophers may welcome him into their company. He will not sit low and sedly at their board. But if he is not, then he is an incurable romantic. Work of the latter sort can never be of the highest order. It may be hopeful that Mr. Moore may develop in the other direction, because he must discover before long what his views have a great deal more in common with those of other people than I imagine he suspects. To tell him that he is at one with much of the best thought, or of one type of the best things ever, does not mean he is a critic but an encouragement, were it not for a theory which he appears to hold, but I have not space to discuss.

M. W. ROBIESON.
Art Notes.

By E. H. Dias.

The International.

This year's International is a mixture of brightness and frivolity. After immersion in the Academy one is filled with a spirit of tolerance; inclined to admire almost anything. Brightness greeted one. Sir John Lavery, A.R.A., presented what we may roughly call "Boldini-Abbey," but carefully done (for him), with Lavery, Orpen almost anything. Brightness greeted one. Sir John careful post-Manet. John filled with a spirit not quite despicable. clean rain-washed and pleasant.

ever looked at Picasso's early drawings of acrobats crescent moon clearly visible. an anatomy as shown in some of the figures; too facile have employed; no such formal interest in the present lot. chief of there is to rejoice one. Max's cartoons of the better by the wall-full than when noted one by one. Matisse (80) a likeness in large strokes.

It is one of those shows where the pictures look

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Bits of sculpture should have gone direct to suburban cemetery or to electric-light ornament dealers. (Woolf's) decorative or than a panel, good division of space, grasp of unhampered pose. Bentley (144) gay study in human billets of wood. C. D'Erlanger's (120) quiet, careful, paint excellently put on. E. Sargent (121) sandal and textile finish. J. Noble (14) Angelus remembered, tree-trunk gone a bright-dark pink, quite commendable as things go. C. Proctor (140) Rousseau diluted a lot. Vinall (151) ought to be in Academy, not much worse than anything I saw there. H. Blaker (114) width, inventiveness in his clouds. L. Richmond (178) the delicate and fragile in quite pretty colours. A. Bricheux might bury the teuto-hellenic. Neugenz Rackham looking backwards towards Idylls of a King. Flint (188) softened Tadema. L. Walker (220) Watts very dilligence. Sheringham (70) passing from the "movement" to Duncia. Burnham post-Brangwyn. B. Young "Refugees" in colour suggesting rich decor, gay lights of 10,000 candelas, crystal and drawing-rooms; had better look at Bayes' Academy picture.

Ricketts presents the only point of interest in the show. His "Don Juan," at first glance seems to be remembering the departed glories of Tiepolo; but if we can lift ourselves out of the wholeocket of current ideas and take this picture with an absolutely untouched mental plate, we find, first, Mr. Ricketts is obviously, absolutely contemptuous of all contemporary clammers; secondly, there is any amount of technique in the picture; thirdly, if the desirable aim of a twentieth century artist is to produce "something like an old master," Mr. Ricketts has done it.

If it is an academic ideal, it is, as here carried out, an ideal that would kill, annihilate, the present extant Academy. Grant against this that it has the air of being an object of art, being something exceedingly valuable in itself; you cannot imagine it hung in a barn as you can imagine a Matisse; you cannot imagine it suitably hung on a simple plain-tinted wall as you can a "Vinistie"; or among the slightly stuffy upper-middle-class furniture where a Manet or a Degas could hang. It has nothing to do with modern life, in so far as you can only imagine it hung in a Renaissance palace, or in a modern multi-millionaire imitation of one.

It is, after all, the artist's business to express his desire; to paint what he wants, not something that he is bullied into, or that someone has told him. He can be with his age or against it; but he must express what he himself wants. Mr. Ricketts, in utter defiance of every current opinion and of all the "forces" or inertias about him, has taken a traditional subject, saturated with associations (Spanish play, French play, opera with a libretto in Italian, poems by Baudelaire, etc.). The method of painting is also soaked in tradition, a polyglot tradition. I said "remembering" from that of the people who disinterestedly fake a "Pier della Francesc" or some primitive; or from the Academic reminiscence based on traditions not the best of their kind.

