THE
NEW AGE
A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1354] New Series. Vol. XXIII. No. 17. Thursday, Aug. 22, 1918. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

An article on National Finance by Mr. Edgar Crammond in the current "Quarterly" deserves to be read if only because it is said to have been written after consultation with Treasury officials. Be that as it may, the suggestions contained in it are interesting equally from their novelty, reasonableness and optimism; for it is very far from being the case, as the plain man might suppose, that the high lights of our finance are alarmed at the prospect of an annual Budget after the war of between seven and eight hundred millions. What is this petty amount to the total wealth-producing capacity of this country, supplemented, as we can suppose it will be, by the capacities of our overseas dominions and possessions—not to mention our present Allies? Between us all, a seven or eight hundred million annual Budget is a bagatelle; "our economic position is perfectly sound"; we have only to do this and refrain from that, increase production here and diminish consumption there, in order, in a matter of ten or so years, to find ourselves better off than ever. Everything in the garden, in fact, is lovely—if only it were not for certain weeds and blights which threaten to ruin us! What these are we shall discuss in a minute or two; but, in the meantime, let us see what Mr. Treasury Crammond's positive ideas are. To begin with, Mr. Crammond has come to the conclusion that we have about reached the practicable limit of direct taxation, taxation, that is to say, levied on income. Why this should be the case, or what the signs are that incomes of two thousand pounds and over cannot be taxed any further, we confess we do not know. It must be taken without question, since Mr. Crammond says it, that such is the case, and, hence, that in our post-war Budget the figure at which direct taxation now stands will remain unchanged. But this leaves us, in the second place, with a deficit to make up by some other means; and Mr. Crammond is not afraid to suggest them. The first means he suggests is naturally that of indirect taxation, a phrase which, being interpreted, means that the working-classes, or non-income-tax-paying classes, must pay. Wages, he says, have largely escaped taxation hitherto; nor is it easily possible to tax them directly. But by means of customs and duties levied on commodities of general consumption it is obviously within our power to correct this error, and to tax the working-classes without too openly appearing to do so. With the levy on Capital as a device for extinguishing the war-debt Mr. Crammond will have nothing to do. The State, he says, does not want capital but income. Nevertheless, he goes so far as to recommend a *tax* on capital of one per cent. for a period of ten years, by which measure he hopes to raise an annual sum of a hundred and twenty millions. Finally, he proposes a progressive decrement of the Excess Profits tax, the tax to yield fifty millions annually for five years, and after that time to be extinguished.

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The main assumption upon which Mr. Crammond's cheerful calculations rest is that the country after the war will be not only a going concern but a growing concern. From the standpoint of the financial economist we can ignore every other consideration than that which regards the nation as a single trading corporation with branches all over the world. And the questions we have to ask ourselves are, first, what our resources will be when the war is over, and, second, how our national business will need to be conducted to continue to pay its shareholders a large and an increasing dividend in spite of the war-debt. As to the first question, there is no doubt what the reply must be. Dead losses apart, chiefly in the form of young lives and old capital, our economic potentiality has been considerably increased during the war. Mr. Crammond reckons, not unjustifiably, that our productive *capacity* has been raised thirty per cent. in the course of the war itself, and may easily be discovered after the war to have risen fifty per cent. In other words, we shall be able when the war is over to produce half as much again nationally as we were able to produce in 1913. So much for our economic resources. But the second question is a little more difficult to answer—for what is the use of possessing a high productive capacity if certain conditions are lacking, namely, an assured food-supply, an abundant supply of raw materials on which our productive capacity may exercise itself, and, lastly, a market for our goods? Without all of these, our productive capacity may be that of the Atlantean demi-gods or of the

German nation, but it would still be unable to make a single commodity. The discriminating reader will see that we have arrived at the root of the whole matter in this inquiry; and that it spreads out in many interesting directions. For example, the more productive in the manufacturing sense we become, the more dependent we become upon the rest of the world for the provision of the three conditions upon which alone we can carry on. If England becomes a workshop and nothing more, we must plainly depend upon the outside world to feed us, to supply us with raw materials and to buy our manufactured goods. Otherwise, we are undone. This reflection may be transported into the region of the war where it will be found to yield a harvest of ideas. But then, again, what is the use of having merely a sporting or competitive chance of procuring food and raw materials and of selling our goods? A national workshop employing forty million people cannot afford to run the risk of being cut off from supplies and markets or of being outbid by another national manufacturing competitor; it must control in every sense both the sources of supply and the areas of the markets. Nay, as both a going and a growing concern, bent upon increasing its output and the profits of its shareholders, it must not only conserve its sources and markets, it must develop and increase them. This, too, is a reflection that will repay application to even wider areas.

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Without dwelling too long upon this psychological anatomy of modern capitalism, let us remark some of the consequences that flow from it. Envisage England as tending more and more to become a single gigantic factory—which, undoubtedly, is the summum bonum of the commercial economist—and it will be seen that from the nature of the case certain practical deductions are inevitable. Among them we can place in an eminent situation the deduction that more and more diplomacy must ally itself with commerce, and, indeed, become in the end little else but commerce. Has it not already been announced by Lord Robert Cecil that diplomacy in future must be a partner with foreign trade; and is it not inevitable with the development of the workshop ideal of national production? Another deduction, having a close bearing upon a subject of recent discussion in these columns, has been drawn by Mr. Crammond in the form of a recommendation to create "great overseas development corporations" whose object shall be to increase for our use the output of food and raw materials overseas, and at the same time to develop the markets of our dominions, possessions, and Allies. By this means it is naturally anticipated that we shall kill two birds with the same stone. We shall, that is to say, both ensure this factory of England a constant and increasing supply of food and raw stuffs and create an ever-growing market for the sale of our factory's products. On such a turnover the profit should be enormous. Still another deduction, which, however, we shall only just mention here, is the inevitability from this point of view of the intensification of labour and production at home. We cannot become or aim at becoming the greatest workshop in the world without requiring of our workmen more and more strenuous labour and of the various economic elements in the community still more intense exploitation. Land, Capital, and Labour must each be stimulated to a frenzy of production. While our diplomats, financiers, and statesmen are straining every wire to develop foodstuffs, raw materials, and markets for the supply and disposal of our production, our home-producers themselves must be straining every nerve to turn these stuffs into marketable goods. These are a few only of the certain consequences or tendencies of the present commercial rage. But if you should ask what the good of it all is, or to what climax it must finally lead, the oracle must be dumb for fear of giving offence. A hint must be enough. War would remain an ever-present contingency, and the Servile State become inevitable. To those who can reason from the premisses laid down, these conclusions are proven.

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There is an instinct which shapes the ends of capitalism, a something not themselves that makes for the profit of capitalists. This is to be seen at work in the marvellous yet undesigned co-operation of the parts of the system we have just been examining with the parts recently noticed in dealing with the banking-amalgamations. In the light of Mr. Crammond's proposals, it will be understood now what subconscious prescience must have controlled the bankers in their preparations for the capture and re-capture of foreign trade. In order to carry out Mr. Crammond's designs for exploiting the sources of primary commodities and for developing markets, it is necessary, as we have seen, to have at our disposal enormous masses of credit which can be directed here, there, and everywhere, wherever it appears that raw materials can be called forth or markets stimulated. And to this not far-off divine event in our economic history it is now revealed that the recent bank-amalgamations were related. For their object, as we have never ceased to point out, is to facilitate foreign trade even at the expense, temporarily perhaps, of the home-producer. There is, however, a fly in the ointment to which we must refer briefly. While the instincts of Capitalism make naturally for the prosperity of Capitalism in general, they are not always very considerate for the prosperity of any national Capital in particular. They know no frontiers, and are as willing to bear fruit in Germany, let us say, as in England. This danger is latent in the bank-amalgamations on which so many hopes are set; for it may very well be the case that, while from a national point of view, it is desirable that our credit should water only British or Allied trade, from a banking point of view it may be desirable to let it flow to the highest bidder, British or other as the case may be. The co-operation of the parts of Capitalism cannot thus be taken as necessarily beneficent to our particular national polity; and it, therefore, follows that it may be imperative to control the investment of Capital abroad after the war as during the war. The distinction to be drawn is between foreign trade—trade, that is to say, between this country and other countries—and international trade, or trade between any countries whatever, perhaps excluding our own. The bankers are, no doubt, wishful to renew their international trade whether it results in an increase of our foreign trade or not. But if Mr. Crammond's suggestions are to be realised they must be restricted to British trade, at any rate, for some years.

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The bankruptcy of Liberalism was never more clearly shown than in its treatment of the vital question of Tariffs; and Mr. Hughes is well within his rights in challenging Liberalism to define its alternatives. In the foregoing notes we have seen that tariffs are designed to play the part of making the proletariat pay for the war. Tariffs are in this sense another form of taxation and are in lieu of an increase of direct taxation or taxation of the wealthy few. But this is by no means the only purpose that Tariffs are intended to serve; nor is it the purpose that men like Mr. Hughes have in mind when advocating a tariff-policy. Let us do Mr. Hughes the justice of assuming that as a mere means of paying for the war he would not defend Tariffs in a single speech. He has, in fact, another end altogether in view; and it may be defined as the creation, as nearly as possible, of a British monopoly of British trade. We are not saying, of course, that Mr. Hughes would not be prepared to embark upon trade outside the British and

Allied domains; when the time comes that we can afford to open out, no doubt he will be in the limelight to advocate it. But what at present inspires both him and the support he is receiving is (apart from the use of the tariff as a taxing-instrument) the possible utility of Tariffs as a means of concentrating British trade in British or friendly hands. His Liberal critics must really try to see the problem he is attempting to solve as he sees it; for only after having seen it in this way can they hope to challenge his solution effectively. What, in fact, have they to say to the enunciated problem, namely, that of creating a self-contained Empire, or, at any rate, self-contained League? Is such a self-contained League desirable in Liberal opinion? Or is it in the Liberal view only impracticable by the methods of Mr. Hughes? Like himself, we are entitled to a reply to these questions. We are entitled to ask and to be told, first, what the Liberal notion of our proper fiscal policy is, and, second, by what means it can be pursued. The conditions of the problem are common; and Liberals cannot pretend to be idealistic about them. If the aim of our economics is maximum production with maximum security—a Liberal no less than a Tory or Imperialist postulate—Liberalism owes it to the world to explain by what other means than Tariffs both objects can be simultaneously secured.

