

THE NEW AGE

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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 war 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 politenesses 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 the 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 of reasonable discussion, not to say deference. Is it Ireland that stands in the way of our complete understanding with America? With apologies for our past neglect, Ireland must henceforth be considered from the American point of view. Is England regarded as a sort of "village squire" among the nations—intolerant, bigoted, conservative? Then England will show that the war has made a new man of her, and she may be counted as a new nation with a new mind. Is our "navalism," our claim to the "supremacy of the seas," incompatible with the demands of America or the new ideas of world-order? Our claim to supremacy has always been maintained as "a trust for the liberties of mankind," but if that disinterested trust can be discharged by any better means, England is ready to consider it. Finally, England is suspected of being lukewarm on the subject

of a League of Nations; but never, in fact, was suspicion less well-grounded. "The League of Nations is as English as it can be." Not to refine upon the point excessively, it is any other country than England that can be fairly said to be lukewarm.

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This new and welcome attitude towards America which we may well hope may now spread over the Press in general is the logical and sensible sequel of any competent survey of our world-situation. On the testimony of Marshal Joffre, "America won the war"; but the truth of the matter is very much more than that. For not only has America been the enabling cause of our victory over Prussianism, but, after the disappearance of Germany from among the competing world-Powers, America emerges as potentially the greatest, if not actually the greatest, among the survivors. Not to be able to recognise this fact is to be unable to draw the proper conclusions from the study of the map of the new world in its economic and dynamic aspects. The most superficial student of world-politics ought to be able to make a comparison of the actual and prospective situation of the insular, self-contained and self-supporting continent of America with that of our own country and Empire; and particularly in relation to the facts created 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.

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We have already seen that the *mot d'ordre* of the new Government is super-production. The economic powers that are behind politics may be assumed to have come to the resolution to give individualist 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 capitalist classes 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 Prussianism—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 of political 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.

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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 upon the present 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 not to be cheap. 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, or, finally, 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 quandary of Labour at once cheap and dear, this country might hope to pursue a policy of super-production without encountering more than the resistance of Nature. But, in fact, none of these pre-conditions of the conditions of our super-production can be regarded as given in the actual problem before us. We are *not* the only great manufacturing country in the world; our present area of control does *not* leave ample space for our competitors; and we are *not* the most powerful of the nations engaged in the same enterprise of super-production. The pre-requisite conditions of super-production in peace are, therefore, altogether missing; and we must, in consequence, prepare, if we mean to pursue this policy, to encounter not only obstacles of Nature but obstacles of human nature. For human nature, we may be sure, 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.

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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 *modus operandi*. In the case of a Bolshevik revolution, what clearly happens, amongst a host of obscure phenomena, is the defeat, permanent or temporary, of the whole national system of foreign profiteering. 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 Bolsheviks 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 ceases to be an 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 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 industrial, 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 distinctions based merely on sentimental 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, on the whole, compromise is better than 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 the three depends in the last resort upon International Finance—the economic agreement to be enshrined in the political institution of a League of Nations records the decision of the former competitors henceforward to work in harmony. In other words, Anglo-American finance is to share and share alike in the exploitation of the world under the banner of the League of Nations.

* * *

It would be a terrible mistake for Labour to underestimate the forces behind such a League of Nations as we have described; or to imagine that the realisation of the League in this form can now be prevented. Years ago the opportunity was open to Labour to make a nation before entering into a League of Nations; in other words, to abolish the wage-system and thus to make impossible the union of the capitalist classes—which is what the League of Nations will now be. But that opportunity has passed; and the only alternative to the League of Capitalists (or International Finance) is now Bolshevism, which, as we have shown, offers us no solution of the difficulty. Moreover, it 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-

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 mere 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, moreover, is fairly well indicated in 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 even 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—altogether, in short, a slaves' paradise. Let Labour see that it obtains the price 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? Did his theory not
Spring from his mind? Therefore, according to it,
Is valid only in his own imagination."
Descartes? Oh, really, of course, old Descartes never
lived;
Nor any of the world's philosophers;
Artists or poets; geniuses. How then?
Why, I created them. . . . I'm God.

C. S. D.

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 not war at once, the possibility of war is inherent in these demands; and to make 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 merely the professional duty of the War Office to prepare for it in the only possible military fashion—that is to say, by maintaining conscription in some form or other. It is useless to say that generals will be generals or to denounce them as mere militarists. Their "militarism" is the natural resultant of the demands now being popularly made. To put an end to conscription, therefore, it is necessary to do more than "expose" the designs of the War Office: it is necessary to withdraw or modify the demands which require conscription for their fulfilment.

