NOTES OF THE WEEK.

As the General Election approaches, the outlines of the chief parties engaged in it become clearer. Two facts emerge. In the first place, the so-called Coalition, now bereft of Labour, is but a new incarnation of the Unionist Party; and, in the second place, the Labour Party now appears to contain the only existing promise of an alternative Government. Concerning both these observations, however, other remarks of a general nature can be made. The advance of Unionism as revealed in its capture of Mr. Lloyd George is an advance from the Right in the direction of the Left; and it represents, we must suppose, the net effects of the war upon the Unionist Party. The old Tories are now seen to be completely abandoned, and only individual specimens of the species will henceforward be found, mainly in the correspondence columns of the Sunday Press. The Whig element, on the other hand, represented by Mr. Asquith and his personal friends, is not so much left behind as left aside. Never having been in the main stream of English politics it is their fate never to be overpassed or superseded, but simply to be cast overboard. We do not anticipate the revival of Whiggery. Labour, likewise, it will be seen, has shifted with the Unionist Party appreciably Leftwards, for the resumption of its political independence is not only an evidence of growth but an evidence of movement. With the elimination of the Whig element from serious politics, and with the formation of a New Unionist Party, this movement, indeed, has been more or less forced upon the Labour Party. In spite of itself, and in order to preserve its identity, the Labour Party has, in short, been compelled to march with the times, and, in addition to cutting itself off from the New Unionist Party, to gather up the Radical fragments fallen from Mr. Asquith's table. The effect will be to create the nucleus of a real Opposition to the New Unionist Party, and therewith a real alternative Government.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

LONDON PAPERS—V. By Dikran Kouyoumdjian 76

VIEW AND REVIEWS: The Six-Hour Day. By A. E. R. 77

REVIEWS: We Others. Tony Heron. Verdun Days in Paris 78


AN ELECTION MANIFESTO BY THE CHURCH SOCIALIST LEAGUE 80

It is a long time since economic controversies were clearly reflected in the alignment of our political parties; for the truth is that clear-cut economic issues have hitherto been carefully avoided. Under existing and prospective circumstances, however, the economic bases of politics can no longer be easily concealed. The New Unionist Party, led by Mr. Lloyd George, stands in the main for economic Production, for increased and more efficient Production, if you like; whereas the Labour Party, with its Radical supporters, stands in the main for economic Distribution—in other words, for a better distribution of the wealth that is produced. It is true, of course, as will certainly be pointed out more and more emphatically as the parties engage, that their respective economic bases are mutually dependent. It is, moreover, true that it can be plausibly argued that better distribution implies both production and increasingly efficient production, and, hence, that the Labour programme must assume the prior success of the New Unionist programme. But from a less superficial point of view, it can be demonstrated, in fact, that the real order of precedence is the very reverse, and that not increased production is the primary condition of better distribution, but that better distribution is the primary condition of increased production. Let us put the matter in this way.
problem from the right end; for a better system of distribution is seen to be, not merely the possible consequence of increased production, but the first and immediate condition of increased production. Things, we may say, are not what they used to be. Increased production is impossible without better distribution. Better distribution is, in fact, the precedent condition of increased production. We may take it from this that the Labour Party whose present economic function in politics is to secure a better distribution of wealth is in reality on the true line of economic progress. More instinctively, perhaps, than intelligently, the Labour Party is aiming at removing the one great remaining obstacle to increased production, namely, bad distribution.

The Labour Party, however, is not without a Left wing either, for the whole field of politics has shifted in this direction. As the old Tory group has been left behind, we have come in view of the new group of so-called Bolshevists. Speaking at Glasgow last week Mr. Barnes remarked that he was "profoundly apprehensive of the evils and dangers of Bolshevism," and "was going to do all he could to combat Bolshevism." That is all very well, but we hope that, before setting out to combat Bolshevism, Mr. Barnes will try to discover what it means; above all, what it means in this country. We have never denied, however much we may have combated it, that the Russian variety of Bolshevism embodies an idea, a constructive and not merely an anarchist notion. It is founded, in fact, on the dictatorship of the manual proletariat, and aims at establishing representation on a basis of labour instead of upon a basis of property. But that is not to say that the "idea" of British Bolshevism is identical with the "idea" of Russian Bolshevism, or that in combating the Russian variety, Mr. Barnes would be combating British Bolshevism. As a matter of fact, British Bolshevism is a peculiar product, and has no more than an emotional sympathy with its Russian synonym; and its aim is not so much the dictatorship of the proletariat established by revolution as the transfer of communal control by easy stages from the capitalist class to the whole working community. The formulation of British "Bolshevism" is most clearly seen, perhaps, in the election manifesto of Mr. Macmanus, a candidate for the Halifax Division and a representative of the Labour Party. It is before us now, and we should like to draw Mr. Barnes' attention to it. It will be seen from the Manifesto that Mr. Macmanus, unlike Lenin, is indisposed towards a forcible revolution; and, indeed, the mere fact that he and his party are seeking Parliamentary representation is evidence of the difference between British and Russian Bolshevism. On the other hand, Mr. Macmanus is perfectly clear as to his revolutionary aims and as to the peaceful means by which he hopes to arrive at them. There are two weapons, he says in effect, for Labour to employ. On the one side, Labour must create in industry itself a federated system of "Workers' Industrial Councils," with the object of preparing Labour to assume complete control of industry; and, on the other side, Labour must enter politics, not with the object of controlling industry through the Parliament, but for the nullification and ultimate destruction of the whole "State institution." The plan, on the face of it, is simple. The industrial movement is to acquire control of industry in the workshops with a view to the gradual supersession or edging-out of the existing control, while the political section is to engage with the object of finally destroying it. Industry, in other words, is to be captured over the head of Parliament, which thereafter will become the direct reflex of the new industrial fait accompli.

What is notable at once in this programme of British "Bolshevism" is not so much its industrial aspect—for the capture of industry by direct economic means is a common feature in many Labour programmes—but its implication of action completely out of the existing Parliamentary and representative system. Hitherto we have been familiar enough with criticisms of what may be called a reformatory kind, and designed to show either that the party system must be reformed (by the adoption of the Referendum or Proportional Representation, for instance), or that, as Mr. Belloc has suggested, the authority of the Crown must be restored. But, in the present case, we have a radical difference in the mode of attack. It is not for the purpose of working the present representative system more efficiently, either by adopting reforms or by restoring the Royal intervention, that the British "Bolshevists" desire to be returned to Parliament, but for the explicit purpose of making it cease to work altogether. It is, in short, a frontal attack on the existing representative system as such. Mr. Barnes and others will be well advised to recognise this as the specific difference of British "Bolshevism" not only from the Russian variety but from any other political-industrial movement now active in this country. For in its industrial programme, we repeat, the S.L.P. has much in common with other Labour groups; but its political programme is peculiar to itself. Henceforward, we are met by another consideration. After all, how peculiar is this attack on the Parliamentary system? If it is confined at present to the S.L.P. in England, it is certainly not indigenous or unique to this country; but the movement here is part of a more general movement, signs of which may be seen in practically every Western country. It is impossible to deny that everywhere there are evidences of a growing disappointment with the fruits of Parliamentary government: a disappointment expressing itself in some cases, as we say, in proposals for its reform, but in other cases in proposals for its complete supersession. In these circumstances Mr. Barnes will have his work before him to fight "Bolshevism." A far more radical counter-measure than mere criticism or suppression will be necessary to still the voices now crying against Parliamentary government. Parliamentary government, in short, must be transformed, or it will be destroyed.

It is difficult to estimate the strength of this particular aspect of Bolshevism in England. It may not be certain that it can easily be exaggerated. What, however, cannot be exaggerated is the probability of its growth under appropriate treatment. In essence, as we have seen, British Bolshevism is an outcome of disappointment with Parliamentary institutions; and it follows that the appropriate treatment for its rise and development is to provide it with continued ground for disappointment with Parliamentary action. On the other hand, any appreciable reorganisation of our Parliamentary system, resulting in a renewed hope for results by political means, would put an end, we believe, to the spread of "Bolshevism," if not altogether, to its very existence amongst us. But what hope is there, we may ask, for such a transformation in the conduct of Parliamentary politics? On the most moderate expectations, a revolutionary war such as we have only just begun to experience should have resulted in the creation of a Government which would at least be as far to the Left as the stability of society would allow. In fact, however, the Government that will in all probability now come into office, so far from representing reconstruction in any sense, will in some aspects represent reaction; for even if it marks the advance of Unionism towards Mr. Lloyd George's Liberalism, it also marks the reaction, to some extent, of Mr. Lloyd George's radicalism towards Unionism. But this being the case, it can
clearly be seen that the new Government is not likely to rob "Bolshevism" of its grievance or ground of criticism. On the contrary, the grievances are likely to be intensified. But is not the Labour Party, it may be asked, a sufficient off-set against that fact, and its new independence a compensation for the reactionary character of the new Government? It remains to be seen; but at present we are inclined to doubt it. As Mr. Lloyd George has said, there are reactionaries even in the Labour Party; and even if there were no reactionaries, there are at present few wise heads amongst its leaders.

