NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Instead of the expected "rally" to the electorate, the "Times" on Saturday devoted its chief leading article to the subject of our relations with America. The mis-understanding between England and Germany was, it said, "only a ripple" on the surface of the movement that should unite or divide England and America, and, as for itself, "no perspective of events" could appear to the "Times" to be true "which does not present an active and cordial friendship between England and America at the end of the vista." We are accustomed, of course, to such politeness on the occasion of diplomatic visits; and it might at first be supposed that the sentiments were the mere accompaniment of the landing of President Wilson in Europe. But closer inspection as well as reflection on the general situation makes it apparent that the article was more than a piece of etiquette, and represents the first findings of official mind on the evidence of our new relations with the world. The tone of the rest of the article is extremely significant. In place of the usual flourishes concerning England's right to this and England's claim to that, we have for the first time in our recollection a note almost of apology and of appeal. Several outstanding subjects of possible disagreement between the two countries are mentioned; and upon each of them the "Times" (no doubt in close association with our Foreign Office) assumes the attitude by the war in Russia and in Germany. Europe, in the old sense of the word, is no longer at our back as a menace, it is true; but in ceasing to be a menace, Europe has, at the same time, ceased to be of value as an Ally. The Empire, moreover, remains what it always must be, an archipelago of power dependent on sea-power for its unity of action. Set these facts side by side with the accessible facts regarding America, and the conclusion is obvious that the war has brought about a re-arrangement of the former constellation of world-Powers, and that the brightest star in the group, and a still growing star, is now America. That this result of the war was never clearly foreseen may be taken for granted. At the same time, it is not of necessity a consequence to be deplored. We may say, indeed, that from this point of view the result of the war has been to provide us with an opportunity beyond our dreams to imagine, for what could be of better augury for the world than the alliance of the English-speaking peoples for the defence of the liber-
ties of mankind? And what other course seems to be most unmistakably dictated by events? Yet the possibility of this happy issue from our many troubles must be examined in relation to the policy about to be pursued by Mr. Lloyd George’s New Unionist Government before we can count upon its more fortunate consequences.

We have already seen that the mot d’ordre of the new Government is super-production. The economic powers that are behind political manoeuvres must be assumed to have clothed the resolution to give individualistic Capitalism its last and final trial. The circumstances, moreover, are in many respects exceedingly auspicious. Germany has for the time being ceased to be a competitor to be taken into account; the resources of mechanical production have been enormously developed; and simultaneously vast new areas of the world have been thrown open to capitalist exploitation. There is no wonder that in prospect of the new Eldorado, our capitalistic class should feel the elation of their anticipated wealth, and in their enthusiasm be inspired to promises of an almost generous character. The war-debt, they say, will be a mere bagatelle to pay off out of their immense resources; and as for wages and the welfare of Labour in general, they are not merely willing but anxious to promise the maximum to everybody.

On condition that Labour will throw in its lot with the super-producers, the latter for their part are ready to promise Labour a considerable and an increasing share in the proceeds. The Government, it is expected, will do its part; and its part is clearly defined. As Mr. Lloyd George claims to have stood behind the Army in its defence against Russianism—never initiating military policy, but only supporting and implementing it—so, it is understood, his new Government will stand behind our captains of industry in their exploitation of the new world. They are to retain their initiative, their private enterprise, their individual responsibility, while he and the Government are to back them with all the resources and authority. In this way the nation, it is to be supposed, will become richer, more powerful and more generally contented than ever before in its history.

It seems a pity to shatter such a dream, even though it be a dream of covetousness. Nevertheless, we must continue to address our critical questions to its authors. Let us ask occasion what are the known and certain conditions of super-production, and call upon the current “Financial Review of Reviews” for a reply. The conditions of super-production, says a competent writer in the “Financial Review of Reviews,” are three:—control of ample supplies of raw material; an abundance of cheap, skilled labour; and good financial and commercial organisation—or, as we may paraphrase them, control of raw material, of Labour, and of markets. These conditions are certainly indispensable, and they appear superficially to be simple and easily obtainable; but let us see what they involve. The control of raw materials involves, if we are not mistaken, something approaching a monopoly of the sources of supply; in other words, the exclusion of competitors from the area under our control. And much the same can be said concerning the control of the selling-market. The desideratum of an abundance of cheap skilled labour, moreover, appears to be in contradiction of the claim of super-Capitalism that in addition to creating wealth for Capital, Labour is also to become wealthy. But by no means, we fear, are these claims and conditions to be reconciled; for if it be the fact that an indispensable condition of successful super-production is an abundance of cheap labour (and we do not, of course, dispute the authority quoted), then Labour cannot expect to be at once cheap and well-paid. One or other of the two statements in the case is incorrect; either Labour in the cause of super-production must be cheap, or it is to be expensively priced. Which it is to be we have no doubt.

But this is not the only consideration inseparable from the conditions involved in super-production. What of the control established as regards both raw materials and markets? If we were the only manufacturing country in the world, or, again, if the areas of supply and sale to be brought under our monopoly left the rest of the world an ample field for exploitation, there would be no question of the conditions of our super-production. But if there were no other country of equal power with our own and equally intent upon super-production, and having, therefore, the same conditions to fulfil as are laid down in the “Financial Review of Reviews”—then, perhaps, leaving aside the quibbles of Labour at once cheap and dear, they may be considered as having the power and the will, and being of the same mind as our own, will not submit to our success without a struggle. But what exactly does this struggle imply in the situation before us? We need not, we hope, anticipate its worst form in the shape of actual war between the British and the American super-producers—though there are not wanting crazy people in both countries to chatter irresponsibly even of such a calamitous possibility. But without actual war, as we know very well, we can be at many of the costs of war; and the maintenance of conscription, of armaments, of secret diplomacy, and of all the preparations for war is a burden only less than war itself. These may certainly be anticipated from an unconsidered pursuit by this country of the policy of super-production.

Two alternatives remain to such a prospect—always, of course, assuming that the wage-system which is the actual parent of exploitation is to be continued. One is Bolshevism; the other is the League of Nations. In the event of either of these conditions being brought about, the immediate peril of war is averted. Let us consider the means of achieving the one or the other. In the case of a Bolshevist revolution, what clearly happens, amongst a host of obscure phenomena, is the defeat, permanent or temporary, of the whole national system of foreign profit-seeking. A nation reduced to Bolshevism is a nation that no longer competes in the world, for such a nation is powerless to establish any of the conditions indispensable to super-production and, hence, to foreign competition. By Bolshevising itself, therefore, a nation becomes incapable of pursuing a policy involving competitive war; and thus, for the time being, the problem of war is solved for it. On the other hand, we must point out to our pacifist Bolshevists that the danger of war is thereby shirked and not at bottom abolished; for clearly, if a nation is no longer capable of exploiting the world, it is in the position of being exploited. It may become the passive cause of war even when it no longer has the active cause. The case of Russia is clear to demonstration in this respect. Though no longer disposed to foreign exploitation, Russia, thanks to Bolshevism, is exposed to the com-
paratively easy exploitation of itself. Given certain contingencies and Bolshevist Russia may quite well become the cause of more wars than ever was Imperialist Russia. The solution of Bolshevism is, therefore, no real solution of our problem at all. Wars would be rather more numerous than fewer if this country were to go Bolshevist to-morrow.

There is now left only the League of Nations, for the League of Nations, as we have shown, is the only alternative to war on the one hand and Bolshevism on the other. But let us be clear what the alternative of the League of Nations involves; and for this we can refer once more to the current issue of the "Financial Review of Reviews." Writing on the subject of "The Future of International Finance," Mr. Ellis Powell, a financial authority, not only makes money talk; he makes it sing. We are entering, he says, the financial age, in which political considerations will no longer be supreme; but their place will be taken by international economic and, above all, by financial forces of an international character. "The bond of common financial interests," he says, "will unify where frontiers and language used to sever." International finance will ignore national boundaries, will wipe out mental prejudices, and will, before long, "impose moderation even upon sovereign Governments." The parallel between Mr. Ellis Powell's claims on behalf of International Finance and the claims of the advocates of the League of Nations is too exact to be merely coincidental; and, as a matter of fact, under the existing conditions, the two things are identical. The emergence of the proposal to create a League of Nations is coincident with the emergence of an International Finance, whose political organ the League is destined to be. The one is the consequence of the other. But now let us consider how our main problem is affected. Foreseeing that the competitive pursuit by England and America of the common object of super-production is certain to lead, if not to actual war, to a chronic state of war-preparation; and being convinced that the only real way to prevent dispute, our financial statesmen, of whom our political statesmen are the mere spokesmen, have determined on a policy of joint action in the interests of International Finance, but under the name of the League of Nations. Since the three conditions of super-production are known; since, moreover, each of super-production is certain to lead, if not to actual disarmament, to abolish the wage-system and thus to make unthinking and sentimental among the ranks of Labour. Rightly used—that is to say, with an intelligence that Labour as yet shows no signs of appreciating—the latter weapons may become instruments not only for enforcing upon International Finance its own programme of reform for Labour, but for extending that programme indefinitely. Let us be explicit. What is it that the super-producers leagued as nations and controlled by International Finance, have promised to Labour? We know it well, for the promises have been repeated in a score of speeches recently: higher wages, no unemployment, reduced hours of labour, better conditions, provision against sickness, maternity, youth, unemployment, and old age—all together, in short, a slaves' paradise. Let Labour see that it obtains the peace at least. For every increase in production let Labour demand an increase of wages or a shortening of the hours of labour; and let the process of demand continue with the advance of production. Perhaps, in the end, Labour's demand will almost equal its claim.