Until the Peace Conference has actually met and agreed upon its terms, we cannot yet be sure that the situation is as black as it appears. President Wilson, in spite of the publicity of his table-talk (most of it invented), remains a dark horse; and I imagine that several of the Allies are doubtful of his reception of some of their little proposals. They are thus anxious, if possible, to make *faits accomplis* of them in the hope that President Wilson will bow to facts. President Wilson, however, has more in mind, I fancy, than to rubber-stamp agreements made in advance of his agreement; and there may be, I repeat, some disconcerting surprises for two or three of our European "statesmen." Regard for his spoken word 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.

As regards the so-called trial of the ex-Kaiser, I have already expressed my opinion that to attempt to reduce the procedure to the terms of law is superstitious quibbling. There 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 understandings 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 jargon 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 every 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 conceivably fitted. Bringing 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, if 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 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 Prussian militarism is not enough for this gentleman (an American senator, by the way, and a Republican); he approves of the object now supposed by him to be super-imposed on the original and popular object—namely, that of "knocking-out" German international competition for, at least, fifty years. If the Bolshevisation of Germany is necessary to this end, then he approves of Bolshevism in Germany; but only, of course, on condition that it can be confined to that country. For would not complete disorder in Germany, he asks, be the best excuse for maintaining perfect order in the Allied countries? The less said of such a view the better, perhaps.

It may appear impertinent, but my respect for some of the Italian statesmen is not of the highest. The Italian Socialists, it appears to me, have been all wrong about the war, and they have forfeited, like our own pacifists, any right to be listened to in the peace settlement. But their errors do not make wisdom of the contrary errors of Italian official policy. The economic situation of Italy, as Mr. Ellis Barker has conclusively established in his new book on "Economic Statesmanship" (Murray: 15s. net), absolutely required fresh fields for raw materials—fields, moreover, involving in themselves no great cost for development and defence. In other words, colonies, I should say, were indicated. Several Italian statesmen, however, appear to have got

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 fruit in 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 at 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 realised 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 for 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 desolation known as Greater London, the Civic Survey and Town Plan of these areas would be undertaken first, while the more 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 Town Planning Act of 1909 made it quite optional for the Local Authorities to prepare new Town Plans, and submit them for the 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 no doubt for the business of road-making and sanitation, but whose training in the æsthetic and sociological side of the question was negligible and whose interest was solely confined to a plan which satisfied the needs of his township for the present generation only. The scheme would then be submitted for approval to the Local Government Board, which until a few years ago included no qualified town planning specialists. The Royal Institute of British Architects and the Town Planning Institute, the skilled assistance of whose members one would consider essential, were totally ignored in this procedure, owing probably to the lack of appreciation of the real status of an architect shown by the Government and the people.

It is only fair to say that in the last few years some of the more enlightened communities have organised competitions for a new town plan, and have appointed a town planning expert of standing as assessor, but 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 throughout the country, without in any way restricting the detailed working out of schemes by the Local Authorities.

Thus might we 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 "industry" to locate 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 duty, 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 grand 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 very citadel, 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 Maunsell and Co.), have recently provided a convenient record and analysis of the nature of "Ulster's" attitude towards England. The views expressed in these ingenuous 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 boastings of economic independence to individual interests. Should North-East Ulster become Carsonshire, 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 bigotry, do not represent real political and 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 majority, but are proved groundless by their absence in the scattered Protestant minorities outside North-East Ulster.

Ireland, as well as England, has seen already the salutary effects of ignoring querulous and fearful minorities in Irish affairs. The Protestant ascendancy hath protested too much! The Disestablishment of the Irish Church was an act of robbery and confiscation; anarchy 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 widest measure of Colonial 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" protests as vehemently against a generous measure of Dominion Home Rule as against the pathetic Act on the Statute Book, which, after thirty years of agitation, granted Ireland the grudging terms of a penal colony. All Home Rule Bills are described as tyranny and coercion, without reference to the varying degrees of freedom they may confer. Sovereignty is denied in all of them, and if any intelligent believer in democratic government will study the Home Rule Bill against which 470,000 Covenanters petitioned, he will have no difficulty in testing the alleged "sincerity" of the Carsonian insurrectionists. He will also understand, as he scans its handcuffing clauses, why the world-wide crusade for self-determination has whetted the appetite of Irish Nationalists. Since Carson provides the rope, we may as well be hung for a Colonial sheep as a Redmondite lamb.