Let us examine the Labour programme which was issued last week in the light of the foregoing discussion. We may say at once that it is, as a programme in the abstract, effective enough for a party on the eve of taking office. As a programme for an Opposition, however, and for an Opposition confronted by the necessity to "combat" Bolshevism it is, in our opinion, ill-conceived. Statesmanship in office and statesmanship in opposition are two very different things; and it appears to us that in drawing up its programme the Labour Party has biased office rather than opposition which is certain to be its immediate function. It will be understood, we hope, that we have little to say against the Labour programme as published, except to remark that it is premature, in view of the political probabilities. On the other hand, by confining itself to practical measures, if the Labour Party were actually about to take office, it necessarily excludes just those ideal proposals which would ensure the Labour Party the support of its extreme Left wing-feathers. What, for instance, will the "Bolshevists" find in the Labour programme to inspire them with fresh hope in parliamentism? It is to be observed that the programme is so little "ideal" that even National Guilds find no echo in any of its phases. In other words, the most constructive, constitutional, and national proposal for a radical reorganisation of industry now in common discussion is not so much as "recognised" in the Labour programme. We may conclude from such omissions what the reception of the programme among the "Bolshevists" will be. If National Guilds are frowned upon by Mr. Sidney Webb, the ideals of Bolshevism will certainly feel themselves to be still more explicitly ostracised. In short, by aiming at making a programme for office, the Labour Party not only brings office no nearer, but it runs the risk of alienating or, at least, of failing to unite the elements of the Left, upon which both its opposition and office will finally depend.

All these considerations may appear, perhaps, to be wire-drawn; but in actual practice they will prove, we fear, to be anything but merely theoretical. For if there is any truth in them whatever, we may anticipate that the error revealed in the Labour programme itself will be continued into the policy of the political Labour Party; and that as the one ignores the ideas and ideals of the groups of the Left, so the party at Westminster will tend, in its preoccupation with "practical" politics, to ignore the non-or anti-political industrial movement. In its obscure a language as we can command, we warn the Labour Party to beware of reckoning without the industrial movement; for the industrial movement, unless given some constitutional means of expressing itself, will infallibly make itself master of the whole situation. What is to be done, for instance, when, as will probably be the case, the New Unionist Government brings in industrial legislation which the industrial movement out of doors will refuse to accept? Is the Labour Opposition to play the Parliamentary "game" and, after criticism of the Government and counter-suggestions, to advise the industrial movement to accept the situation pending the next General Election? But in such an event the industrial movement may certainly be expected to "rebel," not only against Parliament, but against the Labour Opposition into the bargain. Thereafter the future of the Labour Party—or, at any rate, of its existing personnel—will be black in the event of its attempting to act as a party with the prospect of early office, it will be necessary for the Labour Party, we think, to drop or, at least, to subordinate its present practical programme, and to keep in the closest possible touch with the industrial movement. Actually its function as a Labour Opposition in the coming Parliament and period is not negative legislation as a responsible party, but rather that of veto, as an irresponsible but powerful party willing when asked to resume office. To this end it has, as matters stand, two strings to its bow. It can criticise measures brought forward in Parliament, and there attempt by all legitimate means to veto reactionary legislation. And, failing in this, it can then set itself at the head of the industrial movement, whose veto on reactionary measures, though non-political, may still be extremely effective. After all, this has been the way of the capitalist parties in England, who often have Liberal measures passed against Conservative opposition in Parliament been afterwards vetoed by the industrial action of organised Capital? Private interests have always been the second string to Parliamentary Capitalism's bow; and political Capital has usually kept in the closest touch with industrial Capital. All we are urging is that political Labour should follow the historic example of Capital, and remain in close touch with industrial Labour.

We have been asked for advice upon how to vote at the forthcoming election; but, in truth, we do not regard the offering of such advice as within our province. Our self-imposed duty is to analyse for our readers the innermost significance of the political and economic currents of our age and to leave the practical conclusions to be drawn on our readers' own responsibility. As a personal opinion and without urging it upon anybody else, we conceive it to be desirable that the Labour Party should be returned at the coming election with as strong a representation as possible. The Labour Party will have less reason to complain if it is given the opportunity of proving its claim to be national and liberal. In the absence of a Labour candidate, on the other hand, our support would be given to the Coalition, on the ground that since the Coalition alone is capable of forming a Government, the next best thing to a strong Labour Opposition is a Government at all. Nevertheless, there is something, even on political grounds, to be said for the "mugwump" in elections—the person, that is, who declines to vote for either candidate. When we consider the shameless allotment of candidates that has been and is being carried on by all the parties—the Labour Party being no exception—the choice before the electors is in many cases no choice at all; and we can not only forgive but we can commend them for refusing to cast a vote. Many a man who, by passive abstinence, would be given to the trick. What is more, it is by no means certain that the withheld vote is not as effective as the vote recorded. Let us suppose that in a score or a hundred of the present constituencies where, as everybody recognises, only one-fourth or worse out of the candidates are running, only half or a quarter of the electorate took the trouble to go to the poll. Not merely would their abstention rob their "representative" of any moral claim in politics, but the caucus would be disposed to look on the next occasion for a more really representative candidate. It is true that by such protest, we fear, that the carpet-baggers and careerists will be eliminated.
Towards National Guilds.

The banking system is an example of an institution whose legitimate and necessary functions have been distorted by capitalist profiteering. The proof of this is open to anybody who has a mind to follow the argument. Let us begin by inquiring what the proper and ideal function of banking is. It consists of two parts: the collection of credit and the distribution of credit. By means of the first, the banks are enabled to gather and to assemble in a heap the scattered individual savings of many people; by means of the second, this heap is then made available for the re-distribution of credit amongst individuals who are presumed to be able to make good use of it. The double operation, it will be seen, is like that of the natural order in which moisture is gathered up by the sun, formed into clouds and afterwards distributed in the shape of refreshing rains. It is a kind of circulation of credit from which every part of the circle may expect to receive advantage; the depositors in security and interest, the banks in service-charges, and the borrowers in cheap credit or capital. Moreover, like all such circulating systems modelled on natural circles, it is the more productive as more swiftly and surely it runs. An abundance of saving, masses of capital in the banks, and multitudes of borrowers—these imply a vigorous system of industry, a rapidly spinning wheel of wealth.

If this is the ideal or functional activity of banks, it cannot be said that they have carried it out except in a few cases. Here and there a local bank, with no ambition to go to London, has turned the aforesaid wheel to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned; but, on the whole, the tendency of the banks has been to shirk their duty. We do not say that they have always succeeded in shrinking their duty; we simply remark that they have had a tendency to do so; and, moreover, that this tendency has in the long run become dominant, so that at this moment it is not only probable that few banks are actually fulfilling their social function, but it is almost certain that they have decided to subordinate it entirely to another object. Let us consider the conditions that are likely to result from the recent amalgamation. The collection of the savings of individuals is, indeed, certain to be, to a large extent, neglected. In other words, the banks need not carry out their first function—the very function for which their first existence was made. Moreover, like all such circulating systems, the banks will tend to neglect their second function: that is, the re-distribution of credit locally, since it is difficult for a staff in London City to realise the needs of John Smith of Market Falling; and, in the second place, the very dimensions of the sums now collected constitute an attraction to a different direction of lending altogether; in short, to great foreign rather than to small local loans. The advantage to the Bank of foreign over local loans is obvious. Foreign loans or loans to big corporations are, to begin with, easy to operate; they involve the bank in only a few clerical and other transactions. Next, they are usually well covered by security, and seldom result in any absolute loss. Finally, they are in the majority of cases highly profitable. The temptation to banks to substitute foreign for local, great for small, loans is thus seen to be well-nigh irresistible; in fact, it is seldom or never resisted.

Nobody would, of course, maintain that in making foreign loans the big banks are discharging no function whatever. Credit fertilises economic potentiality wherever it alights; and from a planetary point of view it may well be the case that the fertilisation of foreign economic potentialities is more productive than the fertilisation of small enterprise at home. On the other hand, certain restrictions of this universal attitude are surely implied in the constitution of any given society. In the first place, the bank itself owes its security not to the world in general, but to the community in which it exists. It is England that guarantees the safety of the London banks. Thus England may be said to have first claim on the loans of a bank, even at a price less than that offered by foreign corporations. In the second place, since the depositors whose credit forms the bulk of the credit of the bank are in England and not somewhere else; and since, moreover, their title to receive credit is implied in their deposit of credit, it would seem only right that they should have priority of consideration over foreign borrowers, even, once again, if the price they can pay is less than the foreign price. Finally, we must name a restriction likewise implied in the nationality of any given bank, namely, that such a bank must not only consider first the needs of its compatriot customers, but submit also to the direction of its foreign loans by the interests of the nation at large. Foreign loans, being, as we say, the fertilising medium of foreign economic potentialities, ought assuredly to be under the control of the State; for since the State must ultimately run the risk arising from such stimulations, it is only proper that before paying the piper the State should call the tune.

The conclusions to which such considerations lead are as follows. To begin with, it is essential that banks should be required to set aside a proportion of their credit for the use of home customers exclusively; and the interest charged upon it should be strictly fixed. The proportion, moreover, should be considerable, say, three-quarters of the whole; and as much effort should be made by the bank to find good borrowers as to find good depositors. Under these circumstances we might look to see a revival of initiative among small men. The second conclusion is that the residue available for foreign investment should be strictly under the control of the State. With the banks in the separate function of the bank, that is, no concern; but foreign investment being also foreign policy it is indispensable that the State's permission should be required for every export of credit. All this, of course, is on the assumption that the present industrial system will continue, and that no superior system is practicable. It should be added, however, that if we have ascertained that the presented system remains, the least dangerous adjustments of banking are those we have just described. The first would ensure us a highly distributed initiative, at home, thus tending to the intensification of domestic industry; the second would ensure us a highly distributed initiative against the indeliberate strengthening of possible foreign competitors. By this double control, in short, we could stimulate production at home and production among our friends abroad. National Guildsmen.
Keeling's Tragedy.