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As a matter of fact, Mr. Hughes is more elastic than for the purpose of party-discussion he is supposed to be. Again in one of his speeches last week, he announced himself as a Tariffist only as a pis aller. "I do not pin my faith to tariffs," he said, "but to organisation." And we may record to his credit in passing that our own Mr. G. H. Roberts at Maidstone last Wednesday provided himself with a similar second string to his bow. "Guaranteed prices," he is reported to have said, "would not in themselves revolutionise agriculture . . . we needed education, organisation and co-operation." From both these admissions it follows, as we have said, that the best of the Tariffists are adopting the Tariff as a substitute merely for something which they either think to be unattainable or to be attainable only by means of a Tariff, namely, organisation. For granted that we could so organise, educate and co-operate in industry that we need have no fear of any foe in shining armour, Mr. Hughes, it will be seen, is quite willing to forgo the use of Tariffs. In short, on his own admission, tariffs are simply a substitute, and a poor one at that, for brains. But this, we think, is precisely where Mr. Hughes and the rest may be met on their own ground, though we do not propose to attempt it at this moment. If it be true, on their own admission, that tariffs and guaranteed prices or, in sum, the restriction of competition, are not in themselves sufficient to "revolutionise" (that is, to increase considerably) our production, but would still leave superior methods of organisation imperative, is it not dangerous, to say the least of it, to advocate what is only a pis aller and what may easily be an excuse for sloth, just at the moment when an appeal for superior organisation is most likely to be listened to? It is a commonplace to say that affairs are in the melting-pot and that we are at the parting of the ways. It is likewise a commonplace to say that on the decisions taken to-day the history of the next century or so will depend. What is less of a commonplace is to observe that we ought to seize the opportunity definitely to dispense with tariffs and to throw ourselves into organisation, education, and co-operation as superior and sure means to the same end towards which tariffs are both an inferior and a dubious means. In declaring for Tariffs when, by admission, Brains are the proper remedy, Mr. Hughes is sinning against the Light. We invite him to leave the advocacy of Tariffs to the Tories and to propagate their better alternative himself.

The reaction upon production in England of all the plans now being proposed cannot fail to be considerable. Nor is it likely to be confined to theoretical differences of small importance to the ordinary citizen. We can say quite definitely that on the assumption that the present commercial drift is to continue, a social revolution is already in progress. Once again we can only consider the matter in the briefest possible form; for to deal with the problems at the length they deserve would be to make a book of every one of these notes. To take the most general of the consequences likely to arise from the assumption that we in England must henceforth live to produce as a single factory, it will be seen that laisser-faire in even its vestigial forms must now finally disappear. Since the State, by virtue of its central and sovereign function, must become more and more the Managing Directorship of the whole of the national trade, it naturally follows that sooner or later every trading corporation, large or small, must be either State-assisted, State-controlled, or State-owned. This movement of industry away from individualist ownership towards State-ownership through the intermediate stages of State-assistance and State-control is one of the main currents of the period. Prophets could build up a reputation for themselves by simply describing its logical development. Two observations may here be made upon it. In the first place, it is a purely capitalist evolution in which there is nothing new for the soul of man. It represents a transition from individualist to collectivist capitalism (commonly called Socialism) and nothing more. Moreover, we can attribute the movement to fear—fear of Labour and fear of foreign competition. Under the shadow of the State, Capitalism hopes to find a refuge. In the second place, we have now a criterion of the value of the recent and current protests of the capitalists against what they call State-interference. State-interference, in the sense that the State is to be the assistant, and, later on, the partner, and, finally, the supreme director, of Capital, is destined not to be diminished after the war, but progressively increased. It cannot be otherwise, nor can all the pleadings of Capitalism make it otherwise; for the same mechanical fate that ensures the slavery of the workers ensures at the same time the slavery of the capitalists themselves. They, too, will no longer be able to do what they please with their own. The something not themselves that makes for Capitalism will subordinate Capitalists no less than workers to its end.

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The second of the chief assumptions in Mr. Crammond's article is the "hearty co-operation of Labour and Capital." It is certainly as necessary an assumption as that of the continuity of the nation itself; in effect, indeed, the continuity of the nation as a going and a growing concern depends, if not on the hearty co-operation of Labourers with Capitalists, on the co-operation of Labourers with Capital. But neither Mr. Crammond nor any of the Government spokesmen (not even Mr. Clynes) has yet uttered a word to show why Labour should heartily co-operate with Capital in the strengthening of Capitalism. In the development of *Capital*, in the perfecting, that is to say, of tools for the exploitation of Nature by Man, Labour may fairly be asked to co-operate to the fullest possible extent. The function of Labour in co-operation with Brains is, in fact, precisely this exploitation. But this is an entirely different thing from inviting Labour to add to the wealth already possessed by the capitalist classes. It may be the case, no doubt, that only by the employment of the tools or capital now in the legal possession of these classes can Labour find a means of living; that, in short, it is incumbent upon Labour, while it remains servile in status, to develop the wealth of Capitalists as a condition of securing

crumbs of wealth for itself. This tie of necessity, however, is a good deal short of the hearty co-operation called for by the occasion; and is not only compatible with, but conducive to, a sullen attitude of passive resistance to increased production. After all, what is there so very inspiriting in the prospect of sharing in the surplus of an intensified production? Suppose it to be the case—which is by no means true—that Labour could be guaranteed an absolutely increasing share in the total production—the question of the status of Labour would remain over; and we can promise that now it has been raised it will never be allowed to relapse into oblivion. From another point of view, the more nearly England approaches the condition of a single factory or workshop, the more clearly the economic problem of status is revealed, and the more clearly will it be seen to be a problem of workshop organisation. The problem of the workshop, indeed, is the problem of the Empire; and only the solutions applicable to the one will be proved to be applicable to the other. The desiderated "hearty co-operation of Labour and Capital," necessary, moreover, as we all now see, to the prosperous continuity of the Empire, is, in the last resort, an economico-spiritual problem. Its economic aspect lies naturally in the sphere of organisation; but its spiritual aspect turns upon the question of status.

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It is a mistake to suppose that because Labour as a whole is quite unaware of the nature of the disease from which it is suffering, the disease is unreal; or, again, that the remedies proposed by Labour itself to meet the case are necessarily correct remedies. Labour as its own doctor may have a fool for its physician; and in the circumstances it is not to be wondered at. In the first place, in the prevailing mentality of the capitalist classes which may be defined as crazy for profits, it is hard for Labour itself to be other than capitalist-minded. Though it is the nature of Capitalism to profit the few at the expense of the many, the many are still under the illusion that it may be otherwise. And, in the second place, they are for the same reason still ignorant that the remedy, the only remedy, for their trouble, is the abolition of the system itself. But while this is the case, it is as useless to appeal to Labour for its hearty co-operation as it is to invite it to swallow its own prescriptions. Its own self-prescriptions are wrong and would do it injury; at the same time, Labour is certain to remain uncured. What, under these circumstances, is necessary is one of two things: the discovery and application by statesmen of the proper remedy for Labour troubles; or, in the alternative, its discovery and application by Labour itself. No third course leading to health is possible. Labour must be treated either from without or within. But what are the chances that statesmen will discover or apply the remedy? Growing, as they are, more intimate with Capital every day; rapidly becoming, as they are, political partners merely of the capitalist interests; they are less likely than ever to be able to take a physician's view of the Labour malady. The most "advanced" of them—as, for instance, Major Astor—can only prescribe a kind of State paternalism for Labour while assuming tacitly the State's partnership with Capital. On the other hand, Labour itself is all too slowly, for the rapidity of modern development, exercising its own wits upon its own problem. Long before it has arrived at a monopoly of its single economic possession—labour-power—the other economic factors will have mobilised and consolidated themselves and thus have made themselves ready to take the field for the conquest of the future. Nevertheless, the conquest will be vain. The future may, indeed, be overrun, conquered, terrorised and subjected to the spirit of Capitalism. But on the heels of its advance outraged Labour will rise to co-operate with the enemies of Capitalism.

Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdad.

If the Czecho-Slovaks were ever uneasy with regard to their status after an Allied victory, their doubts will now, presumably, be set at rest. In recognising them as "an Allied nation" at war with Germany, and the Czecho-Slovak National Council as the "Trustees of the future Czecho-Slovak Government," the British Government, acting with its collaborators, has simply carried the policy of the Allies to a logical conclusion. If we wish to make it clear to ourselves why this step is a prudent one, it will be enough to consider the objections raised by the "Manchester Guardian" against it. In its issue of May 15 this influential partisan Liberal paper—for its character ought to be borne in mind—heads its first leading article with the significant title, "Enlarging the War." It proceeds to express points of view which are general among pacifists, and may, perhaps, be taken more seriously than they deserve by Liberals if they are not promptly checked by criticism. The "Guardian" strongly objects to the Allied landings at Archangel and Vladivostock, though it pardons the Murman affair on the ground that we had definite interests there which were undoubtedly menaced. In taking up this attitude the "Guardian" is not displaying the lucidity which it has often shown in discussing Russian affairs; but Mr. Phillips Price, one gathers, has been chiefly in the Caucasus and in the Ukraine of late. It should, nevertheless, have been known in Manchester for many months past that a North Russian Government had been formed at Archangel; that this Government disowned the Bolsheviks after the dispersion of the Constituent Assembly; that it refused to recognise the Soviets as political authorities, because they did not represent the entire nation; and that it demanded, as an indispensable preliminary to reconstruction, the summoning of the Constituent Assembly and the restoration of the Zemstvos. The North Russian Government is the only body exercising power in Northern Russia; it has been exercising its power as effectively as the Bolsheviks have exercised theirs in the Petrograd Moscow area; and why the "Guardian" should make reference to it as a "so-called" Government is not very clear. It was necessary to enter into an agreement with this Northern Government before we could operate freely at Murman, so that our procedure has been legally and morally correct. Will the "Guardian" question this statement?

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The paper goes on to call the Archangel landing and the declaration on behalf of the Czecho-Slovaks "two heavy commitments"; and some of its arguments are not a little odd:—

> We have sponsored the nationalist ideals of yet another small, struggling—and very deserving people, who live a long way from us in the very heart of Central Europe. Secondly, we have incidentally committed ourselves to a serious embitterment and probable prolongation of the war with Austria, who is only our enemy as the indirect result of an alliance which she would be thankful to escape from if she had the chance. . . Before we encourage them (the Czecho-Slovaks) to further endurance by larger promises, we ought to be quite sure that we shall be in a position to "deliver the goods." We are under unliquidated obligations to Belgium, to Serbia, to Greece, to Roumania. There must be some limit to the list of causes for which we send our sons to die. . . In this promise the Austrians will read a threat of dismemberment. . . . The time is perhaps drawing near when Austria will be driven to make a serious effort to come to terms. Is Austria once again to be positively driven back into the arms of Germany by the methods of Allied diplomacy?

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According to this reasoning, our commitments to small nations fighting on our side vary inversely with the distance; but this may not be what the writer meant to say. Can he not realise that the Czecho-Slovaks

live, as it happens, in the world's danger-spot—the very heart of Central Europe, to use his own words? That is why we ought to strive to make them independent, even if the justice of their aspirations did not compel us to this course. To take his second point, no facts can be brought forward to show that Austria can be further embittered against the Allies by such a step. When the "Manchester Guardian" writer speaks of "ourselves" in this connection, he overlooks our alliance with the Italians, who are even more embittered against the Austrians (as the result of long personal experience of their rule) than we are against the Germans. And, as Slovakia happens to be under Hungarian and not Austrian administration, is Hungary to become more "embittered," too? And are we to placate Hungary by letting the Czechs suffer as before; even though, by refusing to "embitter" Hungary we betray the Roumanians by leaving the Roumanian Transylvanians under her yoke, and the Jugoslavs by leaving Croatia-Slavonia an integral part of Hungary as well? Thirdly, it is unfair and malicious to suggest that there " must be some limit to the list of causes for which we send our sons to die." The "Guardian" writer ought to know by this time how important it is for Germany of the future (who, under any form of government, would not be taken in by the innumerable versions of the "League of Nations") to be chastened by the release of the Austro-German subject peoples. Still clinging to his pacifist hope, however, the writer I have quoted, gloats over the reference to the Czecho-Slovaks as a "nation," not a "State"; and, possibly, he infers "it is not intended to suggest that they should be erected into an independent kingdom. We had, indeed, understood that their demand was for autonomy within the Austrian Empire, not for the difficult position of an independent State." This is the sort of quibbling which always puzzles the inquiring foreigner, and is not always plain even to a fellow-countryman. In what respect would autonomy within the Austrian Empire benefit the Czecho-Slovaks? They have already a fair amount of local administrative power; but if they have in future any connection with Austria at all, it means that they will be tied to Germany, Austria's ally and master. That is what the Allies are desirous of preventing.