MIND AND MATTER.
All life, the world, the universe, they say (The super-pseudo-psycartesians), Exist but in the mind. And thus your lovely eyes and tiny feet; Your hair, which seems a golden sun to me; Your love; your voice; that play we saw last week; That chip of iron that hit me in the arm, When I was out in France; hunger and cold, Are but the figments of my fancy, As shadowy and unreal
As Milton's Paradise or Dante's Hell.
"How so?" you say. "Do I not live as well?
I think; I eat; I see; I love; I am;
Feel and perceive like you, and sleep o' nights;
Have certain tastes, opinions, favourite authors;
I read the Daily Mail as well as you—
In fact I have a soul, a form. Surely to God I live?"
In truth, not so. You could not live at all unless I made you;
Not speak unless I willed it.
"What of Descartes, then?" I say, 
"Doubt his theory not: Spirling from the depths of the mind,
I cannot be ignored that in whatever form the League of Nations is about to be realised, the project will meet with the approval, not only of the brains of economic power, namely, Finance, but of the vast mass of the unthinking and sentimental among the ranks of Labour and Reform. From Mr. Lansbury to Mr. Massing-

December 19, 1918
THE NEW AGE

ham the cry goes up in unison with the representatives, direct and indirect, of International Finance that a League of Nations must be established; and since, between them, these extremes comprise all the effective power there is (in modern society, for more thought is, of course, negligible), the establishment of the League in the form best suited to International Finance may be taken as a practically accomplished fact. It is not without significance that President Wilson is reported to be attending the Peace Conference for the sole purpose of establishing the League of Nations; and it is of even greater significance that the "Times," in agreement with our own Government, has now recognised the inevitability of such a League.

Without further words on the situation as now revealed, we may inquire what is the proper policy of Labour? If it cannot now prevent the establishment of the super-sovereignty of International Finance; and if, on the other hand, Bolshevism offers no means of escape—the practical conclusion for Labour is to make the best for itself out of conditions over which fundamentally it has no control. Labour, in other words, must be prepared to sell its life as dearly as possible. The way, method, or manner of the compromise is a matter of indifference; and we may venture the opinion that the programme of Capital itself and in the existence of an increasing economic and political power in the hands of Labour. Rightly used—that is to say, with an intelligence that Labour as yet shows no signs of appreciating—these latter weapons may become instruments not only for enforcing upon International Finance its own programme of reform for Labour, but for extending that programme indefinitely. Let us be explicit. What is it that the super-producers leagued as nations and controlled by International Finance, have promised to Labour? We know it well, for the promises have been repeated in a score of speeches recently: higher wages, no unemployment, reduced hours of labour, better conditions, provision against sickness, maternity, youth, unemployment, and old age—all together, in short, a slaves' paradise. Let Labour see that it obtains the peace at least. For every increase in production let Labour demand an increase of wages or a shortening of the hours of labour; and let the process of demand continue with the advance of production. Perhaps, in the end, Labour's demand will almost equal its claim.
Foreign Affairs.
By S. Verdad.

That part of the public which is calling for the uttermost indemnities from Germany, together with the proscription of German immigration, the “trial” of the Kaiser, and other such measures, has no right to be surprised that Mr. Lloyd George cannot promise definitely to drop conscription. If war at once, the possibility of these demands; and to take them simultaneously with the demand for “peace” is to ask for causes without effects. Inevitably the courses now apparently being steered by the Allies (with the popular Press at the helm) are such as will involve our country in the risk of war; and not merely, it is to be feared, in the risk, but in the certainty. This being evident to every intelligent person, it is no wonder that, speaking as one general to another, the War Office is disinclined to allow Mr. Lloyd George to repudiate conscription; for the War Office, it must be remembered, is the ultimate executive of the foreign policy of the Government. Foreseeing that in the event of the present policy being followed, war will be imminent from the moment that peace is signed, it is no wonder that, speaking merely, it is to be feared, in the risk, but in the certainty, that Wilson, however, has more in mind, for their fulfilment.

As regards the so-called trial of the ex-Kaiser, I have already expressed my opinion that to attempt to reduce the procedure by the terms of law is superfluous quibbling. This is no “law” on the subject. There is, in fact, no such thing at present as international “law” in the sense of law within a nation. What there is, at best, is a complex of more or less honourable understandings comparable to the understanding existing among gamblers and international financiers. I have no doubt, of course, that the Prussian Government broke all the rules of the game; and I have no objection to the ex-Kaiser and his confederates being sharply pulled up for their breaches of honour; but it is sickening to have this proper policy reduced to the jargoe of lawyers’ justice. Exile the man, exile his proven confederates, ostracise from human society him and his late accomplices, but do it in the name of honour, human indignation, Policy, or anything you like, but not in the name of Sir F. E. Smith’s profession of law. I confess I have much the same feeling on the subject of the indemnities. Here, again, it is claimed that “justice” demands that Germany should pay the cost of the war on behalf of one of the belligerents. Apart from the absurd impossibility of the demand (and justice ought never to be impossible), the “justice” of it is questionable. There are certain offences—tragedy is made of them—which lie outside and beyond human justice altogether, and for which no “legal” punishment is convivially fitted. Brishing about such a war as has just been experienced is one of them; and I, for my part, object to treating the crime as if it were a mere felony to be punished by the indemnification of the police-forces. The wrongs produced by the war are immeasurable; and the imposition of an indemnity upon Germany would only, in my opinion, add to them. It would reduce a tragic conflict to the dimensions of a cause at law, and substitute legalistic bickering for human sorrow. Inevitably, also, I firmly believe that the payment of the complete indemnity would acquit Germany in her own eyes, not in the eyes of the world. For when the “loser” has “paid,” he naturally feels himself discharged of his obligation.

It is only in the most general terms that it is safe to refer to certain matters now under the discussion of action; but I may remark that the secret diplomacy shows no signs of abating. If anything, indeed, it is more secret and more involved than ever. The broad fact of the situation is this: that certain of our Allies, and certain also of our own “statesmen,” appear to be incapable of rising to the height of their recent victory. To put a charitable interpretation upon their policy, they appear to be still dubious whether they have really won the war. Winning the war, in the original sense of the phrase, was undoubtedly to “destroy Prussian militarism”; and that task, it appears to me, has been miraculously accomplished. Nevertheless, there are still people who either doubt the fact or (still worse) wish now to profit by the destruction of Prussian militarism beyond that fact itself. I should like to transcribe here the comments of an American international financier on the present policy of some of the Allies. “The destruction of the militarism of Prussian men,” he says, “is a weakness of the American President, and in particular it is not to be lightly supposed that the distinction President Wilson consistently drew between the Prussian Government and the german democracy he will now abandon—just when reality is due to be given to it. Mr. Lloyd George and the rest may forget that they ever promised to treat a German popular Government much more favourably than a retained Prussian Government; but President Wilson is not likely to forget it. He, at any rate, has a reputation for truthfulness to lose; and he sets a value upon it.

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it into their heads that political power precedes economic power; and that the sovereignty, for instance, of the Adriatic and of parts of disputably Jugo-Slav territory will yield economic power in due course of time. All I can say is that political sovereignty without economic security is a white elephant. And Italy appears to me to be in the market for a second white elephant to add to Tripoli.

Compulsory Town Planning in the Grand Manner.