This collection of Frederick Keeling's letters, honestly edited by Mrs. Townshend—honestly, when there were plausible, or discoverable, or discreditable arguments more than personal or passing interest. Keeling's friends will doubtless value these letters, so spontaneous, so characteristic—and copious beyond belief. But those who did not know him will expect more than the artless portrait, outlined so frankly by himself; they will naturally desire what the man and his ideas signify. If this volume has permanent value, it is because we have here the story of a pilgrimage under Fabian auspices, of how the general Fabian scheme of life affected the spiritual conceptions and external conduct of a young man of the period, possessing the best that the schools could give him, generous, impulsive, responsive to ideas.

In the jargon of the time, Keeling was a dual personality. One part of him a boisterous, roystering, hard-swearing, boon companion, good to be with in a tiger hunt—was abundantly proved in his last great adventure in the Flanders trenches; the other part, a student, a classicist, both in economics and in literature, with political ambitions, moved by an intense social compunction. Viewed objectively, I think that most men would have roughly described him as a dual personality; the subjective description we get in these letters is of complexity, of diverse strains, of mutually exclusive conceptions of conduct, of perversities that went far to nullify his efforts, when confronted with the practical affairs of life. But, so far as one can judge from the information afforded in this volume, the recollections and memoirs no less than the letters, had Keeling started on his journey in different company, imbued with more vital ideas, I do not doubt that he would have come safely to port with a rich cargo. With all his force and vigour, his was not an original mind; it was essentially a receptive mind, the recollections and memoirs no less than the letters, had Keeling started on his journey in different company, imbued with more vital ideas, I do not doubt that he would have come safely to port with a rich cargo. With all his force and vigour, his was not an original mind; it was essentially a receptive mind, imbued with more vital ideas, I do not doubt that he would have come safely to port with a rich cargo. With all his force and vigour, his was not an original mind; it was essentially a receptive mind.

It was at Cambridge, where he revived the Fabian Society, that he came under the influence of the two leading Fabians. Years after (October, 1912), he writes:—"I believe I have described to you the moment when I was reading Shaw's 'Man and Superman' at Cambridge, and when the whole conception of the solubility of property and marriage came on me like a flash. It was a moment in my life comparable with Rousseau's vision of the 'Social Contract.' It has been the main driving force of my thought ever since. The solubility of marriage! In another of his letters, he quotes from Weininger, which effectually dates him. But the Webb influence was also at work. Keeling hesitated between a Trinity Fellowship—had he but known it, teaching was his true vocation—and an immediate plunge into politics. He chose a political career. He gives his reasons:—"I shall learn far more by a combination of local administration and reading economics, etc., with a view to applying it to practical problems, than by anything else I can do during the next few years. The political prospects are promising for me. . . . Anyhow, I have decided; and I am going to start stirring up some borough next autumn."

It is to the point to understand his immediate ambitions. He proposes to settle in some London borough—Walworth was finally chosen—and radiate what he thought were new ideas:—"I have hopes that I might secure a regular stream of Cambridge Socialists for South London. It would really be a new movement—no damned ideas of religion, philanthropy, or 'social service,' but a plain carrying out of what will in the future become normal activities of citizenship. By God! if we could capture a Borough Council or a Board of Guardians, we would shift something."

As we progress through these letters, we see how that, since there is no vital or energising principle in his collectivist faith, of necessity he grows narrower, more suspicious of new ideas, increasingly practical and opportunist—this in one lobe; into the other, thoughts enter to lead him a devil's dance. The internal conflict occasionally puzzles him: "I am not going to be obsessed with the I.L.P. so much. It is not advisable even from the practical point of view. And more fundamentally I need to act more in consideration of the factors of my own personality—more on the Stoic principle of self-sufficiency (which conflicts in no way with my social theories of morality—at least, I don't think it does; must work it out some time)."

Two years later, he writes: "I think there must be something queer about the relation and functions of intellect..."
and instinct in me. . . . I feel I don't know what I am turning into. I know if I once get a sure grip on life and a definite direction, I have enormous powers, which have to a large extent been frittered away, or, at any rate, spent in gaining experience during the last four years."

He begins life as a collectivist in Walworth, where he joins the I.L.P., runs a Car Committee, discusses with Mr. MacDonald the possibility of translating one of Bernstein's books, probably on revisionism, attends the School of Economics. Generally, I should imagine, runs round London in the glib company of bright, epigrammatic and ineffectual young Fabians. An I.L.P. squabble disgusts him, so he seems rather to slack off in that quarter. The Fabian yeast is working: "You don't know how much I feel being looked on as a kind of backslider from the true line of progress. Do, please, think once again whether I could have taken any other line. I have never wavered from the fundamental position which I gradually came to conceive, as my Socialism became more and more deeply rooted—the combination of the revolutionary spirit and the practical or revolutionary method." The Fabian itch for facts carries him to a bourne safe from "the revolutionary spirit"; he becomes Manager of the Labour Exchange in Leeds. Facts! "Light without heat"! He runs round London in the glib company of bright, popular comrades—comradeship, co-operation, discipline and direction, in an atmosphere of factory questions to feel what that mass of the people? I doubt it. I don't see how it can till we get a national minimum wage and an eight hours day.

At the Zurich Conference, he writes: "We are on the threshold of a ten hours day for women, which will mean screwing up the English standard by a precious half-hour. You need to be, so to speak, soaked in the atmosphere of factory questions to feel what that means, and how much it is worth fighting for." His movement to the right continues: "I am getting a little tired of the lack of Real-Politik in a lot of the advanced Radical talk upon certain questions." Later: "I don't believe in short cuts, and purely destructive criticism is not in my line. I am always instinctively thinking of how much can be got out of this or that proposal, especially if it is more or less inevitable." In another year, the revolutionary spirit has evaporated: "My peculiar compound of Whig Socialism has become definitely more Whiggish (but not in reality less Socialist), and I have grown more and more suspicious of any political enthusiasm based on a fixed idea." A few months more and we read: "I am hesitating on the brink of taking part in Liberal politics. I think I shall. I don't see what else I can do usefully in politics. I am decidedly anti-revolutionist." Preferring as he now does the sanely ordered life to the revolutionary spirit, it is natural that he should look upon Germany as his second home. He wants collectivist Germany to become the dominant administrator of Europe: would like Austria to expand into the Balkans: dislikes the French: when there is told a strange story.

If there were nothing more in Keeling's life than the gradual dissipation of his impossible creed, it would not be anything less than a tragedy, having regard to the high hopes with which he entered the race. I do not think he knew it, but his ten years activities, ending in an indifference to new ideas, of blindness to new movements—blindness if not actual dislike—constitute a monument to the futility of the collectivist scheme, so devoid of inspiration, so contemptuous of faith and imagination, the supreme qualities that appeal to generous minds.

Another and equally tragical aspect of Keeling's life is told in these pages with commendable frankness. He had, as we have seen, derived certain views of marriage from Mr. Bernard Shaw. He never lived with his wife in a common home, only occasionally visiting her and their two children. His reasons are not private; they fit in with the mood that prevailed in certain circles when Keeling's mind was being formed. "In the everyday work of life I am primarily a politician—my religion, my whole philosophy of the business of life centres round the State... Politics is the art of life. Well, that being so, I can't stand second-rate reasoning about politics." In another letter, he writes: "I have got a passion for two inexplicable things which I call Truth and Facts, and that passion makes me feel that the sentiment which makes a man want to live constantly with a woman may be as bad as well and good." Poor Keeling! In his arrogant seizure of facts, in his researches into political economy, he never seems to have grasped the simplest of all facts, known to the poorest peasant, that home-building is the greatest economic and social fact in the structure of society. He paid a stiff price for his ignorance. Before joining the Army, almost the last words he wrote were: "I don't value my life much just now, and I would be game for anything desperate that was of use." It is pleasant to remember that his Army life restored to him his happiness in some measure. He found comradeship, co-operation, discipline and direction, in an organisation where there was no minimum wage, no wage at all, and assuredly no eight hours day. In leaving for the trenches, he shrugged off a discredited creed that had hung round him like a curse; he was killed in a bombing attack against the army that was defending the State Collectivism he had wasted his best years to establish.

S. G. H.
largely a matter of conjecture, and it had probably more than one origin. The primary reason for the feudal relationship was probably due to the necessity in such turbulent times of a group or clan pursuing the dual vocations of agriculture and defence. The clan would be divided into two parts. The more adventurous spirits would take upon themselves the responsibility of military defence, while those who remained would agree to feed them; out of such an arrangement it can be seen that the feudal manor might gradually arise. The fighting men would tend to become a class apart and would claim rights and privileges over the non-combatant part of the community. The chieflain of the fighting men would become the lord; the others would be his retainers. This system would be imposed upon other clans by means of conquests. The successful chief would divide the conquered territory among his followers and oblige the conquered peoples to become their serfs. In other cases the feudal relationship would be established because some group of people sought the protection of a superior lord.

Anyway, though William the Conqueror is popularly supposed to have introduced the Feudal System into England, it is nowadays admitted that it existed here before the Norman Conquest; much of it was not developed until after the Norman period; and that at no time was Feudalism a uniform and logical system outside of their domains. But in this country it rarely possessed that criminal jurisdiction in matters of life and death which was common in continental feudalism. He assisted at the King's Council Board when requested. To suit their own convenience the barons divided up these territories among their retainers on terms corresponding to those on which they held their own. It was thus the whole organisation of the country outside of the towns was graduated from the king through the greater barons to tenants who held their possessions from a superior to whom they owed allegiance.