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It will be seen how the realities differ from these cloudy Liberal views. What is the remedy proposed by the "Manchester Guardian," and proposed in the very article I have quoted from? It wants a League of Nations established; and this League is to bring to "the bar of an international council" the cause of the "weaker peoples," and "it is there that the Czecho-Slovaks will obtain their hearing." And much good it would do them, one may add. With this type of mind, which has learnt nothing from the realities of war any more than it did aforetime from the realities of peace, there is no arguing. There may, nevertheless, be a statement of fact. As Germany in her relation to The Hague Tribunal showed, as M. Jean Grave and other clear-headed people have pointed out in these very columns, no such international council would be of the slightest value, because, for one thing, even if it arrived at a just decision (which is more than doubtful) it could never enforce its own decrees. There is only one way by which we can "liquidate" our obligations to the smaller nations now fighting on our side, namely, to defeat the Germans, the Austrians, the Hungarians, the Bulgarians, and the Turks with the aid of our friends, and then to enable the smaller nations who have proved their worth to carry into effect their just desire for complete political and economic independence. There are no problems of nationality to be submitted to an international council, as the "Guardian" urges there are. The inhabitants of Bohemia, Moravia, Slovakia, Croatia-Slavonia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, and Transylvania are all well indexed, as Austrian and Hungarian books of reference testify. It only remains for the Allies to emancipate them; and this is steadily being done without resort to an international council, which does not yet exist outside the columns of Liberal journals.

A Reformer's Note-Book.

PROPORTIONAL REPRESENTATION.—In all suggestions for reforms we ought to consider, in the first place, what are the evils they are intended to cure, and, in the second place, whether they are likely to cure them. The proposals for Proportional Representation arose from the discovery of the fact that whereas a number of interests and opinions are represented in Parliament, others of no less importance are not. The suggestion was therefore natural under the circumstances that steps should be taken to secure representation for the missing interests and opinions and thus to make Parliament-a perfect reproduction in miniature of the interests and opinions that compose the nation. It is another thing than admitting the suggestion to be natural, however, to admit it to be either wise or expedient. In fact it is neither; for far from arising from a true diagnosis of the present evil state of representative government, and farther still from being likely to cure it, Proportional Representation both proceeds from a mistaken analysis and would in practice aggravate and multiply the evils it is intended to cure. The false analysis rests upon the mistaken assumption that what is *right* in Parliament is the presence of members and groups representative of sectional interests and opinions. This is mistaken because the representative system pre-supposes that as far as possible every representative shall represent the whole nation. To the precise extent, therefore, that Parliament contains sectional representatives whether of special interests or special opinions it is, politically and constitutionally speaking, a non-representative assembly. Nevertheless, it is this non-representative element upon which the Proportional Representationists have seized hold, not to eliminate it from Parliament, but to multiply it; as if the disease from which Parliament is suffering were not a defect of national representatives, but a defeat of sectional representatives. That Proportional Representation, having arisen from a mistaken diagnosis, cannot effect a cure of the evils it proposes to treat must be apparent to the reason: it is not appropriate, in short, to the constitution of the patient to whom it is to be applied. In less general terms, however, it may be said to be certain to bring about two consequences neither of which it enters the heads of its advocates to anticipate. The first is the increase of the power of the Executive; and the second is the further political corruption of the House of Commons itself. The first will arise in this way. In consequence of the fact that under a Proportional system every ordinary member of Parliament will be a delegate of a sectional interest or opinion; and of the further complementary but inevitable circumstance, that *only* members of the Government will be expected to represent the nation as a whole—the power of the latter over the former will be found to increase at the same time that it will be less exposed than ever to parliamentary control. The present lamentable tendency of the Government of the day towards despotism will, therefore, be considerably accelerated, with the consequence, unforeseen by the Proportionalists, that not only will the Executive be strengthened, but the power of the group will be proportionately diminished. And the second effect will arise as follows. Each group being reduced to feebleness relatively to the increased power of the Executive, every group will seek to exchange services with other groups and in return for having its own axe ground to grind its neighbours' axe, irrespective of the merits of the case. Thereby we shall have legislation imposed on the nation by the fortuity of log-

rolling with the certain secondary effect of *bringing politics still more* into disrepute.

VIVISECTION.—When a laden cart is being drawn with difficulty uphill it is the kindly custom of the carter to rest his horses frequently, and in order to rest them thoroughly to slip an iron shoe on the wheel to prevent the cart slipping down the incline. The bearing of this illustration on the subject of Vivisection is both general and particular. When with a great effort society has climbed to a certain degree of humanity, a wise provision of psychology requires that a rest shall be taken; but in order that this rest shall not involve reaction or the slipping of society backwards and downwards, a wedge of human sentiment is inserted beneath the wheels. The moral repugnance men feel instinctively towards Vivisection is the wedge inserted to prevent mankind from slipping back into the cold cruelty from which we have with difficulty escaped. It is, therefore, a repugnance to be respected and in no case to be overcome except at the cost of reaction. Vivisection, however, which defies and overcomes this providential repugnance does not always appear to be the reactionary method it is. On the contrary, it sometimes appears to lead to exceedingly useful results—what, therefore, can be said against it? Two things. In the first place, by reason of the fact that it is in the reverse direction of human progress, such discoveries as it makes are inherently misleading. They are, as it were, made on the left or sinister hand, by a violence done to human nature, and in the light of the moon. In a word, they are scientific witchcraft, and as little to be desired for their fruits as the undoubted discoveries of former witches and black magicians. After all, it is neither all forms of knowledge nor all means of knowledge that are lawful and expedient even when they are possible and practicable. The above-mentioned wedge of sentiment is a protection against undesirable knowledge much more than it is a defence of ignorance. And, in the second place, we ought to count among the effects of vivisection not merely its positive additions to knowledge (allowing these, for the moment, to be really positive and not negative), but the loss of positive knowledge we have incurred in consequence of adopting vivisection in preference to a method of research *not* repugnant to morality. Reaction always costs more than it is worth, and chiefly by reason of what we forgo on its account. In the case of vivisection it is plain that before adopting it medical science had come to a standstill on its uphill road of discovery. There were, then, two methods of research open to adopted. One of them, opposed by the wedge of sentiment, was to return backwards upon its tracks and to slip down the hill making discoveries in reverse—that is to say, in Matter. But the other was to move upwards again in the direction indicated by humane sentiment as well as by enlightened thought; in the direction, namely, of Mind. That this direction was open there was not the least possible doubt. Contemporary with the efforts of the reactionaries to resume Vivisection, efforts were being made to open up fresh methods of research in the forms of mesmerism, hypnotism, psycho-analysis and kindred mental treatments—all of them, it will be observed, both promising in themselves and free from the objection that preliminary violence had to be done to the moral repugnance of mankind. Two prejudices, however, stood in the way of the adoption of the latter and superior opening for research. The way of reaction was easier and the way of psycho-analysis was littered with charlatanism. Nevertheless, the choice of Vivisection was a tremendous error; for it has cost us not only the acquisition of much undesirable knowledge, but the retardation of our acquisition of much desirable knowledge. Psycho-analysis will assuredly win in the end; but, in the meanwhile, Vivisection has delayed its progress by at least half a century.

What America Has to Live Down.

By Ezra Pound.

I.

THE United States of America stand committed to "Make the world safe for Democracy." For the "normal" American mind the word *Democracy* and the word *Civilisation* are interchangeable. The European intellectual, fed upon Remy de Gourmont and his contemporaries, prefers to keep the two concepts separate; at least, it scarcely occurs to him to think of the two words as synonyms. Hence, despite the million and more Americans now in France, despite various tangible signs of American amity, there remain certain misunderstandings; and certain possible inter-enthusiasms remain unexploited.

The term Democracy means nothing more than government by the people; it is described also, by certain optimists, as *for* the people. The term Civilisation implies some care for, and proficiency in, the arts, sciences and amenities.

Democracy is also called government *of* the people, perhaps with justice, since there is, so far as I know, no record of the peoples ever having governed their officers, aristocracy, plutocrats, artists, or other obtruding features.

The present confusion of the two terms democracy and civilisation is easily accounted for, on the ground that no democracies are at present fighting against civilisation.

I believe I can proceed without fear of the accusation of chauvinism. An undue partiality for the American character has never been attributed to me, even by my bitterest enemies. If, on the other hand, these notes should come under the eye of any stray American reader, I can equally defend myself against any charge of Anglomania, or, at least, any charge of over-enthusiasm for the imbecilities of the English people as manifested in their more articulate members—i.e., the current British publications. (The Pious reader is referred to my Studies of Contemporary Mentality in a former volume of THE NEW AGE.)

The complaint is made to me that English daily papers are ready to print statistics of shipments (troops, bacon, etc.), but that "the English intellectual takes no interest in the philosophy of the thing. They don't know why we are in, and they *don't want* to know."

En passant, no one but an American just emerged from that continent could be in the least surprised at the "English intellectuals not wanting to know." When, O Castor and O Pollux, has the English intellectual desired to know anything?

The function of the English intellectual, as exemplified in "The Saturday," "The Spectator," etc., has been to decide what knowledge, what facts, should be excluded from the dominions of respectable knowledge.

For years "the German" was an unpopular topic, with the result but now only too familiar. Until recently the psychic state of America was a very unpopular topic. I may even say that British editors were unfamiliar with some traits of the American temperament, and out of touch with certain phases of American National feeling.

For example, an editor, I think I may say *the* editor who had during the ten years preceding 1914, worked hardest to arouse England to the German menace, said to me but a few months, scarcely more than a few weeks before America came in on the side of the Allies: "You, Mr. Pound, are merely an over-civilised and exceptional Easterner, you have been here a long time, you are out of touch with Western American feeling, America is quite as likely to come

in on the side of the Germans as on our side." I was unable to shake this belief.

I cannot cite this editor either as an idiot or as a unique example. I take him solely as a symptom, as a sign showing how little intellectual commerce there was between the two countries. America is as much to blame for such misjudgment, as were the misjudgers. America had neither spoken to Europe nor listened to Europe for a very considerable time. It is not the least surprising, even now, that the publications of the American Committee on Public Information, couched in the language of Indiana, and addressed (implicity and unconsciously) to the audience of Missouri do not command the enraptured interest of the English and European intellectual.

You cannot converse without a common idiom. Literature so written that it can be read without pain is the natural medium for the exchange of ideas between nations (using the term nations to mean the thinking and reading section of the "nations" as opposed to the organisation of temporary officials known as the Administration).

How wide the gap is can be illustrated by the fact that the inviting of M. Leon Bazalgette to America may be decided on the question of a spritely letter which appeared some years ago in the "Mercure de France." Bazalgette has made *the* translation of Whitman into French. He has done perhaps more than any living Frenchman to initiate France into a belief in the existence of a place called America. BUT there is extant a description of Walt Whitman's funeral, which presumably scandalises Mr. Traubell.

