

THE NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1353] NEW SERIES. Vol. XXIII. No. 16. THURSDAY, AUG. 15, 1918. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] **SIXPENCE**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
NOTES OF THE WEEK	245
FOREIGN AFFAIRS. By S. Verdad	248
THE GERMAN CASE. By Leighton J. Warnock	249
NATIONAL GUILDS V. THE CLASS WAR. By Arthur J. Penty	250
LONDON PAPERS. By Dikran Kouyoumdjian	253
ART NOTES. By B. H. Dias	255

	PAGE
A REFORMER'S NOTE-BOOK: Welfare Work and Referendum	256
REVIEWS: The International King. The Promise of Air	257
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR from J. B. M., Leighton J. Warnock, "Ipsissimus Nemo"	258
PASTICHE. By Ruth Pitter, J. A. M. A., Tribolet	260
PRESS CUTTINGS	260

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE more nearly we may approach the desired and necessary military victory over Germany the more clearly will it be realised that a military victory is not enough. We need a moral victory as well, if the consequences of a military victory are not to be only one degree better than those of a military compromise. The prospect of a league of democracies permanently armed against a threatened revival of Prussian militarism is not what we have looked to find at the end of the present war; yet unless something more is accomplished than a military victory it is what we must expect. It is with this thought in mind, no doubt, that during the recent anniversary period of our entrance into the war, so many of our statesmen, publicists and journalists have been expressing an opinion which hitherto has been emphasised only in comparatively obscure circles; the opinion, namely, that Germany must be democratised if the world is to profit by the war. Their testimony is now nearly unanimous from that of Mr. Lloyd George among statesmen to the "Evening Standard" among the more independent and intelligent journals. They all agree in the words of Mr. Lloyd George that "whatever our war-aims, they must remain in jeopardy so long as the caste that made the war is in supreme command in Germany."

* * *

It follows from this that what is called "propaganda," by which we understand the attempt to produce a moral revolution in Germany, is of equal importance with the carrying on of the military war. If, indeed, as is now coming to be realised, the moral regeneration of Germany is as necessary as the defeat of the Prussian military machine, propaganda may be said to grow increasingly important with our progress towards the latter aim. To deplore, therefore, the expenditure of a million or so a year upon it—as the "Daily News" and "Westminster Gazette" do—is to deprecate the full use of an arm which should be the weapon of Liberalism above everything. For what has Liberalism to hope for from a military victory unaccompanied by a moral victory; and why, then, should Liberalism object to expenditure upon the one when it has not grudged ten thousand times more expenditure upon the other? The criticism of our propaganda in

Germany, however, is not properly directed to the monetary cost of it—a mere hour or two's cost of the military war—but to its efficiency; and upon this aspect the Liberal Press would be wise to concentrate itself. There are difficulties and defects enough to occupy attention for months. Let us consider a few of them. In the first place, it is essential to break down the prejudice that the democratisation of Germany is impossible or, at any rate, so difficult that it is not worth attempting. In their speeches last week both Mr. Balfour and Mr. J. M. Robertson dwelt upon this, the latter to say that the division of the German people from their rulers was as impossible as the division of the English people from theirs. But not only is this not true, but the admission is despair. Far more "impossible" might the military defeat of Prussia have appeared to our soldiers than the moral defeat of Prussia to our politicians; yet our soldiers did not hesitate to undertake their task. It is enough to know that the moral campaign is necessary: its practicability time will show. In the second place, our propaganda suffers from having had no definite aim. What is it precisely that we wish to bring home to the German people? This defect, however, is likely to be remedied after the recent chorus of voices defining our aim as the democratisation of Germany. There ought, in fact, to be no longer any vagueness in our purpose. Quite specifically, and as to a mark clearly seen and defined, all our attempts at propaganda should be directed to dividing the German people from their military rulers. Lastly, for the present, we have hitherto suffered from having formed no clear idea of the mentality of the German people as distinct from the mentality of the Prussian caste or of the German people as coloured by Prussianism. It is desirable that the directors of our propaganda should divest themselves of the current prejudices and attempt to see the German people not as they appear, nor even as they are, but as they may become; for it is with the future of the German people that the hopes of the world are bound up. These considerations make it appear that the moral conquest of Germany is difficult and calls for the very highest qualities of intelligence and resource on the part of the Allies. But we are by no means sure that of these qualities the Allies have not a greater stock, if they know where to look for them, than ever they had of the

qualities necessary to the military defeat of Germany. Their mobilisation, however, is urgent.

Any attempt to diagnose the moral situation in Germany should take as one of its documents the recent address of the Kaiser to his troops. It is almost ludicrously naïve, and conveys, on that account, information of the utmost value. It will be seen that the Kaiser, unlike some of our own politicians, is acutely aware of the existence in Germany of two schools or castes of opinion, and that he is as apprehensive of their divisibility as Mr. Robertson, for instance, is sceptical of it. The two schools include obviously those, first, who may be said to embody the will-to-power; and those, secondly, who entertain only the will-to-live—the schools, in other words, of the aggressive pan-Germans on the one side, and of the quite ordinary human Germans on the other side, who merely wish to keep alive. The Kaiser in his address directs, it will be observed, a sentence or two to each of these elements—to the hopes of the first and to the fears of the second. To the first he says that “what has been attained in the East by our arms . . . and what is being completed in the West . . . inspires us with the firm conviction that Germany will emerge both strong and vigorous from the war.” He means, of course, stronger and more vigorous. But to the second he says that the “enemy’s will to the annihilation of Germany is still unbroken”; in other words, he tells the second group that they must fight for their lives. By this double appeal, so self-contradictory in spirit, the Kaiser, as we say, is really conveying information of value. His manifesto is evidence that the continuance of the war by Germany is due to two motives—the hope of the pan-Germans and the fear of the German people. And from this we ought to be able to conclude that just as the task of the Allied armies is to rob the pan-Germans of any ground for hope, the task of Allied diplomacy or propaganda is to rob the German people of any ground for their fears. As clearly as our armies are announcing that the hopes of the pan-Germans are doomed to disappointment, our diplomacy ought to announce that the fears for the existence of the German people are likewise illusory; that, in short, the Kaiser and his clique are wrong in both respects. This, perhaps, is what Mr. Barnes has in view in his recommendation of the assembling of a Hague Conference of Allies for the purpose of addressing assurances to the German people. If so, Mr. Barnes has an idea.

What small amount of pacifism remains in this country is certainly at the disposal of the Government for the purposes of propaganda. This is clear from the text of Lord Lansdowne’s latest letter, which, so far from being rightly regarded as designed to weaken the national defence, might be used to strengthen it. For Lord Lansdowne is not, it is obvious, a conscientious objector to the employment of military means against Prussia. “Sooner than accept a dishonourable peace,” he says, “we are all prepared to fight to the bitter end.” What, on the other hand, he doubts, is precisely what others have now come to doubt, namely, the efficacy in and by itself of a military victory. “Let us show the German people,” he says, “that the war is being fought for their liberation as well as for our own.” In other words, as we can interpret him, let us attempt to democratise the German people by showing that they have nothing to lose from our victory save their Prussian chains. If this were done, it would not be in prejudice of the military means but in supplement of them; and it is as a supplement that the influence of Lord Lansdowne might be employed. A pacifist in this sense is merely a propagandist with nothing to do. Give him something to do, as, for instance, the moral propaganda of our aims in Germany, and even if he should be able to do little good, he

would, at any rate, be doing no harm. Lord Lansdowne’s letter is an appeal for work; and Satan should not be left to employ him.

It is usual to hear the Government spoken of as if its intentions were the worst in the world. Of the intentions of some of our business men this may, indeed, be said; but of Mr. Lloyd George’s Government it would be more true to say that it often means well. Its pacifist and other critics should remember how the case will stand in the event of a military without a moral victory over Germany. We would defy them under those circumstances to be able to avoid adopting the measures which they are now denouncing the Government for preparing: measures such as the economic boycott of Germany, compulsory military service, increased armaments, and so on. These, we may warn such people, will be inevitable if only a military victory is won; and the way to prevent them is, therefore, to ensure the democratisation of Germany. In the meanwhile, what we may point out is that the Government has actually committed itself to none of these things. On the contrary, there is plenty of evidence that they are only contingent; and contingent, too, on what Sir Robert Borden has just called the “regeneration of Germany.” Their contingency is proved, again, by the plain speaking of both Mr. Lloyd George and Lord Curzon, the one in reply to the National Union of Manufacturers, the other in reply to Lord Inchcape. Observe what it was that Mr. Lloyd George said. The Manufacturers, it may be recalled, were making their usual demand for complete “freedom” immediately after the war—freedom to profiteer again with no State or any other control. But Mr. Lloyd George quite openly assured them that their demands were impossible. Not only, he said, would raw materials continue to require State control, but transport likewise. In other words, our Manufacturers are not to have the free hand they ask for. An even more significant negative was administered by Lord Curzon to Lord Inchcape, who, after the usual fashion of his plutocratic caste, had been begging the Government to promise to practise economy the moment the war was over. Lord Inchcape had gone so far as to say that no Government would last a week after the war did it not instantly begin to cut down expenditure; to which, however, Lord Curzon replied that neither would any Government last a week after the war did it fail to undertake the cost of wholesale reconstruction. We conclude from the stand of the Government that it is prepared, with popular support, to attempt to do what is right. The pressure upon it, as we see, is tremendous; and it will certainly be overwhelming if an unregenerate Germany should afford our commercial classes an excuse for their selfishness. On the other hand, given a moral change in Germany, and we are satisfied that our profiteers, powerful as they are, will not have matters all their own way.

From the anxious debates in the House of Lords and elsewhere it is plain that what is exercising the minds of our wealthy classes is how the war is to be paid for. Roughly speaking, there are, as Mr. Balfour says, two ways and two ways only: tariffs and taxation, or, as we prefer to call them, indirect and direct taxation. This fact throws some light, of course, on the agitation now being begun for the adoption of tariffs, starting with the least unpopular forms of tariffs for the preservation of key industries and tariffs for Imperial preference. If, by the adoption of a tariff system in these areas, a general tariff system can be foisted on us, the purpose of our wealthy classes will be served; they will be able, that is to say, to throw the main cost of the war on the general consumer in the form of indirect taxation while themselves escaping the burden of considerable direct taxation. To oppose this campaign by a negative is not, in our opinion, to oppose it.

with any hope of success. Nor, again, will it be of much use to advocate direct taxation without reference to the sentiment involved in Imperial preference. In order to meet the agitation upon its own ground it will be necessary, we think, to go as far with it as sentiment and sense demand, but to refuse to admit it any further. We must be prepared, that is, to concede a tariff for the protection of key industries and a tariff likewise for Imperial preference; but the moment any tariff is likely to become revenue-producing or a substitute for direct taxation, we must draw the line.

* * *

Lord Robert Cecil's announcement that henceforward diplomacy must go hand in hand with foreign trade has been prematurely welcomed in commercial circles and prematurely denounced by Liberals. It was an inevitable sequel of the discovery of the potency of the economic weapon in international affairs. Nevertheless it carries with it certain conditions not yet fully realised, and some of them not likely to be to the taste of our commercial classes. Let us suppose, for example, that, in consequence of the apathy of our pacifists, an economic boycott of Germany becomes necessary after the present military war—must it not follow that the State must have the control of economic, as it now has of military power? In other words, progressively with the employment by States of the economic weapon, economic power or trade in general and foreign trade in particular must become more and more State-controlled. We will leave our profiteers to digest this conclusion as best they can and to reckon their chance of recovering their "freedom" simultaneously with their acceptance of State assistance. On the other hand, our Liberals should see an opportunity in the prospect for an extension of Liberal principles. It is all to the good that foreign trade should come under national control; it is or ought to be a Liberal principle. What, however, Liberalism must do is to see that that control is itself liberal, in other words, that while securing the interests of the State it should not sacrifice the liberty of the individual. The means clearly indicated is the creation of National Guilds or national industrial organisations relatively autonomous but, at the same time, organically related to the State.