Such was in principle the Feudal System. Though the system was in no way uniform in the majority of cases, it probably worked fairly well, for the relation between the lords and the serfs was an essentially human one. Based upon recognised services and rights it was not a barrier to good understanding and fellow-ship. In countries where semi-feudal relationships still exist, as on many large estates in Cuba and Mexico, there is no feeling of personal inferiority between master and men. A traveller from these parts tells me that in Cuba it is the custom for owners of big plantations to breakfast with their men. The owner sits at the head of the table with his overseers, friends and guests, and below the salt sits the workmen according to rank and seniority down to the newest blackboy. Meeting on the plantation the owner exchanges cigarettes with his men, and they discuss with animation politics, cock-fighting, or the prospects of the crop.

Feudal England, I imagine, was something like this, though the serf had to give half of his labour to his lord, it was not what we understand by exploitation, for in return for this labour, which went to support the lord and his retainers, military protection was given to the serfs. The amount of labour the lord could exact was a definite and fixed quantity which was not determined merely by the greed of the lord. The class division was primarily a difference of function rather than a difference of wealth. The barons did not own the land but held it from the king on such definite terms as furnishing him with men in times of war and of administering justice within their domains. But in this country it rarely possessed that criminal jurisdiction in matters of life and death which was common in continental feudalism. He assisted at the King's Council Board when requested. To suit their own convenience the barons divided up these territories among their retainers on terms corresponding to those on which they held their own. It was thus the whole organisation of the country outside of the towns was graduated from the king through the greater barons to tenants who held their possessions from a superior to whom they owed allegiance.

Such was in principle the Feudal System. Though the system was in no way uniform in the majority of cases, it probably worked fairly well, for the relation between the lords and the serfs was an essentially human one. Based upon recognised services and rights it was not a barrier to good understanding and fellow-ship. In countries where semi-feudal relationships still exist, as on many large estates in Cuba and Mexico, there is no feeling of personal inferiority between master and men. A traveller from these parts tells me that in Cuba it is the custom for owners of big

* "Medieval Socialism." By Bele Jarrett.
obligation to provide him with men-at-arms in time of war. Thus, Henry II delivered a crushing blow at the baronage which had got so much out of hand in the previous reign of Stephen, and which was made possible by his expedition against Toulouse. Henry now became a landlord in everything. He took the administration of the law out of the baronial courts and the manorial courts of the barons, which existed to dispense with the military support of his tenants, and to maintain a force of mercenary soldiers in their place.

Having destroyed the military independence of the barons, Henry set to work, with the help of his legal advisers, to undermine their power in their own domains. He concentrated the powers of the barons in himself and in the crown by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice. That court had originally been the court of the king's barons, corresponding to the court of his tenants, which every feudal lord possessed. From this central court he sent out justices on circuit, and so brought the king's law into touch with all the localities of the kingdom, breaking open the enclosed spheres of influence of the manorial courts by emptying them in the first place of those more serious cases, and in the next by dispensing a justice which was cheaper, more expeditious, and more expert than that provided by them, though, perhaps, different in intention. It was thus the idea was gradually promoted that the king's law and the king's rights took precedence over those of other individuals and groups; and it was thus the feudal lords were gradually shorn of all their primitive powers.

At first sight these changes have all the appearance of a change in the right direction. Feudalism rested upon the severance of kinship from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinction of race and blood, on local military independence, on an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and social position. It might appear, therefore, that the new developments which aimed at breaking down this isolation destroyed the military independence of the barons, took the administration of the law out of the hands of men without legal training, and placed it in the hands of experts who brought order and uniformity into the administration of justice, was a change all to the good. But it ended, unfortunately, in creating greater evils than the serious cases, and in the end by deporting the curia regis, or Royal Court of Justice, was a change all to the worse thing, for whereas feudalism was based upon an allegiance determined by accidents of birth and blood, blood, on local military independence, on the severance of kingdom from kingdom, and barony from barony, on the distinct
men about the time of the early Middle Ages. The original idea of the Church had been to conquer through the spirit; to change society by effecting a change in the heart and mind of man, and, up to a certain point, this policy had been eminently successful. It was responsible for the ecclesiasticism which permeated Feudalism to that which had prevailed under the slavery of the Pagan world. Christianity had not succeeded in abolishing classes, but it had succeeded in humanising personal relationships, for the humblest worker came to be treated with a respect unknown to Paganism. A time came when the Church, not content with ruling through the spirit, aspired to govern in a more direct and tangible way, to establish a theocratic empire on the ruins of the Roman one.

Out of this ambition came those endless quarrels between Church and State which brought confusion into the politics of the Middle Ages, and alienated sympathy from the Church, so that men looked to the growth of authority for the suppression of disorder. And if we look for the initial error which arrested the development of society upon democratic lines, and undermined idealism through discouragement following upon political disorders, I think that we shall find it was taken when Pope Leo III crowned Charlemagne Emperor of the West.

Ibsen and His Creation.

By Janko Lavrin.

I. — IBSEN'S DRAMAS AND THE DRAMA OF IBSEN.

Art is a symbohcal diary of mankind's inner evolution. The history of art is the history of mankind's soul, for each epoch bequeaths its soul to future generations chiefly through its art. An artistic creator is thus the best witness for his own time. He is usually the most "contemporary," for the soul of his time finds in him its most intense, its synthetic, expression. But the more he feels the secret pulse of his era the greater burden he has to sustain—for the simple reason that to feel profoundly one's own epoch implies in itself to be spiritually also in advance of it, and, therefore, to suffer from it, to judge it, and to re-act against it. Hence, the importance of an artist's individual attitude towards the vital values of his epoch. This conscious or unconscious attitude determines—apart from the aesthetic side—the ethical quality, as well as the message, of his art. For all great art is, at the same time, a great message.

However, it is just at this point that Art frequently becomes misunderstood and misinterpreted—not only by the public, but also by the artists themselves. One of the most common errors in this respect lies in the fact that the intuitive—or better, the instinctive—attitude of an artist is often confused with his deliberate intellectual attitude towards reality and life. In many great creators these two attitudes are antagonistic, and as soon as the intellectual attitude gets the upper hand, the artist may gradually merge into the 'thinker.' But a time came when the Church, not content with ruling through the spirit, aspired to govern in a more direct and tangible way, to establish a theocratic empire on the ruins of the Roman one.

II.

In the case of Ibsen, however, such a mistake is more than natural. For there is hardly any one of the great modern writers who has so much impregnated his art with deliberate ideas as Ibsen. At the first glance he seems to be in fact the most "ideological" artist of our time. And yet, the "ideas" as such were neither the aim nor the end, but rather the material and the means of his writings. Instead of dissolving his art in his ideas, he rather dissolved his ideas in his art. Instead of going through reality to ideas, he tried to penetrate through contemporary ideas to the very core, to the naked "truth," of contemporary reality. Being himself one of those sensitive focuses through which passed all the main spiritual values and strivings of our time, he tested their real relation to the Individual and to Life. The problem of individualism, the woman-question, the sexual problem, the problem of evolution—all found in Ibsen their severe judge and vivisector. He is "ideological" not because he arrived at certain ideas in order to propagate them, but because he started with them, examining them as a psychologist, artist and seeker.

To create is the same thing as to hold a severe trial of one's self," he says, in a letter to Brandes, and this utterance may be completely applied to his works. For like all tragic creators, he was constantly pushed forward to new questions and problems by an inner—one might say, by an ethical—need to discover his own significance and the means of self-realisation in the realm of deceiving realities.

His spirit wandered in the chaotic labyrinth of contemporary ideas and values as in a great cemetery—amidst the haunting ghosts, dancing their "danse macabre." "I almost think we are all of us ghosts," says his Mrs. Alving. "It is not only what we have inherited from our father and mother that walks in us. It is all sorts of dead ideas, and lifeless old beliefs, and so forth. They have no vitality, but they cling to us all the same, and we cannot shake them off. Whenever I take up a newspaper, I see ghosts gliding between the lines. There must be ghosts all the country over, as thick as the sands of the sea. And then we are, one and all, so pitifully afraid of the light."*

It was this horror of the "ghosts" that compelled Ibsen to seek for an issue out of the cemetery of life, to seek for a way towards the awakening and resurrection of the dead." But while his will and intellect were anxiously seeking, his "psychology" and intuition were dissecting, analysing, and—paralysing.

III.

This double creative process is one of the most characteristic features of Ibsen's art, a feature which may easily be observed in most of his great dramas, especially in those he wrote in the second period of his literary activity. There was always in him a certain antagonism and tension between these two processes; none the less, by his incredible skill he usually succeeded in getting a resultant of both—in welding them into more or less unitary works of art. This antagon-

* The quotations are taken from the "Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen," edited by William Archer. (Heinemann.)
ism may even give, as we shall see, the key to the peculiar technique of Ibsen's drama. Owing to the fact that he seeks and chooses first of all by his intellect, his plays often seem to be too deliberate and intentional, giving almost the impression of pieces "à thèse." Each of his characters is worked out and put into the general "ideological" scheme with mathematical precision. As the whole intentional scheme is complete, there begins a subtle intuitive working of the artist and psychologist. The scheme itself may be dictated by one or another "idea," and yet this rarely involves the subjugation of his psychological intuition to any preconceived purpose and tendency: it only gives to it the way and the direction, and these once fixed, the "psychology" strives to develop more or less freely towards its own independent conclusions.