After a generation of analytical writers; after a generation bred to the DISsociation of ideas, Europe and England are not in the least interested in America as she exists in the minds, or perhaps it is only in the pages, of the male-hen writers for the "Century" and that type of magazine, or as she may be expressed by men still entoiled in that unreal tradition. Oratory is not asked for.*

The things that speak are precisely the shipments of troops, the conduct of the said troops, and the shipments of food and munitions. It will take still more of this concrete expression to wipe out the memory of the three years of palaver.

The process of erasing has, however, begun.

I don't mean that we can "lie down on it." The idea of America's reality will spread somewhat of itself. (Did I not hear the Italian barber at Pagani's only last night demonstrating that America was undefeatable? I did. He used wide and magnificent gestures. He was talking to an inarticulate alien. But we cannot leave the matter wholly to barbers.)

America's delay in entering the war was an error. I think there is now no one, of whatever American party, who does not consider that this delay was an error.

What one cannot get people to realise is that it was an executive error, and not an error of the people; or, at least, it was not an error of misdemeanour for which the people can be held responsible.

It was an executive error; but executive errors have been committed by other executives, and even by British statesmen (of both the Tory and Liberal parties). President Wilson, whose prose style is deplorable, has not been the sole committer of errors, before or since August, 1914.

And, moreover, those men in England who have deliberately and consistently worked *against* America's entry into, and participation in, the war, have made less efficient apologies. They have, I think, made scarcely any apology whatsoever. They do not intend an apology. And there is still a place called Frankfort-am-Main.

My loyalty to the cause of the Allies does not demand that I, as a critic of literature, give up my ideas of prose.

I was not permitted to publish arguments in favour of the "Allies" before America "came in." I am not even sure that the present paragraphs will find their way into print. Yet various ideas that I had expressed have since found their way into fact or into "official" utterance. I have never been able to see any good reasons for the delays. I have talked with "all sorts of people." I have repeated their talk. I have made certain deductions. I have been told by people of divers estate that my collocutors would be imprisoned. I have been advised to "go to the National Liberal Club and learn how *one* intelligent remark is enough to ruin a man's whole career."

However, the time has come, or, I hope that the time has come, and at last, when one may mention the sphericality of the planet without being considered a dangerous disturber of quietude.

I do not imperil anyone's safety, nor disclose facts of military importance when I quote the elementary geography books, to the effect that the world is spherical and slightly flattened at the poles. The poles are, at present, almost the only sections of the planet which remain politically insignificant.

The psychic state, and the psycho-physical, psychological, biological and other, character of not one, but every, people is the affair of every other people on the planet—England and America not excluded.

The Workshop.

CHAPTERS ON TRANSITION II.

I.—PART AND JOINT CONTROL.

THE point of my present inquiry is to ascertain how far industrial developments coincide with the Guild first principles. The essence of those principles is Labour's monopoly of labour; their logic implies absolute and not part control of labour—from the earliest stages, when variations of practice shade into obvious change, when change finally marks a definite development. Thus, from the Guild standpoint, absolute control over ten square yards of a factory is more consistent with Guild theory than part control over the whole establishment. Like all sound theory, this has its practical application. Part control is a compromise; once admitted, it is extremely difficult to disperse. Between the absolute, and the partial, and representing another train of ideas, we shall sooner or later encounter joint control, the real beginning of Labour's responsibility in industry. The gravamen of the Guild criticism of the Whitley Reports is, not only that they begin from the top instead of from the bottom, from the Board Room instead of the workshop, but that they vitiate ab initio the idea of absolute control, even in its most tentative forms. But the form of control must ultimately be determined by the relative strength and efficiency of Management and Labour. Whatever its guise, control is inevitable.

We cannot appreciate the transitional aspects of workshop practice without a short retrospect. In 1911 and 1912, when we of THE NEW AGE were formulating National Guild principles, the prospect of any kind of workshop control, absolute, partial or joint, seemed remote. To entertain the idea was an act of faith. The employers had barely become accustomed to the general recog-

* There has been also a customs duty designed to hamper the import of books, to keep up the stupidly high cost of national printing, and in general to aid the general stultification.

To M. Paul Pic, in "Les Transatlantiques," America was known as a country "où on ne paye pas les droits de l'auteur." "Les Transatlantiques" should be read by all Americans who cannot digest Henry James.

nition of trade union terms; they were still firmly convinced that they were masters, in every sense of the word. inside the walls of the buildings they had erected. It had never occurred to them that the provision of those buildings was an implied contract between themselves and their employees. They had drawn the workers from their old home crafts by subtle inducements, notably a place where men could with enhanced economy work in common. As time passed, the State and the local authorities jointly imposed a sanitary standard, subsequently limiting the hours of labour in certain industries. The community said: "If your employees must work in your factories, you must provide decent accommodation; nor must you work them excessively long hours, without our knowledge and consent." It yet remained for the workers to say: "If you want us to work in your buildings for your own profit, that does not mean that when we enter we are no longer our own masters." Broadly stated, ten or even five years ago, every management acted on the assumption that, once the wage-rate was fixed and traditional methods unchanged without consultation—this being regarded as an act of grace—the wage-earner had to toe the line and obey orders without question. The power of dismissal generally rested with the foreman. The despotism implied in these powers rested upon the employers' unfettered freedom to pick and choose between their present and reserved Labour. When this reserved Labour was drafted into the Army, new conditions supervened and "works committees sprung up like mushrooms. Here before me, as I write, are the particulars of Works Committees, in twenty-three firms, details in addition of one national and two district schemes.* Some of them are undated, but apparently, with one or two exceptions, they may be traced to the disappearance of the unemployed reserve, the consequent appreciation of the commodity value of labour, developed indeed into a human value, and of course to the urgencies of the war.

The fact that these committees are in existence marks an advance in the power and influence of Labour in the workshop, an acceptance, largely unconscious, of the concept of Labour as a human factor rather than a commodity. But it is by no means general. Thus, out of 18 employers who were questioned as to the value of works committees, eight were unfavourable. The reasons given are suggestive: (i) "Encourages men to leave work to engage in business which management should attend to"; (ii.) "Power is taken from management and exercised by the men"; (iii.) "Simply looking for trouble"; (iv.) "Advantage would be taken to look for trouble"; (v.) "Any amount of friction would ensue"; (vi.) "Afraid grievances would only come from one side and little endeavour would be made to assist the management in conduct of works"; "Dealing with accredited shop stewards entirely satisfactory." Nor was unanimity found amongst the trade unionists in the same district. The opinions of 16 were invited. Of these, seven were employed in establishments having works committees. Of these, five were favourable and two unfavourable; of the remaining nine, four were favourable and five opposed.

The condition common to all these works committees is that their function is passive and not active; control by the management remains intact. The works committee helps the management to control; it exercises no control; its existence is a compliment to its influence, an ingenious method of utilising that influence for the smoother working of the staff. That the management retains full administrative control is implicit in all the constitutions of these works committees. The Committee at Hans Renold, Ltd., Manchester, is often cited as a model of its kind. The directorate says:—"From the point of view of the men, the advantage of the Committee is that they can go direct to the management, while before they could only go to the foremen. From the point of view of the management, the Committee has, on the whole, conduced to smoother working of the establishment." Later comes the illuminating remark: "Both the Welfare Committee and the Shop Stewards' Committee are used in this establishment as means for the announcement and explanation of intended action by the management." Obviously all this is intelligent and progressive capitalism; it signifies no kind of Labour control. Profiteering merely proceeds in more friendly surroundings. The same criticism generally applies to the constitutions of other works committees. All their discussions finally end before the management; it is the management that decides.

Disregarding for the moment the dynamics of the new Shop Steward movement, looking at it as a static problem, it would seem that the management takes every factory function under its charge; the function of the works committee is extraneous and bears only indirectly upon the productive and distributive processes, the *raison d'être* of the factory. Viewed functionally, therefore, the conclusion is that these committees confer no vital rights or powers upon Labour: are but an appanage of management, until Labour claims and exercises active control over its own work. That involves a marked restriction of the managerial function; Labour takes over its own line of trenches, under its own command and control. When that is done, the management will no longer announce and explain its intended action through the works committee; both management and committee will move in their separate spheres, in accordance with their defined and agreed functions.

II.—The Foreman.

The question suggests itself whether these works committees will become the *nuclei* around which will cluster the forces destined to destroy wagery. Who knows? By rigidly adhering to their present duties, by smoothing out grievances, by becoming a moderating influence, they might conceivably grow into a buttress of the existing system. As things are, they have certainly earned warm encomiums from the employers. But difficulties may be thrust upon them, which will push them into antagonism to the management, on pain of losing the confidence of their constituents. Not to dig deeper, there is the question of the foreman. Bad foremanship is a prolific source of discontent and disorder. The great majority of minor disputes can be traced to foremen, who are either inexperienced or blind to modern developments.

Now the foreman exercises a dual function: he is responsible both for discipline and technique. He is expected to possess personal qualities to compass both ends, qualities that are not necessarily harmonious: may in fact be repugnant to each other. To induce a wage-earner to make a special product may mean a blind eye to breaches of discipline; to enforce strict discipline may bring down quality to the unattractive mediocre. In purely quantitative production, he may perhaps hold his own; in work demanding craft and skill, he frequently finds discipline the enemy of genius. His position has become anomalous. It is clear that the works committee now trenches upon his power of discipline: has brought the superintendent into direct touch with the wage-earner. Either half his occupation goes or the works committee becomes a fifth wheel on the coach. Constituted as they are, debarred from direct interference in the manufacturing processes, the works committee must more and more concern itself with discipline, supplanting the foreman in this particular at least.

When we come to consider the problem of Collective

* "Works Committees." Report of an Enquiry made by the Ministry of Labour. Price 6d.

contract, probably the most effective step towards absolute control, in the sense implied, we shall find that the foreman's control and technique is again restricted. If a group of men engage by contract to make a certain thing, it is evident that they will not tolerate the surveillance of a foreman. Their contract will doubtless provide light, heat, power, machinery and perhaps tools. Beyond that, they become absolutely their own masters and independent of either foreman or superintendent. In many industries, we have a well-established system of sub-contract, in which the foreman already plays an insignificant part. Collective and sub-contracting are different in form and purpose; both tend to eliminate the foreman as we know him to-day.

As transition proceeds, as discipline and work gravitate towards the heavier Labour body, the foreman will become less a factor in production and more a symbol of the capitalist system. As his authority *qua* foreman is minimised, he still remains the agent of the employer, charged to examine and accept the products of the contracting group. As agent, he would doubtless be in charge of the materials supplied by the management in accordance with the contract. He is reduced to the position of watch-dog, with no enfranchised worker so poor as to do him reverence. But we need not anticipate. Mild and docile though they are, the works committees even now find a problem in the foreman. The report from which I have quoted notes that there are three groups of opinion. "Many employers hold that it is purely a management question. The opposite extreme to this is the claim made by a considerable section of trade unionists that the workmen should choose their own foremen. A position intermediate to these two extremes is taken by a certain number of employers and by a section of workpeople; the appointment (they feel) should be made by the management, but it should be submitted to the works committee before it becomes effective." But what is meant by "submitted"? The employers who favour it do so because it affords a suitable opportunity of explaining their reasons for the appointment. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that "a considerable body of workpeople . . . think that the works committee should have the right to veto the choice made by the management." The underlying assumption is the persistence of the type of foreman now functioning. But (as we have already seen and shall see more clearly, when we examine the possibilities of collective contract, with the wider sweep and more stringent methods of the new shop steward movement) this assumption ignores the foreman's change of function as inevitable in the infiltration of industry by economic democracy.