While the Government is discussing the various problems of reconstruction, one need not apologise for putting forward a plea for Compulsory Town Planning, as it is so intimately bound up with our national life, and just as the moment of vital interest owing to the demobilisation of the fighting and civilian army. It has, moreover, a direct bearing on the proposed Empire War Memorial and National Housing schemes.

There are people in the country shouting for a return to the "get rich quick" policy which prevailed in 1913, and to that condition of uncontrolled commercialism which must lead to chaos and ultimate disaster. Fortunately the vast majority of thinking people have, after four years of war that the purely commercial aspect of life is of secondary importance, and that the true wealth of a nation lies in the fundamental question of food-production and the number of vigorous, highly developed, organised, and educated people who can be mobilised to produce the agricultural and other resources of their land.

Assuming, then, that the guiding factor in our policy of reconstruction will be to obtain a more permanent form of wealth, we must first abolish the chaos in the heart of our Empire. Before we can possibly create the new fabric of civilised life, we must start at home by improving the conditions under which people live, by the control of town-growth (especially commercial towns), by the drastic destruction of all slum areas, by the replanning of all towns and cities, and finally by the efficient housing of every citizen. It may take fifty years or longer, but it is of primary importance in order to ensure a vigorous and highly developed race.

The necessity of providing nearly one million houses to make good the existing deficiency in the country has compelled the Government to take action in the matter; the Ministry of Reconstruction has therefore wisely placed the Housing problem among the first to be faced and overcome. But a much wider grasp of the nation's needs in this respect is necessary. We must make a Regional and Civic Survey and Development Plan of the whole of Great Britain, which will entail an immediate and exhaustive study and survey of every city and town in the country, according to the relative urgency in the need for planning and rebuilding.

As this need is most pronounced in the chaotic regions where commercial enterprise has run riot during the last half-century—the manufacturing towns of Lancashire, Yorkshire, the Midlands, the Clyde Valley, and in some of those districts of sordid décadence known as Greater London, the Civic Survey and Town Plan of these areas would be undertaken first, while the most stable communities of agricultural districts which are not the victims of mushroom growth could safely be left till the country is mobilised for peace.

Let us consider briefly what has been done in England, officially, in the past for the promotion of Town Planning and Civic Design. The Municipal Act of 1909 made it quite optional for the Local Authorities to prepare new Town Plans, and submit them for approval of the Local Government Board, but only a few towns have taken advantage of this legislation, and only in connection with portions of undeveloped land outside the town boundaries. When it was done, the plans frequently originated in the office of the borough surveyor, a man very excellent in white elephants of road-making, but without training in the artistic and sociological side of the question. Fortunately the vast majority thinking people have, in the last few years, organised competitions for a new town plan, and have appointed a town planning expert of standing as assessor. That this procedure has been the exception rather than the rule. As regards the Civic Survey—a necessarily preliminary task to all Town Planning—the only work already in hand is the Civic Survey of Greater London, South Lancashire, and South Yorkshire, which will ultimately be of great value in the preparation of comprehensive development plans of these districts. The London Society, whose chief function is as a guardian of old monuments and historic sites, has also prepared a plan of London of some value, showing proposed new parks, parkways, open spaces, and arterial roads. As regards individual efforts, there have appeared during the last eight years excellent schemes for the reconstruction of the more congested parts of London—for the removal of Charing Cross and Victoria stations to the south side of the Thames, for a new St. Paul's Bridge, and for a War Memorial Scheme for Westminster and the river embankments.

But all such isolated efforts, though excellent in themselves, only point to the vital necessity of Regional and Civic Planning on a much vaster scale, and to the formation of a supreme authority such as a Ministry of Town Planning, having the assistance of an expert committee, comprising members nominated by the Royal Institute of British Architects, the Town Planning Institute, and the Institute of Civil Engineers, also rural and urban sociologists. Under the Ministry would work a number (say a dozen) Regional Commissions distributed over Great Britain, each with its requisite number of town planning specialists appointed by the institutes concerned. Under these Regional Commissions, again, would work subordinate district commissions who would act in an advisory capacity to the Local Authorities. In every case, of course, the lesser commission would be subordinate to the greater. This would enable the Ministry of Town Planning to keep complete control of the main lines of development through out the country, without in any way restricting the detailed working out of schemes by the Local Authorities.

This might ensure the co-ordination of all local town planning and development of the whole country on a comprehensive plan, providing the most efficient system of communication by road, rail, and canal, and the maximum development of our resources, at the same time keeping a watchful eye to control town growth resulting from a new outburst of industrial enterprise. It is futile to leave the "Industry" to itself, and then simply to confine our efforts to getting out of the traffic and housing difficulties which our neglect has engendered.

As so few towns have prepared new schemes under the "Act of 1909," fresh legislation on bold lines is necessary to make town planning compulsory, giving the Local Authorities a time limit of, say, ten years to
produce and submit their schemes to the next higher authority. Such legislation in the form of a Regional and Civic Planning Act would follow up the tentative and optional machinery of the Town Planning Act of 1909.

One objection to compulsion has been raised which is hardly worth considering—it is that a democracy can best work out its own salvation by private enterprise in Housing and the evolution of the Town Plan; but as the average citizen, and in fact the average city councillor, too, has not sufficiently good taste to insist on well-ordered towns where now there is only disorder, we must have legislation from those who rule to avoid a recurrence of "lost opportunities."

Practical working schemes for the Regional and Civic Survey and Civic Planning have been published in various architectural and town planning periodicals from time to time, including an excellent contribution from Mr. Lionel B. Budden in the "Town Planning Review" of April, 1918, but such schemes have rarely reached the vast mass of the British public, or even, in most cases, the Municipal and Local Authorities whom they most concern.

The moment is propitious for drastic legislation in Town Planning for the following reasons:

1. The nation is now used to the vast expenditure of carrying on the war, and all realise the enormous possibilities of seven millions a day when put to constructive instead of destructive purposes. A people who can undergo privations and heavy taxation for the prosecution of a war of which the beneficial results will not be apparent for some time, will willingly suffer taxation still longer if every day they actually see their cities becoming more beautiful and their slum areas vanishing.

2. The whole of labour is in a state of flux. During the process of demobilisation more than a million of soldiers, munition workers, etc., who are not required for the essential trades or garrison duty could be temporarily employed for pioneers' work on roads (London arterial and circumferential roads especially), the destruction of slum property, construction of open spaces, and even on the foundation work of new houses for the labouring classes. Thus might be avoided the reactionary tendencies to which a nation organised for war must be exposed in the transition to the reconstruction period of peace.

3. Several thousand architects, civil engineers, and potential town-planners, holding commissions in His Majesty's Forces, and no longer required for combatant duties, could be released immediately for the work of Regional and Civic Survey and Town Planning. It is not necessary for them to wait for the importation of building materials before resuming their pre-war studies. The R.I.B.A. might form a "clearing house" and distribute such men according to the national needs and each individual's qualifications.

4. The Government is about to erect 500,000 houses for the labouring and artisan classes, but the town planning schemes of which these houses form part must surely be undertaken first, otherwise they will only add to the existing disorder.

5. The subject of an Empire War Memorial is now engaging our attention. What policy are we going to adopt with regard to it? Are we going to erect innumerable and vaguely symbolic shrines, obelisks, columns, and statuary, haphazard, all over London and the provinces, quite irrelevant to the general scheme, as we have done in the past, or are we to commemorate the war as we have fought it—in the great manner, by the careful remodelling of the whole of London? Certain portions of the river front on the Surrey side of which the possibilities are enormous might be monumentally treated, and Victoria and Charing Cross stations might be removed to the south side of the Thames and connected by an Empire Memorial Bridge with the City of Westminster.

Finally, in no way can we better commemorate the sacrifice of those who died that their country might live than by establishing order in our towns and so make beautiful an inheritance for generations to come. After the immortal greatness of our race shown in this war, it is disgraceful that a Briton need be ashamed when he crosses the Place de la Concorde and thinks of Trafalgar Square, or when he views a well-ordered Paris from the top of the Arc de Triomphe and compares it with the chaos seen from the dome of St. Paul's, and, lastly, when he returns from the Place de l'Opera and struggles through that appalling English muddle, congested traffic, and mediocre architecture, the so-called centre of the world—Piccadilly Circus.

Let us set our house in order now, and in spite of the National Debt.

W. HARDING THOMPSON (Major, R.F.A.).

The Irish Case Against Ulster.

II.

WHY "ULSTER" MUST BE "COERCED."