That is the reason why it happens that Ibsen, led by his psychological and artistic instincts, gradually undermines his own "ideology" with all its planned desideria. His "self-anatomy" (his own expression) does not admit or allow any self-delusions. Instead of putting romantic veils and lies over the cruel reality, Ibsen destroys them wherever he can, being thus anti-romantic even in his "romanticism."

Ibsen's greatness consists first of all in the fact that he had enough courage and honesty to be cruel in such cases, not only to the "ideas," but also to himself—for the sake of an inner sincerity. Moreover, it is just this secondary psychological process that successively converted Ibsen, the romanticist and resolute idealist, into the pessimist and tragic sceptic, capable of ironising in the following drama what he had exalted in the previous one. After "Brand" he writes "Peer Gynt."

After Stockman he gives us—Hialmar Ekdal. How pathetic he is, for instance, in "Brand" with his uncompromising battle-call:—

Now but in shreds and scraps is dealt
The Spirit we have faintly felt;
But from these scraps and from these shreds,
These headless hands and handless heads,
These torso-stumps of soul and thought,
A Man complete and whole shall grow,
And God His glorious child shall know,
But He, the Adam that He thought.

And, like a Titan, he asserts:—
Mine is that Will and that strong Trust
That crumbles mountains into dust!
Compare now this "strong Trust" with the doubtful and wavering Rosmer, with the bankrupt Borkman and the equally bankrupt sculptor Rubek, who also started once—like Brand—with the vision of the Resurrection, embodying it in the figure of a "young unsullied woman awakening to light and glory."

"But I learned wisdom in the years that followed, Irene," he acknowledges at the end. "The Resurrection Day" became in my eyes something more and something—something more complex. The little round plinth on which your figure stood erect and solitary—it no longer afforded room for all the imagery I now wanted to add. . . . I imagined that which I saw with my eyes around me in the world. I had to include it—I could not help it, Irene. I expanded the plinth—it made it wide and spacious. And on it I placed a segment of the curving, bursting earth. And up from the fissures of the soil there now swarm men and women with dimly-suggested animal faces. Women and men as I knew them in real life... .

In general, the whole line from "Brand" through "Peer Gynt," and especially "Wild Duck" to the cold and hopeless "John Gabriel Borkman" and the "Resurrection Day" is nothing but the result of the "wisdom" of Rubek. The swarming men and women with animal-souls and animal-faces removed more and more Ibsen's visions of the Resurrection, until it became concealed and unattainable.

Of course, Ibsen took refuge from time to time from them, as well as from his destructive "self-anatomy," in deliberate exhorting and preaching; however, in such cases he becomes rather naive and even provincial in his pathos. He is usually weak in propagating ideas and ideas, but always strong and profound in undermining, in destroying them.

Not building, but destroying was his true element, or, at least—his true destiny.

IV.

Besides, if we examine Ibsen's ideals and so-called positive ideas separately from his art, we see that as "prophet" and builder he has not very much to say. His diagnosis of the great Invalid, called Modern Society, is always splendid, but his prescriptions are neither very original nor very daring. While reading his works, we cannot help feeling that Ibsen's attitude towards Reality and Life is in general not religious (in the sense of an all-embracing Sympathy), as in all the greatest artists of mankind, but rather "rationalistic." He blames and condemns not out of love, but too much out of criticism. . . . Dostoyevsky's watchwords, "First Love and then Logic," seems to be changed by Ibsen—into "First Logic and then Love." That is why his strong will seems at times so loveless, cold and—uncharted.

Beneath the art of a Dostoyevsky we discover an impulsive religious personality; beneath Ibsen's later works we feel rather a stern and brooding sociologist or a conscientious and severe physician. We are impressed more by the greatness of his will than by the greatness of his soul. His very inner pathos is not the pathos of a passionate soul, but the pathos of a passionate will. . . . However, it is not the passion that leads him to the ideas (as we see, for instance, in Dostoyevsky), but rather the ideas that lead him to the passion. And the more revolting and protesting the idea the stronger is the creative emotion kindled by it.

That is the reason why Ibsen instinctively clings to protest and revolution from the very beginning of his literary activity. It was the stormy year of 1848 that gave to him the first creative impulse (Ibsen's youthful drama "Catalina" was written in 1848) in the name of protest, and protest remained the leitmotiv of most of his later dramas.

He is, in fact, one of the greatest "protestants" in modern European literature. As such he always knew what to deny, but he never was quite sure what to affirm, for his "psychology" and incorruptible inner sincerity stripped in the course of time one ideal after the other to their bare skeletons. And preferring to be untrue to the ideals rather than to be untrue to himself, Ibsen gradually arrived at those lonely "heights" where his soul began to freeze in the void and icy atmosphere of its own "spiritual freedom." . . . Instead of the great Resurrection Day he found at the end of his journey emptiness and the cold silence of the desert.

He wrapped himself in this silence, looking enigmatically on his admirers, as Rubek probably looked on those who exalted the artistic execution of his busts, without suspecting beneath them the hidden revengeful thought of the creator who paid for his art with the happiness of his own life:

"There is something equivocal, something cryptic, lurking in and behind these busts—a secret something that the people themselves cannot see. . . . I alone can see it. And it amuses me unspeakably. On the surface I give them the "living likeness," as they call it, and they all stand in astonishment—but at bottom they are all respectable, pompous horse-faces, and self-opiniated donkey-muzzles, and lop-eared, low-browed dog-skulls, and fatted swine-snouts, and sometimes dull, brutal bull-fronts as well. . . ."

Thus Rubek characterises his own sculptures, and
his words may well be applied to the "double-faced" plays of Ibsen. Almost in each of them there is also a "secret something that the people cannot see."

But to penetrate from their outward masks to this "secret something" is the same as to penetrate through Ibsen's dramas to his personal Drama—to that inner working of which his plays were but sporadic symbolical flashes.

A Reformer's Note-Book.

The Church. It is a matter for regret, but at the same time a fact for recognition, that time has proved to be on the side of the claim of the Roman Catholic against the English Catholic Church. While the former has remained the Catholic Church of the world, the latter has become the Church of England only. But this contraction from universality involves us in several conclusions. We must conclude from it that, whatever claim the English Church may justly make, it cannot justly claim to have been founded by God; for had it been so founded, had God been "with it," it would have become by this time the Church Universal, while the Roman Church would have dwindled to a sect. But if the source of the English Church is not God, it can at any rate claim to derive from the nation. It is, in fact, a national Church as no other Church in the world is. This origin, while less in value than divinity, is nevertheless nothing to be ashamed of. As high as the nation can climb, the Church can lead, since from whatever source the nation sprang the Church is derived from the same source. The nationality of the English Church is again demonstrated in the uncontested associations formed with and in it. Not only do we speak of the Church and State as if it were two heads of the same body, with equal territorial jurisdiction, but in actual experience there is a close resemblance between the ruling classes of the State and the ruling classes in the Church. Now it could not possibly occur, if the one were national and the other catholic, that this coincidence of personnel should arise. Having different suffrages, a difference of personnel would be inevitable. But we see that in fact they are the same. Transfer from the State to the Church, or from the Church to the State, the types of mind now respectively employed in the two institutions, and nobody would expect to find any difference in the conduct of them. In a word, the ruling classes of one are the ruling classes of the other because the one will make a high road of the psychic path, and the other again, that, having only a national origin, it is impossible for the English Church to revive religion, or, indeed, to have any real concern with religion. This is not said satirically, but as a sober fact. Only God can found a Church; and when He founds a Church, the mark of His creation is catholicity. Catholicity is the sign-manual of divinity. That the English Church is not Catholic, and that therefore it cannot have been founded by God, are propositions from which the deduction is certain that it cannot have anything directly to do with God, and hence with religion. The English Church, therefore, is not a religion; and, if we had an English Church, mankind would not worship or cause its members to worship God; it has no "superstition" or mystery; no mystic power resides in it. But let us be comforted. If the English Church is not religious, it may become something perhaps more useful than the English Church, but of the national "high seriousness." The State is the association of citizens in their political aspects; the Church is their association in their aspirational aspects. The Church to-day ought to be what the State should become to-morrow. It should be the State aspiring towards perfection; the citizens with their lives turned towards the "Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land." This aspiration after the attainable perfection of the nation on earth is a great power. Organised as a Church, it may become a decisive power in the national life. But it is not religion; it is a State cult for the culture of the State.