The late Lieutenant T. M. Kettle, whose generous belief in the principle of self-determination showed no Carsonian limitations, expressed succinctly the Irish case against Ulster when he wrote:—

If eighty-four Irish constituencies declare for Home Rule, and nineteen against Home Rule, then, according to the mathematics of Unionism, the Noes have it. In their non-Euclidean geometry the part is always greater than the whole. In their unnatural history the tail always wags the dog. On the plane of politics it is not necessary to press the case against "Ulster" any further than that. Even majorities have their rights. If a plurality of nine to two is not sufficient to determine policy and conduct business in a modern nation, then there is no other choice except anarchy, or rather an insane atomism. Not merely every party, but every household, and in last resort every individual, will end as a Provisional Government.

The case cannot present itself otherwise to the Irish mind, for we assume that nationality must determine the right to self-government, we are convinced of our separate national identity, therefore we claim the right which is accorded by England to peoples of no more authentic lineage. It is the Irish contention that if the "coercion of Ulster is unthinkable," then it is equally

unthinkable to grant the demands for self-government of the various European nationalities whose "Ulsters" do not seem to disturb the statesmen most insistent upon the protection of Carsonia. We consider it a most sinister and suspicious fact that the champions of Ulsteria are often precisely the most eloquent spokesmen of Czecho-Slovakia and Yugo-Slavia. It is inconceivable at the present time that there is any serious intention of so disintegrating the world that no minority will exist without self-determination. It is possible that the day will come when that ideal can be realised, but Ireland does not believe she should wait until the Millennium, whose advent would be the sole means of carrying out to its fullest theoretical limits a 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 separatism 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 welding 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 were 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 all minorities have submitted. It does not stand for 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 Carsonia, 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 phantoms which blind the people to real issues, is to understand the imperative necessity of liberating the victims. They can be freed, not by special recognition of their primitive tribalism, but by sharing the common duties and privileges of Irish self-government. Free Ireland and you free "Ulster." E. A. B.

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 deadlily 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 it is profoundly important to ascertain the physical effects upon women of industrial strain; for not only is it certain that, whatever their endurance, they 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; we shall not 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 1,326 women and girls were examined, and the second, 1,183. The results of these inquiries are thus tabulated:—

Number of workers examined.	Class A. Healthy.	Class B. Some fatigue or ill-health.	Class C. Marked fatigue or ill-health.
Inquiry No. 1, 1326	763=57.5 per cent.	451=34 per cent.	112=8.5 per cent.
Inquiry No. 2, 1183	692=58.5 per cent.	425=35.8 per cent.	66=5.7 per cent.

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 C 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, anæmia, and disorders of menstruation. Something like a 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 that, however enticing war-wages 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 there are 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 final resort to gain their 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 dominance 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 disburses the larger proportion both of salaries 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 only another way of saying that she is the essential element in the greatest of all the economic functions—home-building. 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 Guildsman 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 we reflect, 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-

* Cd. 9065. Price 2s. net.

sure it, not in terms of money, but of housing, food, clothing, heat and light, child-life and child-bearing, whatever the foundation of the home, woman's function is primarily to arrange and finance consumption. It has always been a working formula of mine, that even if women enter paid occupations, they should be directly related to consumption rather than to the more distinctively productive processes.

Viewed in the cold light of economic reason, it would therefore seem (a) that woman in productive industry is sternly limited, in her industrial capacity, by physical disabilities, whilst (b), by nature and in harmony with the social organisation, she is functionally adapted to motive and control the consumptive activities. But political economy, whilst of great value in pointing tendencies, is a bad master in practical detail. Thus, we might argue from the facts that it is economically desirable to exclude women from industrial production, but political principles might dictate another course of action. Having regard to the pre-eminent importance of home-building, a case could be made out for restricting women to the work that hinges upon it. Wisdom and experience, however, teach the value of liberty, applicable alike to man and woman. We shall solve this problem by reason and not by law; by moral suasion and not by proscription; by the interplay of citizenship with the autonomous industries, gradually developing into National Guilds; above all, by the ever-increasing consideration that the enfranchised workers attach to the home. Even under the wage-system, it would repay the men twice over to pay the women their existing wages to desert the factory and workshop for the home or the occupations that radiate from the home.