Although these works committees would appear to be innocuous, not in themselves a threat to capitalism, we can see that, once started on their way, they may disturb the balance between Capital and Labour and finally be compelled to cut a swathe of their own, the alternative being virtual extinction. This swathe cuts across the course of the foreman, the employers' representative in the workshop. That, in its turn, raises a democratic issue in industry not now likely to be silenced. The works committee is a hostage sent to Labour in despair; it will finally be returned to the employer, damaged, I fear, in transit. Meantime, its corollary, foremanship, recalls one of our earliest contentions: "We believe the workman is the shrewdest judge of good work and of the competent manager. Undistracted by irrelevant political notions, his mind centred upon the practical affairs of his trade, the workman may be trusted to elect to higher grades the best men available."* The emergence of the idea of the democratic election of foremen is no mere coincidence. It is a proof, I think, that National Guildsmen have sensed future developments. S. G. H.

* "National Guilds," p. 149. (London: G. Bell and Sons.)

London Songs.

By R. A. Vran-Gavran.

VII.

Bald heads and long beards had a long discussion on the results of Philosophy.

The chairman put the question: "First of all, how old is Philosophy?"

"She was born in Hellas, and her cradle was water, and her first nurse was Thales," one answered.

"No. She was born on the bank of Ganges, and was already an old lady when Thales met her first," the second answered.

"No. She is old as fire and brain, and came to the Ganges a thousand years old," the third answered.

The chairman said:

"What is her last word?"

"Dualism," said a famous professor.

"No. Monism," said a famous private thinker.

"No. Evolutionism," said another famous beard.

"No. Pluralism," said another great bald head.

The chairman stated the satisfactory results of the meeting and the enormous progress of Philosophy. But Buck Legion was not quite satisfied, and they all asked him to speak his mind.

Sang Buck Legion:

"I hear Thy song, O Universe, and I am mute to repeat it. Now and then Thy song seems a solo, or a duet, or a numberless choir. How many voices are singing from one end to the other of Thy vast platform? And how many voices are in everything? Is matter singing to the spirit, or perhaps spirit sings without listeners? Or are matter and spirit harps of a nameless third?

"Ye, brothers, that you survive your hair, how many systems have you survived? When the dualistic party combats the monistic, and the monistic draws his tongue against the pluralistic, I stand on a minaret and look at them with wonder and pain.

"I stand them on a minaret and agree with the dervish old.

"When the Islamic party quarrels with the Jewish party, I stand on the Sinai Mount and agree with light and forest.

"It matters not what we think of life but what we worship in life. There is an abyss under life, and an abyss over life. Neither can we descend to the one nor ascend to the other. As you cannot walk with your feet over your heads, so you cannot walk either over or below the cage you are put in.

"All powers of the Universe are represented in your being. One power is more salient in one of you, another more salient in another. Abandon the hope of understanding the essence of the powers. Neither is that the human task. Our task is to point out the power that is in us, as the best one, and to worship it. Our god is what we consider the best in us, but that is not the God. Whenever we worship the God we think of the best in ourselves. We can neither think nor say anything about the God that is not represented in us.

"To worship we are called, because for action we are destined. Therefore deeds are more alarming than thoughts, and therefore worship is more valued by the Universe than pure thought. And therefore again any religion counts more than any worshipless philosophy for our span of life. Philosophy is as old as worship, and worship is her best and ultimate result. Without worship, she would remain as a river of glittering sand, that many thirsty are misled by.

"O Earth, thou knowest more than we, for thou art a greater spirit than we. Thou sufferest more than we, for thy sin is greater than ours.

"What is thy philosophy, unhappy mother? Scarcely thou knowest, even as an angelic spirit the most mysterious steam that drives the world machine.

Darkened has been thy knowledge because of the undivine direction of thy will. Torn between love and war, and guarded by Venus and Mars, thou reflectest this dualism on everyone of thy atoms. Is love to be the last day of toilful life, or is it Mars that will whip you till the end?

Pluralistic is thy spirit, and dualistic thy soul. Therein is the source of our own confused spirit, and of our divided soul. But we believe that thou art educating thyself toward Monism, toward the only One, that rules the worlds. Thou art training thyself, and we feel it in our flesh. We feel the biting strokes of ignorance and of knowledge as well as of wealth and poverty.

"Go the right way, and lead us to the only One. Thou, tortured Mother of tortured children! Thou philosophic and unwilling planet. Worship and philosophy is thy last word."

VIII.
IN BELGRAVIA.

AT a fireplace men and women were sitting in a half-circle and talking about the sexes. A man said:

"I could be wise if there were no women in the world."

A woman said:

"I can quite imagine an unsexual world. Why did good God create sexes?"

A smoker puffed his cigarette and said:

"It is indescribable vanity, illusion and pain that come from the sex difference."

A jolly she-smoker lit her cigarette and said:

"But the world would not be so interesting without that subtle difference. I would not like to live amongst the angels who do not know what wedding and marriage are."

The reconciling hostess said:

"It is good to live in this wedding world, and still beter to expect an unwedding world."

Buck Legion was sitting next to the fire musing on the mystery of fire. And when the hostess reminded him that it was rude to listen in silence and not to give words for words taken, he began to sing:

"Mars and Venus are next to us, and the Moon to help them both. The same force that attracts the falling apple makes flesh attract flesh. It is earthly gravitation and earthly inspiration through which sexes look for each other.

"From inside the Earth we are born, from inside the Earth we are pushed and pulled. From inside the Earth mountains and valleys have been shaped, from inside the Earth the mark-stones of History have been designed.

"O Earth, thou art forcibly undergoing a hard cure. Thou producest male and female for redemption of thy past, for punishment of thyself, for punishment and purification. Thou producest sexes to keep thy children bound to thee. If flesh attracts flesh thou art attracting all flesh to thyself, from thy self-love. I know, Mother, thou art in enmity with all the stars, with all angels and archangels, with all powers of light and good. I know, Step-mother, that thy children are bleeding because of thy prehistoric crime, prehistoric fall and crime.

"Thy garment is made out of carcasses of a dead world of thy breed, and of some suffering flowers blooming upon the putrefied bed.

"We, brothers, are the last echo of our Star's crime—yea, the last destitution of a carcass-world. We are children of the victims—yea, and father of the victims. Our history is a victimology. Our sexes are means of victim accumulation.

"The love of sexes, sisters, is a compulsory love. It is as compulsory as the falling downwards of an apple. This compulsion comes not from us but from somebody who knows the aims of love. Those attracted by love are the last in the world to know the aims of their dash. But the compulsory spirit knows. The swinging apple from the branch is intoxicated by the sweetness of falling, not suspecting the thorny mud down below.

"The sexes nourish love and hatred, special friendship and special enmity. They excite selfishness and sacrifice. For the sake of the coming third the married learn in the school of selfishness, of stinginess, of plunder, of saving and of climbing up the lucrative ladder.

"No sexes—no special love or special hatred. No sexes—no narrow friendship or narrow enmity, no narrow selfishness or narrow sacrifice. No love and no hatred exist among the unsexual, among angels and archangels. No love and no hatred, but brotherhood, harmony and adoration.

"Child as idol, and family as Universe, are stumbling blocks of brotherhood, harmony and adoration.

"But Lucifer acts through blindness and narrowness, through idolatry and limitations, namely, through the sexes. Sexes are the burning nest of Mars and Venus. Lucifer prepares the nest and from the neighbours comes the rest. Lucifer creates sexes for self-love, yet for self-flagellation.

"Brothers, greater are our sufferings than our sins. The sin of Lucifer burns down every house that we mortals build. His evil will spoils every joy and every hope. But by hurting us he pours poison into his own heart.

"Come—Thou Unsexual, Unlimited, come down and heal Lucifer and us, his tortured breed!"

IX.
IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

A CROWD of strangers visited the British Museum.

A guide led them to the Library and said:

"Here is Wisdom sleeping on paper."

And a stranger whispered:

"No, but here is the greatest proof on Earth of human ignorance."

The guide led them to Pharaoh's department and showed them the famous sarcophagus, and said:

"Here is a wonder of ancient chemistry."

And the strange stranger whispered:

"No, but a vain attempt to create immortality out of ashes."

The guide led them to the homo-animal department of Assyria and Babylon.

"Here you see a prodigy of human phantasy."

And the stranger said:

"No, but a desperate trial to unite men with nature."

At last the guide showed them the room of the Cæsars.

"Here are the immortal heroes of Greece and Rome."

And the stranger, whispering, echoed:

"No, but the trophies of sin and Death."

When the guide became annoyed by the strange observations of the stranger, he asked Buck Legion to explain in his own way the significance of the famous collections. And Buck Legion sang:

"As butterflies alight on flowers to suck honey, so human beings visit the cemeteries to suck knowledge, and sometimes even wisdom. The silent past is an eloquent *oraison funèbre* of our own life. All these remnants of the past in the Museum are proofs of how far men fell away from God and how near they approached God. Both roads, of vice and virtue, are hard trodden by the past generations, who look at the sun to-day through our eyes. They press hard upon us as a blind man presses upon his guide. But often we turn to them and ask for guidance. Their tragedy augments our own, and our tragedy augments that of theirs—our forefathers. Their carcasses lie under the table of our banqueting reason. And many hungry dogs are writhing at the exit of our life. The reason

has been given to us—too little for happiness and too much for vexation.

"Look at the cats and bulls, the gods of the Egyptians, which they bred in their stables, O immortal people, who have survived generations of gods!

"Look at the Cæsars, whose words could make the world tremble from one end to the other. Their present weakness is more frightening than ever was their power. Can you number the kingdoms that have been buried over their tombs?

"Look at the books, books and books. Their authors under the grass are being prepared for fuel. A distant generation will sit at the fire and warm its hands by the fuel of the wizard's flesh. Their present name is H_2O, sulphate, and phosphorus.

"Yet, O Everlasting Soul, Thou art the restful station at which my troubled spirit rests. Through thee I look as through a window from my narrow room. Many of my brothers are inside a room without a window. Be they my enemies or my friends, I pity them. As a wolf falls into a pit and turns round and round, so their soul has fallen into a pit without door or window.

"The chariots of Cæsar run through glory and ovations—down to the tomb. But Thy chariot runs round and round from life to life, unaged and unimpaired. We are dust stirred to life by the wheels of Thy chariot. The wind stands still and the dust falls again down on the road. The dead are waiting for Thy chariot that will bring resurrection.

"The whole Earth is a museum for the visitors of Heaven. Where can we offer them hospitality but in our tombs? The only wealth we can show is the wealth of our tragedy. What can we feed them on but on a story of our errand that they will read on our ashes?

"When our eyes are closed and our voices silenced, and our cities fall over us, and when Geology continues to plough the field of History, then, Eternal Soul, wrap Thou us in Thy mantle of remembrance. We shall sleep as long as Thy song of creation goes on, and we shall awake when Thou wantest us again to sing, or play. Yet never the same song do we wish to sing, never the same play to play, never the same charlatanry and never the same despair."