* * *

The "Daily Express," much to everybody's surprise, has taken it into its headlines to start an agitation against the recent bank-amalgamations. We hesitate to accept its assistance, having a vivid recollection of the "Express's" attitude during the early days of the war towards profiteering. It will be remembered with what a parade of type the "Daily Express" in those days declared against profiteering; and with what celerity the type began to fade into nothingness as the commercial classes failed to respond to the appeal. As rapid a retreat may be expected, we fear, on the present occasion; for it is not in nature that the organ of Lord Beaverbrook should set about eating dog. It may bark but it will not bite. The Chairman and Deputy-Chairman of Lloyds Bank, one of the recent amalgamations, have, however, attempted to reply to some of the criticisms passed upon them; but with such an air of innocence as would make it appear that they are either disingenuous or ignorant. To the charge that the amalgamations are designed to control large trade at the expense of the small trader, the Chairman of Lloyds replies that "the fear of not meeting the requirements of the small trader is unfounded." No evidence is offered that this, in fact, is the case; and, indeed, no immediate evidence would be valid against the logical consequences to be drawn from amalgamation. If amalgamation has been undertaken for the special purpose of maintaining London as the financial centre of the world, the small British trader may be certain that his individual interests will suffer for it. It cannot be otherwise. To the other charge that the amalgamations are likely to create a Monopoly, the Deputy-

Chairman of Lloyds made the extraordinary defence that "the banks could not force depositors to keep sixpence with them"—in other words, that when all the banks were amalgamated, depositors, if they did not like the system, could deposit their money somewhere else. But to be as "simple" as Mr. Beaumont Pease, let us ask where the depositors will put their money when *all* the banks are amalgamated? The essence of a Monopoly is not, of course, that a customer is *compelled* to trade with the Ring; it is simply the case that he must either trade with the Ring or not at all; and since not trading at all is really not an alternative, trading with the Ring is compulsory.

* * *

That the subtlest form of economic power should be under the irresponsible control of a few hundred profiteers is not to be tolerated without the gravest risks to the nation. In the long run a Money Monopoly, or even the present approach to it, is not compatible with national self-determination. How, indeed, is it possible? We are proposing by means of tariffs and other measures to prepare a weapon of offence or defence against any nation that breaks the international law; and, at the same time, the most powerful form of that weapon—namely, the control of credit—we are leaving in the hands of private and irresponsible individuals. The national control of the mere goods of trade is bound to be subordinate to the control exercised by finance, which is, as it were, the blood and spirit of commerce; and thus, in all certainty, our national policy must submit to the dictation of the profiteering of the banks. Already we have begun to see what comes of the free export of credit on private account; the ramifications of German trade in our Imperial midst are the fruits of it. And the same unauthorised and often anti-national consequences will follow from the licence to export capital freely after the war. Worse, indeed; for, as we have pointed out, the purpose of the recent amalgamations is precisely to facilitate the export of credit and to sell it in the highest market, irrespective of the nationality or intentions of the customer. The irony of the situation in which we shall find ourselves is particularly striking; for it will be with a feather of our own wings that the fatal arrow will be sped. In the words of Mr. Bonar Law, "their [bankers'] credit is worth absolutely nothing unless the credit of the State is absolutely unassailable." Yet it appears that this very credit, State-made and State-guaranteed, is to be employed by private corporations for the purpose (or, at least, with the effect) of undermining our national credit.

* * *

The coming General Election has begun to cast its speeches before it; and in the remarks of Mr. Lloyd George in particular one other element can now be fixed. It is to be a Coalition Election, with Mr. Lloyd George himself in the running for the renewal of his Premiership. "In the war," he said, "we have been a united people in defending the Empire; I want us to be a united people in the reconstruction of the Empire." That is almost an electoral appeal. That Mr. Lloyd George will under these circumstances be returned to power we have little doubt. The Liberal Party, leaderless and without ideas, is fast dissolving into its constituent groups; and the Labour Party has clearly never emerged from this state. Neither the one party nor the other, nor both in alliance—if that were possible—can be said to be formidable. But, again, it is not of necessity to be deplored that Mr. Lloyd George should continue to form the Government. His very defects are qualities for a period of transition. When everything is in the melting-pot, there may be worse things than a mind like his which is capable of receiving any shape. Reconstruction with Mr. Lloyd George in control will at any rate be an adventure from which a Utopia may as easily issue as the Servile State.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

THERE has for many years been a serious and increasing volume of discontent in India. It was never enough (as the Germans wrongly calculated it certainly would be) to lead any body of Indians to turn against the British Empire, or away from it, in time of war; but it is enough to make both the British and the Indian authorities wish to appease it. Mr. Montagu's inquiries, made on the spot, have resulted in a lengthy "Report on Indian Constitutional Reforms" (Cd. 9109) which is now being widely discussed; and this document deserves every possible consideration as a genuine attempt to meet at least some grievances which the Indians have long been putting forward. It should be said at once that the recommendations made are not, of themselves, likely to remedy the grievances with which years of agitation have made us all familiar. The most serious Indian disaffection is due to economic causes; and an Industrial Commission, mentioned in the Report, is now sitting to consider, no doubt, what can be done towards removing some of those causes. This Report, therefore, is of a purely political character and must be considered in this light only. Politically speaking, the British people are committed to a policy "of the increasing association of Indians in every branch of the administration and the gradual development of self-governing institutions with a view to the progressive realisation of responsible government in India as an integral part of the British Empire." This hopeless "Departmental" English, full of irritating prepositions, may obviously mean anything between everything and nothing. A crowd of frightened peers, led by Lord Sydenham, interpret it to mean everything; a crowd of Indian extremists, led by Mrs. Besant and the Home Rule for India League, interpret it to mean nothing. Both are wrong. The Report distinctly refuses to adopt any measure calculated to weaken British rule unduly; and complete responsible government, it indicates, must be a matter of many years.

* * *

On the other hand, the extremists in India must likewise recognise that India as a whole is far from prepared for responsible government; for you cannot have a responsible government with an untrained population. It is perfectly legitimate to retort that the training of India has been in our hands for well over a century and that if India is not more fully prepared for self-government than she is that is our fault. These are questions which, I fear, must be left for the moment. The immediate question is, what does the Montagu Report provide as a remedy for India's legitimate grievances? Here, as even the extremists in India must admit, something is provided which, if not much, is susceptible of development. It is true that no Indian majority can force the British authorities to do something which they do not want to do. In the Council of State, for example—the supreme assembly, or House of Lords of the Central Executive—an Indian majority is not allowed at all; for there are to be 29 officials as against 21 elected Indians. In the new provincial administrations a somewhat different procedure is followed. The Indian members of a Legislative Council have no specific control over the Executive; and any measure which, though obnoxious to the authorities, is passed through the Council, may be vetoed by the Governor. Similarly, a measure desired by the authorities may be passed on the "certificate" of the Governor, whether the members of the Legislative Council like it or not.

* * *

These loopholes, let it be urged, will not always be used for the weapons of official snipers. The proce-

cedure, we may assume, is that the Indian majorities in the provincial councils will keep the British officials (in practice, the Governor) fully advised of local wishes, and the Governor's veto will not be used more often than can be helped. No doubt the Indians themselves will have almost complete powers over the so-called transferred subjects as compared with the reserved subjects, though the official veto extends to everything. It is here, I venture to think, that the greatest opening for criticism is likely to be found. One likes to think of the Governor using his veto, and the Supreme Council of State its official majority, as little as possible—in the same way, in fact, as the House of Lords used its power of rejection and amendment during the nineteenth century. Will it be so in India? On the discreet use of the veto will depend the success of the proposed reforms. But it would, I think, be practicable to amend one of the measures outlined. As the Report stands, the veto applies, in the provincial governments, to transferred as well as to reserved subjects. Why not restrict the number of transferred subjects and give the Indian members full authority over them? On the proper use of this authority, it might be argued, would depend the extension of the scheme when the promised revision takes place after ten or twelve years. Even if an extremist Indian majority should happen to be elected, no harm would be done to essential British interests owing to the "reservation" of the essential "objects"; but not even an extremist majority would, I hold, venture to misuse the powers conferred upon it under such a scheme.

* * *

As it is, everything is left to the Governor's sense of fair dealing; and this, the Indians will argue, cannot be trusted. If this statement appears surprising to an average Englishman, let him recollect that our own conception of ourselves as stern and unflinching wielders of justice is not altogether approved by the rest of the world. If one English word more than another has been incorporated bodily into other languages, that word is cant. We can imagine what resentment some of our methods must have caused in India before one of the Congress leaders remarked bitterly a few years ago that the classical description of the Englishman as a just beast must be modified by the omission of the adjective. No Indian, I readily admit, and I admit it with regret, has any reason to assume that the official veto will be used fairly. Nevertheless, there is no excuse for despair on that account. While it is certainly the case that most of India's grievances are of an economic order, and that most of them might be remedied without causing a serious loss to British financial and manufacturing interests, the fact remains that the Indian members of Legislative Councils may accomplish much by their advocacy of popular reforms. He would, indeed, be an obstinate Governor who should steadily veto every popular proposal sent to him for consideration. They know not Government Departments who only England know; and the Indians may be encouraged to carry on as much of their agitation as just—and no more—if they are assured that even English Governors confronted by real grievances are not unlike the unjust judge who had to deal with the importunate widow in Luke xviii. Under the new regulations the Indians will acquire, at any rate, some political influence, if not actual power. They may be advised to use their influence, and then (if we may judge from our experiences at home) the power will follow. It may not follow with logical rapidity, for nothing in England is logical. But follow it will. The hopes which have not been satisfied with the Montagu Report will be satisfied when the revision comes, if the proposals at present outlined are accepted and practised as an instalment. It is none the less to be desired that the extremists on both sides should be interned for the duration of the Report.

The German Case.

By Leighton J. Warnock.

It is a matter of surprise to a large proportion of the Allied public, and even, I venture to surmise, among many of the Allied statesmen, why the Germans do not at this stage of the struggle recognise what we believe to be the inevitable termination of the war. It may be argued that if the enemy stopped fighting now and sought to know the best terms possible, instead of putting forth formulæ with which the Allies can never agree—such as the recognition of the Brest-Litovsk and Bucharest Treaties, the definite renunciation by France of all claim to Alsace-Lorraine, the "freedom of the seas," and so on—he might be reasonably sure of getting better terms of peace than if he waited until, say, next year. Yet the German papers, and, so far as one may gather, the German public also, believe that Germany can still win; and this belief appears to be shared by Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. For there seems to be every reason to assume that such tentative approaches as have been made by Austria, and even by Bulgaria, are due not to a conviction that Germany is certain to lose, but simply to lassitude and to internal political difficulties. These difficulties, in the case of Austria-Hungary especially, are obvious.