We can now draw certain influences from the facts of male and female dilution. One conclusion is of impressive and outstanding importance, practically swallowing up the others. It is this: the crafts and mysteries, associated in our minds with the various Trade Unions, as crafts are not monopolies, and as "mysteries" are an open book, no longer mysterious. We have seen one craft after another invaded and largely conquered by the war dilutees; we have seen the mechanical genius of the country, under the relentless pressure of the war, evolving automata of amazing ingenuity; we have seen middle-aged men and girls learning in a few months various mechanical operations, which, prior to 1914, were reserved for men who had spent years as apprentices. It is important to be precise: there remain uninvaded many operations which still require skill and experience, pivotal jobs upon which have depended the others calling for less skill and practically no experience. And skill is still skill, even if quickly developed under the stimulus of danger. Nevertheless, the glamour of the crafts has been largely dissipated in these last years. One could almost safely affirm that we could, at the present moment, dispense with three-quarters of our skilled workers and in a short time equal the present output. Unless, therefore, the craft unions seriously take stock of their industrial position, if they attempt any policy of exclusiveness, they are undoubtedly riding for a fall. The moral is surely so clear that he who runs may read. If Labour is to win through to a monopoly of labour, the foundation of National Guilds, it will not be by a reversion to pre-war conditions, but by a large policy of inclusion, a realisation of the stupendous implications of the miracles accomplished, and, therefore, of the recognition and admission to the fold of every worker, man or woman. Unless this be done, and done quickly, amalgamation will come too late to accomplish solidarity, and we shall be plunged into fratricidal strife. Skill is still skill; but it is now no protection in itself. That protection is found in the organisation of the workers as a class, in appropriate industrial groups; but, first and last, based on a real and not an artificial monopoly of labour.

S. G. H.

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 Artist. 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 mood he burned the completed manuscript of the 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 Slowacki, 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 æstheticism 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 remarks:—

There are two kinds of spiritual law, two kinds of

conscience, one in man and another, altogether different, in woman. They do not understand each other; but in practical life the woman is judged by man's law, as though she were not a woman but a man. . . .*

A woman cannot be herself in the society of the present day, which is an exclusively masculine society, with the laws framed by men and with a judicial system that judges feminine conduct from a masculine point of view. . . .

A mother in modern society is like certain insects who go away and die when she has done her duty in the propagation of the race.

Among the first notes to the "Ghosts" we read:—

Marriage for external reasons, even when these are religious or moral, brings a Nemesis upon the offspring. . . .

These women of the present day, ill-used as daughters, as sisters, as wives, not educated according to their gifts, prevented from following their inclination, deprived of their inheritance, embittered in temper—it is these who furnish the mothers of the new generation. What is the result? . . .

The key-note is to be: The prolific growth of our intellectual life, in literature, art, etc.—and in contrast to this: the whole of mankind gone astray. . . .

Among us, monuments are erected to the *dead*, since we have a duty towards them; we allow lepers to marry; but their offspring—? The unborn—?

Among the rough drafts to the "Lady from the Sea" we find again:—

Has the line of human development gone astray? Why have we come to belong to the dry land? Why not to the air? Why not to the sea? The longing to possess wings. The strange dreams that one can fly and that one does fly without being surprised at it—how is all this to be interpreted? . . .

Human beings akin to the sea. Bound by the sea. Dependent on the sea. Compelled to return to it. A fish species forms a primitive link in the chain of evolution. Are rudiments thereof still present in the human mind? In the minds of certain individuals? . . .

The sea possesses a power over one's moods that has the effect of a will. The sea can hypnotise. Nature in general can do so. The great mystery is the dependence of the human will on that which is "will-less."

III.

The foregoing quotations suffice to demonstrate that, stated as they are, they could be converted much more easily into sociological and psychological essays than into dramas. And yet, instead of the dry dissertations on feminine mentality, etc., Ibsen created the charming Nora (the most living and womanly character in contemporary drama), Mrs. Alving, Oswald, Ellide, Wangel, and a whole gallery of other figures. And, what is more important, his plays, as a whole, are neither dramatised treatises nor dramatised "tendency."

The solution of this riddle lies in the fact that, instead of illustrating and preaching his ideas through drama, Ibsen individualised them, i.e., he incarnated them in living characters. He went from ideas to reality, not in order to violate or distort reality by applying ready-made formulæ to it, but to make the ideas live in a new and transmuted reality. This proceeding is exactly the opposite of that of the tendency-writers. Instead of the tendency and "moral" of the drama being imposed upon it, we thus receive its organic philosophy; and that is a great difference.