It has always been a matter of bitter surprise to Irishmen that, having swallowed the camel of coercing Ireland, Englishmen strain at the "Ulster" gnat, and pronounce its "coercion" unthinkable. If "Ulster" had ever displayed any generous capacity for self-sacrifice in the interests of the British Commonwealth, this squeamish respect would be comprehensible, at least. But as every newspaper reader in England knows, it was upon Ireland not upon "Ulster" that the test of self-effacement was imposed, when the energies of England were engaged by the war with Germany. Instead of throwing upon Sir Edward Carson the onus of carrying out the treasonable conspiracy with which he had been occupied up to the time of the Larne gun-running, the British Government preferred to play upon the better nature of Mr. John Redmond. Rather than risk a rebellion of professional loyalists at a time when the safety of the Empire was threatened, England admitted the justice of the "Ulster" revolt against democracy, and produced an insurrection later, precisely amongst those who had armed themselves for the purpose of upholding a law sanctioned by the British Parliament. Against the danger of testing the loyalty of "Ulster" in the hour of England's need was set the more congenial risk of testing the patience of the Irish nation.

Every Irishman knows how profound is the indifference of "Ulster" to English interests or English sentiment, whenever these threaten to clash with the interests of Carsonism. Two cheap booklets, "The Grammar of Anarchy" and "A Handbook for Rebels" (published by Maunsel and Co.), have recently provided a convenient record and analysis of the nature of "Ulster's" attitude towards England. The views expressed in these ingenious speeches by prominent Carsonites are simply a wider application of a point of view whose commonest manifestation is the intense indignation of the average Orangeman when denied the title of Irishman. The professions of undying affection for England no more correspond to individual sentiment than do the boastsings of economic independence to individual interests. Should North-East Ulster become Carrownafshire, under separate English administration, nobody will be more seriously disturbed than the Ulster bankers, and the thousand and one business men who do not own the few favoured industries independent of
Irish support. In other words, these purely selfish manifestations of loyalty to England, and independence of Ireland, made possible only by exploiting popular religious sympathy, do not represent real political or social conditions. They are as remote from the facts of Ulster’s life as are the panic fears of Catholicism which haunt the imagination of the Protestants where they are a dominating minority, but are proved groundless by their absence in the scattered Protestant minorities outside Ulster.

Ireland, as well as England, has seen already the salutary effects of ignoring querulous and fearful minorities in Irish affairs. The Protestant ascendency has protested too much! The Disestablishment of the Irish Church was an act of robbery and confiscation; absurdity and revolution were threatened by the Land Laws; social disintegration, oppression and ruin were promised as the certain consequences of the Local Government Act—yet we have survived them all! Only in North-East Ulster is there protection from this beneficent process whereby the timid are reassured by accomplished fact, and the conservative are subjected to the inevitable laws of time and change. The horrors of the Home Rule Bill of 1914 did not fail to awaken the same terrors as those previous acts of progressive legislation, and, as the limited powers granted under the Act clearly show, the panic-stricken were faced with no more substantial dangers than on previous occasions. Even the most liberal self-government mooted at the Irish National Convention contained safeguards and restrictions which left no opportunity for the exercise of those malevolent desires credited to Irishmen by Sir Edward Carson. The suspicious fact is that, "Ulster's" principle whose application has not elsewhere been so delayed.

Only the most doctrinaire interpretation of the principle of self-determination can be invoked to justify the setting up of a claim for "Ulster" on equal terms with Ireland. "Ulster" is not, as has been shown, a geographical entity, it is certainly not a national organism, it is not even homogeneous in religion and politics. It is an integral part of the Province whose name it usurps, and its separatist flourishes solely because a small section of the community, led by strangers, has not been exposed to the process of incorporation into the national and economic being, such as has everywhere resulted in political unity. We do not anticipate civil war, which has in most cases preceded the coming together of similarly divided communities, for we hold that the work of absorption will be painlessly effected by economic pressure. At the worst, a trial of strength in war, as between the Federal and Confederate States of North America, would lead to the definite establishment of a dominant majority. It is immaterial which side should win, provided one was irrevocably defeated. The consequences of an Irish Civil War could not mean one quarter of the misery, waste and disruption which a continuance of this unsettled problem has brought upon Ireland. Fortunately, however, there are not even two parties of extremists who believe in the probability of Civil War, and one set of extremists in a nation of essentially moderate and well-disposed people will have some difficulty in making Ireland follow the example of other countries faced with the same problem.

Irishmen plead that as the word "Ulster" is misused in this connection, so is the word "coercion." The coercion in question is the same as that to which minorities have submitted. It does not even two parties of extremists who believe in the forcible oppression of an independent people by an alien Government, for whatever their political origin, Ulstermen are self-confessedly and aggressively Irish. They are asked to rid themselves of their hallucinations, fostered by those who exploit them so brazenly, that the people of "Ulster" have never yet been allowed to speak for themselves. The Catholic peasantry became articulate in the person of Michael Davitt, the Catholic worker in James Connolly, both notable spokesmen of the ideals of democracy, it is interesting to state. Every section of Irish opinion outside Ulsteria, has interpreted its thought by the voice of men sprung from its own ranks. Orangeism relies upon lawyers and capitalists for the expression of its views, and these representatives have a consistent record of opposition to every progressive measure passed by the House of Commons, and to every progressive idea which has captured the Irish people. To witness the savage carnivals, the "annual brain-storm," as it has been termed, in which "Ulster" renews its barbarous hatred of the phantom which blinds the people to real issues, is to understand the imperious necessity of liberating the victims. They can be freed, not by the occupation of their primitive tribalism, but by sharing the common duties and privileges of Irish self-government. Free Ireland and you free "Ulster."
The Influence of the War upon Labour.

Being the Second Chapter on Transition.

III.-DILUTION AND AFTER.-(Continued).

I have heard it stated many times that the women have worked in the munition factories more intensively than the men. It is probably true; but we must be careful not to draw the wrong deductions. Historically considered, the men are in their second industrial wind; they have a tradition, not of laziness (although under the wage-system that would be comprehensible), but of unconscious adaptation to the length of the course. The women are novices; they have worked under the excitement of a war, in which their men-folk were deadly engaged. Over a long period of years (the only test of endurance), I think it is certain that the men would outpace the women both in application and output. But sympathetic inquiry into the health conditions of munition workers shows that women are physically weaker than men, but in addition we must bring into the count their special physiological functions.

It is, as yet, much too early to reach any definite conclusion, only to say that for years be able to estimate the physical influence of the workshop upon the vitality and health of children born in these conditions, whilst the immediate effects upon the women's physique are still unmeasured. These facts, so far as they have been collated, will be found in the Final Report on Industrial Health and Efficiency by the Health of Munition Workers' Committee, the result of an exhaustive and sympathetic inquiry into the health conditions of munition workers.*

Without more ado, I turn to the section on fatigue, which the Committee defines as "the sum of the results of activity which show themselves in a diminished capacity for doing work." The whole of this section is of immense importance to industrial students: I am here, however, only concerned with fatigue as it affects the women workers. We have the results of two medical inquiries, one in which 1,420 women and girls were examined, and the second, 1,181. The results of these inquiries are thus tabulated:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number of workers examined</th>
<th>Class A</th>
<th>Class B</th>
<th>Class C</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Sane</td>
<td>Fatigue</td>
<td>Inf.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inquiry No. 1, 1366</td>
<td>793/7=5.5</td>
<td>15/3=1.9</td>
<td>112/8.5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>per cent.</td>
<td>per cent.</td>
<td>per cent.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inquiry No. 2, 1283</td>
<td>629/6=5.7</td>
<td>425/5=3.3</td>
<td>66/6=5.7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>per cent.</td>
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Upon this, the Committee remarks: "The total proportion of women exhibiting definite signs of fatigue is about 40 per cent. of all cases. But this percentage does not represent the full burden of fatigue, for the following reasons: (a) much early fatigue is latent and objectively unrecognisable; (b) the women most seriously affected tend to drop out of factory life before they have served for any long period, and therefore are not included; (c) women knowing themselves to be-fatigued were not willing in all cases to subject themselves to examination; and (d) the examination was necessarily superficial and incomplete, and only such as could detect definite and obvious fatigue, amounting almost to sickness."