What, then, do the Germans expect (so far as we can tell from their papers and from the reported utterances of prisoners, officers and men), and what do they think they can gain by carrying on a hopeless struggle? On the whole, they seem to be trusting to three factors: to the power of the German Army (and particularly to the ability of its leaders), to the food difficulties which they expect to see in the Allied countries owing to the impracticability (as they think) of the Americans supplying both the civilian populations of most of the Allies with food and their own troops as well; and, finally, to pacifist movements in the Allied countries. Let us take the first of these factors. The Germans are encouraged by their "realist" statesmen to look at the map. With the exception of a Russian raid on a large scale into East Prussia at the beginning of the war, all the fighting has taken place on territory belonging to Germany's enemies. Germany has not yet really been called upon to face the practical perils of invasion followed by enemy administration and expropriation; for the Russians could not stay to administer and pillage East Prussia. The General Staff speak almost light-heartedly of their retreats in the West; for, they say, they can afford to give up territory which they can retake when they feel so disposed. It is good window-dressing, if nothing higher than that, to show (as it can of course be shown) that even with the advantages of their recent advance the Allies are still fighting for the possession of ground which they were fighting for in the summer of 1916 and in the spring of 1917. Substantially, as no doubt it is true to say, the Allies are now where they were before the Somme advance of July, 1916. After months of hard fighting, extending into the spring of 1917, they drove the enemy back; but the Germans recovered all their losses, and more, a twelvemonth later. Well, as the German public is encouraged to think, what was done once can be done again.

Take the second objection. The Germans have not made public very clear notions of what their General Staff continue to hope from the submarine campaign; but, so far as can be gathered, it is this: while it is true that the submarines have failed to starve England, France, and Italy, which are still dependent for their essential foodstuffs upon the United States and Canada, the submarines, they pretend, will, at any rate, be able to prevent the landing of a big American Army on this side of the Atlantic. For, so the argument appears to run, if the Americans wish to bring over a really effective force—say, four or five millions of men—they will

have to stop feeding the Allies in Western Europe. On account of the submarines, we are given to understand, the Americans cannot feed the peoples of three or four countries, and, at the same time, supply an effective Army with foodstuffs and matériel. They may, it is now grudgingly admitted, be able to manage the one; but they cannot manage to do both. Or, alternatively, if the Americans try to do both they must bring over men and feed the Allies in successive instalments of shipping, so that the German Armies will be able to deal with the Americans piecemeal as they arrive. For this reason, the General Staff is showing its wisdom in retiring for strategic reasons; for by so doing fewer prisoners fall into the hands of the Allies.

Thirdly, the peace movement. Naturally, much capital is made out of the Lansdowne propaganda; and Lord Lansdowne's few and not really influential supporters in the House of Lords are quoted as if they were in actual fact Elder Statesmen instead of merely timid and not very imaginative peers. Further, hopes are expressed of the French "Minority" Socialists, who have temporarily become the majority; and it is even hoped that Belgium and Serbia, not to mention Montenegro, may see the folly of trying to continue their unavailing struggle against the mighty power of Prussia. It is true that Count Apponyi, in the Hungarian House of Magnates, has spoken on the same lines as Lord Lansdowne, and one or two professors even in Prussia have ventured to protest against the ethics of the German Empire; but such spoil-sports are ruthlessly dealt with. The professors, if they are not lucky enough to escape to the freedom of Switzerland, are stowed away in fortresses; and the Hungarian Count, in view of his position as a nobleman and large estate-owner, is simply snubbed. There does not appear, from the published prints, to be any great body of public opinion behind such people in enemy countries.

We wish we could convince the German, the Austrian, the Hungarian, the Bulgarian and the Turkish public that all these factors, on which so many hopes are being built, are only the light-headed phantasies of their moon-eyed pastors and masters. When the Great General Staff talk happily of their victories repeating themselves, they are overlooking the whole American Army, and, in doing so, the fact that the situation which favoured them in the spring of this year cannot repeat itself. The Allies may have many corners to turn, the future may hold more days of dark hours for us, but the Central Powers have no just cause for hoping definitely to retrieve either the ground or the time they are now losing to the Allies. Neither are the submarine prospects as bright as the Germans could wish for. We have no desire to under-estimate by one knot or ton the shipping difficulties which must confront the Allies up to the end of the war, but we may mention one fact which the German people would be wise to consider before sinking further hopes in their submarines. The Americans alone are turning out as many ships now in a month as the Germans did in a year in pre-war times, and the belief that the Americans cannot bring over an army and feed the Allies as well is absurd in the face of this fact alone. In the face of further facts, generally known and unknown, it is incredible. But if we are not to be frightened out of the war by the redoubled "frightfulness" of the enemy armies and navies, it is surely no compliment to themselves that the Germans should extract any comfort from the sight of our pacifists. Exactly what grounds they profess to have for expecting so much from so little we confidently leave to time to expose. For ourselves we make bold to believe that they do not exist. With due seriousness we ask what power there can be in a movement whose meetings can be broken up and dispersed in a headline of the "Express." All the resolutions passed by the Lansdownites and by the French and other Socialist or Labour bodies are as the

crackling of thorns under a pot. Once again, the German rulers are nursing our mole-hills into mountains for their own people to climb

A further and symbolic fact of significance is surely furnished even to the deluded supporters of Prussia by D'Annunzio's air-raid on Vienna. The aviators dropped pamphlets when they might have dropped bombs. If we do not take more definite and punitive steps against our enemies it will not be because we lack the power to do so, either in the present or in the future. Without the permission of the Grand Alliance, not an ounce of raw material will enter Germany, or, indeed, Central Europe and Turkey when the war is over; and the whole of Central Europe will not possess a single over-sea market. Even Russia is seen to be anything but a blessing in disguise; and the grandiose canal and other projects of the Central European Powers cannot be undertaken in the present state of unrest and disaffection with Austro-German rule. The Germans will make no permanent progress in the East.

We repeat our question: What do the Germans hope to gain by going on with the war? For ourselves we can see no silver lining to the German case.

National Guilds v. the Class War.

By Arthur J. Penty.

THERE can be little doubt that the struggle which will decide the form which Socialist thought and action must finally take will be fought between the Neo-Marxians* and Guild Socialists. For though the immediate practical proposals of the two movements have sufficient in common for the differences to appear to a Collectivist as the differences between the moderate and extreme parties into which all movements tend to divide, yet they are finally separated by principles which are as the poles asunder, and Socialists must before long choose between them. As the situation develops they must cleave either to a purely materialist or to a spiritual conception of the nature of the problem which confronts us. They cannot remain in their present indeterminate state.

Though a collision between the two movements is inevitable, so far nothing more than skirmishes between outposts have taken place. Yet they are sufficient to indicate upon what lines the attack of the Neo-Marxians is likely to develop. Guild Socialism, it appears, is not acceptable to men whose central article of faith is the class war. Though Guild Socialism has arisen in opposition to Collectivism, and though, I believe, when it has reached its final form, it will be found to be further removed from Collectivism than Neo-Marxianism itself, nevertheless, Mr. Walton Newbold† tells us that the Neo-Marxians firmly and honestly believe it to be a bureaucratic variation of Collectivism intended to perpetuate the authority of the Middle Class.

That the Neo-Marxians should have chosen this line of attack is significant. It testifies to what is uppermost in their minds. For though in their propaganda they demand social justice for the workers, it is manifest that class-hatred rather than the desire for justice is the mainspring of their actions. I hold no brief for the Middle Class. It has many and grievous faults, and it pays for them dearly in defeat, in isolation, in lack of hold upon the modern world. So far from seeking to save itself in the manner which the Neo-Marxians suspect, it has not to-day sufficient faith to believe it might be successful if it made the attempt, and it is increasingly reconciling itself to an idea

* As Mr. W. S. Sanders, in an article in last week's NEW AGE, used the term Neo-Marxian to designate the Pan-German developments of the Marxians in Germany, it is necessary for me to explain that by the Neo-Marxians I refer to the Plebs League and Socialist Labour Party.

† Letters to THE NEW AGE, by J. T. Walton Newbold, May 30 and June 27, 1918.

of Marx which the Neo-Marxians appear to have forgotten—that the Middle Class will become merged in the proletariat. Anyway, on no other hypothesis except pure idealism can I explain the action of those Middle Class Socialists who have sought to advocate the Guilds. For if they imagine they are going to save the Middle Class by the promotion of a system of democratic organisation in every unit of which they would be in a hopeless minority, then all I can say is that they must be fools of the first order and are entitled to the contempt with which Mr. Newbold regards them. Further, if the Neo-Marxian contention is correct they must explain why the National Guilds League opposed the Whitley Report, for the Middle Class has certainly nothing to lose by its adoption.

Facts of this kind are not to be gainsaid. The reason why Guild Socialists propose to include the Salariat in the Guild is a purely practical one. The simplest way to bring the capitalist system to an end is for the workers to take over the industries of the country as they actually exist. This is common sense and nothing more. Modern industry is a very complex affair and our daily needs require that the various people concerned in industry can be persuaded to co-operate together. But if any radical change is to be brought about, and the spirit of co-operation maintained, it can only be on the assumption that the workers are magnanimous when they are victorious. This is the way all the world's great conquerors have consolidated their power; and the workers will never be able to carry through a successful revolution until they understand it. For magnanimity disarms opposition. But to preach the class war is to court failure in advance, for it is to seek the establishment of power, not on a basis of magnanimity, but of suspicion; and this robs victory of its fruits by rendering politically impracticable those very measures which, if enacted, would make victory permanent. In such circumstances, the defeated become desperate, are afraid to give in, and, seeing no hope for themselves in the new order, they band themselves together to restore the old. It is thus that revolution is followed by counter-revolution and the workers are defeated.

The right method, it seems to me, is not to preach revolution, but to preach ideas. It is necessary to form in the mind of the people some conception of what the new social order will be like. When the mind of the people is saturated with such ideas one of two things must happen. Either the Government must acquiesce in the popular demand, or revolution will ensue. The former is preferable because, as the change can then be inaugurated with cool heads, it is more likely to be permanent. It is no argument against this method to say that the Labour Party has failed. Firstly, because the Labour Party is an insignificant minority and therefore cannot exercise power; and, secondly, because the Labour Party never made up its mind what it really wanted. This latter reason makes it fairly safe to say that if the Labour Party should get into power at the next election it will not be able to effect radical change. In these circumstances our immediate work should not be to bully the Labour Party, which, in the nature of things, can only reflect opinion, but so to clarify our ideas that unanimity of opinion will make its appearance in the Labour movement. The danger is that the people may succeed to power before ideas are ripe. We might then expect a succession of violent human conflicts proceeding from the attempt to realise an unrealisable thing. This is what happened in the French Revolution when the Jacobins, obsessed with the idea of a democratic centralised government, refused to tolerate any other organisations within the State, thus opposing the formation of those very organisations which render a real democracy possible. The Neo-Marxians by repudiating State-action altogether seem to Guild Socialists to be

falling into an error the exact opposite to that of the French Revolutionists. Their society would fall to pieces for lack of a co-ordinating power; if the present order were thrown over in its entirety, it would be impossible to improvise arrangements to meet the situation which would be created. We should be starved at the end of a fortnight.

If starvation has been the fate of Russia, which is an agricultural country, and where the class war in the main has meant only the abolition of landlords, how much more will it be the case in a highly industrialised state like our own which can be maintained only by a very high degree of co-operation, and where the Middle Class forms such a large proportion of the community. If the working class of Russia could not abolish two per cent. of the population without precipitating social chaos, what chance have the working class in this country after abolishing thirty per cent.? On the other hand, if the advice of Guild Socialists is followed and industries are taken over in the first place as they exist, the complete democratisation of industry could at the most only be a matter of a few years, for the working class would be in a majority in every Guild.