The minute you try to ascribe Ricketts's picture to any one master you realise that without a whole library of technical history in your head or at your elbow, you are lost. The critic accustomed to judge and compare pictures by his eye alone, cannot make an historic analysis of this canvas. He can only say the high lights are built up, the paint is rather glazed, etc. His next question is: "Does such building, such a glazing," etc., belong to such and such an old master? Mr. Ricketts's work is a work of scholarship. He has not created an old master, the style of any old master; he has picked here and there, and worked out with infinite care a perfectly unified style—the lift of the curtain, the hard, creamy-white streaks, all these show comparison, analysis of a hundred old pictures, a care greater than Tiepolo's; the work of a connoisseur.

In 24 he has leapt a few centuries and produced something between a Rockclla and a Craig stage scene. But "Don Juan" infinitely like an old master could only have been done to-day; and is quite unlike any other master in particular. It is a bibelot, an objet d'art, a specialité, whatever you like; out of the "movement" and the "movements," but it is undoubtedly the result of great care, skill, experience, and it calls into court every assumption now gobbled by every art-public, and every authority. The style of its kind you can't beat it; you can't explain it away; you may detest it, dislike it, ridicule it as an affectation, as millionaire's furniture; but this will not annihilate it. It is not an appeal for money, or sympathy, or admiration from people differently constituted; it is not a fake, a shite, a bluff; it is an assertion—of nearly every painting ideal now out of office, and as such it is intensely interesting. I am not expressing one jot of sympathy. But a man cannot do any sort of thing so well, so completely, with so great technical skill, without the result being "there"; without its existing in a way which the hoards of rubbishy things at the Academy, and the hoards of careless imitations of modes of the moment simply cannot achieve.
Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XVI.—THE HE-GOAT.

Rashid and I were staying with an English friend of mine—a parson, though the least parsonical of men—who had a pleasant little house in a Druze village of Mount Lebanon, and nothing to do but watch, and do his utmost to restrain, the antics of a very wealthy and eccentric lady missionary. He had gone away for a few weeks, leaving us in possession, when another sort of clergyman arrived—a little man with long white beard, sharp nose and pale, seraphic eyes. He was, rashly as he was, on duty, inspecting missionary establishments in those mountains. The master of the house had once invited him to stay there if he passed that way. He seemed surprised to find us in possession, and treated us as interlopers, though I was in fact his host, regarding our small dwelling as a clergy house. His gaze expressed an innocent surprise when I sat down to supper with him and performed the honours on the night of his arrival. He gave his orders boldly to my servant, and his demeanour expressed an innocent surprise when I sat down to supper with him and performed the honours on the night of his arrival. He gave his orders boldly to my servant, and his demeanour expressed an innocent surprise when I sat down to supper with him and performed the honours on the night of his arrival.

I naturally felt annoyed, but my annoyance was as nothing compared with the extreme of rage and indignation which possessed Rashid. And his indignation was increased by the popularity of our insulter with the girls and teachers at the mission-school hard by. Rashid watched all his movements and could tell me that the old 'he-goat,' as he invariably called him, went there every day and kissed the pupils, taking the pretty ones upon his knee, and making foolish jokes, talking and giggling like an imbecile, bestowing sweetmeats. With them—for the most sinful motives, as Rashid averred—he was all sugar; but when he returned to us he was as grumpy as could be. Rashid would have destroyed him at a nod from me one evening when he said to me:

"I think I must have left my glasses over at the school. Will you be good enough to go and ask?"

"Now your Honour knows how we feel when we meet a man like that; and there are many such among the Franks," my servant whispered in my ear as I went out. "By Allah, it is not to be endured!"

The parson occupied the only bedroom; I slept out in the balcony on his account. Yet he complained of certain of my garments hanging in his room, and flung them out. It was after the following episode that Rashid came to me and said: "You hate this hypocrite; is it not so?"

"By Allah," I replied, "I hate him!"

He seemed relieved by the decision of my tone, and then informed me:

"I know a person who would kill him for the sake of thirty English pounds."

It became, of course, incumbent on me to explain that with us English hatred is not absolute as with the children of the Arabs. He was evidently disappointed and answered with a weary sigh:

"May Allah rid us of this foul oppression!"

It was a bitter pill for him, whose whole endeavour was for my aggravishment, to see me treated like a dog by that he-goat; who, one fine evening had me summoned to his presence—I had been sitting with some village elders in the olive-grove behind the house—and strange proposal, which Rashid declared by Allah proved his perfect infamy. His manner was for once quite amiable; nay, insinuating. Leaning back in a deck-chair, his two hands with palms resting on his waistcoat, the fingers raised communicating at the tips, he said with clerical composure:

"It is my purpose to make a little tour to visit missionary ladies at three several places in these mountains, and then to go on to Jezzin to see the waterfall. As you appear to know the country and the people intimately, and can speak the language, it would be well if you came, too. The man Rashid could wait upon us all."