These are sufficiently grave findings, but, if an amateur might intervene, I would like to add that as nine months elapsed between the two inquiries, it is not unreasonable to infer that the women in Class B had probably dropped out in considerable numbers. It will be observed that, in the nine months, the percentage of Class B rose from 34 per cent. to 35.8. It would probably have risen much higher, but, during the intervening period, the hours of work had been shortened, overtime greatly reduced and only spasmodic, Sunday labour abolished, and factory conditions generally improved. It is evident that the physical strain on women, even so far as it could be outwardly observed, was felt far more acutely than it would have been by the men. Nor do I doubt that in, say, ten years, Class B would have drawn heavily upon Class A. The ailments most frequently observed were indigestion, serious dental decay, nervous irritability, headache, anaemia, and disorders of menstruation. Something of the order of one-quarter of the women workers examined failed in one respect or another; 7 per cent. had throat trouble; 8 per cent. suffered from eye-strain; and 9 per cent. from swollen feet.

The conclusion I draw from the available facts relating to female dilution is not, however entailing a wage-rate may have been, or however necessary, due to the increased cost of living, and disregarding sex-psychology, about which I know nothing, the generality of women will speedily discover that the money-wage is an altogether inadequate return for the physical strain and waste involved. Granting that in many thousands of women who are physically equal to the effort and enjoy the financial independence, it is a reasonable generalisation that women will finally only resort to industry (I am not considering the miscellaneous occupations) as a last means to livelihood. The attitude of the men in such cases will be, I apprehend, not proscription, but an insistence upon a standard of skill, with equal pay for equal work. Further, if women are to be permitted only to enter certain trades, to which they are physically equal, it is the logic of sex-equality that men should be medically graded also. But that carries us far afield.

There is an economic side to this particular problem which must not be ignored. In my earlier chapters, I considered the status of the consumer in relation (a) to the producer, and (b) to the State. I argued for the diminution of the producer and rejected the State as the special protector of the consumer. But the woman is par excellence the agent of the consumer; she it is who disurses the larger proportion both of salaried and wages; it is she who counts with care the pence and shillings, seeking, however unsuccessfully, the best bargains, the best quality for the price; she it is who rations the home in foodstuffs, clothes, fuel and lighting. Broadly stated, the guidance and control of consumption is woman's function. That is another way of saying that she is the essential element in the greatest of all the economic functions.

We may dismiss with a shrug the early Victorian conception of "woman's sphere," of the monogamous harem, so dear to our pious grandparents, nor need we waste time and space upon the sentimentalisms that always crowd in upon this question. I know nothing about them and care less. But the business of home-building is the one vital consideration in every sane national economy. Let the family be composed how you will, with or without the sanction of the Church, be your moral code what it may, the fundamental fact remains that mankind produces wealth that it may live in comfort and with the amenities that flower out of tradition and culture. Where we live, that is our home; how we live is reflected in our home; the standard of life is not measured in money but in home expenditure. The National Guardian and the Socialist are agreed upon this: Capitalism disrupts and destroys the home. Let the moralist if he can lay down an ethical code for family life—he has never yet succeeded—whatever the code, the home remains the cardinal fact of civilised life. The active agent for the home is undoubtedly the woman. If anything, we see that probably not less than three-quarters of every income passes through the woman's purse—in sum-total not less than £2,000,000,000 annually. Now that is an economic fact of the first magnitude. If we mea-
Ibsen and His Creation.
By Janko Lavrin.

II.—IBSEN AS ARTIST.

I.

We can distinguish in the main two categories of artists: those who are satisfied with being only litterateurs and artists, and those who strive to become more, to rise beyond the sphere of mere art. The former usually sacrifice the Man to the Artist, being often great in art but small in life; the latter look upon the creation of great art as a step towards the creation of a great life, rating the perfect Man higher than the perfect Artist. Such an attitude sometimes leads, however, to an interesting psychological conflict—the conflict between Man and Art. This conflict is often encountered among the Northern writers, especially among the Russians. The inner tragedy of Gogol, for instance, was his inability to find a synthesis between the creation of art and the creation of life; and he fell at last into a vague mysticism in which he burned the completed manuscript of his second part of his greatest work, "Dead Souls." The Polish poet, Adam Mickiewicz (one of the greatest of European poets) also became a religious mystic, and so did Julius Słowacki, the Polish Shelley. The most striking example in modern times, however, is Tolstoy, who, in his old age, condemned his earlier works of "pure" art, and became an active preacher of a new life.

To those who look upon the creation of art as a means to the creation of life, Ibsen also belongs—with this difference, however, that in Ibsen we do not see a strong split between the Man and the Artist, because of his instinctive and permanent effort to blend both elements. He hated mere aestheticism with its dogmatic "l'art pour l'art," considering it as dangerous to real art, as is dogmatic theology to real religion. At the same time, he combined his intellectualised ethical impulses with his art so skilfully that he was able to avoid the danger to which even so great an artist as Tolstoy succumbed.

This danger is the tendency always lurking at the cross-roads where the two directions mentioned meet. And, strange to say, Ibsen escaped it just perhaps because his soul was less impulsive, less richly and broadly endowed, and therefore more disciplined, than the vehement, restless soul of the great Russian. In Tolstoy, and even more especially in Dostoyevsky, the inner creative impulse of the soul was stronger than the will to create, while in Ibsen we cannot help feeling that his creative will was stronger than his inner creative potency. But for this very reason he was able to subdue his creative resources to his will and to master them in a most remarkable way, reconciling factors in his art which were apparently irreconcilable.

Some glimpses into the inner process of his creation may give us, in a certain degree, the clue to this interesting phenomenon.

II.

It has already been mentioned that the most characteristic feature of Ibsen's creation was the parallel double procession of two apparently hostile elements—the intellectual and the intuitive. There is, in fact, in most of his heroes as much deliberation as imagination. Moreover, the intellectual process usually preceded the intuitive. Ibsen himself acknowledges that there is a moment when his thesis might as easily become an essay as a drama. Sufficient proof of this can be found in the first drafts of some of his plays. Thus, among the preliminary notes to his famous "Doll's House" we find the following remark:

There are two kinds of spiritual law, two kinds of
The quotations are taken from the "Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen," edited by William Archer. (Heinemann).

by the minimum of means. Where a Victor Hugo would pour out floods of rhetoric, Ibsen limits himself to a few laconic words and—pauses. His pauses are, moreover, not just repetitions, but the higher dramatic pathos. And it is just here that Ibsen's dramatic "book-keeping" and artistic tact go hand in hand, in order to produce a dynamic, a "condensed" reality, whose essence elucidates for us Ibsen's symbolism.

To realise this symbolism, it would first be necessary to draw a definite line between organic and inorganic symbols, or rather—between Symbol and Allegory. As this topic is as extensive as it is interesting, we may point out for the time being only the most important dividing line.

While allegory illustrates an "idea," symbol incarnates it organically. Every allegory is an abstraction of the reality, while symbol is a new reality in itself and by itself. Allegory is therefore static and "intellectual," symbol—dynamic and emotional. The former we "understand," the latter we live with our whole being. . . . Allegory narrows our conception of reality, while symbol enlarges and deepens it. Moreover, a true symbolic work may be differently accepted and experienced by every individual in every age—without the slightest loss of its inner power. In the course of centuries each generation finds in it new creative facts and inspirations. The "Prometheus Bound" was felt quite otherwise by the ancient Greeks than by us; none the less, it remains for us an equally great work of art. It follows that only a symbolic work is permanent, for its intrinsic power is not crushed by the changing and growing values of humanity, but only transmuted by them, without losing its vitality.

If we apply the above characteristics to the works of Ibsen, we see that Ibsen's symbolic strength lies not in his deliberate "symbols," but in his condensed and dynamic realism. In the individual tragedies of many of his heroes we feel concentrated the tragedy of the whole of contemporary society, of the whole of our contemporary epoch. The petty events in the piteous Norwegian society among the rocks and fogs and fjords of the North, Ibsen illuminates and deepens in such a way that they receive a universal significance. The dramas of the local society he deepens to the dramas of Humanity. And the more realistic he is in such cases the greater is the symbolical significance of the characters.

On the other hand, when Ibsen endeavours to operate with deliberate symbolism, he is nearer to allegory than to the symbol. Sometimes he is also balancing between them, paying alternately tribute to both. But, on the whole, he escapes inorganic allegorism by making his "symbols" only auxiliary means to his "condensed" realism—i.e., by trying to absorb "symbols" in characters and not vice versa.

To sum up, Ibsen does not distort the reality for the sake of "symbols"; he only transmutes it by them according to his creative impulses, and these were always the result of some individual questioning, seeking and striving.

Therefore, in spite of all his reforms in contemporary drama, Ibsen gives the impression of being more interested in new forms of life than in new forms of art. That is the reason why the thinker and man play such an important part in his creation.