Music.

By William Atheling.

THE wear and tear on one's nerves has been rather less than I had anticipated. Had I tried to write musical criticism for a "daily," I might even now be in that snug grave where certain fond readers have several times cordially wished me; but my conclusion, after a year of selective attendance, is that there is a certain amount of pleasure to be had from London concerts, even in war-time.

At any rate, with an irreducible minimum of about three concerts a week, I do not feel the need of *all* the sympathy which has been poured upon me by my sympathetic acquaintances. It is, after all, possible to escape from an unbearable concert. Three minutes' scraping are enough to demonstrate that a given concertist is an ass, a duffer, a card-board imitation, a stuffed shirt, a pupil of promise, a pupil of no promise, a performer with possibilities, *or* a musician. And, having once learned that a certain performer is bad, worse, or just dull, the writer for a weekly has sufficient liberty to avoid him.

Without looking over my notes, with memory alone for my guide, I can recall certain "pleasures" of the season:

Notably, Vladimir Rosing, of whom I have written repeatedly and at length, and of whom I have no more to say at this moment, save that I hope to hear him next season, and that I hope he will give his concerts *alone*, and with De Veroli as accompanist.

I have pointed to three different 'cellists: Salmond, Williams, and Whitehouse, each excellent in a quite different way. I have tried to define their difference. Williams has the best head; Whitehouse, orderliness and composure; Salmond a sort of genius, somewhat somnambulistic; he does not seem to care whether he plays good music or bad, and he appears to be on excellent terms with a party, or faction, or group of people who are *not* the best influence in contemporary British music.

Raymonde Collignon's art is exquisite and her own, minute as the enamelling on snuff-boxes (of the best sort). Her first programme was rather better than the second that I heard. This diseuse is very young, but she shows herself capable of perfectly finished work, and if she is not deflected or bribed into doing cheap work she should maintain her distinct place on the concert-stage with songs by Adam de la Halle, French anonymous folk-songs, troubadour reconstructions, etc.

Winifred Purnell has something to her, abundant piano technique, a sense of major form. Mosiewitch has complete control of the key-board. Myra Hess is decidedly competent, and so, I believe, is Irene Scharrer. Constantin Stroesco woke me up at his final recital of the season. He has shown himself capable of serious and wholly satisfactory work; obviously knows good music from bad, and is capable of presenting the best. Provided he sticks to the best, he should be sure of solid support from the discriminating part of the public for, let us say, Roumanian folk-song, Bel Canto, Mozart, Massenet. I do not mean these hints as strict limitations. Rosing has shown great enterprise in research and Stroesco might well continue the process. There is a good deal of excellent music not included in Rosing's excellent repertoire.

I have had occasion to commend Mignon Nevada for technique, to deplore Madame Alvarez' lack of discrimination while taking delight in her voice. I trust the Vigliani quartette is a permanent and not an ephemeral part of London's music.

Some weeks before I began my notes in this paper I attended a curious concert at the Wigmore. Mr. Van Dieren was rather vaguely conducting a not wholly indoctrinated small orchestra through the curiosity of his own music. The concert had the misfortune to be announced in a rather eccentric, not to say, florid, manner, but one should not judge a man's work wholly by the tone of his impresarios. I was not moved by the music, but I am perfectly willing to believe that this immobility was personal, was due to the unfamiliarity of the subject matter, or to the conducting, or to the imperfectly trained state of the orchestra. I have forgotten the titles of the individual members. I am not convinced that they are successful compositions. This is no condemnation of Mr. Van Dieren. My impression, for what it is worth, is that he is absorbed in his technique. All serious composers, and, I think, most other artists of the better sort, are liable to these periods of absorption; the work produced during such periods is ultimately cast on the scrap heap, but men who have passed through them attain later an interest, or even a mastery, which the lazier type of "inspirationist" or "bird-like" artist does not attain. That Mr. Van Dieren had done a certain amount of hard work was, or should have been, obvious.

I range myself against a good deal of current musical opinion in preferring Ravel's "Septuor" to his string "Quartette" as performed here. For the rest, so far as contemporary compositions have come under my notice during the last months, it seems to me that the archæologists have the better of it; that the Kennedy Fraser Hebridean songs are a permanent part of music, and that the few frail reconstructions by W. M. Rummel have a certain enjoyable charm.

At the opera: Mullings is a fine actor, apt to shout till he "comes through the tone," thus imperilling the

durability of his voice, and diminishing the pleasure of his audience. Radford is enjoyable in the "Seraglio," as elsewhere. Parker shows progress. Some of the singers might be conveniently scragged.

I have also attended recitals by Haley, MacKinnon, and by various other artists whose names I do not wish to recall, or whose performances melt into an indistinguishable compost. Plunkett Greene preserves a gentlemanly tradition.

Oriental Encounters.

By Marmaduke Pickthall.

XVIII.—TIGERS.

THE fellâhîn who came to gossip in the winter evenings round our lamp and stove assured us there were tigers in the neighbouring mountain. We, of course, did not accept the statement literally, but an English friend of ours possessed the killing instinct, and held that any feline creatures which could masquerade in popular report as tigers would afford him better sport than he had yet enjoyed in Syria. So when the settled weather came we went to look for them.

For my part I take pleasure in long expeditions with a gun, though nothing in the way of slaughter come of them. My lack of keenness at the proper moment has been the scorn and the despair of native guides and hunters. Once, in Egypt at the inundation of the Nile, I had been rowed for miles by eager men, and had lain out an hour upon an islet among reeds, only to forget to fire when my adherents whispered as the duck flew over, because the sun was rising and the desert hills were blushing like the rose against a starry sky. I had chased a solitary partridge a whole day among the rocks of En-gedi without the slightest prospect of success; and in the Jordan valley I had endured great hardships in pursuit of wild boar without seeing one. It was the lurking in wild places at unusual hours which pleased me, not the matching of my strength and skill against the might of beasts. I have always been averse to every sort of competition. This I explain that all may know that, though I sallied forth with glee in search of savage creatures it was not to kill them.

We set out from our village on a fine spring morning attended by Rashîd, my servant, and a famous hunter of the district named Muhammad, also two mules, which carried all things necessary for our camping out, and were in charge of my friend's cook, Amîn by name. We rode into the mountains, making for the central range of barren heights, which had the hue and something of the contour of a lion's back. At length we reached a village at the foot of this commanding range, and asked for tigers. We were told that they were farther on. A man came with us to a point of vantage whence he was able to point out the very place—a crag in the far distance floating in a haze of heat. After riding for a day and a half we came right under it, and at a village near its base renewed inquiry. "Oh," we were told, "the tigers are much farther on. You see that eminence?" Again a mountain afar off was indicated. At the next village we encamped, for night drew near. The people came out to inspect us, and we asked them for the tigers.

"Alas!" they cried. "It is not here that you must seek them. By Allah, you are going in the wrong direction. Behold that distant peak!"

And they pointed to the place from which we had originally started.

Our English friend was much annoyed, Rashîd and the shikâri and the cook laughed heartily. No one, however, was for going back. Upon the following day our friend destroyed a jackal and two conies, which consoled him somewhat in the dearth of tigers, and we rode forward resolutely, asking our question at each village as we went along. Everywhere we were assured that there were really tigers in the mountain, and from some of the villages young sportsmen who owned guns insisted upon joining our excursion, which showed that they themselves believed such game existed. But their adherence, though it gave us hope, was tiresome, for they smoked our cigarettes and ate our food.

At last, towards sunset, on the seventh evening of our expedition, we saw a wretched-looking village on the heights with no trees near it, and only meagre strips of cultivation on little terraces, like ledges, of the slope below.

Our friend had just been telling me that he was tired of this wild-goose chase, with all the rascals upon earth adhering to us. He did not now believe that there were tigers in the mountain, nor did I. And we had quite agreed to start for home upon the morrow, when the people of that miserable village galloped down to greet us with delighted shouts, as if they had been waiting for us all their lives.

"What is your will?" inquired the elders of the place, obsequiously.

"Tigers," was our reply. "Say, O, old man, are there any tigers in your neighbourhood?"

The old man flung up both his hands to heaven, and his face became transfigured as is ecstasy. He shouted:—

"Is it tigers you desire? This, then, is the place where yow will dwell content. Tigers? I should think so! Tigers everywhere!" The elders pointed confidently to the heights, and men and women—even children—told us: "Aye, by Allah! Hundreds—thousands of them; not just one or two. As many as the most capacious man could possibly devour in forty years."

"It looks as if we'd happened right at last," our friend said, smiling for the first time in three days.

We pitched our tent upon the village threshing-floor, the only flat place, except roofs of houses, within sight. The village elders dined with us, and stayed till nearly midnight, telling us about the tigers and the way to catch them. Some of the stories they related were incredible, but not much more so than is usual in that kind of narrative. It seemed unnecessary for one old man to warn us gravely on no account to take them by their tails.

"For snakes it is the proper way," he said, sagaciously, "since snakes can only double half their length. But tigers double their whole length, and they object to it. To every creature its own proper treatment."

But there was no doubt of the sincerity of our instructors, nor of their eagerness to be of use to us in any way. Next morning, when we started out, the headman came with us some distance, on purpose to instruct the guide he had assigned to us, a stupid-looking youth, who seemed afraid. He told him: "Try first over there among the boulders, and when you have exhausted that resort, go down to the ravine, and thence beat upwards to the mountain-top. Please God, your honours will return with half a hundred of those tigers which devour our crops."

Thus sped with hope, we set out in good spirits, expecting not a bag of fifty tigers, to speak truly, but the final settlement of a dispute which had long raged among us, as to what those famous tigers really were. Rashîd would have it they were leopards, I said lynxes, and our English friend, in moments of depression, thought of polecats. But, though we scoured the mountain all that day, advancing with the utmost caution and in open order, as our guide enjoined, we saw no creature of the feline tribe. Lizards, basking motionless upon the rocks, slid off like lightning when aware of our approach. Two splendid eagles from an eyrie on the crags above hovered and wheeled, observing us, their shadows like two moving spots of ink upon the mountain-side. A drowsy owl was put up from a cave, and one of our adherents swore he hard a

partridge calling. No other living creature larger than a beetle did we come across that day.

Returning to the camp at evening, out of temper, we were met by all the village, headed by the sheykh, who loudly hoped that we had had good sport, and brought home many tigers to provide a feast. When he heard that we had not so much as seen a single one he fell upon the luckless youth who had been told off to conduct us, and would have slain him, I believe, had we not intervened.

"Didst seek in all the haunts whereof I told thee? Well, I know thou didst not, since they saw no tiger! Behold our faces blackened through thy sloth and folly, O abandoned beast!"

Restrained by force by two of our adherents, the sheykh spat venomously at the weeping guide, who swore by Allah that he had obeyed instructions to the letter.

Our English friend was much too angry to talk Arabic. He bade me tell the sheykh he was a liar, and that the country was as bare of tigers as his soul of truth. Some of our fellâh adherents seconded my speech. The sheykh appeared amazed and greatly horrified.

"There are tigers," he assured us, "naturally! All that you desire."

"Then go and find them for us!" said our friend, vindictively.

"Upon my head," replied the complaisant old man, laying his right hand on his turban reverently. "To hear is to obey."