Medicine. The path of Empire may be onward, but the progress of knowledge is inward. This is true not only of physics, whose present interest is the spiritle of the spindle of the atom—that is to say, the innermost box (if so it be) of the nest of boxes we now imagine an atom to be; but it is still more plainly true of the science of medicine. The progress of medicine has been from without inwards, from the last and most outward or superficial symptom inward towards the cause of that symptom, the cause of that cause, and the cause of that—must we say ad infinitum? From the skin inward, however, there are two possible paths. One leads by way of physics (chemistry, etc.) to the tissues, and finally to the blood; the other leads by way of psychics to the mind. Of the first we may say that a good deal has been learned from it. Analysis of the blood and experiment in the effects of substances contained or conveyed into it prove indubitably that the blood is, as Goethe said, not only the source of life, but the substance of life. The blood is the life. On the other hand, we may say of the second, or the psychic path, that not only have we learned already much from it, but it appears to be much more promising as a source of future knowledge than the way of blood. That the blood or mind—that is the church before medicine; and by so much as the mind is predisposed to think well of itself, by so much the mind prefers the psychic to the physical. At present, however, it cannot be said that the medical profession is as well disposed towards physical research as towards psychic research. Why is this? It cannot be that the occupation of the pass by charlatans has prevented the approach of doctors to psychics—for was not astronomy preceded by astrology and chemistry by alchemy? Nor can it be that they are sceptical of the power of mind over blood (at least as often demonstrated as the power of blood over mind), since every one of them singly has encountered instances past the power of physics to explain. The reason can only be that for the present the physical way is easier in every sense. It is easier to learn, easier to practise, easier to talk about, easier to carry on for reputations, and easier, in fact, all round. In a word, it is in the fashion of the ruling world. Hence we may expect that until a Zamolxis arises—a governing class that like Zamolxis asks for physicians of the mind—medicine will be still more a blood science while leaving the road of the psychic path a single track to be trodden by the lonely pioneers. It must not be thought, however, that these are without their compensations for lost ease, etc. The vista of discoveries opening before them is entrancing. Such as have seen it would gladly devote a thousand lives to the exploration of the world which the way of the mind opens up. Specialists in blood have speculated on the changes that could be brought about in an individual, in a nation, in a race, in the whole of mankind by the addition or subtraction in the blood of blood or air. The blood is the element. But this is nothing to the speculation possible to the specialist in the mind—who sees in mind-control the means not only of vivifying (as blood may) the existing intellectual and psychic faculties, but of bringing into manifestation (as more or less of blood cannot) faculties latent. If the blood be the source of life, and, or, let us say, the reservoir, whence everything physical is derived, mind must be said to be the source whence blood itself is derived. Blood may determine body; but mind determines blood. Thus regarded, the potentiality of mind cannot but be greater than the potentiality of blood. The future of thought is, therefore, with mind, not blood. Blood will have its day as other secondary causes have had their day before it; but in the end medicine will be of the mind.
London Papers.
By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

V.

It shames me a little to confess that I have always lived a life that made me look forward to my moods, for it may seem arrogant of me, as though I attached as much importance to my moods as to my friends, and therefore too much to the former, but it is really quite natural and human, for there is no man, be he ever so strong, who does not somehow sway to his moment's mood; as a great liner may show to the hulking roar of the seas—as compared to myself, a rickish, rakish-looking little craft which goes up to the skies and down into the trough to the great swing of those mocking waves—moods!

But I, as I say, unlike that strong man who will pretend to crush his mood as some trifling temptation to relax his hold on life, I am so sociable a person that I must give my friends every side of myself, and to each friend his particular side. And, though I do not wish to seem superior, I have so far mastered the art of friendship, at which Whistler has made such a grievous mess, that that side of me which such and such a friend may like is the side which I happen to wish to show to him. I keep it for him, labelling it his; when I see him in the distance I say, "Dikran, up and away and be at him"; for I think it incumbent on people who, like myself, are not really significant, to be at least significant in their relations with others, to stand out as something, even as a buffoon, among their acquaintances, and not be just part of the ruck. My ideal is, of course, that splendid person of Henry James', in "The Private Life," who faded away, did not exist, when he was alone, but was wonderfully ideal is, of course, that splendid person of Henry James' the very incarnation of a Divine Sociability, but in actual life there is no artist perfect enough to give himself so wholly to others that he literally does not exist to himself.

I am not selfish, then, with my moods; with a little revision and polishing I can make them presentable enough to give to my friends as, to say vulgarly, the real article, the real me. And of them all there is one special mood, a neutral-tinted, tired, sceptical thing, which I have come to reserve exclusively for my friend Michel, who lives in a studio in Fitzroy Street, and faintly despises people for living anywhere else.

When I had pressed his bell I had to step back and watch for a door window, which, having emerged and grunted at me below, would dindle into a hand from which would drop the latchkey into my upturned hat. Then very wearily—I had to live up to my mood, you see, else why visit Michel?—I would climb the stone steps to his studio.

Once there, I resigned myself to a delicious and conscious indolence. My thoughts drifted up with my cigarette smoke, and faded with it. My special place was on the divan in the corner of the large room, under a long shelf of neatly arranged first editions, from which I would now and again pick one, finger it lazily, mutter just audibly that I had bought that some book half-a-crown cheaper, and relapse again into silence. If uncongenial visitors dropped in, I would abuse Michel's hospitality by at once turning over on my left side and going to sleep until they had gone. But generally no one came, and we were alone and silent.

From the divan I would watch Michel at work at his long table in front of the window, through which could be seen all the chimneys in Fitzroy Street, Charlotte Street, and Tottenham Court Road. How he could do work of colour! (and the drab cosmopolitanism of this view ever before his eyes, I do not know: myself would have to be very drunk before I could ignore those unbackable backs of houses and chimneys, stuck up in the air like the grimy paws of a gutter-brat humanity.) For an hour on end, until he turned to "Tea, Dikran?" I would watch him through my smoke, as though fascinated by the bent, slight figure as it drew and painted, with so delicate a precision of movement, those unreal and intangible illustrations, which tried at first to impress one by their drawing or colouring, but seemed to me mainly expressions of the artist's grim and ironic detachment from other men; a macabre observer, as it were, of their passions, himself passionless, but widely, almost wickedly, tolerant. An erect satyr in topsy-turvydom.

If it were any other man than Michel, I would know him well, for I have seen much of him, but one knows men by their "points of view," and I am not sure that Michel ever had one. He was, or rather he seemed definitely to be, curiously wise; one never put his wisdom to the test; one never heard him say an over-poweringly wise thing, but there was no doubt that he was wise. People said he was wise. Women said it. A strange man, indeed; queer, and a little sinister.

Perhaps 600 years ago he might have been an alchemist living in a three-storeyed house in Prague, exiled from his native land of Russia for criticising too openly the size of the Tsarina's ears; for Michel was wise. People said it; women said it. He could be ruder than any man I know. I have heard him answer a woman that her new hat didn't suit her at all. "I think it is a rotten hat," he said, and the vanity of an admitted thirty years faded from her, and she was as a dejected houri before the repelling eyes of a Salhadine.

He had not always been so detached and passionless. Steps of folly must somehow have led up to that philosophic wisdom which so definitively obscured on the consciousness; so definitely, indeed, that I have watched women, as we perhaps sat round the card-table in his studio, and seen them in their manner defer to him, as though he were a great man in the eyes of the world, which he isn't. But to be treated as a great man, even by women, when you are not a great man, is indeed the essence of greatness! Bravo, Michel! I see you, not as I have always seen you, but in Paris, where rumour tells of you; in Paris, where your art was your hobby and life your serious business, and a dress suit the essential of your visibility of an evening.

I sense riot and revelry somewhere in you, Michel; the dim green lights of past experiences do very queerly mock the wisdom in your contemplation. It is said we are to suppose, then, that you have seen other things than the rehearsals of a ballet, have marvelled at other things than the architecture of Spanish-Gothic cathedrals? Ah, I have the secret of you! You are a mediaeval, a knight of old exotic times, a Sir Lancelot without valvete. Now, as the years take you, it is only in your drawings that your mind runs cynically riot among the indiscretions of literature—what a sinister inner gleam I sensed in you when you told me that you were going to illustrate the poems of François Villon! But in Paris, long ago, was it not you, Michel, standing in the curtained doorway of a cushion-spread studio, where the lights shine faintly through the red arabesques patterned on the black lamp shades? I see you standing there with a half-empty glass of Courvoisier in your hand, sipping and watching and smiling... And women, perhaps—yes, perhaps!—in your cup, it is said—running wild over the immobility of your face, immobile even through those first perverted years. But it did not always happen that I found him working at his table by the window. Sometimes he would be pacing restlessly up and down the room, and round the card-table in the centre (which was also a lunch, tea, and dinner table).

"I have never before been four years in one place," he said. "I have never been six months in one place."
He related it as a possibly interesting fact, not as a cavil against circumstance. It shows what little I knew of, or about, him, that I had never before heard of his travels.

"But how have you ever done any work if you never stayed in one place, never settled down?"

"Settled down!" He stopped in his walk and fixed on me with a disapproving eye. "That's a nasty bad word, Dikran. The being-at-home feeling is a sedative to all art and progress. In the end it kills imagination. It is a soporific, —what you call it—a dope. There's a feeling of contentment in being at home, and you can't squeeze any creation out of contentment."

"Permanent homes," he said, "were invented because men wanted safety. The safety of expectation! Imagination is a curse to most men; they are not content to live in a home. They like the idea of an experiment until you have a home, and feel that it is a home. Men like that. They like the idea of having a definite pillow on which to lay their heads every night, of having a definite woman, called a wife, beside them. . . . Bah! Charity begins at home, and inertia stays there. Safety doesn't breed art or progress—and when it does, it miscarries—the Royal Academy. . . ."

"Men want homes," he said, "because they want wives. And they generally want wives because they don't want to be worried by the sex-feeling any more. They don't want women left to their own imagination any more. They want the thing over and done with for ever and ever. Safety! Men are not adventurous. . . ."

He turned to me sharply. "Look at you!" he said. "Have you done anything? Since I have known you, you have done nothing but write self-conscious essays which The New Age tolerates; you have played about with life as you have with literature, as though it were all a question of commas and semi-colons. . . . You have tried to idealise love-affairs into a pretty phrase—and in your spare time you lie on that divan and look up at the ceiling and dream of the luxurious vices of Heliodorus. . . . You are horribly lazy, not adventurous at all. What's it matter if your cuffs get dirty as long as your hands get hold of something?"