"Everything that I have written has the closest possible connection with what I have lived, thorough, even if it has not been my own personal—or actual—experience," he writes in a letter to L. Passerger; "in every poem or play I have aimed at my own spiritual emancipation and purification—for a man shares the responsibility and the guilt of the society to which he belongs." Ibsen made, in fact, a most interesting attempt to blend the Thinker with the Artist, and the Artist with the Man. In other words, he tried to unite organically intellectual, ethical, and aesthetical elements. And that is perhaps the direction which will be taken—on a bigger and more grandiose scale—by the synthetic art of the future.

Music.
By William Atheling.

"Les pianos, les pianos, dans les quartiers aînés!"

LILIA KANEVSKAYA (Eolian Hall, November 26) displayed animation, conservatism and a certain liking for Brahms; she was soothing and restful on a day like this day of idleness; the playing was meditative, not theatrical. It was, I think, her rhythm-sense that kept it from being a bore. There was a good beginning to the Romance in F. She had not the weight or gross tonnage to deal competently with the Rhapsody. She made a good deal of noise in Palmgren's "The Sea," was graceful in "Rococo," but the "Bad Song" is rubbish, and she had better go back to Daquin if she wants to do "this sort of thing" pleasantly.

She inclines to the pale-pink school in the "interpretation" of Debussy. It is, of course, admirable that she should wish to play good music, but she should practise the French virtue of recognising one's limitations and keep off "Jardins sous la pluie" until her insight is deeper.

The Chopin Etude (A flat) was very pretty, delicate, and unsatisfactory, though she showed temperament and even an admamation of the significance. My chief puzzle was to discover why, with obviously no more distinction in the playing, I was not more annoyed. Madame Kanevskaya appears to be fairly young; she labels her performance "First Recital"; she is perfectly within her rights to appear; I do not mean to imply by the harshness of my foregoing sentences that she should go back to the school-room. She is even, according to many standards, "quite good."

There are people whose life is not complete until they have played the piano-part of a piano concerto (preferably the Concerto by Grieg) with orchestra in the Queen's or the Albert Hall. This is, perhaps, one of the conditions of modern life, or modern musical life in London. After all, London is the largest city in the world, and the Queen's Hall, while not so large as the Albert, is one of the largest concert halls in this city. The Germans have destroyed many things, but they neglected the piano concerto.

Miss CHILTON-GRIFFIN (Queen's Hall, Nov. 28) began the Grieg dashingly, with perhaps a touch of the theatrical manner. Landon Ronald conducted neatly. Mr. C. Gribbin's playing is suited to a large auditorium; one had not the feeling that the subtlety part was being lost. One felt her floating somewhat lightly upon the top of the music (rather than working to create it); there were no special ice-tinkle or Norse-frigid effects as when De Greet presented the same composition a few weeks ago. The cadences? "Oh, Love, what shall be said of thee!" "Pum, pum, ti pum pum."

I doubt if this music has any very intense emotion concealed in it; at any rate, none emerged.

The one point in the pianist's favour was that her playing fitted the size of the hall; this point is worth noting. It is, if you like, Aristotelian, but the musician should gauge his sound volume and sound-reach to the size of hall he is playing in.

We reserve, on the contrary, our opinion that the kettle-drum in "Rococo" was subjected to over-emphasis with orchestra than the pianoforte; the kettle-drum blends and forms part of a demonstrable aesthetic unity. (The drummer in Mr. Ronald's orchestra on Nov. 28 happened to be a very bad drummer, but this does not affect the general
and main proposition.) "Pally-wally-wally wink chin," continued the piano.

The Bizet-Ronald suite for orchestra by itself was lifelessly opened by Mr. Ronald, but livened up when the harp (a rather good) and flute took hold of it in duet. (We shall perhaps get ourselves further disliked if we begin trying to sort out the good and bad players in the established organisations,) but what, after all, are we here for? Of the piano solos, the first prelude by Corder was given with the same airiness and wide spacing which had been employed in the Grieg; "walking on the waves" very aptly describes it; the second prelude was rather cinema. In the Liszt, Miss Griffin was solder; there was a certain amount of interest in one or two timber effects, or in the orchestration of the instrument, giving the impression of several instruments of different quality. Here there is an element of promise, but not in the high runs, or indeed in any of her treble. The fortissimos were mostly obliteration.

ADA FORREST (Wigmore, Nov. 28). Pflegin in throat, voice strained through veil or, to use the Victorian manner intolerably, indistinct wording, squawk. Constant sound of "cla cla cla," or possibly "gla gla gla," in place of "Since I live not where I love." As Morley and Lawes scarcely preserved a trace of their beauties in the path of her assault, I fled before she began singing modern settings of Tennyson. I should have fled in any case.

Miss MONIQUE POOLE (Xian, same afternoon) must be likewise rejected. Concerts for charity should not demand so much. The violinist had one virtue, and that unavailing; she was obviously anxious to do her best for the audience.

Miss Helen Wilson approached with a beaming smile; she presented Dvorak's prose declarations in an Anglo- operatic wholly depressing manner. As the words have no interest either in content or rhythm, the composer had not been able to do much with them nor did the singer. The declaration; "I will sing songs of gladness" did not carry conviction. The next attempt was Grechaninow's "Dreamy Steppe." I conducted myself to the portal.

My third experience on this drizzling Friday was somewhat more successful. Miss MARGUERITE MEREDYLL (Steinway Hall) has shown interest in the Grechaninow's "Dreary Steppe." I conducted myself to the portal. My third experience on this drizzling Friday was somewhat more successful. Miss MARGUERITE MEREDYLL (Steinway Hall) has shown interest in the general subject of music by ensconcing her piano behind M. Doehard's 'cello and Marjorie Hayward's violin. Beethoven's Trio (Op. 70, No. 2) is as gracious as anything he has written; there is enough going on to keep the attention of the auditor; Beethoven retains here a rather Mercurian charm. The instrument, in general, the use of its limitations is open to criticism; the different movements begin well, but do not perhaps develop very convincingly; there is, however, a pleasing current.

Miss M. only point is the tympanum quality of her lower bass notes; she seems to draw blanks or strike with ligneous fingers in the upper bass; there is no minor poet, no poet at all, in fact, and, therefore, not to be gulled by insincere sunsets or valleys without shade or colour; that the idea of a fawn skipping about where I don't expect him, far from causing in me a metrical paroxysm after Mr. Richard Niebes, frankly bores me; it has shown me an odd nymph here and there, I haven't encouraged him. . . . They are so intangible, I thought, and they faded away. So at last, in desperation, he stuck on a tree with a note against a grey sky, and I thought it beautiful. It is a matter entirely between the old bee and myself. For all I care, you may think my stripped tree a stupid old tree, but to me it is beautiful. I see life that way.

But the day I am thinking of, when I get off the 'bus at Hyde Park Corner, was towards the end of October, when oysters have already become a commonplace; and as I walked up the Green Park side, the path around me was strewn with brown and red and faded green leaves, the last sacrifice of autumn to winter. I wondered why all things did not die as beautifully and as naturally as autumn dies. If all things died like that, there would be no fear in the world, and a world without fear would be a splendid picture, splendid. But the fear of the shapeless bogey behind existence has been the peculiar gift of God; for so long He has chosen to be secretive about death; and the secret of it is in the eating of the last remaining apple on the Tree of Knowledge. But, O God, it is all a vain
eyes of a Phoenix, veiled and secret, but their secret was only the secret of love and danger—Danger! Jehovah never had a chance against Lucifer, who was, after all, a man of the world, in his fight for the soul of Lilith. She never had a soul, and it was of Lilith Swinburne must have been thickening when he wrote 'Faustine,' which silly fools of men have addressed to me. . . . Of course, she chose Lucifer. Who wouldn't choose a dashing young rebel, a splendid failure if ever there was one, with a name like Lucifer, as compared to a darling, respectable, anxious old man called Jehovah? It's like asking a young woman to choose between Byron and Tolstoi...

But Shelmerdene had long since gone, to play at life and make tools of men; to make men, to break men, they said of her, and leave them in the dust, grovelling arabesques on the carpet of their humiliation. "Let them be, let them be in peace," I had said to her impatiently, but she had turned large, incurious, serious eyes on me, and I answered, "I want to find out. She had, indeed, gone, "to find out," and gone on a splendid, despairing chase. And I saw a vision of her there, but not as the proud, beautiful creature who filled and emptied a man's life as though for a caprice; I saw her on her knees in a ruined pagan temple—bank, perhaps, and sundered and tired, entreating the spectre of the monstrous goddess Ishtar to let her cease from the quest of love. . . . I am so tired, she is saying to the nebulous goddess who has fashioned the years of her life into a love-tale. But who is Shelmerdene to beg a favour from Ishtar, who, in the guise of Astarte in Syria and Astaroth in Canaan, upset the gods and households of great peoples and debauched their minds, so that in later ages they were fit for nothing but to be conquered and to serve Rome and Byzantium as concubines and eunuchs?

