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

No. 1374] New Series. Vol. XXIV. No. 10. Thursday, Jan. 9, 1919. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

What is meant by winning the peace? Winning the war was a comparatively intelligible because a comparatively exact phrase; it implied in the majority of men's minds the unconditional surrender of the armed forces of Prussia. But winning the peace means anything or nothing according to the degree of ignorance or knowledge in the person employing the phrase. It is possible, indeed, that the phrase stands, not only for a variety of meanings, but for a variety containing contradictions. Strange as it may seem, there are people in this country, not to mention France, to whom the phrase winning the peace means, or is intended to mean, the restoration of the old familiar conditions of war—conditions, that is to say, in which such persons and their interests flourish. And, plainly, that is a meaning in contradiction with the meaning attached to the phrase by others who intend by it the establishment of conditions which will make international war for ever impossible. Similarly, there are people who mean by it only the conclusion of the defeat of Germany; in other words, the subjection of Germany to the Allies for generations to come; and, again, there are the opposing groups of thinkers who regard the restoration of Germany to nationhood as an essential condition of a victorious peace. Between all these varying and conflicting interpretations it is difficult to select, in the first place, the best, and, in the second place, the best possible, of the potentialities contained in the phrase. The best is, no doubt, that which implies the settlement of the present disorders in the spirit of justice, and makes provision for its periodic readjustment in the same spirit without recourse to war; but the best possible and practicable is, perhaps, something very different.

* * *

What is popularly known as "Wilson's plan" is, again, a subject fast becoming one of confusion. Not, however, that there is much excuse for the confusion, since President Wilson's speeches have been few, and, in the main, consistent, and, above all, explicit and simple. Nevertheless, even in the case of such a masterly expositor, the glosses put upon his words by stupidity, interest or over-enthusiasm are many and various, so that it is now beginning to be hard for the plain man to see the wood for the trees. The wood, however, is there; and since it is probable that permanent peace is within it, and will only emerge, if at all, by Wilson's way, it is desirable that we should understand it. President Wilson, then, may be said to have had one governing idea for the settlement of the problems arising from the war: the establishment of a League of Nations pledged to maintain peace. In the first instance, there is no doubt, President Wilson's intention was to include within his League *all* the nations of the world; it was to be the League of Nations rather than a League of Nations. Later, however, he appears to have modified this opinion on practical grounds and to be now content with advocating the establishment of *a* League consisting of a "single overwhelming group of nations" which he hopes may hereafter by inclusion of the remainder become *the* League of Nations. But if President Wilson has so far modified his original concept as to reduce his universal or world League to an eclectic League of the Allies, it must on no account be assumed that he has correspondingly reduced the objects he had in mind for the original League. Because the only League now apparently practical must consist of a "single overwhelming group," it is not to follow, according to President Wilson, that the object of the League shall be reduced to that of preserving the interests merely of the selected members. On the contrary, the limited League is to adhere to and pursue the same objects as would presumably be set before itself by a League of all the Nations—that is to say, the establishment and maintenance of peace and justice all over the world. We are sure that we are right in emphasising this aspect of President Wilson's plan; for not only is it fully confirmed and never subjected to modification in any of his speeches, but it is certainly the crux of the current discussions between himself and the European statesmen. It would not be to exaggerate the fact, indeed, if we were to say that the core of the critical debates at the forthcoming Versailles Conference is precisely the distinction which President Wilson has drawn between a limited League with unlimited objects—such as he desires—and a limited League with limited objects—such as certain of the European Powers appear to desire.

Until a good deal more water has flowed under the bridge, we do not desire to dogmatise over so momentous a problem. The problem is still one for thought. There are, however, several considerations that may be examined, the conclusions from which may or may not profoundly modify our estimate of the practical value of President Wilson's plan. The most serious to our mind is the reflection that President Wilson appears to be attempting to put the cart before the horse, and to make political power draw economic power. Within limits, no doubt, such a reversal of the usual rule is possible; but in normal times and over long periods the exceptions to the rule are few. But the rule implies that *only* those nations that have economic interests in common can be expected to share a common politic—and most of all when that politic entails considerable sacrifices. For what are the members of the single overwhelming group of nations expected to do? Not only are they to act together in the spirit of impartial justice as regards the rest of the world—a sufficiently difficult thing when each of them is, in fact, in economic competition with most other nations—but it goes without saying that they are to maintain justice and peace among themselves. But among themselves also, it is scarcely necessary to observe, they are competitors, commercial competitors; and it must therefore appear to be the case that the causes of disagreement among themselves will be quite as many as the causes of trouble among the nations for whose justice and peace the League proposes to make itself responsible. Quis custodes custodiet? If in general war arises from the conflict of national interests, what better hope is there, while their interests conflict, that the members of the League will not require a League to preserve peace among themselves? Is not an economic League, in fact, the necessary condition of a stable political League? Would Wilson's plan not require that the single overwhelming group of political Powers should be also a single overwhelming group of economic Powers; and, moreover, that these economic Powers should be in co-operation rather than in competition? The reply, it appears certain, is in the affirmative. Either, in fact, the economics of the League must be co-operative, or the politics of the League will not long be co-operative. The stability of its political policy will be proportioned to the co-operation of its economic policy.