That a scheme calculated to have such an effect should have originated among Middle Class Socialists only appears incredible to Mr. Newbold and his friends because they will persist in approaching every question from the point of view of class. But it is not incredible when we realise that Middle Class Socialists are often as much "fed up" with the existing system as members of the proletariat, though perhaps for different reasons. The misunderstanding and consequent suspicion which Neo-Marxians have for Middle Class Socialists is largely due to the fact that different motives bring them into the movement. Viewing everything from a purely economic point of view, the Neo-Marxians are unable to understand that men may be very dissatisfied with the existing state of society though they are in fairly comfortable circumstances. They may dislike the work they are compelled to do, or they may be interested in the arts, or some other subject; and finding commercialism opposed to all they want to do, come to hate the system. The more educated and the more imaginative a man is the more restless he will become under the present system, because the more he may find himself balked and thwarted in life. Most men love to do good work and they learn to despise a system which compels them to do bad. With the typical Fabian the motive is apt to be purely philanthropic. It is this that has led them astray. They came to support bureaucracy because they wanted an instrument with which to abolish poverty; and in regard to anti-sweating legislation they have proved to be right. Their mistake was to advocate as a general principle a form of organisation which is only to be justified under very exceptional circumstances for dealing with exceptional problems.

The idea that bureaucracy is a method of organisation peculiarly acceptable to the Middle Class is a romantic illusion which exists entirely in the Marxian imagination. Some years ago (ten or more) I attended a meeting of the Fabian Society and heard Mr. Webb, while protesting against the attitude of certain Fabians who objected to officials, affirm that under Socialism all men would be officials. The announcement was received in dead silence as something altogether incredible. It was clear even then that Fabians did not altogether relish the idea of society being organised on a bureaucratic basis. Mr. Webb got his own way not because the feeling of the meeting was with him, but because his critics could not at the time offer any alternative. The triumph of Mr. Webb in the Socialist movement was due entirely to the fact that he was definite, and knew exactly what he wanted; whereas those who were opposed to him did not, and those

who supported him were entirely unconscious of where his policy was leading. Many evil things come about this way, there are more fools in the world than rogues, and, generally speaking, we are much more likely to get at the truth of things by assuming that most men are fools than by assuming they are rogues. Let us not forget that the road to hell is often paved with good intentions. If Marxians would think more of psychology they would not be so full of suspicions. They would begin to understand that man is a many-sided and complex creature and is not to be explained entirely in terms of economics.

Such an understanding would revolutionise their policy. From being exclusive they would seek to become inclusive. Instead of espousing a doctrine which sets every man's hand against his neighbour, they would seek the creation of a synthesis sufficiently wide to be capable of welding together different types of men in the effort to establish a new social order. Their present policy leads nowhere. Neo-Marxians may begin by repudiating Middle Class Socialists as men whose interests are opposed to those of the working class. But if I am not mistaken, it will not end there. Before long they will be required to repudiate the parasitic proletariat as dependents of the rich; after which they will have to repudiate skilled workers as members of a privileged class. Where will working-class solidarity be then? Nowhere, I imagine; for the working class will be a house divided against itself. I say it will be. Truth to tell, it already is.

II.

While the Guild movement acknowledges a different starting-point from that of the Neo-Marxians it moves towards a different goal. That goal is symbolized in the word "Guild." I wonder how many Neo-Marxians have ever pondered over the significance of that word. For it is a symbol of the past—a past to which many Guildsmen hope to return. It was not idly chosen. The right to use it had to be fought for. It could not have been used by the National Guild movement had not the formulation of its policy been preceded by a movement or agitation which for a generation sought to remove prejudices against an institution in the past which an ever-increasing number of men to-day are coming to recognise as the normal form of social organisation. This battle was fought out among our much-despised intellectuals—by historians, craftsmen, architects and others, who realised that the prejudice which had been created by interested persons in the past against mediæval institutions had become a peril to society. For by leading men to look with suspicion upon all normal social arrangements it tended to thwart all efforts to reconstruct society on a democratic basis by diverting the energies of the people into false channels. How much of the discord and ill-feeling which prevails between the different sections of the reform movement had its origin in prejudice against the past, it is impossible to say; but it is a certainty that Collectivism as a theory of social salvation could only have been formulated by men whose minds had been formed on a false reading of history. And as the gospel of the class war owes its present popularity to the disappointment which followed attempts to reduce Collectivism to practice, the popular misconceptions of history are to be held responsible for much.

That the Neo-Marxians should consider the Guild movement to be merely a variation of Collectivism shows how completely they misunderstand not only the underlying purpose of the movement, but its history too. For not only are the principles of Collectivism and Guilds fundamentally opposed, inasmuch as the method of the former is control from without by the consumer, while the method of the latter is control from within by the producer, but Guildsmen were accustomed to attack Collectivism long before Marxians

came to suspect it. But it was not until Socialists were disillusioned over Collectivism that Guildsmen could get a popular hearing. When in February, 1906, my "Restoration of the Guild System" which contained a destructive analysis of Collectivism appeared, it was held up to ridicule by the Socialist and Labour Press.* And now at last when the current of opinion has turned in our favour, Mr. Newbold tells us that the Neo-Marxians regard the Guild movement as a variation of bureaucratic Collectivism. This opinion they arrive at, not from any careful economic analysis such as we have a right to expect from men who profess economic infallibility, but because, knowing something about psychology, which they do not, we refuse to join them in the class war; just as if the only differences which could possibly divide Socialists were differences of policy and that differences of principle were matters of no importance. Twelve years ago they wanted to rend us because we were not Collectivists; to-day, because they imagine we are.

The fundamental differences of principle which separate Guildsmen from Collectivists and Neo-Marxians alike will become more pronounced as the Guild scheme unfolds. THE NEW AGE has said that National Guilds "is rather the first than the last word in national industrial organisation." It is in this light that the present proposals of the movement should be regarded. If a fuller programme has not hitherto been put forward it is not because Guildsmen will be satisfied with the present minimum, but because a general agreement has not yet been reached with respect to the more ultimate issues. Guildsmen have been forewarned by the fate of Collectivists from advancing a wide and comprehensive programme which has not been properly thought out since only disaster can follow such a course. All the same, some unanimity of opinion is coming into existence in regard to wider issues and as, generally speaking, it is in the direction I should like to see things go I will venture my opinion for what it is worth as to where is our ultimate destination.

As I interpret the Guild movement it is the first sign of a change in thought which will seek to solve the social problem, not by a further development along present lines which can only lead us to further disasters, but by effecting a return to the civilisation of the Middle Ages. I do not mean by this that we shall in the future recover every feature of that era or that many things which exist to-day will not be retained in the future. I mean that in the first place we shall resume in general terms the mediæval point of view and that this will involve a return to mediæval ideas of organisation. My reasons for believing this are that I think we are moving into an economic *cul-de-sac* from which the only escape is backwards; and that if the interests of life are to take precedence of the interests of capital we are inevitably driven into a position which approximates to that of the mediæval economists. The whole trend of economic development from Renaissance times onward, which has led to the enthronement of capitalism, has been to reverse the mediæval order.

In believing thus that capitalism will reach a climax in its development beyond which it can proceed no further, I am at one with Marx in his interpretation of the evolution of capitalism. It seems to me that Marx predicted very accurately the trend of capitalist de-

velopment. Where I differ from him is in respect to the cause to which finally he attributes this development and—what inevitably follows from such a difference—the deductions to be made from it. And I claim the right against Marxians to make my own deductions, because, as Mr. de Maetzdu has pointed out, a fundamental contradiction lies at the root of the Marxian philosophy. Let me quote from him.

"Marx maintains the historical interpretation of Economics, according to which Economics are determined by law, and law by the ideas prevailing in a given society, without giving up the economic interpretation of History, according to which law and ideas are the results of economic conditions.

"But the two interpretations mutually exclude one another. It is possible to conceive Economics and History in a process of mutual action and reaction, as members of a higher system. In this way we may conceive the relation which unites the planets Saturn and Neptune in our solar system. This is a relationship of reciprocity and not of causality. But in this relationship we cannot speak either of a Saturnian interpretation of Neptune or of a Neptunian interpretation of Saturn any more than we could speak of the economic interpretation of History or the historical interpretation of Economics. This 'interpretation' is possible only in relation to a causality. But in this case either Economics is the cause of History or History is the cause of Economics. Either one of these two propositions cancels the other.

"You may ask me how it was possible for so great a thinker as Marx to fall into so clear a contradiction. I am not called upon to explain the contradictions of Marx. If I were, perhaps I should explain them by the fact that he was much more of an agitator and an historian than a thinker; perhaps to the fact that Marx, like a good Jew, possessed greater power of will than freedom of intelligence. But I repeat I am not called upon to explain Marx's contradictions. Those who ought to explain them (and explain them away) are his followers. But they do not explain them; they accept them without being aware of them."*

Why Mr. de Maetzdu should not offer a final explanation of the contradictions of Marx I do not know. For it is to be deduced directly from his reasoning. Marx fell into contradictions because as he was a materialist he was blind to the fact that the relationship of material things is one of reciprocity and not of causality. It is the attempt to invest a material force with the authority of final causality that leads materialist thinkers into contradictions. On the other hand, consistency of statement is only possible on the assumption that final causality is sought for in the realm of the spirit; accepting phenomena as the manifestation of the spirit in the material universe. Economic phenomena condition life; they cannot be the final cause of action. That can be found only in the realm of the spirit.

But, it will be asked, if I affirm that final causality is only to be found in the realm of the spirit, how does it come about that I am prepared to accept Marx's analysis of capitalist evolution? The answer is that although Marx clearly foresaw the trend of economic development he did not see that it had been accompanied by a loss of spirituality, and that simultaneously with the concentration of attention upon material things, religion, and art had lost their hold over men. From this historical consideration it may be affirmed that the spirit of avarice grows in inverse ratio to the interest and activity in religion and art. And as both of these activities were undermined by the changed outlook towards life and forces set in motion by the Renaissance, the spirit of avarice became triumphant. In the same way that an epidemic to which healthy people are immune tends to spread rapidly among people of a low physical vitality, so avarice claims its

* "Authority, Liberty, and Function." By Ramiro de Maetzdu. Pp. 81 and 82. (George Allen & Unwin. 4s. 6d.)

* "Here is an extract from a review in the "Labour Leader," July 20, 1906:—

"Mr. Penty's criticism of Socialism might have been written by a dweller in Cloud Cuckoo-Town. As the German evolved from the depths of his inner consciousness a camel which bore as much resemblance to the real thing as a kangaroo does to a cow, so Mr. Penty has evoked from the vasty deeps a chimera equally grotesque."

victims among people to-day because owing to the separation of religion and art from life the mass of the people live in a state of low spiritual vitality.

An understanding of what I may call "the spiritual interpretation of history" will bring us nearer to an understanding of the Guild movement. It has been well described as a religion, an art and a philosophy, with economic feet. That is really what it is. For its aim is nothing less than to restore that unity to life which the Renaissance destroyed. Recognising that every social system is but the reflection of certain ways of thinking—certain ideas of life—it seeks to change society by changing the substance of thought and life. But unlike other movements which have aimed at spiritual regeneration it deems it advisable to begin at the economic end of the problem in the belief that it is only by and through attacking material and concrete evils that a spiritual awakening is possible. For to quote the words of Mr. de Maetzta again "men cannot unite immediately among one another; they unite in things, in common values, in the pursuit of common ends."

We can agree with the Neo-Marxians in recognising that under the existing economic system the interests of capital and labour are irreconcilably opposed, and that no compromise is possible. Where we differ from them is in respect of issues about which we are not prepared to compromise. They envisage the problem primarily in the terms of persons and as a warfare between the classes. We, on the contrary, see this conflict of interests as the inevitable accompaniment of a materialist ideal of life which rejects religion and art with their sweetening and humanising influence. Tracing the existence of the problem to a different origin we naturally seek for it a different solution. We meet the Marxian affirmation that the problem is material by affirming that it is both spiritual and material. And we part company by reminding them that "Man does not live by bread alone."