Poor, weak Shelmerdene! Slave of Ishtar! Didn't you know, when, as a young girl, you set yourself, mischievously but seriously, "to find out" about men and life, that you would never be able to stop, that you would go on and on, even from Mayfair to Chorasan? You should have known. You have been so wantonly blind, Shelmerdene. You have idealised the good, beautiful creature who filled and emptied a man's life as though for a caprice; I saw her on her knees in a ruined pagan temple, perhaps, and sundered and tired, entreating the spectre of the monstrous goddess Ishtar to let her cease from the quest of love. . . .

Views and Reviews.

INTERNATIONAL LAW.*

The appearance of this volume at this time is singularly opportune. The sanctity of International Law has been so powerfully asserted that few of us have been able to discover what it is, or have had to content ourselves with the misleading analogies drawn from municipal law, or the still more dubious adaptation of abstract moral judgments to political practice. If this volume did not more than correct these misapprehensions, it would be of great value; but its investigation and review of judgments delivered during the war adds to it an interest and importance that should recommend it not only to professional but to commercial men. Sir Frederick Smith's part in the preparation of this volume is described by himself in a preface, and is in no way or degree derogatory to its excellence. In 1899, he wrote a small volume which was printed in Dent's Primer Series; new editions were produced in 1902 and 1906, of which several reprints were issued

* "International Law." By Sir Frederick Smits. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged by Dr. Coleman Phillips. (Dent. 16s. net.)
until 1912. Then the publishers asked for an enlarged edition which should have rank above that of a primer, which should have at least the authority of a text-book; and Mr. James Wylie undertook the editorship of the fourth edition. Sir Frederick Smith was consulted upon all the additions made to the original book; he made some himself; and retained responsibility for the opinions expressed. During the war, both Sir Frederick Smith and Mr. James Wylie have been otherwise engaged; and Dr. Coleman Phillipson has undertaken the revision and enlargement of this, the fifth, edition. Sir Frederick Smith declares that this volume has in many respects been thoroughly revised; and the book is issued with his blessing on the editor, and a rather violent assertion of what International Law will permit us to do to Germany, an assertion that is as illuminative of the nature of International Law as the more sober statement in the text.

Some of the confusion is undoubtedly due to the failure of writers to distinguish between what International Law is and what they think it ought to be. When they assert, for example, that International Law is a substitute for war, and talk of superseding the Rule of Might by the Rule of Right, they are advocates of another order and are not interpreters of this. Might may, or may not, be Right; sometimes it is, sometimes it is not; but International Law has to take cognisance of Might and to make its conception of Right accord with the facts. As between Nation A and Nation B, International Law declares A bound to do a certain act. A refuses: it has broken the law. War follows in which A is victorious. So far as International Law is concerned, the nation is now justified in its refusal. This is a paradox in ethics, but International Law is not ethics even from the point of view of municipal law, but International Law is not municipal law, except by specific adoption. There the fact remains that, so far as International Law is concerned, a nation can do what it can do, and International Law will recognise the accomplished fact. The term "law" in this connection is misleading as a definition, but interpretative as an ideal; but if ever the so-called Rule of Right should supersede the Rule of Might, the Rule of Right then administered will be that of settled rules is cheaply purchased, in the majority of cases, by the habit of individual compliance."

International Law, then, is not that simple, compact body of first principles that is so frequently invoked in its name; it is a confused medley of customs, practices, treaties and agreements, subject to revision and interpretation, binding only so far as it is compiled with, and subject always to correction by force. There is hardly a doctrine of the publicists that is not corrected or denied by International Law; the inviolability of treaties, to take one example, is not a principle of International Law, although, as the author says, it is "useful as an idea for the guidance of international conduct." If agreement is the desideratum, it is of all things the most difficult to obtain; and acquiescence is only to be expected from those who are too weak to resist or too little interested in the matter. The absence of any positive sanction is a defect not easily remedied; and if we are to infer from the practice of International Law the possibility of the establishment of a Universal Government, the prospect is hopeless indeed. "It must always be remembered," says the author, "that International Law may have attained to a perfect development of type, and may therefore be an inchoate law never destined to reach maturity." There is certainly a tendency among nations to agree upon codes of rules of International Law; but there is a no less marked tendency to refuse to ratify those codes, as, for example, The Hague Convention of 1907, which established an International Prize Court, and the Declaration of London, which practically created the whole field of the relation of belligerents to neutral trade. Out of the welter emerges an intention to establish agreement concerning things permitted and things forbidden; but very little hope of realising that intention apart from the sanction of military victory.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Gudrid the Fair. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable. 6s. net.)

Mr. Hewlett makes a great to-do in his preface about bearing with philosophy the charge of vulgarising the classics. It seems that he has been reading the sagas, and discovering that he cannot help psychologising the characters. "If I read of a woman called Gudrid, and a handsome woman at that, I am bound to know pretty soon what colour her hair was, and how she twisted it up. If I hear that she had three husbands and outlived them all, I cannot rest until I know how she liked them, how they treated her; her feelings she had, what feelings they had. So I get to know them as well as I know her—and so it goes on." This is all very well in its way, but it does not settle the artistic difficulty of treatment. Surely a novelist should not so humanise his characters that neither the name nor place of the age nor nation nor race can reveal their identity with the race; surely "local colour" demands consideration. It is true in all ages that women have washed, and worshipped, and wedded; and the simple statement that Gudrid was in the wash-house with the maids when her first husband was found for her hardly distinguishes her from any laundry-maid. We should have liked to know what sort of wash-houses they had in Greenland in the time of Gudrid the Fair, and how she made "the lather and foam" that blessed her. We wonder what made her first husband liken her to a rose, which he could hardly have seen in Greenland; and why her husbands manifest their tenderness for her with such modern seeming of gallantry. Indeed, in construction, Mr. Hewlett's saga has a very obvious resemblance to a success of country-house parties, with the discovery of America thrown in as a yachting trip. The impoverished father proud of his rank, forbidding his daughter to marry a rich freedman—it might have happened yesterday in much the same language; and the women are as proud of their babies as though it were always Baby Week. Whatever else it may be, Mr. Hewlett's story is not "sagacious"; and if the laconism of the sagas is inadequate, as Mr. Hewlett argues, we can only agree that he has amended the fault without improving the style.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

MR. PENTY'S REFERENCES.

Sir,—From The New Age of November 21 I was surprised to learn that Mr. Arthur J. Penty refers to "The Church and Democracy," by Charles Marson, for his statement concerning the composition of the Council of Constantinople in the fourth century. I respectfully beg to draw his attention to the oldest copies of the Bible in the world, which, curiously enough, are in possession of the three great branches of the Christian Church. Codex A in the venerable room of the British Museum; Codex B is in the Vatican Library at Rome; and the Codex Aleph is a treasure of the Greek Church at Petrograd. The general consensus of opinion as to their age ranges from about A.D. 300 to about A.D. 550. W. H. HORSFIELD.

MATERIALISM AND PSYCHOLOGY.

Sir,—Mr. Kerr takes me to task again for saying on October 17 that "for materialists psychology does not exist." It is clear from the context that I meant "in the practical sense," and I contend that this is true. Materialists always act as if psychology were non-existent, and then after their schemes have been put in practice wake up surprised to find they have produced results different from what they had intended. I imagine it was because they have so often been taken by surprise that they have written so voluminously about psychology. Mr. Kerr, thinking in materialist fashion, takes this quantitative output of materialist psychological evidence that they understand psychology. But I submit it is no test. Many an old woman knows more about psychology than all the materialist philosophers. Let me take a parallel. Materialist philosophers have written many good fat volumes on aesthetics. But so far I know they have all been written by men without a scrap of taste. Why they have thought it necessary to write such stuff I do not know. It is a point in materialist psychology which perhaps Mr. Kerr could clear up for us. For my own part, I regard all such writings as so many Guild guides, and precious to the professional but without a scrap of taste. Arthur J. Penty.

THE NEW FEUDALISM.