Rashid, I knew, was listening at the door.

"Us all? How many of you are there, then?"

He hemmed a moment ere replying:

"I—er—think it best for the Miss Karams with me—Miss Sara Karam, a young lady of Syrian birth but English education, was head teacher at the girls' school, and her younger sister, Miss Habibah Karam, was her constant visitor—"I thought you might take charge of the younger of the two." He gave a snigger.

And we were going to Jezzin where there was no hotel, and we should have to herd together in the village guest-room! What would my Arab friends, censorious in all such matters, think of that! I told him plainly what I thought of his ideas, and what the mountain-folk would think of them and him. I told him that I had no wish to ruin any woman's reputation, nor to be forced into unhappy marriage by a public scandal. He, as a visitor, would go away again; as an old man, and professionally holy, his good name might not suffer, though I could not stomach the idea of the mountain people. But the girls would have to live among the mountaineers, who, knowing of their escapade, would thenceforth scorn them. And as for me...

"But I proposed a mere excursion," he interposed. "I fail to see your right to take this tone about it."

"Well, I have told you what I think," was my rejoinder. Then I went outside and recounted the whole conversation to Rashid, who heartily applauded my decision, which he had already heard.

I did not see our reverend friend again till after breakfast the next morning. Then he said to me in something of a contrite tone:

"I have been thinking over what you said last night. I confess I had not thought about the native gossip. I have decided to go up the expedition to Jezzin... And it has occurred to me that, as you are not going, I could ride your horse. It would save the trouble and expense of hiring one, if you would kindly lend it."

Taken fairly by surprise, I answered "Certainly," and then went out and told Rashid what I had done. He wrung his hands and bitterly reproached me.

"But there is one good thing," he said; "Sheytân will kill him!"

In all the months that we had owned that horse Rashid had never once before alluded to him by the name which I had chosen for him. It was ill-omened, he had often warned me. But nothing could be too ill-omened for that hypocrite.

"I do not want to lend the horse to him," I said. "But what was I to say? He took me by surprise."

"In that case," said Rashid, "all is not said. Our darling shall enjoy his bath to-day."

The washing of my horse—a coal-black Arab stallion, as playful as a kitten and as mad—was in the nature of a public festival. Sheytân was led down to the spring, where all the population gathered, the bravest throwing water over him with kerosene tins, while he struggled and kicked and roused the mountain echoes with his naughty screaming. On this occasion, for a finish, Rashid let go his hold upon the head-rope, the people fled in all directions, as agile as a goat, to take the air before returning to his stall.

Our reverend guest had watched the whole performance from our balcony which, from a height of some three hundred feet, looked down upon the spring.
I was up there behind him, but I said no word till he exclaimed in horror: "What a vicious brute! Dangerous—ought to be shot!" when I inquired to what he was referring—quite vindictive ire, pointing to Sheytan, who was disporting on the terrace just below.

"Oh, that's my horse," I answered, interested.

"He's really quite a lamb.

"Your horse! You don't mean that?" He said no more just then, but went indoors, and then out to when I suggested borrowing it. Old Câsim at the school will him one for me. I should be afraid that such a valuable horse as yours might come to grief while in my charge.

That was his way of putting it.

We watched the party start one early morning, the hypocrite all smiles, the ladies in a flutter, all three mounted on hired chargers of the most decrepit type, old Câsim from the school attending them upon a jackass. Rashid addressed the last named as he passed our house, applying a disgraceful epithet to him. The poor old creature wept.

"God knows," he said, "I would not choose such service! I must do it. I shall not require And I will save my lady's virtue if I can."

"May Allah help thee!" said Rashid. "Take courage! I have robbed his eyes."

I had no notion of his meaning at the time when, sitting on the balcony, I overheard this dialogue; but later in the day Rashid revealed to me two pairs of eyeglasses belonging to our guest. Without those glasses, which were of especial power, the reverend man could not see anything in detail.

"And these two pairs were all he had," exclaimed Rashid with triumph. "The he-goat always used to put them on when looking amorously at the ladies. The loss of them, please God, will spoil his pleasure.

Views and Reviews.

THE MALTHUSIAN LAW.