Finally, I would plead for a more generous attitude of mind among the various sections of the Socialist movement. If the existing economic system based upon competition is to be replaced by one based upon co-operation, the communal spirit must be substituted for the present individualist one. But the no-compromise policy of the Neo-Marxians tends to postpone the arrival of that spirit indefinitely by sowing the seeds of discord and suspicion everywhere. All movements rest upon trust and confidence and these are impossible apart from a certain charity of spirit which will make some allowance for human weakness and mistaken judgments. For all men at times are apt to err. Would it not be wiser, therefore, instead of always accusing others of interested motives to try first to understand them—to see whether difficulties are not to be explained on other grounds? If Neo-Marxians refuse such counsel and still maintain that their suspicions are justified and that only self-interests prevail, then in the name of logic I do not see how even they can claim to be an exception to this rule. What guarantee have we that they like others are not on the make? How are we to know that they are not seeking the support of the working classes for their own selfish ends? I do not say that this is so. What I do say is that it is the logical deduction from their position. And it is a deduction from the consequences of which they may not be able finally to escape. For if, by some chance, power should pass into their hands, they will be expected to live up to their promises. When they are in difficult circumstances, as all men in power find themselves at times, and have to choose between two evils, they must not be surprised if those whom they have had no option but to disappoint apply the same standards to themselves. It will be no use for them to plead extenuating circumstances, for extenuating circumstances are no part of the Neo-

Marxian philosophy. And they must not expect more generosity from their supporters than they have extended to others. Out of fear of them they will be driven from one act of desperation to another until finally they bring into existence a circle of enemies sufficiently strong to encompass their downfall. And their enemies will show them no mercy. Such was the fate of the uncompromising Jacobins of the French Revolution, and if I am not mistaken it will be the fate of Lenin and Trotsky to-morrow. It is the fate of all political extremists who seek to establish power on a basis of suspicion.

London Papers.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

I. AVE.

My watch has needed winding only twice since I left London, and already, as I sit here in the strange library of a strange house, whose only purpose in having a library seems to be to keep visitors like myself quiet and out of harm's way, I find myself looking back to those past months in which I was forever complaining of the necessity that kept me in London. How I would deliver myself to a congenial friend about what men are pleased to call "the artificial necessity of living"—a cocktail, that courtesan of drinks, lent some artificiality! With what sincerity I would agree with another's complaint of the "monotonous routine of politeness," without indulging which men cannot live decently; how I would mutter to myself of streets and theatres full of men and women and ugliness! Even as a cab hurried me through the Tottenham Court Road to Euston the smile which I turned to the never-ending windows of furniture shops was at the thought that I should not see them again for many days, and I could not imagine myself ever being pleased to come back to this world of plain women and bowler hats and bawdily coloured cinema-posters, whose duty it is to attract and insult with the crude portrayal of the indecent passions of tiresome people. If there be a studio in purgatory for indiscreet aesthetes, Rhadamanthus could do no better than paper its walls with illustrations of "The Blindness of Love," or "Is Love Lust?" For it is now a London of coloured drawings of men about to murder or be murdered, women about to be seduced or divorced. One has to see a crowd of people surging into a cinema, by whose doors is a poster showing a particularly vapid servant-girl, a harlot of the "dark-eyed sinister" type, and a drunken fair-haired young man who has not yet realised that discretion is the better part of an indiscretion, before one can understand "the lure of the screen."

And even the entrance of Euston, rebuilt and newly painted, gave my eyes only the pleasure of foreseeing that the new yellow paint would soon be dingy, and that the eyes of porters would soon no longer be offended with upstart colours which quarrelled with the greyness of their experience. And in the carriage I leant back and closed my eyes, and was glad that I was leaving London.

But the train had scarce left the station, and was whirling through the northern suburbs which should so fervently have confirmed my gladness, when I felt suddenly as though some little thing was being born inside me, as though some little speck of dust had come in through the open window, and fixed itself upon my pleasure at leaving London; and very soon I realised that this was the first grain of regret, and that I should not spend so many months away from London as my late depression had imagined. Then up will start the strong-minded man, and pish and pshaw me for not knowing my own mind. And if he does, how right he will be! for little do I care whether this mood be as

the last, so they both fill up the present moment with fitting thoughts, and pain, and pleasure!

Now I was already thinking of how I would return to London next year in the spring. What I would do then, the things I would write, the men I would talk to, and the women I would lunch with, so filled my mind, and pleasantly whirled my thoughts from this to that, that Rugby was long passed before even I had come to think of the pleasures that London in early summer has in store for all who care to take. When the days were growing long, it would be pleasant to take a table at the far end of the Savoy, and dine there with some woman with whom it would be no effort to talk or be silent. Such a woman at once comes to my mind, with dark hair and grey-blue eyes, the corners of whose mouth I am continually watching because it is only there I find the meaning of her eyes, for she is a sphinx and I do not yet know if what she hides is a secret or a sense of humour. You will say that that means nothing, and that she is quite invisible to you, but you do not know her, and I do—at least, I know that much of her. And with her it seems to me that I could dine only at that table by the windows where I could turn from her eyes to the slow-moving English river, and the specks of men and trams, which are all that the leaves of trees will let me see of the Embankment. Perhaps I would tell her of that novel which I once began to write, but could never finish nor have any heart to try again; for it began just here at this table where we are now sitting, but the man was alone, and, if he ever lived outside my halting pages and had the finishing of my novel, he would put himself here again at the end, with you sitting in front of him. For that is the whole purpose of the novel, which I never realised till this moment, that once a young man was sitting here alone and wondering why that should be and what he should do, and in the end he was sitting here again with a woman for whom his passion had died, but whose eyes still made him talk so that he could not see the slow darkening of the river, or hear the emptying of the restaurant, until at last she laughed, and he had to stop because of the waiters who hovered round the table to relay it for the bored people who would come in from the theatres for supper. But all this I had never realised till I told you of it, and perhaps now I shall one day finish it, and call it "Nadine," for that is your name in the novel.

Thinking of the young man of my unfinished novel who had sat there so alone sent my thoughts back to the day not many years past when I first came to live in London. I am bitter about those first months, and will not easily forgive London for them; and if any young person shall begin to tell me how splendid were his first lonely days in the wilderness of people, how much he enjoyed the aimless wandering about the streets, how he liked to watch the faces of the people as they passed laughing or talking or hungry, while he could do or be none of these for lack of company and convenience of means, then I will turn on him and curse him for a fool or a knave; and rend the affected conceit of his self-contained pleasure with my own experience and that of many others whom I know of. But then for a young Englishman—how pleasant it is to write of "young Englishmen," as though one were really a foreigner!—the circumstances are a little different, and he need never taste that first absolute loneliness, which, as the weeks go by and the words are not spoken, seems to open out a vista of solitude for all the days of life; nor need he be conscious that it is on himself—how, while it exaggerates, loneliness stifles self!—he must rely for every acquaintance, for every word spoken in his life. But for him there are aunts—sometimes aunts are quite nice people—who live in Chester Square, and cousins who come up to stay a month or so at the Hyde Park Hotel, and uncles who live somewhere about Bruton Street, and have such a fund of *risqué* anecdotes that the length of Bond Street and

Piccadilly will not see the end of them, and age-long friends of the family who have houses in Kensington and Hampstead, and a "nice" parquet floor on which you can dance to a gramophone; while for an Armenian, who soon realises that his nationality is considered as something of a *faux pas*, there are none of these things, and he is entirely lost in the wilderness, for there is no solid background to his existence in another's country; and, as the days lengthen out and he grows tired of walking in the Green Park, he comes to wonder why his fathers ever left Hayastan; for it seems to me much better to be a murdered prince in Hayastan than a living vagabond in London. So I wandered about, moved my chambers gradually from Earl's Court to the heart of St. James's, and read "Manon Lescaut," and sat in front of Gainsborough's "Musidora" until I found that she had three legs and could never look at it again.

Then, somehow, came acquaintance, first of the world, then of literature and its parasites; came teas at Golder's Green and Hampstead, and queerly serious discussions about sub-consciousness; "rags" at Chelsea, and "dalliance with grubbiness," and women. Through this early maze of ribaldry and discussion, the first of which bored me because of its self-consciousness, and because I do not like lying on the dirty floors of studios with candle-grease dripping on me, and the latter which affected my years miserably and almost entirely perverted my natural amiability into a morbid distaste for living (which still breaks out at odd moments, and has branded me among many people as a depressing and damnably superior young person); through this maze of smoke and talk I can only still see the occasional personality of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, as his clear, grey eyes—there is no equivalent to *spirituel* in English—flashed from face to face, smiling sometimes, often but a vehicle for those bitter thoughts (and thoughts are so often conclusions with men of arrogant genius like Lawrence) which find such wonderful expression in his books. I would need the pen of a de Quincey to describe my impression of that man, and I am candid enough to admit that I lack the ability, rather than the malice, which caused the little opium-eater to be so justly hated by such a man as Bob Southey. There is a bitterness which can find no expression, is inarticulate, and from that we turn away as from a very pitiful thing; and there is that bitterness which is as clear-cut as any diamond, shining with definitions, hardened with the use of a subtle reasoning which is impenetrable but penetrating, "the outcome of a fecund imagination," as Lawrence himself might describe it, a bitterness so concisely and philosophically articulate, that, under the guise of "truth," it will penetrate into the receptive mind, and leave there some indelible impressions of a strange and dominating mind; I have found that in the books and person of D. H. Lawrence. He seems to lack humility definitely, as a man would lack bread to eat, and a note of arrogance, as splendid as it is shameless, runs through his written words; and the very words seem conscious that they are pearls flung before swine. He will pile them one on top of the other, as though to impregnate each with his own egotism, to describe the sexual passions of this man or that woman, words so full of *his* meaning, so pregnant with *his* passions, that at the end of such a page you feel that a much greater and more human Ruskin is hurling his dogmas at your teeth, that there is nothing you can say or think outside that pile of feeling which is massed before you, that you must accept and swallow without cavil and without chewing. With what relief one turns over a page and finds that here is no touch of the flesh, but that Mr. Lawrence is writing of earth! Let him sink into earth as deep as he may, he can find and show there more beauty and more truth than in all his arrogant and passionate fumbings in the mire of sex, in all his bitter striving after that, so to speak, sexual millennium, that ultimate

psychology of the body and mind, which seems so to obsess him that in his writings he has buried his mind, as, in his own unpleasant phrase, a lover buried his head, in the "terrible softness of a woman's belly." Who has not read "Sons and Lovers," and laid it down as the work of a strange and great man, of the company of Coleridge, Stendhal, and Balzac? And who, as he read it, has not been shocked by a total lack of that sweetness which must ally all strength to make it acceptable? "That strange interfusion of strength and sweetness," which Pater so admiringly found in Blake and Hugo, cannot be found in Mr. D. H. Lawrence; there is a mass of passionate strength, that of an angry man straining with his nerves because he despises his hands; there is a gentleness in his writing of children which could never be capable of such melodrama as that in Mr. Hardy's "Jude, the Obscure," but in his men and women, in their day and night, there is no drop of sweetness. And I do not think he wishes it otherwise.