Sir,—I am told that in the Russian Soviets the two or three soldiers who are members of them get their own way every time. If such is the case, and it seems reasonable to suppose it, I would suggest that, if the Bolshevist Government would, frankly speaking, I don't know what they were talking about any more than I have been able to understand all the volsce stuff they have talked about aesthetics, though I happen to know something about art and have thought it necessary to show these philosophers live by their obscurity. They are mystery-mongers who seek to hide their ignorance by the use of long words. Arthur J. Penty.

ENGLISH GUIDES.

Sir,—In a note which will be old by the time this letter reaches you, " R. H. C.," praises Baedeker's guides at the expense of English guides, and frankly states that Baedeker's English guide which is so much better than the corresponding Baedeker that Germans use it habitually: Murray's Guide to Turkey, etc. (I forget the exact title). The reason for the superiority of the Murray is evident: it is compiled—apart from the historical and archaeological information, which anyone can obtain—from notes made by generations of British consuls and travellers and British and American missionaries, many of them going back to the days before Germany had a dream that her future lay in the East. I send this note because "R. H. C." clearly shares my own weakness of liking a good thing all the better for being English.

Baghdad. R. W. BULLARD, Capt.

PRESS-CUTTINGS.

Sir,—Can your late contributor "Press-cutter" beat the enclosed cutting from the leading article of the "Egyptian Gazette" of November 20? There is not the slightest recognition of the fact that it was "lifted" bodily from the issue of The New Age of September 19, 1918, H. F. WESTNEY.

[The extract occupies nearly a column of The Egyptian Gazette." and is neatly incorporated in the text of a leading article. We hope, however, that the fashion will spread. —Ed., N.A.]

THE CHURCH.

Sir,—Your "Reformer's Note-book" of December 3 deals with the claim to universality put forward by the Roman Church against that same claim as put forward by the English Church. But the "Roman Catholic Church" has never made good its claim, while the English Church has never been able to present a claim such as the "Roman Catholic Church" has been and is challenged by the Russian Catholic Church, by the Greek Catholic Church, by the Serbian Church and many others who claim the name of Catholic. The difference between these Churches and the Churches of the Roman Obedience is that the former claim to be natural and spontaneous groupings within the Catholic Church, do not impudently claim to be separately the whole Catholic Church, and deny that the Servite-Church perception of the Romans, with its central autocratic domination, is really Catholic. Now, the Church of England has never seriously put forward a claim to be the whole Catholic Church. The "Catholic Party" so-called within the English Church has only claimed, rightly or wrongly, that the English Church is one of the many groups within the historical Catholic Church throughout the world. Having said this much, one ought in fairness to admit that there is here and there a dangerous tendency on the part of certain individuals to talk of some sort of Catholic imperial Christianity among English-speaking people. In so far as the New Age is attacking that claim, I think I think it is doing good service. Both in the Churches of the Anglican and the Roman Communion there are loathsome corruptions, and we, who spend a great part of our energies in fighting Anglican imperialism, will hardly be accused of wanting to whitewash Anglicanism as it is. Priests of the Catholic Crusade are equally vehement in their exposure of Tudor despotism when that despotism, in the reign of Edward VI, was robbing the Catholic poor of their land and their religion, and in the reign of the Roman Mary, when it was condoning the robberies, in order to win the plotters for the old democratic Catholicism, but for the new autocratic Romanism. If challenged, I can quote a Church of England formulary to prove that no such claim to universality, as your writer suggests, was made, nor did the Caroline divines ever put forward so ridiculous a pretension. The fundamental assumptions of the Catholic Crusade, whose servants are members of the Church of England claiming past history and present usefulness for their position, seem to me to be very similar to the fundamental assumptions of many Guild Socialists. Our battle is against both Servile State and Servile Church. We claim that the living present to be on the side of a conception of Catholic Christendom which allows and encourages local autonomy and group spontaneity within the Catholic Fellowship, as against the present Servile State which desires to weld the hearts of Roman Catholics and of so-called Catholics in the Church of England, who, in mental outlook, are often peculiar Romans without the Pope. Our conception of the Catholic Church will not be the last word on the subject. Conrad Noel.

[To the right of this is an excerpt from a New Age leading article, which is not reproduced here.]

Priest of the Catholic Church, Thaxted. Feast of St. Lucy, 1918.
Pastiche.

FROM THE VISHNUPURANA.

Thus, many a king, with every power of shape
With all its fruitly, hath ruled this earth
That lasteth ever, and deluded thought,
This earth is mine; my son’s; my dynasty’s;
And passed away.
Who followed, who in future time shall reign,
Have ceased and still shall ever cease to be.
The Earth with flowers autumnal garlanded
Smiles, as it were, to see these warring powers.
Hear, O Maitreya, while I speak to thee
The chant that Earth once sang, and that the wise
Asita gave to Janaka the just.

Delusion clouds the minds of kings, though wise,
That should be well restrained, immortality,
When truthfully sought lasting are they more
Than flecked foam on the wave;
Their own demesne to
When truthfully naught lasting are they more
Ambition melts away. Lo!
That they should vaunt an immortality,
Hear,
Completely have I told
The chant that Earth once sang, and that the wise
That worketh for the glory
That one should be so blind.

Yayati and Nahusha, who hath heard
Of Earth did conquer, yet
Could keep me not. In empty, wrathful greed
Of whose predecessors lost me, and whose sires
Yields the last freedom. ’Tis but ignorance
Of Earth did conquer, yet
Have ceased and still shall ever cease to be.
Hear, O Maitreya, while I speak to thee
The chant that Earth once sang, and that the wise
Asita gave to Janaka the just.

IV.—CONCLUSION

There were Bhagiratha and Sagara,
Dasanana, Kakutsha, Rama too,
Vudishtira, and Lukishmana at more;
All these have been. Yet is this truly so?
Have these existed? Say, where are they now?
They know not? Nor of these new kings,
Nor those who shall be, can there be more said.
And he that seeth this, how shall he keep
Attachment even to his own bare self?
And what of children, lands and properties?

J. A. M. A.

SONG.

Some hitch their wagon to the planet Mars,
Lusting for place and power:
Some, sighing softly, to the queen of stars,
Venus who gives love toJar;
Some to red Saturn ravenging for gold—
Hook-nosed smart fellows they.
So may it be. To my one love I hold,
To my one star I pray.

My star, uncharted in the stellar sea,
A distant, nameless star,
Unwon by prayer of vaulting devotee
To be the avatar.
Yet suddenly relenting—woman!—she,
Seeing me wistful, fain,
Steps down to earth and, gently, graciously,
Picks up my humble wain.
Triumphant then we cleave the swift keen air
Upward to join the throng
Of music-making spheres celestial, where
All life is set to song.
O rare, brief, magic hour of furious flight
Through space and spangled sky!
Laborious days I’ll bear for that one night...
Wain, singing star, and I.

GIVE AND TAKE.

She said to him, “I like your wit
And if we can accomplish it,
You might give me, it will not pain,
A little portion of your brain.”
The youth complied: she raised his hair
And seized some of the brain-stuff there.
She asked for more and then the clown
Gave every dram beneath his crown.
Yet never more his will possessed,
For she had locked it in her breast.
Each thing she gave she valued nought,
Heaven alone knows what she sought.
Contended never, carcase next
The girl demanded and was vexed
If he should think she was too free.
“I think your charming feet,” said she,
“Are pedestals. They’ll do instead
Of castors for my little bed.”
He gave. “Your darling hands are sweet.
They match exactly with your feet.”
He gave, and then the son of Adam
Surrendered eyes and ears to madam.
She took his nose; ’twas long and straight,
To make a fancy paper-weight,
And with the clippings of his hair
She studded an ancient easy chair.
His other parts without excuse
She put to strange
And

Sagara, Abiksheta, Raghu,
Yuyati and Nahusha, who hath heard
How these are dead with others powerful
In splendid wealth and strength and energy,
Yet slain by time more strong, and now but tales,
Of castors for my little bed.”
He gave. “Your darling hands are sweet.
They match exactly with your feet.”
He gave, and then the son of Adam
Surrendered eyes and ears to madam.
She took his nose; ’twas long and straight,
To make a fancy paper-weight,
And with the clippings of his hair
She studded an ancient easy chair.
His other parts without excuse
She put to strange but clever use,
Then discontented she repined
That single life had been resigned,
Regretted that she took his life.
Yet slain by time more strong, and now but tales,
Of castors for my little bed.”
She gave. “Your darling hands are sweet.
They match exactly with your feet.”
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Surrendered eyes and ears to madam.
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