The Malthusian law of population has been so often debated, and in such various connections, that it is not surprising that we know very little of it. It was originally invented as a biological sanction of an economic theory; the common people of this country had suffered, in the course of their history, the destruction of their Guilds and the confiscation of their treasures, the abolition of the monasteries, and the enclosure of the commons. In return, they had the Elizabethan poor law, which was subsiding the capitalist system of large scale production. Corresponding to the growth of private fortunes made in industry, there was a growth in the cost of the administration of the poor law; and Malthus, as an economist and a defender of the capitalist system, formulated his law of population, and deduced from it a proposal, among others, to reduce gradually until the ill of the employing classes. He wanted to make the labourer entirely dependent on the wages granted to him by the manufacturer, and those wages, of course, determined by the law of supply and demand; as he said himself: "It is a general complaint among master manufacturers, that high wages ruin all their workmen; but it is difficult to conceive that these men would not save a part of their high wages for the future support of their families, instead of spending it in drunkenness and dissipation, if they did not rely on parish assistance for support in case of accidents." (chap. vi. Book iii). In short, the basic assumption of the whole argument was that neither the community nor the employers were responsible for the maintenance of the labouring classes; like John the Baptist's soldiers, they were to "be content with their wages," and to order their lives with all the prudence and foresight that derives either from philosophical training or long experience in the management of production on a large scale.

But what is the famous law of population that so miraculously justified the capitalist system of production? It is simply that "population has this constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence, and that it is kept to its necessary level by" various checks, such as war, famine, and disease; and he formulated the incommensurate ratios of increase as an arithmetical ratio for means of subsistence and a geometrical ratio for population. He went so far as to declare, against all reason, that "the allowing of the produce of the earth to be absolutely unlimited, scarcely removes the weight of a hair from the limits of subsistence, which depends entirely upon the differently increasing ratios of population and food" (chap. xiv, Book iii). The law, then, is as invariable as the law of gravitation on earth; population is, and has always been, pressing against the limits of the means of subsistence—that is to say, that at any given moment, no more people could be alive than were actually alive, and further, no more people can ever be alive upon this earth than the produce of the earth will support. It does not seem possible to deny this truism; but Malthus quite gratuitously asserts (chap. x, Book iii), that "there is, however, a limit to expansion of industry and agriculture which, if the capital and population of a country continue increasing, they must ultimately reach and cannot pass; and this limit, upon the principle of private property, must be far short of the utmost power of the earth to produce food." We have to admit, then, that this "constant tendency" of population to increase beyond the means of subsistence is not, according to Malthus, determined by the capacity of the earth to support the human race, but by the limitations imposed by the system of private property on the production of the means of subsistence—in short, our quarrel is not with Nature, as Malthus set out to prove, but with the economic system of limited production for private profit that he was defending—the ratio was only pedantic bluff.

Then what becomes of this "constant tendency?" If, under a system of private property, we have not reached, and cannot hope to reach, the limits of the means of subsistence? Is it any more than a warning against those "systems of equality" to the criticism of which Malthus devoted the first three chapters of Book iii? Let us see. The Malthusian law has derived much apparent support from the fact that both Darwin and Wallace adopted it as a modus operandi of the "Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection, or the Preservation of Favoured Races in the Struggle for Life," as the title-page puts it. The Darwinian theory of evolution requires that the Malthusian law (itself a development of Buffon's ideas) should be operative throughout Nature. All the way through from the amoeba to man, the limitation of the means of subsistence made necessary a struggle to obtain them; in the course of that struggle, somehow or other, variations of structure and function arose which, if they added to the efficiency of the organism
in the struggle for existence, were accumulated and preserved by "natural selection" until the organism itself was modified into a new type. But as Darwin himself suggests (chap. i, "Origin of Species") that "there is no use in expecting a positive proof of the" Andrew Knight, that this variability may be partly connected with excess of food," evolution does not necessarily require a "struggle for life" to explain it and is not necessarily dependent upon a universal negativ- eness of Nature. However, obtained, the excess of food would be partially connected with the variability of the organism, and the probability is strong that the favourable variations could only be accumulated and preserved by those organisms that were not struggling for life, but enjoying it, that the origin of species, to put it briefly, is to be sought in "the happy hunting-ground" of Nature and not in the battle-field of biol- ogy. That evolution depends upon variability is obvious; that variability may be partly connected with excess of food is admitted; and that favourable vari- ations become predominant by extraordinary fertility of reproduction may be discovered by anyone who cares to read the supply of by-laws. The one pro- cess above all others that evolution, or progress, as Mr. J. M. Robertson prefers, cannot utilise is sterility, whether natural or induced; if Nature knows anything of the Malthusian law (which may be legitimately doubted), she certainly knows nothing of the Malthus- ian prescription of prudential checks except as a means to extinction.