* * *

The economic difficulty is seldom spoken of among politicians, but it is the true hidden hand in international affairs. For its reality various political and similar difficulties are substituted, and these for the most part occupy the stage of public discussion. Two of the most contentious of these affect France and England respectively; and they must now be briefly considered in the light that has so far been cast on them. In the case of France, the conflict between M. Clemenceau and President Wilson appears on the surface to be radical. That there may prove to be a ground for compromise is not only the hope but it appears to be the expectation of many people. But we cannot profess to be so sanguine. Certainly, M. Clemenceau is right in his general view that a League of Powers is a League of *Powers*; and, hence, that the diminution of the political power of France, for instance, is no fitting preparation for France's entry into a League of Nations. The same, of course, holds true of this country and of Italy. But the point at issue and which we cannot discover that M. Clemenceau realises is that not only in President Wilson's plan must each member of the League forswear the desire for predominance, but each member must forswear complete independence. M. Clemenceau, together with the rest of the European Powers party to the proposed League, is thus placed in a real dilemma. On the one hand, he has expressed his faith in the old system under which each country remains responsible for itself, prepares its own defences and provides for itself well-defended frontiers and armaments. In other words, he remains faithful to the policy of a completely independent France capable of, or, at any rate, willing to be responsible for, her own defence. On the other hand, he is more or less committed to membership of President Wilson's League, the whole plan of which consists not only in the fact, but in the necessity, of joint instead of several defence. To the plea that France must be strong as a condition of being even a useful member of the League, President Wilson replies that she need not be so strong as to be able to defend herself—for in that case what need is there of the League. To the counter-plea of President Wilson, however, that the League will henceforth guarantee the security of each of its members, M. Clemenceau replies that he prefers to trust France to France.

* * *

Much the same argument applies to the controversy concerning the freedom of the seas in which we ourselves are directly involved. Freedom of the seas undoubtedly entails in the last resort the supremacy of our Navy—for how else than by a supreme Navy under our own exclusive control can *our* conception of the freedom of the seas be enforced in all circumstances? Our supremacy of the seas, on the other hand, is not only incompatible with the first condition of President Wilson's League, namely, that each of the parties shall *require* the common defence of the League (in other words, that no member of the League shall be entirely independent), but it is still more incompatible with its second condition that no party shall be predominant or supreme in respect of any vital arm. President Wilson's plan obviously implies that the nations composing the League shall *pool* their defensive resources, and that these defensive resources shall henceforth be regarded as common and not as particular; and it is in complete contradiction with this condition that France should insist upon her own particular and complete and separate defence, as it is also that England should expect to retain in her own hands the supremacy of the seas. Either the League, we fancy President Wilson must say, will be effective, or it will not be. If it will be effective, then neither France nor England needs an independent system of defence, since each will be able to draw upon the common resources of the League in case of need. On the other hand, if, as the setting up of independent defences appears to show, neither France nor England believes that the League will be effective, the League is on that very account superfluous. America, in that case, is not likely to concern herself in a League whose European members have no faith in it.