Ibsen himself was quite conscious of this attitude towards "moral" and moralising. Thus in a letter to Brandes (1871) concerning his "Emperor and Galilean," he acknowledges that his new play would be "a sort of banner," but he adds immediately:—

Do not be afraid, however, of any tendency-nonsense. I look at the characters, at the conflicting designs, at history, and do not concern myself with the "moral" of it at all. Of course, you will not confound the moral of

history with its philosophy; for that must inevitably shine forth as the final verdict on the conflicting and conquering forces.

How slow, thorough and methodical was this process, we may gather from the fact that Ibsen devoted to the elaboration of each of his later dramas, as a rule, about two years, during which time he filled his "philosophy" drop by drop with blood and life, weighing and reckoning every sentence, every word, every movement and pause with admirable psychological tact and technical skill, and thus giving us often a curious resultant of intention and intuition, one might almost say a resultant of artificiality and art.

Ibsen is not rich in variety of characters. Thus from his first dramatic attempt down to "John Gabriel Borkman" we encounter again and again variations of the same two types of the women whom we find represented by Furia and Aurelia in "Catilina" and by Hjordis and Dagny in "Vikings at Helgoland"—Ibsen's first masterpiece. Moreover, his single characters are themselves never rich in nuances, but they are expressive and intense—they are rather carved out of stone than painted. They usually complete each other on the principle of chiaroscuro, and the combinations are always made in such a way as to form a most compact dramatic whole, and simultaneously point out through their very realism the symbolical *arrière-pensée* of the author, avoiding all that is purely accidental. There is, in fact, nothing superfluous either in character or in scenery, or in the architecture of the true Ibsenian drama. Every detail is worked out with the utmost precision, almost with pedantry.

This mathematical strictness induced the greatest contemporary Scandinavian writer, Knut Hamsun, to call Ibsen (in his book "Mysterier"), rather contemptuously, a dramatical "book-keeper," quite oblivious of the fact that Ibsen succeeded in being a great artist even in his "book-keeping." Moreover, it is usually due just to this book-keeping that he achieves a dynamic intensity in the development, as well as in the structure, of his drama.

IV.

In the first half of his literary activity (in the main, up to his social dramas) Ibsen was considerably under the influence of the technique of the French drama which is based entirely on intrigue. However, the mere fact that he conceived the intrigue, as well as the characters, sub specie of the one or the other "idea" led him gradually to the corresponding changes in the technique, to the so-called Ibsenian drama. First of all, intrigue for the sake of intrigue lost its importance for him, and he successively transferred the centre of gravity to the psychology of the characters. He transferred it, in other words, from the external to the inner drama. The natural consequence was that the external dramatic action and movement were reduced to a minimum, and were replaced by the dramatic inner tension. In order to obtain this more plainly, Ibsen put the tragic guilt of his heroes into the past, i.e., outside the drama. By partial confessions, by mysterious hints and allusions to the previous guilt, he creates from the very beginning of the drama that peculiar "Ibsenian" atmosphere which so much draws our attention to the inner working of the heroes. Even the external catastrophe is, in Ibsen's hands, nothing but a pretext and symbol of an inner transformation of his characters. Brand, Bernick, Nora, Rita Allmers, Solness, Rubek—they all emphasise in and through their catastrophe that new "truth" which produced in them a radical inner change.

Ibsen's skill in this respect is so great that by the very poverty of external dramatic action he usually makes the drama still more dynamic, saturating it with the inner contents. (As an exception may, however, be cited, the "Little Eyolf"—the most static of Ibsen's plays.) He knows how to achieve the maximum of effect

* 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, more eloquent than the most eloquent rhetoric. By his structure he succeeds in concentrating in the most simple and unpathetic expressions the highest 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.

V.

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 contents and inspiration. 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 petty 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 ideas and "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 through, even if it has not been my own personal—or actual—experience," he writes in a letter to L. Passerge; "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 æsthetical 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 aisés!"

LILIA KANEVSKAYA (Æolian 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 "Bird Song" is rubbish, and she had better go back to Dacquin 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 adumbration 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. Miss C.-Griffin's playing is suited to a large auditorium; one had not the feeling that the subtlest 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 DeGreef presented the same composition a few weeks ago. The cadenza? "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 is more suited to co-operation with orchestra than the pianoforte; the kettle-drum blends and forms part of a demonstrable æsthetic 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 (quite 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 solidier; there was a certain amount of interest in one or two timbre 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). Phlegm in throat, voice strained through veil or caul, 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 (Æolian, 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 declamations 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 "Dreary Steppe." I conducted myself to the portal.