At this point, the neo-Malthusians, whose case Mr. J. M. Robertson states in the last two chapters of his book, become contradictory. Because population never can be increased beyond the means of subsistence, and, as Malthus argued, never can increase up to the limit of the means of subsistence under a system of private property, the neo-Malthusians propose, and have succeeded in obtaining, a limitation of the birth-rate. Malthus declared, at the end of chap. ix, Book i, that "population can never increase with great rapidity, but when the real price of common labour is very high, as in America," in other words, that prosperity stimu- lates reproduction; but the neo-Malthusians argue that poverty stimulates reproduction, and that the cure for poverty is the restriction of the birth-rate. By diminishing the supply of labour, the real price of it will be raised; and straightway, they proceed to show us that, wherever the birth-rate is restricted under modern conditions, the net increase of the population is greater than it is with an unrestricted birth-rate. For example, Mr. J. H. Robertson quotes the fact that the annual number of births in this country fell from 948,003 in 1903 to 872,000 in 1913; I have not the figures handy, but it will be remembered that, during the same period, real wages declined. However, Mr. J. M. Robertson's argument proceeds to show that the decline of the birth-rate was accompanied by a net increase of the population, and that of young lives; the numbers of children of five to six years living in 1903 being estimated at 704,806, in 1912, 761,442, in 1913, 768,067. The argument, then, resolves itself into this: the cure for poverty is the restriction of the birth-rate, and the restriction of the birth-rate is accompanied by a fall in real wages and a rise in the net increase of the population. If imprudence pro- duces that "devastating torrent of babies" that scared Mill, prudence has produced a still more devastating torrent to the extent of 7,500 in one year, or 64,000 in ten years. If, then, "population has this constant tendency to increase beyond the means of subsistence," obviously the restriction of the birth-rate is not a preventive check.

But if there is this "constant tendency," how can we explain the facts of infantile and abortion noticed by Malthus himself, and the almost universal restric- tion of the birth-rate since the Bradlaugh-Besant trial? These facts reveal a constant tendency to limit, not to increase, population, a conservator, and not a progressive, tendency which, if carried to its logical conclu- sion, would leave unexplored all the possibilities of increasing the means of subsistence. It is based on the assumption that we have reached the limit which Malthus said we could not reach under a system of private property, that extensive progress is no longer possible, and all that we can now do is to maintain population at its present level. This is a large con- cession to the prudential tendency that cannot be realistic, ex hypothesis, under present conditions; and it is wiser, I think, to look for progress along other lines than those laid down by the neo-Malthusians. A. E. R.

Reviews.

Where the Great City Stands. By C. R. Ashbee.
(The Essex House Press. 21s. net.)

"These are the times that try men's souls," and, therefore, these are not the times for triviality either in the matter or in the approach. The Arts and Crafts movement has to recognise that it is not only an Arts and Crafts movement, that so far as its ideas are of value to the nation (and they are of great value) they are political ideas, and the duty incumbent upon the advocates of those ideas is to make them practical polities. We shall not be able to trace my ideas on a large scale after the war; the only question is whether we shall reconstruct things as they were, or whether we shall put into national practice ideas that have already been proved in individual and local ex- periments, and they are of indubitable national value. The latter is obviously the more desirable practice, and, further, it only needs simple statement to win immediate theoretical assent from the public. There the matter will rest unless those who advocate the more desirable practice recognise that it has become polities, and should be practical polities, and, therefore, take the appropriate measures to influence public opinion. For those appropriate measures we have so far waited in vain.

Mr. Ashbee writes a book, to be published at a guinea, the whole gist of which is that "co-ordination" is the principle of the approach. The Arts and Crafts movement has to recognise that it is not only an Arts and Crafts movement, that so far as its ideas are of value to the nation (and they are of great value) they are political ideas, and the duty incumbent upon the advocates of those ideas is to make them practical polities. We shall not be able to trace my ideas on a large scale after the war; the only question is whether we shall reconstruct things as they were, or whether we shall put into national practice ideas that have already been proved in individual and local ex- periments, and they are of indubitable national value. The latter is obviously the more desirable practice, and, further, it only needs simple statement to win immediate theoretical assent from the public. There the matter will rest unless those who advocate the more desirable practice recognise that it has become polities, and should be practical polities, and, therefore, take the appropriate measures to influence public opinion. For those appropriate measures we have so far waited in vain.