"One can always change one's shirt, if that is what you suggest, Michel. But you are wrong about my not being adventurous—I shall adventure many things. But not sensationaly, you know. I mean, I won't try to write a book like 'Karr' about it, for I think lewdness is a libel on philosophy, as it seems to be to you with Wyndam Lewis. . . . I come from the East; I shall go to the East. I shall try to strike the literary mean between the East and the West in me—between my Eastern mind and Western understanding. It will be a great adventure."

"The East is a shambles," he said shortly. And in that sentence lay my own condemnation of my real self; if any hope of fame ever lay in me, I suddenly realised, it was in that acquired self which had been to a public school and thought it not well bred to have too aggressive a point of view. Oh, but what nonsense it all was! I lazily thought—this striving after fame and notoriety in a desiring world. . . .

I looked at Michel, who had done all the talking he would do that day, and was now sitting in an armchair and staring thoughtfully at the floor; thoughtfully, I say, but perhaps it was vacantly, for his face was a mask, as weird, in its way, as those fiendish masks which he delighted in making. And, as I watched him like this, I would say to myself that, if I watched long enough, I would be sure to surprise something; but I never surprised anything at all, for he would surprise me looking at him, and his sudden genial smile would bring him back into the world of men, leaving me nothing but the skeleton of a guilty and ludicrous fancy and of my many ludicrous fancies about my friend

this was indeed the most ludicrous, for I had caught myself thinking that he was not really a man at all, but just part of a drawing by Félicien Rops. . . .

**Views and Reviews.**

THE SIX-HOUR DAY.*

It is recorded that when the siege of Lucknow was raised, the garrison marched out to meet the relief force playing: —"Ay, but ye've been lang in comin'." To those of us whose youthful minds were inflamed by the visions of the Socialist Utopias, to whom Morris offered the Millenium and even Bellamy was better than the existing system, Lord Leverhulme's advocacy of the six-hour day may seem a little belated.

It is the fate of most things to be a little old-fashioned by the time that they become practical; theory outruns practice at such a rate that if we demand control of industry, for instance, before it has even turned its attention to the practical problem of production. The Socialist Utopians seem to be a self-elected Committee of Supply, whose vote is ignorant of all except for a generation by the Committee of Ways and Means that is the existing system at any given moment. But the measure is not less necessary because it is belated, will not be less beneficial because it has become practical; and although Lord Leverhulme may be a singular prophet of the Socialist Commonwealth, there is no reason why we should repudiate our own teaching when it issues from the mouth of another.

Of the prime necessity of a six-hour day there can be no doubt whatever. It is an old saying of mine that Socialists are only aristocrats born out of their class; they demand the best for everybody, and when they turn to practice, they demand the best from everybody. In both cases, the question is primarily a question of production; and if the "good life" which is our ideal would cost, say, £500 a year per family under present conditions, it cannot be lived by everybody on an average production of £25 per head of the population, as was the case before the war. You cannot tax fat on "ca' canny"; the immediate demand for that improvement must either be produced here or paid for by our production here. It may be a singular prophet of the Socialist Commonwealth, there is no reason why we should repudiate our own teaching when it issues from the mouth of another.

In 1886, he tells us, the output per worker in the United Kingdom was £317; in 1907, it was £397, and in 1912, it was £244. Prices were rising, the population was increasing, the standard of living was being raised, theoretically at least—and the production was decreasing. According to the same authority, during the period in which our output declined by 687 per worker per annum, the American increased from £400 to £600, or 50 per cent., the Australian from £233 to £542, the New Zealand from £259 to £503, and the Canadian from £341 to £478. It is worth while blaming anybody, blame the employers, by all means; but there the fact remains that there can be no improvement of conditions without an increase in the volume of production, because everything that is required for that improvement must either be produced here or paid for by our production here.

An increase of production depends primarily on the use of machinery, and by working machinery eighteen or twenty-four hours a day, we have the equivalent of fifty or one hundred per cent. more machinery in operation. But the worker is subject to fatigue, particularly in machine industry; and fatigue is cumu-
lative poisoning. The output diminishes amazingly as fatigue progresses, and the proportion of waste work increases. Unless the worker has enough daily leisure to enable him to eliminate the mere products created by the day’s labour, he begins each succeeding day not only under the handicap of an accumulation of fatigue but with an increased fatiguability. The fact that fatigue becomes physiologically operative about four hours’ work, and that thereafter the proportion not only of waste work but of accidents increases out of all proportion, warns us when to stop, while, at the same time, it informs us of the best productive conditions.

What happens when the worker is not tired out may be illustrated by the experience of our munition factory. When the nominal hours were fifty-three a week, the women lost on the average, fourteen hours a week. When the hours were reduced to forty-one, they lost only one hour a week; in other words, they actually worked one hour a week more than under the previous arrange-ment—but the output increased by forty-four per cent. This may seen puzzling to those who do not appreciate the cumulative effect of fatigue; but the point is that if a worker works, let us say, ten hours a day and requires the remaining fourteen to free the organism from fatigue, he will require only fifteen hours to eliminate the fatigue pro-
ducts of eleven hours’ work. Fatigue does not increase in a merely arithmetical ratio; its progression is more like a geometrical progression, anyhow, it is certain that, say, the fourth hour of fatigued work is quite likely to produce as much of the fatigue poisons as that of the whole three preceding hours together. The number of hours worked per week are misleading in this connection: a fifty-four hour week arranged in days of twelve, eleven, ten, nine, eight, four hours, would produce more fatigue than a daily average of nine hours; because the supreme effort of the twelve-hour day at the beginning would probably require a thirty-six hour rest to restore the worker to freshness, while the nine-hour average would eliminate the three hours of extreme fatigue. The six-hour day would never reach the point of moderate fatigue, and day by day the workers would turn up as fresh as on Monday morning. Production, then, can be increased by the six-hour day, and as much, and probably more, money earned in that way, or at any longer span, with the elim-
ation of fatigue from the physiology of the nation, most of the dangers that at present beset us will be diminished. A tired man cannot be educated, he cannot be reasonable, he cannot take long views; his psychology is a psychology of resentment, and at his most powerful, he can only oppose a violent or passive resistance to the demands made upon him. The great danger of democracy is that it is too tired to think of the welfare of the nation, too tired to qualify itself, too tired to think of the creation of a competing system of production.

We Others. By Henri Barbusse. Translated from the French by W. Fitzwater White. (Dent. 6s. net.)

The author of “Under Fire,” here offers us a collection of short stories of Fate, Love, and Pity; but we must confess that we prefer him in the larger medium of the novel. He lacks the various style of the short-story writer, and in this restricted medium his vigour seems, very often, forced, and he has simplified his stories so bare of unessentials that they are little more than the skeletons of anecdotes. His preference for violent and sordid subjects is not here, as it was in “Under Fire,” related to any larger issue; and in this volume he replaces murder, for example, to a criminal commonplace. The difference between the two books suggests that his realistic method is valuable only for critical, not for creative, purposes; as a reaction against a vague, romantic conception of the glory of war, his brutal detailing of the mud, and filth, and lie, and blood was effective—but it was dignified by the very conception that it derided. For although war in its details stood revealed as the insanity of the human race, the vastness of its calamity revealed the greatness of the human soul, which could not endure and refused to surrender to the soul-sickening horror that M. Barbusse detailed. His own conclusion to “Under Fire” denied the validity of his treatment except as a means to the realisation of the spiritual nature of humanity; and realism revealed the fact that glory, being a spiritual thing, is to be found in the soul itself. The epic quality of “Under Fire” was due to the very glory of war that it denied, and over it all brooded the inscrutable mystery of existence. But in this volume, his realism reveals only the facts, not their relevance or their re-actions, and the vitality is lost in the brutality of journalism. The simplicity of his style is as brutal as that of an indictment; it is the simplicity of Laertes with his: “Thus didest thou!”, a simplicity that reduces man to his functions and is satisfied with the fact instead of its meaning. These stories only describe, they do not create or relate to any vital activity, a number of situations in which human nature appears in its most hopeless guise; and the facts, although simply stated, are wrested into grotesque shapes by the semi-savage violence of their handling.

Tony Heron. By C. Kennett Burrow. (Collins. 6s. net.)

“Tony Heron” is a novel that does not fulfil its promise. So long as his characters are acting, and their actions are significant, so long does Mr. Burrow present them with admirable fidelity and with a skill that makes them seem real. But when the story dives from the surface to the depths, when the problem can only be solved by a growth of the soul, Mr. Burrow refuses to follow it, seeks a solution still in exterior action. The result is that the story does not end in, it divagates into, disaster; the end is forced, and the main problem unsolved. It is not enough to kill a child, replying implicitly on the irony of fate to pass a judgment, when the problem really is concerned with the effect of the tragedy on the charac-
ters. By the time “Tony Heron’s” tragedy is over we have become so much interested in Tony’s gradual expansion beyond the limits marked out by his father, the father himself is warming so slowly into life, that we cannot transfer our interest to the younger generation. Phil and Roland are only the puppets of Tony and his father, and Roland’s death and Phil’s murder only serve to end the story. What followed? Did Tony leave his father to die of his own “nay-saying”; did the catastrophe shatter the limitations of the father’s character, and release him; did father and son reach out to each other in mutual understanding over the body of the suffer- ing child? We do not know; Mr. Burrow has

A. E. R.
suddenly become interested in the problem of bastardy, and the possibility of finding a legitimate place in social life for those who are not legitimately born; and he drowns Roland because he finds the problem otherwise insoluble; but it simply does not matter; we cannot be interested in any solution of the problem of bastardy when our interest has already been directed to the problem of resolving the fundamental antagonism of father and son. The conclusion is simply irrelevant. It is, I believe, because Mr. Burrow has no unmistakable gift for revealing character; his Mr. Heron is real, far more real than Tony. Kenrick, the tutor, is a masterly realisation of the spurious maintaining morality in the interests of blackmail. Mr. Burrow fails to do more than describe his artists; he is most peculiarly a people who are a spontaneous, except in reservation. With these, he is at home, and his dialogue has the interest of a diplomatist's memoirs—but his people negotiate, they do not express directly their real characters.