My third experience on this drizzling Friday was somewhat more successful. Miss MARGUERITE MEREDYLL (Steinway Hall) showed 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 Mozartian charm. The structure is open to criticism; the different movements begin well, but do not perhaps develop very convincingly; there is, however, a pleasing current.

Miss Meredyll's 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 by no means enough variety in her treble timbre. Chopin étude trivial in the extreme. There is no condemnation strong enough for people who act as if Chopin were solely for young ladies in seminaries. The Polonaise had just enough in it to remind one of what it can be. Miss Meredyll had ample chance for her one ability, the bass boom; but one becomes distinctly angry in remembering the performance.

Notwithstanding this, the concert was not wholly displeasing. Miss Hayward is a good violinist; one wishes she would play something more interesting than Glazounow's "Meditation" or the catch-penny cheapness of the Tchaikowsky "Scherzo." The first movement of the Brahms' trio Op. 8 is excellently written; one had pleasure in hearing it, due to Miss Hayward and M. Doehard. The piano played nicely during the opening bars.

"Les pianos, les pianos, des casinos!"

London Papers.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

VI.

FROM my flat in Monday Road to Piccadilly Circus was a long way, and the first part of it wearisome enough through the Fulham Road; with its cancer and consumption hospitals, its out-of-the-centre dinginess, its thrifty, eager-looking, dowdy women, and its decrepit intellectuals slouching along with their heads twisted over their shoulders looking back for a 'bus, on the top of which they will sit with an air of grieved and bitter dislike of the people near them. But at Hyde Park Corner I would get off the 'bus, for I have a conventional fondness for Piccadilly, and like to walk the length of it to the Circus.

I like to walk on the Green Park side; in summer because of the fresh, green, rustling trees, an unhurried pleasaunce in London's chaotic noises, and in winter because I like nothing better than to look at leaf-stripped trees standing nakedly against a grey sky, finger-posts of Nature pointing to the real No-Man's Land, and illustrating the miraculous wonder of being just beautiful, as no man-made thing can be; for all things made by man, a picture, or, if you like, a woman's shoe with heels of stained majolica, have an aim and a purpose. They lack the futility, of which Nature alone has the secret, of being just carelessly beautiful. When I say Nature, I do not see the Dame Nature of Oscar Wilde's crooked vision, a crude slatternly charwoman, but a spendthrift prodigal, spending for the sheer love of spending; he takes every man by the sleeve, and with delicious good-manners he makes it seem that he values your opinion above all others, that he has created the beauty of the world to please in particular your eye, that you will sadly disappoint him if you hint that you hadn't much liked the tinge of vermilion in yestereen's sunset, for he had touched in that vermilion just to give you a pleasant surprise.

Thus it is with Nature and myself; I see him as an old beau, given to leering in cities, but frank and natural in open places. And he knows me well, too; knows I am no minor poet, no poet at all, in fact, and, therefore, not to be gulled by insincere sunsets and 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. Robert Nichols, frankly bores me; he has shown me an odd nymph here and there, but I haven't encouraged him. . . . They are so intangible, I thought, and they faded away. So at last, in desperation, he stuck up a naked tree against a grey sky, and I thought it beautiful. It is a matter entirely between the old beau 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 just a splendid adventure, and life would be like chasing a sunset to the Antipodes—it would disappear only to appear again, more wonderfully.

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

secrecy, this about death. Man was not made to be so easily satisfied. Education may have made him ignorant, but he was born inquisitive. Some day, some day, a more subtle and less solid Conan Doyle will arise, and valiantly catch a too indiscreet ancestral ghost, and holloa to a professor to X-ray his astral vitals, to find out by what means and processes came a living man to be a dead man and then an ancestral ghost. Their discoveries will then be written down in the form of a memoir and made into a fat book, complete with a spiritual preface and an astral index, and will cause a great stir in the world. But it will be a great shame on the Tree of Knowledge to have its last apple knocked down from it by a paltry book.

This last week or so of autumn is the time of all times when the fanatic hermit, sitting in his desert place, should be tolerant of the world's frailty. If such an one would let me, a worldly enough young man, approach him, I would tell him of the great joy there is in walking with a loved woman on crisp wind-blown leaves under country trees, with tea soon to be ready before a big fire in the house half a mile away. At that my hermit would look at me angrily, for a fleshly young man indeed, but I would go on to tell him of how there is no splendour anywhere like to the splendour of a youth's dreams at that quiet time; dreams that may be of a palace made of dead leaves, with terraced pleasure-gardens fashioned out of autumn air, in which he would walk with his mistress, and be a king and she a queen of more than one world. . . .