We regarded this reply as mere politeness, the affair as ended. What was our surprise next morning to see the sheykh and all the able men, accompanied by many children, set off up the mountain armed with staves and scimitars, and all the antique armament the village boasted! It had been our purpose to depart that day, but we remained to watch the outcome of that wondrous hunt.

The villagers spread out and "beat" the mountain. All day long we heard their shouts far off among the upper heights. If any tiger had been there they must assuredly have roused him. But they returned at evening empty-handed, and as truly crestfallen as if they had indeed expected to bring home a bag of fifty tigers. One man presented me with a dead owl—the same, I think, which we had startled on the day before, as if to show that their display had not been quite in vain.

"No tigers!" sighed the sheykh, as though his heart were broken. "What can have caused them all to go away? Unhappy day!" A lamentable wail went up from the whole crowd. "A grievous disappointment, but the world is thus. But," he added, with a sudden brightening, "if your honours will but condescend to stay a week or two, no doubt they will return."

The Dance of Siva.

"IT is sometimes feared that the detachment of the Asiatic vision tends towards inaction. If this be partly true at the present moment, it arises from the fulness of Asiatic experience, which still contrasts so markedly with European youth. If the everlasting conflict between order and chaos is so typically European, it is because spiritual wars no less than physical must be fought by those who are of military age. But the impetuosity of youth cannot completely compensate for the insight of age, and we must demand of a coming race that men should act with European energy, and think with Asiatic calm."

This quotation from a collection of Indian Essays by Dr. Ananda Coomaraswamy, which appear under the title of "The Dance of Siva,"* may serve as a text for the reviewer, for it raises the question whether the culture of the West is in the future to be purely European or a synthesis of the East and West.

European practicality has nowadays got a sure foothold in the East, while it is equally certain that Eastern thought has made a powerful impression on the West—an impression which in certain directions I incline to think may prove to be permanent. For though it is probable that the spiritual revival in the West will finally take the form of a rehabilitated Christianity as being more adapted to the European temperament, yet a certain infusion of the culture of the East may prove to be one of the means of its revivification, and for this reason: That while the thought of the West is to-day scientific and material, Eastern thought is scientific and spiritual. Thus Eastern thought meets the modernist half-way in his effort to regain spiritual consciousness. It is undeniable that the links between the material and spiritual world which are to be found in Hindu thought provide a bridge over which the materialist may travel into the realm of the spirit.

The Hindus appear to have elaborated a philosophy about everything, and in a way which relates every branch of thought to a central idea. It is this feeling of unity pervading every branch of knowledge which constitutes the intellectual fascination of Hindu thought. It is all so perfectly worked out that there is no room for differences of opinion in regard to details. Any differences there can be must be about some very fundamental proposition such as that which makes the Christian divide the world into good and evil where the Brahmans divide it into knowledge and ignorance. A reconciliation of these fundamentally different attitudes towards the problem of life is required if a synthesis between Eastern and Western thought is ever to be attained.

The essays cover a wide range of subject-matter. Among other things Dr. Coomaraswamy deals with the Hindu view of Art, both historical and theoretical. There are two essays on early Buddhist scripture, others on Indian music, the status of Indian women, and India of to-day. But the chapter which is of more immediate interest to us Guildsmen is that in which the author discusses the Caste System—a system of organisation, he tells us, which "has much the appearance of what would now be called Guild Socialism." The system of Castes, says Dr. Coomaraswamy, was designed rather to unite men than to divide them. "Men of different Castes have more in common than men of different classes. It is in an Industrial Democracy, where a system of secular education prevails that groups of men are effectually separated; a Western professor and a navvy do not understand each other half so well as a Brahman and a Sudra . . . within the Caste there existed equality of opportunity for all, and the Caste, as a body, had collective privileges and responsibilities."

That there are certain underlying principles which are common to the Guilds, and the Caste System no one who has studied them both will deny. Both accept the principle of function and of organisation in groups. They differ less in their aim than in their means of attainment. The Caste System postulates the principle of heredity, and makes function dependent on it. I do not defend this decision, but it seems to me that there is less to be said against it than is generally supposed, since, as a matter of fact, even in the West functions are largely hereditary. A farmer is generally the son of a farmer, a craftsman the son of a craftsman, and so forth. And departure from this rule to-day is due more perhaps to economic pressure in certain directions than to the initiative of individuals. The only issue, therefore, which is to be discussed is whether it is desirable that this custom should be voluntary or compulsory. Westerners think, and, I think, rightly, that too rigid

*The Dance of Siva, by Ananda Coomaraswamy. The Sunwise Turn. New York. Luzac & Co. London. 12s. 6d. net.

divisions tend to stereotype society. On the other hand, Dr. Coomaraswamy points out that such divisions make for a healthy social life by destroying social ambition—the kind of ambition which, in the West, results in snobbery. I will leave the matter here. It is only fair to Dr. Coomaraswamy to say that he is not advocating a revival of the Caste System. What he is trying to do is to remove the prejudice existing against a form of organisation for which there is much to be said; and, in doing this, I think, he does a useful work. Since India is one of our responsibilities, it is important that English statesmen should be able to approach the subject with open minds; and, in addition, the Caste System is well worth our study, for no social system was ever thought out in greater detail. The study of it could not fail to impress upon anyone the interdependence of social arrangement with religious ideas. In a word, the Caste System is a religion, a philosophy, and an economic system all in one. Its study dispels for ever the illusion that there is such a thing as an economic problem capable of a separate and detached solution. That sense of unity which underlies all things Hindu is symbolised in the Dance of Siva.

"In the night of Brahma, Nature is inert, and cannot dance till Siva wills it. He rises from His rapture, and dancing sends through inert matter pulsing waves of awakening sound, and lo! matter also dances, appearing as a glory round about Him. Dancing, He sustains its manifold phenomena. In the fulness of time, still dancing, He destroys all forms and names by fire, and gives new rest. This is poetry; but, none the less, science."

Like all Dr. Coomaraswamy's books the present exhibits great scholarship. It is full of excellent things. Though few Westerners could be found to subscribe to all it contains, most people would be the better for reading it, if only to find what good reasons can be given in defence of things which, at first sight, seem unintelligible. The book is beautifully printed, and contains a number of excellent and unusual illustrations of Indian Art.

A. J. PENTY.

Reviews.

New Towns After the War: An Argument for Garden Cities. By New Townsmen. (Dent. 1s. net.)

The argument for garden cities is one of the few arguments concerning which there is nothing to be said to the contrary, except: "I won't." From whatever point of view it is considered, from the point of view of public health, of cheapness in building, of industrial efficiency, of local patriotism, the garden cities have proved their worth. All that the authors really have to do is to prove the opportunity of putting their ideas into practice; and here they have no difficulty. In May, 1917, Mr. Hayes Fisher declared that the shortage of houses amounted to half a million, and Mr. Hayes Fisher's estimates of public needs are never excessive. About 100,000 new houses are required every year; and the only question really is whether they shall be tacked on to the great towns, increasing every difficulty from which the great towns now suffer, or whether they shall be distributed throughout the land in communities of reasonable size, intelligent structure, easy access, and healthy situation. It is certain that until the distinction between town and country is less marked than at present, it will not be easy to get town-dwellers back to the land. Villages offer neither the conveniences nor the attractions of the towns; they offer no market for the agriculturist, no facilities for the manufacturer, no pleasures for the inhabitants. With a population of less than 30,000, the conveniences, nay, the necessities of civilisation are impossible; with a population of more than 50,000, the diseases of civilisation begin to invade again. Within these limits civilisation can be brought up to date; outside these limits, the cost is prohibitive. Increase the size of London, for example, and the rents will rise still higher, the cost of administration will advance, transport will increase in difficulty, public health suffer, and industrial efficiency be lowered. Distribute the new towns throughout the kingdom, and we can put the wisdom of experience into action, bring the town and country into healthy and vital relation. The thing must be done; it is a big thing; therefore, it only needs organisation to be done properly, and the authors indicate the type of organisation that is necessary.

The Glory of the Trenches. By Coningsby Dawson. (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Coningsby Dawson will never be able to write quite like a human being; his original dedication of himself to Literature was too inhuman, too solemnly absurd, for him ever to be able to restore himself to a normal relation with reality. But the next best thing has happened to him; events have knocked him to the antipodes of his egoism, and although he still talks of his "soul," he has experience of at least two states of it, and some comprehension to spare for the understanding of his fellows. His civilian spirituality, he now sees, was nothing more than a morbid concern for the comfort of the body, was a self-succumbing, not a self-overcoming; the Army knocked that nonsense out of him, "broke his heart" but developed his wind, taught him to bring his body into subjection—and the consequence is that he is more soulful than ever. In these terms he expresses the glory of the trenches as a spiritual revival; blessed are the physically fit, for they shall see God. All the spiritual virtues, he asserts, are necessarily exercised in the trenches; they are demanded as the normal routine of trench warfare, and are exercised as the simplest means of "carrying on." But this conscious affinity with the Divine spirit finds no formal expression, indeed, it dispenses with it. "I've been supposed to be talking about God As We See Him," he says. "I don't know whether I have. As a matter of fact if you had asked me, when I was out there, whether there was any religion in the trenches, I should have replied, 'Certainly not.' Now that I've been out of the fighting for a while, I see that there is religion there; a religion which will dominate the world when the war is ended—the religion of heroism. It's a religion in which men don't pray much. With me, before I went to the Front, prayer was a habit. But there I lost the habit: what one was doing seemed sufficient. I got the feeling that I might be meeting God at any moment, so I didn't need to be worrying Him all the time, hanging on to a spiritual telephone and feeling slighted if He didn't answer me, directly I rang Him up. If God was really interested in me, He didn't need constant reminding. When He had a world to manage, it seemed best not to interrupt Him with frivolous petitions, but to put my prayers into my work. That's how we all feel out there." That is a better religion than the Army is taught at Church parades, even if it did need a European war to make it apparent to the author; and the soldier's remark to the chaplain: "Bill did pray, and yet 'e 'ad 'is 'ead blowed off": shows that it is as least as efficacious. The author describes his experiences in training, in action, and in hospital, to show how the sovereign virtues are developed in everyone by the war, from the septic colonel in the next bed to the flower-girls at Charing Cross. He finds love in everything, love that can only function properly when discipline has done its work. And the discipline is simple, as he shows in his story of the man who was afraid: "The adjutant was silent for a few moments; then he said: 'You know you have a double choice. You can either be shot up there, doing your duty, or behind the lines as a coward.

It's for you to choose. I don't care.'" In such circumstances, men accept responsibility for their actions; and the "glory of the trenches" is really the spiritual autonomy of the men in them.

The Book of Strange Loves. By Regina Miriam Bloch. (John Richmond. 5s. net.)

Miss Bloch has turned to history in her search for the horrible, and has compiled a volume of much more interest to psychology than to literature. She demonstrates the homo-sexual meaning of the legend of Narcissus, for example, beyond any shadow of doubt. She re-tells the story of Samson and Delilah only to add two suicides by stabbing—that of a Philistine lover of Delilah, and of Delilah herself. So long as blood flows, love is satisfied Messalina, of course, has an episode, and fails to lure a man from his wife; but this is the nearest to the normal. There is a story of love and leprosy, a bestial story of an ape-god, a courtesan's last intrigue with a lover—Death, a dance of Death of a nautch-girl and a Dervish, the seduction of a Vestal virgin, even an Amazon becomes libidinous in these pages, and there is the murder of a Babylonian priest by a Jewish woman in the bed of Belus. But Shakespeare roused more horror with one drop of blood on Lady Macbeth's hand than Miss Bloch does with all her bucketsful of it.