Verdun Days in Paris. By Marjorie Grant. (Collins, £2 6s. net.)

Miss Grant does not tell us what she means by a "Verdun day"; but we gather from her narrative that her heroine was in Paris while the Germans were hammering at Verdun. She seems to have been in the right place at the right time. The whole of the material that she could use; she would have had more to write about at Verdun, but of a much grimmer nature than these triads of gossip. She spent some of her time handing soup to refugees at a canteen, and some more of her time in packing parcels for the soldiers—activities which gave her the opportunity of studying French life at her leisure. But she fills much of her book with letters from her friend Veronica, who had diminished at her leisure. But she fills much of her book with letters from her friend Veronica, who had diminished to zero a not very lavish expenditure of punctuation marks as her only concession to the necessity of economy in war-time. A marriage between an English relative and a French soldier fills up more space, and a flirtation that seems likely to develop between the heroine and an English officer occupies more space. Inter alia, we learn that French people keep their windows shut, are careless of hygiene in their hospitals, and have a holy hatred of the Germans.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SINGLE TAX

Sir,—Owing to absence from London, on a lecturing trip, I have only just seen the paragraph on the "Single Tax" in your "Reformer's Note Book" of November 14. I can only characterise this extraordinary piece of writing in the terms in which your contributor "Zarathustrian," on another occasion describes the journalists of Europe who "abated ignorance and battered on it." His article contains "not a word of valuable instruction on the neighbour's mind, not a line of understanding of his thoughts, not a sign of any acquaintance with his ideas." Your "Reformer" is either quite ignorant of "Single Tax" propaganda, or he is deliberately misrepresenting it.

(1) He implies that "Single Taxers" confuse "amenity" values of land with economic value, and "conclude wrongly, in consequence, that it can be dealt with by economic means. They propose, in fact, to compel land-owners to pay for the amenity of land by taxing it economically." (In passing, this is just the sort of charge Mr. Verinder has learnt to expect from a writer who "confuses land with capital." I do, indeed, confuse, or, rather, fuse them; for they differ in no appreciable economic respect. Since this is the basis of my case against the Single Tax, the rest of Mr. Verinder's objections are derivative.)

(2) The full answer is to be found in our publications.

* * *

A LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

Sir,—In reference to your remarks on the impracticality of a League of Nations in your Foreign Notes, may I venture to say that the proposal is not only practicable but essential if plutocracy, any economic and international affairs are likely to follow the same course as industrial organisation. It is not in the interests of capitalists to destroy themselves by internee competition when the combination they can at least preserve the status quo.

Capitalist States will combine for similar reasons, and the resultant gigantic trust will divide up the earth and its raw materials, regulate the flow of trade and food, and preserve their own peculiar brand of "law and order" among the masses. This arrangement will give the results of war without its risk.


ture, the arrangement savours of honesty among thieves, but this justification of capitalist States is the only plan whereby the world can be made safe for plutocracy.

D. E. RICHARDS.

RICHMOND DIVISION LABOUR PARTY.

Sir,—Will you allow me to invite all of your readers who reside in this constituency to attend a conference at Queen's Cinema, Sheen Road, Richmond (close to the Fire Station), on Friday next, December 6, at 7.30? I will send them tickets upon application. The object of the conference is to secure new members and to discuss plans for organising politically the Labour forces in this division. I submit that there is no more important political service that National Guardians can render to their country than of that of joining and actively supporting their respective local Labour parties. I cannot but hope that those to whom I hereby appeal will promptly respond.

Tel.: 906 Dalston. ARTHUR BRENTON.

MATERIALISM AND PSYCHOLOGY.

Sir,—Mr. E. B. Kerr says I make the extraordinary statement that "materialists never understand psychology." I submit it is true. He says that psychology is the work of Hobbes, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Hartley, Adam Smith, the Mills, Spencer, Bain, and Sully, and all except Berkeley were either materialists or agnostics. Well, it is to be admitted they have talked a great deal about psychology, but they didn't understand it. If so, why are the political theories of all these people now discredited? No one has studied theoretical psychology more than the Germans; but have they not failed at every turn because of their misunderstanding of psychology? The Bolsheviks, like the Jacobins, are materialists; but the history of the Russian as of the French Revolution is one long story of failure to understand popular psychology.

ARTHUR J. PENTY.

BLAKE'S PROPHECY.

Sir,—When the New Age is at leisure to pronounce, all will be set right. . . . Ronse up, O young men of the New Age! Set to the work, and survey the fields! For we have hirings in the camp, in the court, and the university, who would, if they could, for ever delay a mental and prolong corporeal war. —Blake: Preface to "Millers." He is a better prophet than he knew, or I, at least, had known.

W. S. KENNEDY.
An Election Manifesto by the Church Socialist League.

In the hour of victory the people of this country are summoned in greater number than ever before to share in the responsibility of establishing a new Parliament. It will be the task of that Parliament to determine the lines on which our new society shall develop, so far as political decisions can determine them. At this time, when men are realizing the sufferings and energies of millions of our people purchased for the opportunity to make a new beginning, the Church Socialist League calls upon all, and especially the Church, to face the Church's new Mission, and is aiming to achieve not the salvation of society, but the mere "stability" of the existing order. We must therefore declare that the Church will be failing grievously in its Divine Mission if it accepts current programmes of "Reconstruction" as a substitute for the redemption of the mass of the people from exploitation and economic servitude, or seeks its own "life and liberty" apart from the life and liberty of the whole community. The central issue at this moment is whether political decisions can determine them. At this time, every election, is whether its result will hasten or retard the deliverance of that "subject people" in which the nation was as often obstructed as assisted.

Further, we call for the abolition of conscription and the immediate termination of all penalties imposed by the Military Service Acts, and the release of all political prisoners, for whose continued imprisonment there now remains no possible justification.

We condemn the claim of a political coalition to absolute powers of settling in advance and "without opposition" the "objective" of a "League of Nations" which assumes as their basis an identity of aim and interest between capital and labour. We affirm that no such identity as regards fundamentals does or ought to exist. Coalition involves a spiritual subjection of the worker which is a denial of the essential claims of human personality. Every increase of social authority and economic power gained by the controllers of capital—whether financiers, merchants, or manufacturers—renders that subjection more permanent and more complete. The "objectives" of the Premier's policy, so far as they are stated, though possibly intended as genuine reforms, tend in this direction, and would find their logical completion in the establishment of a servile State. We call on all Churchmen to oppose and reject any imagined "settle-ment" of industry, however described, which perpetuates, the spiritual degradation of the worker by treating him as a tool for the purposes of others. From the political aspect we would point out the danger involved in the creation of an oligarchy formed by the combination of political caucuses extending or refusing at will its endorsement to candidates put forward by "constituency organisations. We see in the preliminary exercise of arbitrary authority the means of what is to be expected from the despotism of "Reconstruction Rule." Nor can we accept the claims of a few leading politicians that their services are indispensable for security and prosperity of the community; still less that they are entitled to the nation's support on the ground of having "won the war"—a victory in the achievement of which the nation was as often obstructed as assisted by its leaders.

An urgent problem confronting every Government for many years to come will be that of how to pay for the War. We protest against dependence on a policy of borrowing which amongst other evil results has the effect of increasing the hold of the moneyed classes over the community. In this connection we would call attention to the concentration of wealth which has been produced as an observed feature of the War period. Whereas before the War a per cent. of the population owned two-thirds of the national wealth, reliable statistics now show that they own three-quarters of it. In view of this things we press for acceptance of the principle that the cost of the War shall be borne mainly by those, already wealthy, who have been still further enriched by it. We demand the maintenance of an excess profits duty and the introduction of a levy on capital, and the further extension of those features of our present-day Budget which point in the direction of democratic finance and to the extinction of grave inequalities of wealth.

In regard to domestic problems, we desire at once to declare that the fullest justice ought to be done to the claims of our soldiers on the generosity of the country which has demanded from them such enormous sacrifices. Further, we call for the abolition of conscription and the immediate termination of all penalties imposed by the Military Service Acts, and the release of all political prisoners, for whose continued imprisonment there now remains no possible justification.

We condemn the claim of a political coalition to absolute powers of settling in advance and "without opposition" the "objective" of a "League of Nations" which assumes as their basis an identity of aim and interest between capital and labour. We affirm that no such identity as regards fundamentals does or ought to exist. Coalition involves a spiritual subjection of the worker which is a denial of the essential claims of human personality. Every increase of social authority and economic power gained by the controllers of capital—whether financiers, merchants, or manufacturers—renders that subjection more permanent and more complete. The "objectives" of the Premier's policy, so far as they are stated, though possibly intended as genuine reforms, tend in this direction, and would find their logical completion in the establishment of a servile State. We call on all Churchmen to oppose and reject any imagined "settle-