As the train flew through the Derbyshire countryside, whose hillsides and vales, covered with the brilliant sheen of the autumn sun, met the eye pleasantly with a rising and falling of pale yellowish green, with here and there a dark green patch of woodland, and made me want to stop the hurrying train and breathe the air of the place, my thoughts slipped back to the spring and the summer just before the war; and, with my eyes on the quickly passing sunshine on the low hills, I found that, after all, those last few months of peace had passed, perhaps, too lightly, too carelessly; but it was pleasant to think back to those days when lunches and dinners and week-ends took up so much of one's time. I was glad now that I had not spent the three summer months in Yorkshire on the moors, where I should have been uncomfortable, and had to be forever sending post-cards to Hatchard's to post me this or that book, which would come when my mood for it had passed. And how dreadful it is to want to read suddenly "Love in the Valley," and have to be content with Tennyson, to long for a chapter of Dostoieffsky, and be met with complete editions of Trollope and Surtees! So I see that my middle age will be crabbed and made solitary by my books, and that I shall never have the heart to go to the East to see the land of my father Haik, or to walk about the lake upon which the great Queen Semiramis (who was the first in the world to discover that men could be conveniently changed into eunuchs) built the city Semiramakert, which is now called Van, and where later, when she was pursued by the swordsmen of her son, she threw a magic bracelet into the lake and turned herself into a rock, which still stands there covered with the arrogant script of the Assyrians.

Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

"FRESH WHOLESOME SENTIMENT."

Ya no mi diga mucho a mi. We may even spell it "muncho" as the late Sir Alfred must often have heard it pronounced in Algeciras, where he observed that the colour was brilliant but did not "quite get" the vitreous quality of southern atmosphere. "The remaining works in Oil, Water-colour, etc., of the late Sir Alfred East, R.A., P.R.B.A., at the Fine Art Society, Bond Street, consist in part of almost the worst possible oil-daubs. In the better oil he appears to have heard some rumour of Corot (as in 44, "A pastoral") or of Alfred Stevens (in "Top of Wolds," 41), but he could have studied both masters to advantage. An old man named Hopkinson Smith who used to be seen painting in Venice could have given Sir Alfred valuable hints upon water colour. East is sometimes broader, sometimes less broad than himself, sometimes fuzzier. In "Enchanted Castle" he

turned out something like a Dulac, with a certain economy of pigment. "Taormina" is stage painting; in "Edge of Wood" (9) he appears as if edging toward Brangwyn, etc.

His death a few years ago was a severe loss to his friends, but art did not greatly suffer. After reading Mr. A. L. Baldry's preface about "true sentiment of nature," "fresh wholesome sentiment," etc., one does not greatly mind how much Mr. Baldry is bereaved.

NEW ENGLISH.

Largely mentioned as "Post-Impressionism," the New English Art Club again presents itself. Post-Impressionism would seem to consist largely of Post-Puvis-de-Chavannism, and somewhat of "old-master" compositions re-done in different colour schemes; simple, matt or gouache-like tone instead of oily glaze, etc., or even 18th century pseudo-classic engravings adapted in oil-colour. There are a good many pictures which one would not mind on the walls of one's friends' drawing-rooms; but there is also a tendency to art that is "all in the shop-window": the picture that "looks modern," the picture that is arty; the picture that grows less interesting as you examine it.

The programme for New English painting run up by the Chantrey Bequest taste, complied with by the P.R.B., hallowed by tradition, is in favour of the picture that is *at least as interesting* when reproduced on an art-brown-ink postcard as when seen on the canvas. The Liverpool Gallery is stuffed with the most popular horrors. It is also a democratic tendency, this wish to reach as many casual glances as possible, this lust for the reader of "Vogue," and of "Colour." The artist cares less for the few people who will see the original work than for the ten thousand who will glance at the reproduction. Raverat's "Sirens" catch the eye, for the necessary instant, when reproduced. It is a prize example of the sort of thing I mean: Puvis, Manet's Olympia, the old formula for the "pleasing" shown in the derivative middle figure, the forward figure baggy and podgy, a bit more "modern" in the undesirable sense, an after-thought of Botticelli in the middle figure to make up. It is distinctly the sort of picture from which interest fades rapidly; the type of painting with "everything in the window," nothing in reserve. Raverat's "Judas, etc.," looks like a desperate stab at the old masters, via Kramer.

There is something to be said for old Hellenism, and Renaissance Hellenism revived. A man whose name I forget used to do it in "Les Independents" seven or eight years ago considerably better than the present exhibitors.

The North-West Room contains two John drawings and the usual better class magazine or book illustrations; R. Nahebidian very mild; F. S. Unwin (44), Sickert-Gaudier; T. Proctor (49) Shannoning (Chas.) toward illustration; F. Dodd, "Fo'castle" natural cubo-vorto composition; E. White (61) Nashing. Central Gallery: M. Jefferies "Teintes d'Orient" tricky but skilful, successful portrait. Sidney Lee's "Yorkshire Hill-side," care and extremely unobtrusive invention, dull colour giving impression of sunlight correctly. Leon de Smet's work, recognisable by its uncommendableness (68). Morley's "The Bather," example of type of thing borrowed from eighteenth century "classic" engravings. A. N. Lewis, "Three South African Women," Gauguinesque bluff. L. Pissarro (73, etc.), a greatly over-rated artist. E. Walker (74), not commendable.

C. M. Pearce, "Piccadilly Circus" and "Motor 'Bus"—Mr. Pearce's systematised product in a stylisation that is becoming rather wearisome. A. Roche, "Cottage Interior," sloppy, with derivation, ultimately, from the Dutch. W. Shackleton "Old Age," fake Rembrandt.

L. Pickhard (82), "The mantel piece," good colour, and good drawing under a superficial confusion, contrasts without violence, as in difference of tone between the room and the room seen in the mirror; Pickhard is to be picked out of the "general run." O. Gardner (88) worst type of fake Puvis. W. Rothenstein (90), Three Children Singing in the manner of the Tate Gallery Corale, with their surfaces roughed up for the occasion.

M. Jeffries' "Potiche et Fleurs de Papier" is commendable; note this commendation. In contrast to Raverat, Jeffries' picture has in it more skill than shows at first glance. Also in E. Walker's "Decoration Lileth" we find a conventionalisation of smear carried to point of interest; there is a unity of feeling in the brightish confused colour; it is all in the key of the whole; there is better drawing than at first sight appears, in the figure, in the animals, in the flowers.

L. Lancaster (96) very bad Puvis. M. McCrossan "Pink Chestnut," spotty pointillism, poor colour sense, poor relation of colour. M. E. Atkins, bright blue, bright white, bright green, simple tricolour that for some reason does not weary one, possibly because of contrast with usual English weather. W. Shackleton (106), daring resurrection of a colour-scheme long laid away in the Luxembourg, a sort of Conderism in yellow and orange. He shows also a filthy post-Wattsism (195), 217 is in the red and brown-orange. However, there is not much hope for him. The "Nu au Salon" is represented by Tonks and F. Harmar. Bevan is recognisable by his style of very mild cubing or octagoning of trees, matt colour, commendable. E. Darwin (186), in quest of naiveté. E. White (205), Nashing. M. Jeffries, in love with "beauty, charm, enchantment." Walter Taylor at his average; one always finds oneself stopping before Taylor's unshouting work.

Various Boutet de Monville followers. Vegetarian pseudo-naive in E. Hughes (234). Russian fadism meeting Japanese fadism in R. M. Hutching's "St. Francis preaching to birds."

A Reformer's Note-Book.

WELFARE-WORK.—A great stir is made nowadays concerning the comfort of factory-workers. It is the modern equivalent of Victorian "slumming"—a sentimental pastime for the sentimental rich and of solid though indirect advantage to their class. In the case of welfare-work the application of the medicine is more immediately to the parts affected. The slums, after all, are some distance from the factories; and the objects of charity there are by no means all of them prospective or actual workers. Hence welfare-work, when confined to the factory, is commercial as compared with slumming. It lends itself, moreover, to larger social theories than its predecessor. Slums could never be regarded as in themselves of much use. Picturesque of course they were; and it was reassuring to one's faith in God that virtue could occasionally be found flourishing in them like edelweiss upon the snowy Alps. But at bottom they were no more than æsthetic objects and of no other use. Factories, on the other hand, though they often have all the charm of slums, have as well a utility which affords an argument both for their existence and maintenance. Factories must always exist, being, as they are, an essential condition of human existence; and this being the case the district visiting of factories which is called welfare-work discharges the double service of satisfying the demands of charity and progress simultaneously. Welfare-work is supported by another theory that is even more fruitful in practice—the theory of applied psychology. It is generally recognised that the mind, however elementary, is an important factor in work. To secure for

every process of industry the maximum of mental attention available is, therefore, a proper object of scientific management. But how can this be brought about unless the minds of the workers are occasionally relaxed, re-created, nourished and generally attended to? This part of the labour-power employed is therefore put into the charge of welfare-workers whose office it is to see that the psychology of the employees is maintained in smooth working order. The means are often very ingenious; and much practice is even then necessary to hit upon the right one in every case. Minds, we have learned, differ one from the other. Again, minds in association tend to acquire common habits peculiar to the group. The efficient welfare-worker must study the essential and accidental variations with as much care as the works manager must study the variations of his raw material. In some instances welfare-workers have found good results to be obtained from lectures, readings, debates, or even from concerts of music given to the employees under their charge. Under other circumstances, the cultivation of flowers in the factory has been known to result in increased happiness and dividends. The provision of baths (especially hot baths) has, again, been sometimes known to be effective when everything else had failed. And so, too, with annual outings or beanfeasts, afternoon teas (with cut bread and butter) and similar comforts such as occur to any intelligent and sympathetic person. The object and hence the criterion in all these devices is their value in production. Welfare-work, in short, must always tend to throw the emphasis upon the work. If you should ask why the work itself and the proper means of carrying it on should not be enough to occupy the whole minds of the workers—the only reply is that they are not; hence the necessity for welfare work.

REFERENDUM.—When a people becomes conscious of its own want and defect of judgment in choosing its representative rulers, it tries to secure for itself a second string to its bow in the form of the Referendum. By means of the Referendum—or the reference to the electorate of the acts about to be performed by the lately elected representatives of the electorate—a people imagines that it can both trust and not trust its chosen rulers; for, on the one side, by the act of election the citizens have empowered their representatives to act on their behalf; but, on the other side, by the Referendum they have attempted to reserve to themselves the discretionary power already conferred on their representatives. Power, however, cannot be both given and not given simultaneously, any more than a door can be at once open and shut. Nor can the same power reside in two bodies at one and the same time. Either there is virtue in the original act of election conferring powers on the representative—in which case, the subsequent act of referendum is likewise within his discretion; or no virtue has passed and the so-called representative is really a doll-delegate. The representative system is thus seen to be incompatible with the people's retention of power by means of the Referendum. For one of them must be unreal, either the representation or the referendum. The motive of the Referendum is, of course, caution, arising from prolonged and bitter experience of the unending audacity of elected persons. Having so often chosen representatives who have afterwards abused the power conferred on them, an electorate is at a loss to know how to secure itself against the recurrence of these disappointments; and they have devised in a number of countries this means of the Referendum. Since, however, it has been shown that the Referendum is no defence against untrustworthy representatives, there is no safe alternative but the simple one of exercising more judgment in the original choice. The electorate must learn to know a man when it sees him. There

is no shorter cut to democracy. But the excuse is urged that, in fact, the Referendum is itself an advance in democracy, since it ensures the concurrence of the electorate in the acts of its representatives; and, when supplemented by the right of Initiative and the right of Recall, really results in complete self-government. The fallacy is pathetic and threefold. In the first place, it assumes that an electorate too stupid to choose good representatives can exercise any better judgment when checking, initiating or vetoing legislation. As a matter of experience, a nation that has not judgment enough to choose its governors wisely has not judgment enough to legislate wisely. And, in the second place, since power cannot be both given and withheld, the power conferred upon the representatives originally is sufficient to enable them to determine when and under what conditions the Referendum shall be employed; in other words, the Referendum becomes a new power in the hands of the original representatives. Finally, it must be observed that the Referendum is impracticable save upon comparatively rare occasions. To ninety-nine hundredths of the legislation enacted by the electorate's representatives, the Referendum cannot possibly be applied: nor is there any guarantee that the occasion of the Referendum is of greater importance than the occasions when it is not applied. Hence even upon the most favourable terms the Referendum cannot be regarded as an instrument of democracy since it is subject to all these three disabilities. The conclusion of the whole matter is that government is only safe when in the hands of representatives worthy of trust; and that a nation is only wisely governed when it has the wisdom to choose wise rulers.