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books are always powerful in those spheres of practical activity that are not "co-ordinated"; people who have no ideas, and do not know what to do except what their fathers did, are pitifully grateful to those who will tell them. But it is no use telling them to "co-ordinate" —you might as well tell them to "reform." They need a design, and an estimate of the cost of realising it, and in the absence of the one, the other. But to prepare this in such a form that it would be of value in, say, the Committee stage of a Bill in the House of Commons (and nothing less will be of much real value to us) will require all the "co-ordination" of which Mr. Ashbee's as the Arts and Crafts are willing to be a hole and corner movement, so long will they be, like the Nonconformists, cut off from the main stream of culture. They must apply to political problems the same practical efficiency that they apply to the productions of their arts, remembering that England is not going to be a paradise for anybody but for everybody, that we are not to be saved by architecture alone, not even Ashbee's or American architecture, but "by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God," I.e., of the creative spirit. There is no need to wait for a politician; what is already known is enough to begin with, before the consideration is the work of a committee, and a committee reports—it does not publish casual journalism at a guinea net to please the lovers of Liberty fabrics. Hephaistos was already so well known that there was no need to discover Vissakarna; the need is now to strike while the iron is hot.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ART NOTES.

Sir,—Will you allow me to congratulate The New Age upon having obtained the services of an art critic of the independence of mind of Señor B. H. Dias. I read his articles with the greatest interest; more especially as judging by his name I presume that he is a gentleman of Spanish origin—uno caballero de españa—and thereby enabled to approach the subject of British Art with a certain amount of detachment. View also it is exhilarating to encounter an art critic whose stock-in-trade does not merely consist of a conventional study of the old masters, and a cramming of text-books, and histories of the various schools. But why these tears over the Royal Academy? Sterne wept at the sight of a dead donkey, but why should Señor B. H. Dias weep over an old man waking observers? Let us cease to exist. Instead of a tourney you have a mad riot. . . . Instead of a glorious exhibition you have a medley bazaar. . . . Instead of a selection you have everything at once. . . . When there is no longer any judgment nothing is judged. . . . Since the catalogue has grown to be a fat volume, many names are found there which remain obscure, notwithstanding the list of ten or twelve pictures that follows them."

If these things could take place in 1840 in Paris—the modern Athens, in the period of Ingres, Gericault and Delacroix—why not in London in 1918?—an organ. A.R.A.? Hay que sufrir, as Señor Dias would say in his native tongue. We must suffer the glory, and our theories about what they are or what they ought to be can change the spots of the leopard or the skin of the Ethiopian; for if art in its origin is a social and religious force, and a moral phenomenon, and an isolated unit, unless inspired, cannot rise above the average for the pattern of the tattoo is predetermined and regulated by the Taboo. For this reason I look for a good deal to be derived from the recent Gordon tax, for you might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion.

Meanwhile, the only way is to adjust yourself to circumstances, and if you are conscious of possessing the divine gift, to ignore "the swinish multitude" (De Quincey) and their conventional loin-cloths, and devote yourself to the appreciation and acquisition of Truth and Beauty, and whatever is the up-to-date equivalent for Grecian urns, Polynesian dancing masks, or sumptified Peruvian skulls. Thus you may satisfy your highest intellectual and aesthetic cravings, and possibly gratify your executors, for, sad to say, even Truth and Beauty, after the pioneers and the martyrs have numbered among the common herd, eventually become of a monetary value in the world's market, as the history of all religions shows. "What porridge had John Keats?" Yes, but what price Blake when last offered up on the altar of the common?—So Padre, Señor Dias, poco a poco se va leyendo la verdad.

Harold B. Harrison.

GUILD AND STATE.

Sir,—In your "Notes of the Week" dated February 14 you say, "but this alluring prospect of peace is only possible, we submit, upon one condition, namely, that Germany ceases to be a State and becomes a nation." I take it that you mean that Germany should seek to be a country run by military or political parties for their interests, and become a national organism in which, although, under a system of division of labour, there would be the military and political organs, they would be organs merely, having their duties to perform to the organism as a whole. You are apparently against the predominance of one or more organs; you are also, as a consequential truth, against class-consciousness, for their position for their own benefit, I.e., at the risk of the other organs of the national organism. In other words, you want all the organs of the national organism to be equally balanced. In that sense, you are no less against the Church State, or the Commercial State, or the Industrial State for that matter, than against the political or military State.