* * *

Without, for the present, venturing upon a final judgment—for, as we say, the problem is still one for thought—we may as well point out some of the probable consequences of the rejection of President Wilson's plan. To begin with, it cannot be expected that if France and England intend to arm and conduct themselves in preparation for their own complete and separate defence, America will not resume her own liberty in the same respect. The " faithfulness " of M. Clemenceau to the " old system " necessarily demands that America shall be faithful to it also. In short, America will return, as President Wilson has warned us, to her isolation from Europe and to the independence of which she is even more capable than France. So much may be taken for granted. What, however, is speculative in the situation is the respective ability of France, Italy and even of England to carry out the policy of independence to which, in that event, each would be pledged. In the case of France, for instance, M. Clemenceau, who now appears with France to be intoxicated by victory, is confident that with " well-

defended frontiers and armaments," and with all the "military guarantees" he hopes to obtain from Germany, France will be able to dispense with American help in the future; at least, France is preparing not to count upon it. But is that a wise calculation? Is it warranted by France's experience of the system to which M. Clemenceau proposes to remain "faithful"? M. Clemenceau's mentality must be as defective as that of the Bourbons if he has forgotten whither that system has already led France and failed to learn the lesson of American aid. In the case of our own country, the situation is, if anything, even more difficult than that of France. With Germany temporarily dissolved, and with, on the whole, only Europe to consider, France may, indeed, in the hour of her triumph declare that she will henceforth be sole mistress in her own house, and ask no help of any nation if it involves any diminution of her sovereignty. But England, it will be agreed, is a Power of a less local habitation than that of France; her interests and, consequently, the needs of her defence, are co-extensive with the world. An exclusive system of British self-defence is therefore a more considerable proposition than that of the self-defence of France; and we cannot so easily afford as France believes (mistakenly) that she can to reject an offer of common defence when it comes from the next greatest Power in the world to our own. The problem, it will be seen, is complex in the extreme. A tentative solution may, perhaps, be found in the clear distinction between England as a European and England as a world-Power. As a European Power our interests may lie with those of France; but as a world-Power our interests will find themselves increasingly bound up with those of America. Our present conclusion is thus that the future demands an Anglo-British League even if no greater League is for the moment possible. Between Europe and America as our world-partners—if the choice is forced on us by France—the wise decision would appear to be for America. And France will not be entitled to complain, since the same choice is open to her to make at the same moment.

* * *

Simultaneously with the overwhelming triumph of the New Unionists at the recent General Election has arrived a doubt concerning the wisdom of so complete a victory. It is well that Capital should be in force in the new Government, since Capitalism is now on its final trial, but with Labour in opposition what are the chances of its success? Above all, how can the alleged economic identity of interest between Capital and Labour be maintained in the face of their open political antagonism? Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that attempts have been made and will continue to be made to induce the Labour Party to co-operate with the new Government even to the extent of sharing in the Ministerial offices. Various decoy-ducks are already swimming in anticipation in the governing pool; and their cries to their fellows at liberty are both penetrating and seductive. Even apart from party considerations, however, we both believe and hope that the invitations will be declined. It is true that it may not be in the interests of the Capitalistic Party now in power that Labour should remain in Opposition; but it is of vital importance not only to Labour itself but to the nation. Labour, it is clear, has everything to gain by an effective criticism of capitalist policy, which is only possible while Labour is visibly independent. Moreover, it is not true to say, as the "Times" does, that, unless Labour is part of the Government, it cannot hope to share in the shaping of the coming industrial legislation. On the contrary, as a minor and negligible element in the Government where its rank would be that of a hostage, the share of Labour in political control would be, as the war has proved, almost microscopic, while in open Opposition, at the same time that Labour would accept no responsibility, its power would be the considerable power of veto. But it is in the national interests much more than in the interests of Labour that the real ground for Labour's opposition is to be found. Sooner or later the present New Unionist Government will commit some irretrievable blunder: its composition, as well as its intellectual poverty, makes this forecast certain. And in that event, the absence of at least the nucleus of an alternative Government uninvolved in the preceding catastrophe would leave the nation face to face with revolution. Mr. Lloyd George, we are sure, is not in his heart so anxious as some of his colleagues for Labour's abandonment of its independence and opposition. He cannot be as grateful as he must seem to the Barnes and Wardles and Roberts who are endangering the plank upon which he hopes to escape when the New Unionist vessel goes down. A strong Labour Party, independent and growing, and, above all, in Opposition, would always provide him with both a weapon against his Unionist colleagues, and, at the worst, an alternative party to ally himself with.