Reviews.

The International King. By Richard de Bary.
(Longmans, Green. 2s. net.)

If the idea of a League of Nations has become temporarily an absurdity and an occasion of blasphemy among those who are really concerned with government, that result must be attributed to its advocates. Scheme after scheme is propounded, each crazier than the last, invented for the most part by people who could not organise a cricket club; and criticism, if it is answered at all, is answered by another deduction from premisses that are themselves in dispute. But the world is not a proposition in logic; and if it were, some of these would-be Saviours would be disqualified for its governing. Nothing is more surprising to Englishmen who see vested in the President of the United States powers more absolute than those of any king than this American insistence on "the king business" as the real enemy; Mr. de Bary calls it "Cæsarism" in Germany, but Germany is a federation as surely as is the United States. If the Kaiser is War-Lord, the President is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States; and Mr. Roosevelt's declaration before the University of California shows us that this military headship is not necessarily figurative. "I am interested in the Panama Canal because I started it," he said. "If I had followed traditional conservative methods, I would have submitted a dignified State paper to Congress, and the debate on it would have been going on yet; but I took the Canal zone, and let Congress debate; and while the debate goes on, the Canal does also." Federation, it is clear, does not of itself offer any guarantee against aggression.

Mr. de Bary wants to take advantage of the present temporary alliance against Germany to form a federation of the world somewhat on the model of the United States. Think of it! We, who have not yet been able to federate the British Empire, France, whose

colonial administration is of the paternal type, Italy, whose methods are Imperialist, all these, it is assumed, can be rallied into a federation on the American plan with an added complication of religion. For in opposition to the "Cæsar" of Germany, Mr. de Bary creates the Christ of the peoples; and in what is the craziest extension of the idea of the will of the people, suggests an international referendum of legislation, and, we think, executive policies. Here is his own summary of the Constitution and its method of working:—

"The suggestion was made above that the members of this Privy Council should be tied by their Oath of Office to act only for that very definite spiritual reality, the People's Christ. So commissioned, as councillors and trustees of the judgment of this Christ, the members of the Privy Council, acting collectively, would be empowered to act as Chief Magistrate of the Federal World-State and fulfil all the functions of a genuine Super-Sovereignty of Mankind."

Yet, as has been shown, the manner of fulfilling their obligation to interpret the popular conception of a Christly Kingship to the nations would not be left solely to the decision of the councillors themselves. While this whole conception of the Christ Political has only grown up in the mind of the populace quite recently, yet it is already so clearly defined there that, on appeal being called for, judgments as to what conformed or not with the people's conception of Christ could be satisfactorily reached through the agency of some form or other of a popular referendum.

Let us suppose, for instance, that our International Parliament had prepared a scheme of government for all the less civilised native States of Africa. The various National Governments had been consulted, the central Administration had promoted the measure, the central Parliament had voted for the same in Committee. The Privy Council only had to confer now as to whether the project concurred or not with the will of the People's Christ.

Let us suppose that the Council refused to sign the measure until a large number of legal guarantees were inserted in it for the protection of the natives and for the insurance of their personal and tribal rights, together with guarantees for their political education and for the eventual attainment of their rights to enjoy self-government. If the International Parliament refused to insert these guarantees, the Privy Council could ask for a referendum from the peoples of the Powers which had founded the World-Constitution to decide as to whether or not, in their esteem, it was the Will of the Christ that the African natives should have their charter of rights as proposed for them by the Privy Council.

"If, as would be likely enough, the verdict of the Democracies concurred that this was truly the Christly will that the natives should have their charter, then the central Parliament and Administration would be bound by the Privy Council's decision."

Let us suppose that on the morning of the 1st of April in the year 1 of the new era, such a referendum is taken. The Limehouse navvy and the Lancashire weaver, the Connaught peasant and the Welsh miner and milkman, the Scotch shipbuilder and the North Sea fisherman, the Parisian and the French peasant, the Swede, the Finn, the Norwegian, the great Dane and the fat Dutchman, the Lett, the Lithuanian, the Livonian, the Wendik, the Cossack of the steppes and every variety of Slav, northern and southern, the Italian, the Greek, the Spaniard, and the rest, receives a copy of this precious charter, and begins to wonder what Jesus would do with it. Up would jump the Ulsterman with his stick, and out he would go to find a Catholic with whom he could exchange opinions on the subject—but we need not pursue the speculation.

It is incredible that otherwise intelligent people should invent fantasies that would not seem real even in Bedlam.

The Promise of Air. By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

One of Disraeli's characters summarised the doctrine of evolution in the phrase: "We have had fins: we shall have wings." Mr. Blackwood deals chiefly with the latter age, the Aquarian age of which a lecturer in this book speaks. The precession of the equinoxes in the reverse order of the signs of the zodiac has brought the Sun from Pisces (when we had fins, and could say with the Psalmist: "All thy waves have gone over me") to Aquarius, which is an airy sign. Mr. Blackwood interprets the word "airy" literally, although astrologers tell us that "airy" is more correctly rendered as "mental," and that Aquarius is, above all, a "humane" sign. The literal interpretation of the word "airy" enables Mr. Blackwood to drag in everything relevant or irrelevant; the Aquarian seems to feel what is "in the air," he takes a bird's-eye view of things, smokes bird's-eye, and sings with Harry Champion: "'Air, 'air, 'air, I've got none on my noddle," and his usual greeting is: "There's 'air." The retort is, we suppose, prophetic: "What did you expect to see? Feathers?" In the Piscean age, men said: "Give us your fin, old chap," when they were pleased; they called a thing "fishy" if they suspected it, and said that "it wouldn't hold water" (Pisces is a "watery" sign) if they disapproved of it. But now even the soldiers describe fear as "having the wind up," the war will be won "in the air," and, on all sides, we are confronted with the procession of the paradoxes. So Mr. Blackwood writes his novel to illustrate our evolution from the "finny" to the "feathered" tribe, confidently believes that Aquarians will go dancing over the South Downs in the attempt to develop their elementary wing processes, and associating themselves with the spirit of Swinburne's: "Swallow, swallow, my sister swallow." Unfortunately, the watery sign Pisces has left us little but water to swallow, and water is not a Taurean lubricant.

But although Mr. Blackwood makes such play with the astrological formulæ, he professes to despise astrology as symbolism, while the reality of the Sun in Aquarius is action. The thought of the thing is untrue and confusing, therefore, "take no thought for the morrow" (he actually quotes the text) but adopt the motto of the Fairfaxes, "Say, do." The "saying" results in words like "throughth," the "doing" never gets beyond dancing (better, even, than Isadora Duncan's) on the South Downs. In this way, apparently, the brotherhood of man will be established; and we may remind Mr. Blackwood of the universal language "Esperanto" (which means, we suppose, "hoppy") in which telepathists communicate. In the Aquarian age, the "birds of a feather flock together," "little birds in their nests agree"—and, by the way, Mr. Blackwood has misinterpreted even his ornithological conception of the Aquarian age, for his birds do nothing but fly. But it was said by the Piscean Jesus: "Foxes have holes, the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath nowhere to lay his head." If we are to become bird-like, we must build nests, in other words, we must "come to earth," knowing like Andrea del Sarto, "I surely then could sometimes leave the ground." But Aquarius is a "humane" sign, and the Son of Man hath nowhere to lay his head; obviously, the bird-symbolism of the Aquarian age is a false interpretation, although the war-bread is becoming so much like bird-seed that perhaps Mr. Blackwood's rendering is only an intelligent anticipation. We can feel our wings sprouting: we "eat the air, promise-crammed."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE BOLSHEVIKS.

Sir,—The important issue of democratic government by representation or delegacy discussed in your Notes of the Week of August 8 should be further debated.

It should be remembered that the Bolsheviks came into power to carry out a revolution, the main object of which appears to have been the dispossession without compensation of the owners of property in land and industry. The Bolsheviks thoroughly grasped the proposition that economic power precedes and determines political power, and therefore resolved that their government should become effective on the only possible condition, viz., that economic power as the dominant factor should be, broadly speaking, in the hands of the proletarian electorate.

To the dispossession of property-owners nearly all parties in revolutionary Russia professed more or less adherence, and the only question was whether and how it could be carried out. Kerensky proposed to work through the representative Constituent Assembly. In the period preceding and during the election of the Assembly, it was reported that one of Kerensky's Ministers was preparing a scheme for the dispossession of land-owners. He was accordingly violently assailed as a pro-German by the bourgeoisie in the true Western style, and there is little doubt that, following the same practice, the issue as presented to the public mind by the time the Constituent Assembly was formed would have been at least as much whether Kerensky and his Ministers were pro-German or not, as whether land-owners should be dispossessed or not. Further, the Constituent Assembly would certainly have split hopelessly on the question of compensation. In the result the Kerensky Government might have fallen on some other issue, or the matter would have been compromised, or postponed by the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry or otherwise. One could safely predict one result—the disappointment and disillusionment of the masses. Now what is clear is that the great masses in Russia rightly or wrongly decided upon immediate disappropriation without compensation—they willed an economic revolution. Under the influence of Lenin and Trotsky, they did not proceed to elect representatives, but delegated powers to the Soviets to carry out their decision, and this the Bolshevik Government accomplished. Representative government has no place in such a condition of things, and it matters little whether the masses are educated or not in this connection.

Revolution can only be effected by delegacy. The reason is that the delegate purports to act on behalf of the particular majority that has appointed him, whilst the representative stands for the body of his constituents.

Representative government in England was evolved throughout some centuries, during which the gentlemen who fashioned it had little or no thought for legislative changes. It is good constitutional doctrine that the representative member of Parliament owes his first duty, not to his constituents, but to the King, Lords, and Commons forming the high court of Parliament. Thus Parliament in the exercise of its legislative functions becomes judicial rather than partisan. So Burke writes of the House of Commons, "It was in the higher part of Government what juries are in the lower." To take another view of the position, democracy in its expression by representation is truly said to be government by the majority with the consent of the governed. Parliamentary usage, therefore, demands in the examination of proposed legislation that the objections of the minority shall be not only carefully considered but acceded to wherever possible, so long as the "main principle" is not subverted; so that by the time a Bill becomes an Act its proposals have been amended and compromised so as to be substantially without effect. Indeed, Parliament as an instrument of legislation is only slowly beginning to work. Legislation, beyond technical legal amendment or exposition, is an entirely modern innovation, as the size and perusal of our yearly statute-books show. With the increasing need or desire for legislative change, Parliament tends to become more delegatory either of the electorate or of particular interests. One need only mention the "programme" of the modern

party leader, the new mandate theory, or the trade or trade-union member of Parliament, none of which finds a place in the constitutional text-books.

One may fairly assume that legislation approaching a popular revolutionary nature in this country will only be secured after the House of Commons has become mainly a delegate instead of a representative assembly.

* * *

J. B. M.

THE ARMY AS "PUNISHMENT."