As a student of comparative sociology, I am fully at one with the view expressed. And it will perhaps interest your readers to know—especially in these days of growing interest in India, her thoughts and her ideals—what an Indian has said about this subject. What the modern National Guildsman would call a Guild, the ancient Indian sociologists would call a caste or an organ. Where the modern National Guildsman would seek the aid of the Government for establishing the guilds and monopoly of labour which is essential to the Guild system, the Indian caste-system would look to self-regulation by society under the sanction of religious theory. In my report of the census of Travancore, South India, 1911, I wrote as follows, by way of concluding the chapter on the exposed and misunderstood question of " caste":

"Whatever may be the difference in the names of the systems, all the countries of the world must contain the four main organs of production, protection, and religion, and the four main organs in the same form or order. If one of the organs over-balances or feels the necessity of over-balancing the other three in intellect and in wealth, the society or State goes by the name of the same organ or class, such as industrial State, commercial State, political State, Church State. But when all balance one another in supply and demand, i.e., by equal distribution of wealth as far as possible, it would be called the organisinal, or, in other words, the caste, system. Viewed in reference to this standard, a condition in which one class predominates must be lower on the scale of progress; for, unless the predominant class keeps strict watch and ward over the other three, they must all suffer; and although this or that organ may claim the possession of civilisation, industrial, theocratic, etc., may indulge in the assumption that to that type all civilisations must conform on pain of perishing, it must for its own part suffer, if the isolated community of its predominant, and thus fail to decentralise and balance itself with the others. It would then get thrown out of Nature's machinery and be substituted by another organ or another type, against which the organs type a greater tendency so to centralise and balance. The greater such tendency in an organ or organism, the closer is its resemblance to the latter, and the greater the resemblance, the longer its life."

Travancore. N. Subrahmanya Aiyar.
Pastiche.

WHITHER?

(With apologies to D. H. Lawrence.)

I can stay no longer in bed. Her hair is brittle, and strays over the pillow. I will brush my teeth.

How the glass cleaves to the jet-cloth covering, grey-veined in streaks like breasts recovering from bruises.

I will not wrench it off suddenly. Aware of my ultimate supremacy I will be gentle for a time.

Cruelly gentle. They shall part slowly, still clinging.

She stirs in bed, and the glass is suddenly light in my hand: a thing of negative weight in the uplift. Oh, transient consciousness of strength! My strength smiles inwardly recognising the triumphance of its conquest.

Inevitable. This thought comes over me like a shadow:

That we, we living, are perhaps the victims of such triumphs, being torn asunder to provide matter for God's smiles. No; He will not prevail over me, for I shall not struggle. I do not think I want to.

I will depart from you silently. There will be no forcible separation:

Only sheer absence of resistance denying strength of purpose—

Divinity of strength rendered purposeless—

Purposeless by my own strength of weakness.

The brush agitates against my teeth, fierce in attack (And my mouth is all submission), seeking out crannies, each bristle functioning. No; I cannot answer: my mouth is too foam-full. What will become of you? I do not know. Possibly she will return to the bar at Waterloo, straining at stubborn corks, against a bottle background, with her companions cruelly-coiffured, walking like flowers on hinges, behind the counter.

I only know that I am seized with a strong sense of antiseptic. I have spat penultimately. In the froth there was a slender thread of blood.

Now I am pure—relatively pure.

Each inrush of air clings to my palate with consuming cleanliness.

— become of you?

Who knows?

Who knows even the destiny of a discarded tooth-brush? Where they all go to?

T. R. C.

TO ISADORA DUNCAN.

EPHESUS IN ADES.

Your hands are like Persephone's, when spring fired her with daring—enved as chalices, bent to the ground to lift some subtle thing, fired her with daring—curved as chalices, or to dip water out of faery seas. Or to drip with music as a cloud drips rain.

The plains of Dis are not more desolate Than our exile: the Stygian oceans share Earth's monstrous secrets, and the wings of Hate hurtle with death in the tenebrous air:

Darkness is on our spirits like a weight, Till Demeter has pity, and you run.

From golden meadows—lovely hands and hair, Jocund with flowers that opened in the sun.

S. Francisco.

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