The Garden of Survival. By Algernon Blackwood. (Macmillan. 3s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Blackwood's books are rapidly increasing in number, and as rapidly decreasing in size; but he is as prolix as he is prolific, and in this book of 168 pages, quite 160 are unnecessary. He is still appealing to the priggishness of Theosophists, still pretending that a poetic interpretation of life is the spiritual impulse of it. In this book, he plays with the theories of re-incarnation and of the survival of personality; but the only evidence he offers for either is a perception of beauty which apparently instructs a soldier-administrator in the art of government. When the world seemed beautiful, he infallibly did the right thing; not only that, but the people to whom it was done approved it as the right thing. There is room for this soldier on the Western Front, and if Mr. Blackwood will communicate his name to the authorities, we shall soon see the end of military criticism and of the war. But, alas, it is only a dream; Mr. Blackwood's spiritual realities do not materialise into anything more substantial than this letter to a dead friend, who apparently has also ceased to be beautiful and become beauty.

The Story of the Paris Churches. By Jetta S. Wolff. (Palmer & Hayward. 7s. 6d. net.)

There are many ways of writing guide-books, but Miss Wolff has chosen the easiest—the date-and-fact synopsis. Many of the churches are fobbed off with a paragraph each, and the description of La Sainte-Trinité may be quoted as an example: "A handsome edifice of essentially modern aspect in Renaissance style, the work of the architect Ballu. The richly decorated façade gives upon a garden-square decorated by statues. The interior is very handsome, rich in paintings, frescoes and statues by the greatest masters of the second half of the nineteenth century. The Choir and Lady Chapel are raised high above the level of the nave. In the Lady Chapel there is fine stained glass by the nineteenth century artist Oudinot." In this business-like fashion, and with the aid of the appended "Visitor's Topographical Guide," a tourist of ordinary industry ought to be able to "do" the churches of Paris in one day. The volume has twenty-six illustrations, and is dedicated "To the Heroes of the Battle of the Marne"—and, certainly, the story of the Paris Churches is not written Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam.

Frenzied Fiction. By Stephen Leacock. (The Bodley Head. 4s. net.)

When a humorist tries to be pathetic, it usually means that the end is near; and if Mr. Leacock does not check his attempts at "fantasy" which, in this volume, finally degenerate into the drivel of "Merry Christmas," his next book will be as maudlin as Dickens' Little Nell or Paul Dombey. His "Ideal Interviews" are perilously near to the banality they satirise, only just redeemed by the scientist's payment for insertion of the interview. "How Five Men Went Fishing," and "Back From The Land," are perfect studies, and "My Revelations As A Spy" promises well, but does not realise its promise. But these "fantasies," "Father Knickerbocker," "The Caveman As He Is," and so forth, are as pervading as a Scotch mist and as depressing; Mr. Leacock cannot write in his slep, and he ought not to try to do so. His peculiar sense of humour only reveals itself in his statement of facts; his is the humour of logic, not of fantasy, and as a satirist, he is not worth a gin-fizzle. He can catch fish or grow vegetables with a solemn unveracity that is very funny; but his "ex-sufflicate and blown surmises" are certainly stranger than fiction but not so funny as truth ought to be.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE PACHYDERMATOUS OFFICIAL.

Sir,—In writing on the Montagu Report last week I stated that the harmony of its working out in practice would depend on the discretion with which the Governors of Provinces used their veto. I laid special stress on this point as I was aware that many Constitutionalists here hoped that though the principle of the veto was admitted its use might be a rarity. I hoped so myself, while realising that India's experience in such matters was not ours. Apparently such lurking fears as I had are to be confirmed. Some timid correspondent wrote to the "Westminster Gazette" (August 12) to express his apprehension lest the Provincial Governors should be influenced against using their veto by Indian Press criticism, apart from the criticism of the elected Indian members. The "Westminster Gazette"—now perhaps our most representative Liberal paper, and one that genuinely endeavours to be "sympathetic" towards India—seeks to reassure its correspondent by saying in a footnote: "We are confident that it will be possible to find Governors who will be pachydermatous enough to dispense the powers conferred upon them, and to survive the criticism that may follow." I repeat, this comes from the "Westminster Gazette." If this is the attitude of a representative Liberal organ, what may we not expect henceforth from Lord Sydenham and the "Morning Post"? S. VERDAD.

* * *

E. p. p. p. p.

Sir,—In your issue of June 27, "National Guildsmen" say that, writing in 1836, "Mill comes very near to declaring that 'economic power precedes political power.'" In 1831, Macaulay not only came very near to that declaration, but in substance actually made it. In his essay on "Civil Disabilities of the Jews" Macaulay says:—

"In fact, the Jews are not now excluded from political power. They possess it; and as long as they are allowed to accumulate large fortunes, they must possess it. . . . It would be impious to let a Jew sit in Parliament. But a Jew may make money; and money may make members of Parliament. . . . The Jew may govern the money-market, and the money-market may govern the world. . . . A congress of sovereigns may be forced to summon the Jew to their assistance. . . . Where wealth is, there power must inevitably be."

A still earlier statement of the priority of economic power is to be found in the Book of Proverbs (xxii, 7):—"The rich ruleth over the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender." JOHN C. MORTIMER.

Pastiche.

BEFORE THE STORM.

Oh, deathful weariness, why should I not enthrone
Thy wandering shape, and faintly importune
Thy presence dim, thou outcast, fainting wraith?
Why not with thee sink deep in thought undone,
And fancy all too sorrowful to tune
One finest string upon the lyre of faith,
And wake the wingèd chorus of delight,
Each swooning drowsed in beams of half-obscurèd light?

For joy departeth as the clouds at dawn,
And misery doth reign omnipotent
In all his pleasant palaces; weird shade,
And harbinger of glooms and sorrows drawn
From wells of woe with margins all besprent
And stained with tears of shame, tears that degrade,
Not purify, the overlaboured heart;
That gush not gladly, but spring forth with steady smart.

And glory sinketh hotly with the setting sun
In red disaster woefully forsworn,
Unwept and needed not, all overgrown
With darkness sweeping like a web begun
In depths of dolorous anguish; and forlorn,
And but a spectral laughing-stock, not shown
Save 'mid derision, comfortable mirth,
Dull comprehension, scattered understanding's dearth.

Oh, love, where are thy zephyrs of delight?
Oh, beauty, where thy babes of love divine?
Once lucid in the peopled air did play
Sweet undulations, vibrating bright
And gladsome in the free, pervading shine
Of circumambient sunlight. Now, nor sway
Nor wave is there; the very gods are flown;
And all is hushed and still with fate unknown.

Lo! As a dozing thundercloud the people brood
'Midst atmospheres atremor with disdain,
And thick with wrath appalling that shall slay
With bolts tremendous. Lo! A fiery hood
Of flaming scorn shall cloak the land in pain,
And make our night more brilliant than our day;
A light intolerant, and double-charged
With life and tortuous death, with death and life enlarged.

Woe to you, then, false dealers in fierce shame!
You that would grace a power beyond your ken,
You weakest tyrants that did e'er depend
On greed and fear and pestilence and blame
To wrongful shoulders loaded. In your pen
Your gentle sheep with lion's might shall rend
Your cautious barricades, your silly fence
Of cunning woven weakly with expedience.

Hence, dastard weariness! Awake, my soul, and sing!
Lift up thy lyre, rejoice and be full glad
That thou dost know the end of earthly pride,
The doom of every hideous-minded king
That serveth not his people, the too sad
Display of slyness creeping side by side
With cruelty, the fires when dull restraint
Is wrecked with vast desire that turneth rulers faint.

The Lord hath granted thee a gracious gift,
And taketh not his bounty back again;
Arise and hymn thy country's faith restored,
Thy country's love refreshed, love that shall sift
Freedom from licence, and in wondrous strain
Create upon itself a jewelled hoard
Of liberation and truth revived,
From every shade of terror nobly shrived.

For evil lasteth but one long-drawn evil age,
One æon of oppression and dismay;
Then break the crystal vials of delight,
Of penitence and mercy; dismal rage
And gentlest sorrow shall beneath the sway
Of large-eyed happiness in honour dight,
Yet dwell serene and scatheless, with no trace
Of that wild conflict flung in heaven's patient face.

J. A. M. A.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

The fight for the conquest of the political State is not the battle: it is only the echo of the battle. The real battle is the battle being fought out every day for power to control industry, and the gauge of the progress of that battle is not to be found in the number of voters making a cross beneath the symbol of a political party, but in the number of these workers who enrol themselves in an industrial organisation with the definite purpose of making themselves masters of the industrial equipment of society in general.

That battle will have its political echo, the industrial organisation will have its political expression. If we accept the definition of working-class political action as that which brings the workers as a class into direct conflict with the possessing class as a class, and keeps them there, then we must realise that nothing can do that so readily as action at the ballot-box. Such action strips the working-class movement of all traces of such sectionalism as may, and indeed must, cling to strikes and lock-outs, and emphasises the class character of the labour movement. It is therefore absolutely indispensable for the efficient training of the working class along correct lines that action at the ballot-box should accompany action in the workshop.—JAMES CONNOLLY.

Increased production (if possible) and reduced consumption are thus the only sources, apart from foreign financial transactions, from which the real problem of war finance can be solved. In other words the Government has to impose abstinence on the people, because the goods have to be furnished now, and somebody has to go short of comforts and enjoyments so that the labour needed by the fighters' wants may be set free. This abstinence can be imposed through taxation, which, by taking people's money, reduces their spending power; or by loans, which have the same effect if they are provided by investors out of saved money; or by manufacturing credits and printing paper, which depreciate the currency and so impose abstinence on rich and poor, especially the poor, by raising prices. Of these methods taxation is clearly the best and simplest, if the taxation be fairly imposed on those best able to bear it—that is, on those with a margin above the needs of health and efficiency, with the weight of taxation increasing with the size of the margin. If borrowing is employed taxation is only postponed; and it can be raised more easily and with less injury to industry in war than in peace, because in war industry's problem is simplified by the insatiable demand of a buyer whose needs are not a matter of guesswork, like those of peace-time purchasers. Borrowing means that taxation will have to be heavy in the difficult time after war reconstruction, when it is above all important that industry shall be unfettered and unhampered; and it may lead to ugly political friction about questions of taxation at a time when harmony and goodwill in co-operation will be priceless treasures. The claims of taxation are thus exceedingly strong, unless it is used up to a point that makes the taxpayers lose courage. It would be a wicked libel on the taxpayers of this country to contend that they could not have paid a far larger share of the war's cost, if the problem had been properly put before them, without any risk of clamour for peace on that account.—"Times" "Literary Supplement."

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	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	**28s. 0d.**	**30s. 0d.**
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Three Months.....	**7s. 0d.**	**7s. 6d.**

All communications relative to THE NEW AGE *should be addressed to* THE NEW AGE, 38, *Cursitor Street, E.C.* (4.)

Published by the Proprietors, THE NEW AGE PRESS (A. R. ORAGE), 38, Cursitor Street, E.C.4, and Printed for them by BONNER & Co., The Chancery Lane Press, 1, 2, and 3, Rolls Passage, E.C.4.