Sir,—You raise an important point in your Notes last week by asking whether it is a prudent move of the authorities to suggest "that the Army and the war are so unpopular that it is a punishment to be a soldier." Decidedly, this is not the attitude which should be taken up; but it is none the less common to the authorities in Germany and in England. Long ago, in the spring of 1915, strikes were checked in Germany by precisely this means, and have been so checked on other occasions since. Harden himself was called up for military service when he opposed the Government's policy last year, though he seems to have been released subsequently; and only a few months ago, when the Berlin banks protested against some of the new duties on cheques and bills, they were threatened that if they did not assist the Government in collecting the heavy imposts every man in the service of the banks would be called up for national service as a disciplinary measure. As the age for national service in Germany extends from 17 to 60, it will be realised that the Government has a powerful weapon at its disposal.

Our own position is somewhat different; but a larger question is suggested by the attitude of the authorities here. For months the Harmsworth Press and other papers of this type have been hinting, and, indeed, often directly threatening, that strikers should be subjected to military service as punishment for striking; and it was hoped apparently that the mere threat would be sufficient to stop a strike. Why, then, should compulsory enrolment in the Army be regarded as punishment? I think that if the average regiment could become articulate (and I speak from personal experience), you would find its complaints on this head to be of an entirely economic character. The soldiers fully realise the essential principles involved in the war—else why should millions of them have enlisted voluntarily, as Mr. Lloyd George has just informed us the greater proportion of our Army has done? But, fully conscious though they are of the necessity for fighting in order to make an end of militarism, they deeply resent what may be called their preventable economic disadvantages. In the first place, they are penalised by leaving their normal occupation, their chances of gaining experience, their actual salaries or wages, and their seniority as regards promotion. In the second place, they take the view which has been excellently expressed within the last three weeks or so in the "Daily Mail," of all places, respecting their dependents, particularly their wives and children. They would, if you spoke to them, agree with the writer of one letter in particular, who said (I still refer to the "Mail") that soldiers' wives were the only people to be industrially conscripted, for their allowances were not sufficient to support them at present prices, and they were driven into the market whether they wished to go or no. Ask the Children's Aid Committee, for instance, whether the official allowance is enough for a child. Considering the rise in the cost of living, the new rates outlined in Parliament a few days ago are economically contemptible. Yet another writer in the "Mail" pointed out that the big banks were now paying from 12 to 15 per cent. in dividends; and, as we know, practically all the large industrial concerns are paying much more. The receipts from the excess profits tax have staggered the Treasury officials; but neither financiers nor manufacturers appear to be suffering perceptibly.

It is precisely this state of things that disgusts the soldiers and also the man who feels that the threat of military service is being unjustly held over him. Every man who joined the Army had at least the right to expect that his dependents would be looked after, that he would be able to return to his pre-war business or occupation (if he were lucky enough to return at all) without finding that his normal opponent, the capitalist, had been able to entrench himself more strongly than ever meanwhile. Can it be denied that the men now in the

Army will return only to find themselves in an economically much weaker position than before?

There is one further question. The selfish people in the community have always regarded military service as a form of punishment simply because it disturbed the tenour of their lives. There are many of these people among the conscientious objectors, though their objection is not ethical, but political. This is simply a survival of our age-long dislike of State interference; our extreme desire for individualism. It persists; and it is not surprising that the authorities themselves should regard it as a punishment to call upon a man to leave his normal occupation and to serve the State instead. What attitude are we going to take up in our schools with regard to this question when the war is over? We cannot extirpate our individualism very readily, since it is due to geography; but is it to be at all modified?

LEIGHTON J. WARNOCK.

* * *

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Sir,—Shall "we dead" never "awake" and begin to move with some real life? "After the War," eh? As if the War ever ended! As if the principle of Life and consequent combat could ever be inhibited! It can indeed be misdirected and function downwards instead of upwards, or, as now, we can make the *cleavage* up and down and act sideways, when people may kill and torture each other with more or less satisfaction to themselves. But do not let us imagine that war will ever be over. Too much has been made by a certain kind of thinker on our mistranslation of Marx, who wrote of the "class struggle," not the "class war." It is an important, but not all-important distinction. The important thing is that, War or Struggle, we must wage it, if we are sane men, in love and not in hate. Mr. Joe Clayton, in the passage you quoted from the "New Witness" a week or so ago, is right enough in saying that it needs leisure to hate, and that fighting men are too busy for it. Right and most suggestive. Let us carry his reasoning further. Love will always conquer hate because love is *activity*—the principle of life itself, founded on pleasure in its very widest sense. Hate, on the other hand, is only one of the reactions against passion or suffering or pain: and though modern psychology has taught us that reaction is more powerful than action, the stream of life *flows on*, though its force may be broken by an occasional obstacle which sends the foam swirling into the air.

I am no Pacifist—quite the reverse. War—war—always war! I love fighting, and would die fighting if possible—but in love, not in hate. I am not so uncritical—nay, so insane. The force which dictated one of my favourite propositions in Spinoza's "Ethics" is a real force. I mean Prop. 44 of Book III.—(of course, the Euclidean logic doesn't really help so very much, but that was Descartes' and the period's fault; Benedict, the God-drunk, was *all there*—"Hatred, which is completely vanquished by Love, passes into Love; and Love is therefore greater than if hatred had not preceded it." That is no doubt why we love our neighbours, and therefore "natural enemies," the French and our kinsfolk, and therefore still more "natural enemies," the Americans, so much. I often enunciate this proposition to my fellow nobodies. The effect is curious. At first cordial agreement. Pause for reflection. Then:—"But I hope to goodness we shall never come to love the Germans." Then we look at each other, and, about once out of five times, burst into laughter. But when Nemo No. 1, rubbing it in, points out that in 1814 we were fighting America with German troops, just as in 1918 we are fighting Germany with American troops, my compatriot, man, alas! woman, still worse! or child, treble woe! looks as though St. Stephen's were the right rôle for—Yours wearily,
"IPSISSIMUS NEMO."

And yet I insist that we must go on fighting till we have made Germany love us for helping to rid her of her masters. Over the top then, and into our friend the enemy—with the bayonet—if you can and must; but in love, not in hate. This feeling used to be called bigotry. May it continue, as the cleavage rearranges itself, and we function upwards. Nor need we await the end of the war for *that*—we only want a little more *life* and *love* to fight the *Junkers* of all nations.

Pastiche.

THE SORROW OF TRUTH.

Light aspens stand above the silken grass,
 And send upon the twilight their wan look,
 More wan for the long thought of what doth pass.
 There on the stream, half river and half brook,
 They gaze, entwining all their sister arms,
 And pale to read the dream within his glass.
 Together in the bank their feet are set,
 While all the air low mourneth, and chill harms
 Hover where the bright heads are closely met.

For they have seen the sprite of even go
 By their light stems, that makes disconsolate
 What are of earth, whether of mire or snow,
 For that he showeth them their poor estate;
 Innocent making sorrow with sweet mirth,
 As on warped limbs the winds of heaven blow.
 The slender trees stand fast in the cold clay
 That is their death and was their silent birth,
 And the brave look abroad is cast away.

So the sprite passeth, coming to that place
 Where the folk sit; and entereth thereto
 To talk of byres, and grain that swells apace:
 But in the ancient murmur something new
 Strikes on their hearts, and they turn wondering,
 And with a fixed regard, to read his face.
 He standeth in the shadow by the door,
 And while his vesture is a radiant thing,
 All that is rich of theirs is grievous poor.

Yea, poor and thin as leaves of the last year;
 Made for woe's children by her starved hand,
 Faint mottled with all livid hues and drear,
 Like to dried blood and the pale desert sand;
 And in the midst of these each countenance
 Looketh upon the sprite, anon with fear,
 Anon with hunger and great eagerness,
 Yet with no understanding: woeful glance!
 So the poor stones, unwilling, well might bless,
 With trembling love that is both faint and far,
 The light that they with their swart bodies mar,
 The sun that showeth their uncomeliness.

RUTH PITIER.

SONNET.

(To the Translator of the Mahabharata under the
 auspices of Protap Chandra Roy.)

Essential wisdom lieth in this book,
 This universal work, this chart of mind
 'Mid oceans steering on a course refined
 By bearings such as Europe never took,
 Nor cared to take, too young, indeed, to look
 On aught without her midland sea; so blind
 She deemed the Greek instructor of mankind,
 And Israel holder of the shepherd's crook.
 But thou with painful work hast hammered out
 In alien tongue to thine this version sound
 And luminous, such as may swiftly rout
 The gloom opaque that is our modern bound:
 And though we rule thy land, thy promised ride
 It yet shall be to see thy land our guide.

J.A.M.A.

IN SODOM TOWN.

In Sodom town of great Renown
 For Luxury and Sin,
 Whene'er a Beggar came for Alms
 Each gave a Coin of Tin.

The Metal bore the Donors' Names
 To show their Will for Good,
 But when the Beggar went to shop
 They'd sell nor Drink nor Food.

And when the Vagabond expired
 Through Emptiness, pardé,
 Each Sodomite ran to his Corpse
 To claim his Property.

The Talmud tells the doleful Tale,
 Interpreted by sages,
 But 'tis a question if the Alms
 Were Charity or Wages. TRIBOULET.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

Our enemies often say of us that we don't know what we want and that we won't be happy till we get it. This is unfortunately true. At the present moment the majority of the young men and women of Ireland are enrolled under the banner of the Irish Republic. But are there a dozen men or women in the country who could give, even in the most general terms, a description of what they mean by a Republic that would be worthy the attention of an intelligent inquirer? So muddle-headed are we that many of those who are ready to die under the Republican banner are convinced Monarchists. We are all (or nearly all) agreed about the "Irish"; but about the "Republic" we think it better to say nothing for fear of falling out among ourselves. We are raising the utmost clamour we can in our corner to get the attention of both hemispheres given to us. And when and if they do attend to us and say, "Now, what about this Republic for Ireland?" we shall cut a pretty figure when we have to say that we have not made up our minds about that, but that if they will only hold England's hands off us we are an island of saints and scholars, and will at once devote ourselves to the study of the elements of political science. The truth is that we are a people who have been outclassed in Europe.—"B." in "New Ireland."

To attempt to level up wages is a futile policy, a mere temporary expedient, and as a makeshift I have shown its futility. The only real and genuine remedy is to be found in the control of industry in the interest of the community by the working class. I need not elaborate the arguments which make this conclusion inevitable in logic and in fact, and to do so would be to anticipate the debate to take place on what is, in principle, the most important and revolutionary proposal before this Congress. Let me just add that when we speak of the control of industry, we mean the control of industry, of all industries, agricultural and manufacturing, the control and management in every sense of each industry by the workers in that industry, and of each and all in the common interest of the whole community, the people, the nation. The proposal, as I say, is important and revolutionary. But it is the only proposal which can ultimately satisfy the conditions of the new social order which we all want to supersede the present system of wage slavery, under which the worker is a mere piece of goods, a commodity, dehumanised and degraded, in the hell of Labour's chattel market.—PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH LABOUR PARTY in "The Voice of Labour."

"I see in the near future a crisis approaching that unnerves me and causes me to tremble for the safety of my country. As the result of war, corporations have been enthroned, and an era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavour to prolong its reign by working upon the prejudices of the people until all the wealth is aggregated in a few hands and the Republic is destroyed. I feel at this moment more anxiety for the safety of our country than ever before, even in the midst of war. God grant that my foreboding may be groundless.

"It is assumed that labour is available only in connection with capital, that nobody labours unless somebody else owning capital, somehow by the use of it, induces him to labour. Labour is prior to and independent of capital. Capital is only the fruit of labour, and could not have existed if labour had not first existed. Labour is the superior of capital, and deserves higher consideration. I bid the labouring people beware of surrendering the power which they possess, and which, if surrendered, will leisurely be used to shut the door of advancement for such as they, and fix disabilities and burdens upon them until all liberty be lost."—ABRAHAM LINCOLN quoted in "Federationist."