As though for the first time, I noticed that afternoon a sheen of livid copper over the scattered leaves, and I said to myself that it was an undefinable addition to their beauty, like the sheen of blue in the dark hair of Shelmerdene, as she sat in the corner of a sofa under a Liberty-shaded lamp.

The passing thought of Shelmerdene fixed my attention through the Park railings to the prostrate figures here and there of men sleeping, for it was a very mild afternoon for late October. Sleep was her foible, the hobby-horse on which she would capriciously ride to heights of unreason whither no man could follow her, and remain sane. She admitted that she herself had, occasionally, to sleep; but she apologised for it, resented the necessity. And, as I walked, I saw a sleeping dejected figure too near the Park railings as though with her eyes, and was as disgusted. But I smiled at the memory of her wild flights of mythical reasoning.

"The mistake Jehovah made," I heard her saying, "was to teach Adam and Eve that it was pleasanter and more comfortable to lie and sleep on the same well-worn spot in Eden every night than to move about the Garden and venture new resting-places. It was a great mistake, for it gave sleep a definite and important value, it became something to be sought for in a special and comfortable place. Sleep ceased to be a careless lapse, as it had been at first when Adam madly chased the shadow of Lilith through the twilight. In the company of Eve sleep was no more a state for the tired body, and only for the body, but it became a thing of the senses; so many hours definitely and defiantly flung as a sop to Time. Sleep became part of the business of life, whereas, in those first careless days of Adam's unending pursuit of Lilith, it had been only part of the hazard of life.

"If Lilith had been allowed to have the handling of Adam," she said, "instead of Eve, who was the comfortable sort of woman 'born to be a mother,' sleep, as we know it, would never have happened; unnecessary, gluttonous sleep, the mind-sleep!

"Lilith was a real woman, and very beautiful. She was the first and greatest and most mysterious of all courtesans—as, indeed, the devil's mistress would have to be, or lose her job. She must have had the

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 thinking 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 humiliated love. "Let them be, let them be in peace," I had said to her impatiently, but she had turned large, inquiring, serious eyes on me, and answered, "I want to find out." She had, indeed, gone "to find out"—to Persia, they said, 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 on a deserted river-bank, purified and satisfied 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 Chorasán? You should have known. You have been so wantonly blind, Shelmerdene. You have idealised tomorrow and forgotten to-day—and now, perhaps, you are on your knees in a ruined temple in the East, begging favours of Ishtar. Not she to grant you a favour! Trouble has always come to the world from such as she, a malignant goddess. Semiramis conquered the world, and Ishtar set it on fire. . . .

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, but 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 no 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 Smith. Fifth Edition, Revised and Enlarged by Dr. Coleman Phillippson. (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's share in this volume has been mainly consultative; 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; it is unsatisfactory 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 established by the Rule of Might, unless International Law ignores its own history, and turns from the interpretation of customs and agreements to the declaration of ideal principles.

The author's summary of his views of the real nature of International Law may be fitly quoted here: "It consists of rules to control relations which have a legal rather than a moral character; its treaties and controversies have assumed a legal guise, encouraged by a general willingness to increase their apparent obligatoriness, but it is habitually deficient in that coercive side of the term law which is above all essential and characteristic. All civilised nations agree that they are bound by its principles, and in the majority of cases find it convenient to observe them. On the other hand, these principles are not infrequently violated, and breaches may be consecrated by adding successful violence to the original offence. In reality the sources of its strength are three:—

(i) A regard—which in a moral community often flickers but seldom entirely dies—for national reputation as affected by international public opinion.

(ii) An unwillingness to incur the risk of war for any but a paramount national interest.

(iii) The realisation by each nation that the convenience 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 complied 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 International 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 covered 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; what 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 time nor place obscure nor 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 came up to her elbows. 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 succession 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 is in the manuscript 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 A.D. 450.

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 psychologists as 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 so 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 a form of mental disease to which materialists seem peculiarly liable. No group of men have collected such quantities of facts or written so learnedly about social questions as the Fabians, and yet on vital issues they have been wrong every time. And Fabians, remember, are materialists.

I don't profess to have read the works of the materialists Mr. Kerr quotes. But I have sampled materialist philosophy, and, frankly speaking, I didn't know what they were talking about any more than I have been able to understand all the voluble stuff they have talked about aesthetics, though I happen to know something about art. I have a suspicion that 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.

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 Bolshevik Government should manage to stabilise itself, it will not be as a democracy but as a restored feudalism, while the same result would follow the triumph of the reactionaries. This, I imagine, even our English Bolsheviks do not want.

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. Now there is one 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,

Egypt.

Armourer Q.M.S., A.O.C.

[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 5 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 made it. The claim of the "Roman Catholic Church" has been and is challenged by the Russian Catholic Church, by the Greek Catholic Church, by the Serbian Catholic Church, and many other Churches 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 Servile-Church conception 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 kind of talk, 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 officialdom and exposing these vile imperial claims, 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 plutocracy not 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 both the living past and 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 omniscient Servile Church so dear to the hearts of Roman Catholics and of so-called Catholics in the Church of England, who, in mental outlook, are often amateur Romans without the Pope. Our conception of the Catholic Church would allow for national groupings, although we admit to the full the present worldliness and corruption of the English National Group.

CONRAD NOEL,

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

Pastiche.

FROM THE VISHNUPURANA.

(PT. IV.—CONCLUSION OF SECT. XXIV.)

Thus, many a king, assuming bodily shape
With all its frailty, hath ruled this earth
That lasteth ever, and deluded thought,
This earth is mine; my son's; my dynasty's;
And passed away. Who held the sway before,
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 they should vaunt an immortality,
When truthfully naught lasting are they more
Than flecked foam on the wave;
That they should leave all self-restraint, yet bend
In great humility their ministers,
Their servants and their countries and their foes;
That they should think the sea-girt earth to take
Their own demesne to make;
That they should not see death so near them stand.
Yet Earth is in the hand
Of whoso holds himself, when self-control
Yields the last freedom. 'Tis but ignorance
That those should wish possession of me,
Whose predecessors lost me, and whose sires
Could keep me not. In empty, wrathful greed
Man slayeth seed,
Kindred on kindred warreth for my sake.
And all who ruled me, and are now with death,
Thought to the latest breath—
This Earth is mine, mine enemies are slain!
Oh, that such vanity should live in one
That hath seen others leave me for their greed
And tread the path of dissolution.
When kingdom treats with kingdom and I hear
Claims made and claims disputed, then I laugh,
And then my laugh to pity is refined
That one should be so blind.
Such verses, O Maitreya, Earth did sing,
And at their sound like snow before the sun
Ambition melts away. Lo! now the whole
Completely have I told of Manu's line,
'Midst whom were many by that spirit filled
That worketh for the glory of the world.
Whoso hath heard right through my tale with care,
His heart is cleansed and all his sins destroyed.
Whoso hath heard of these vast dynasties,
The solar and the lunar, prosperous
That man shall live, with every power secured.
Ikshawku, Jahnū, Mandhata, the race
Of Sagara, Abiksheta, Raghu,
Yayati 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,
That man with wisdom learnt will deem his own
Not child, nor wife, nor house, nor lands, nor wealth.
Those heroes that have prayed year after year
With countless sacrifice and lifted hands
By time are left as subjects for a myth.
That Pritha, even, slayer of many a foe,
In every region habitant, by time
Is swept like down from off a Simal tree.
Kartavirya all the seven Zones
Of Earth did conquer, yet is now a theme,
A matter but to be affirmed or not.
The gold of Dashanana, Raghava,
Abikoluta and the rest, that once
Dazzled all hearts, now at the frown of time
Is lost and gone. Oh, shame upon such wealth!
Mandhata that great lord is but a name!
What thoughtful man will hear me, and still hold
A hunger for possession in his soul?

There were Bhagiratha and Sagara,
Dasanana, Kakutstha, Rama too,
Yudishthira, and Lakshmana and more;
All these have been. Yet is this truly so?
Have these existed? Say, where are they now?
We know not? Nor of those now 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's hour:
Some to red Saturn ravening 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. H. H. MYRTON.

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.
As you'll suspect, before that day
His heart she'd taken clean away,
And now she wants, a pleasant whim,
To take the very soul of him.
"Dearest," she said, "you love me still,
So kindly lend me your sweet will.
'Tis only for a day or two,
And I'll return it then to you."
Said he, "My love, for you I live."
He lent his will, but did not give,
Yet never more his will possessed,
For she had locked it in her breast.
Each thing he gave she valued nought,
Heaven alone knows what she sought.
Contented 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 stuffed 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,
And when she found herself a wife
Regretted that she took his life. TRIBOULET.