* * *

Both Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas are much concerned—and who is not?—with the probable revival of industrial action as Labour's compensation for political defeat. Both deprecate the use of economic power on the ground that political power, if not sufficient to-day, will be sufficient to-morrow. Political power, they say, is the chosen weapon of Labour and the only weapon, therefore, that it is now legitimate for Labour to employ. The strike must be abandoned; nor must it be resumed even when the political means have been proved to fall far short of the immediate needs of Labour's case. We understand very well what is in the minds of these political Labour leaders. There is nothing like leather, and when the leather, moreover, is the monopoly of the merchants, its indispensability is naturally complete. But a few considerations will put, we think, a new complexion on the subject. In the first place, it is not so long ago that the Trade Unions of which Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas are spokesmen were industrial or economic organisations with no other weapon in their hands but industrial action. The Trade Unions, it is obvious, are not only primarily industrial organisations, built up by industrial means, but their political activity is of comparatively recent development. It took years of mistaken labour on the part of the Socialist groups to persuade the Trade Unionists of less than a generation ago to strike on the ballot-box as well as in the workshop. Having now begun, very inadequately, to employ the political weapon, are they now to forswear the use of their original industrial weapon? It would be in contradiction of the whole nature, history and purpose of Trade Unionism. Again, it is all very well to adjure Labour to be content with political action and to forgo the use of industrial action either concurrently or in supplement; but the same adjuration should be addressed to Capital. Mr. Clynes has been sufficiently nearly within the engine-rooms of Government to know that the Capitalist classes are not content to exercise political power only. Men like Lord Inchcape do not hesitate to threaten a strike of Capital if their demands are not satisfied by political means. Is Capital during the coming period to have both weapons in its hands, and Labour to have neither? Finally, we believe that both Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas are under a wrong impression concerning the nature of the industrial action we, at any rate, advocate. Strikes for higher wages, better conditions, etc., may be necessary or, at least, natural; but we are not greatly interested in them. A sensible capitalism could and would easily render them unnecessary by voluntary ameliorations of the wage-system without damage to the system of capitalism itself. In other words, wage-strikes are not the way to radical reconstruction but only to the Servile State. Our conception of industrial action includes preparations for the ultimate con-

trol of industry and for the assumption by Labour (all classes of Labour) of the responsiblity for national industry. Industrial action of this kind may entail strikes as an occasional means, but its first object is to enlist all the necessary workers in every industry in a collectivity with the aim of fitting them for complete control.

* * *

Thanks to the diversion of energy from this proper industrial object of Trade Unionism to the political sphere—and chiefly as a consequence of the ambition of Labour leaders—the industrial sense of responsibility of Labour is altogether behind its political demands. Politically, as we know, Labour takes the whole field of politics for its province, including even foreign policy of which scarcely one of its members knows the simplest rudiments. On every political problem on the carpet, indeed, Labour claims to have an opinion and to be prepared to become responsible for it. Well and good; but what of the industrial problems which are its métier? From all we can gather, Labour, while anxious to become the arbiter of the destinies of Russia, Germany and the world, is disinclined to demand even a share in the responsible control of its own industries. Higher wages—yes, even at the cost of raising prices all round; better conditions and shorter hours—yes, even in the expectation that these will increase the profits of Capitalism; old-age pensions, holidays, and all the rest of it—certainly, if the employers will only be kind enough to grant them. But the responsible control of the very industry from which these benefits are derived, Labour will not only not demand a share in, but Labour is careful never to mention it. Neither Mr. Clynes nor Mr. Thomas, in spite of their alleged courage, has ever, to our knowledge, urged Labour to accept the responsibility of the control of industry. Both are satisfied to beg on behalf of Labour an increasing share in the product only. It can only be to this irresponsible servility that is due the recent action of that "aristocracy" of Labour—the Amalgamated Society of Engineers Having demanded as a right a 44 hours week, the A.S.E. has not only compromised on a 47 hours week, but, in addition, has bought the "right" (as if, in fact, it were no right) by the concession of the employers' demands for speeding-up and increased production. The same slave spirit has also, no doubt, inspired the aeroplane workers at Aintree and elsewhere, who, when the national factories at these places were being closed, petitioned the Government to keep them open in order to provide them with work. Not a word was in their petition to suggest how it was going to be done.

* * *

To minds in this hopeless state of beggary, Mr. Churchill's promise in a speech delivered on Friday will seem like the opening gates of paradise. "I do not know," he said, "of any reasonable conditions that the workmen of this country have sincerely desired to introduce into their daily life which are not within their reach if Capital and Labour pull loyally together. Regular employment, short and conveniently adjusted hours, high wages, proper holidays, good provision for the future and against accidents and illness of all kinds —all these things are to be achieved by a faithful and patient co-operation between"—Capital and Labour? Mr. Churchill is certainly justified in tacitly denying that any other demand has been "sincerely" made by Labour. He is, in fact, fully entitled to take Labour at its own valuation as a mere instrument of production to whom only reasonable care is due. Nor do we see that, as matters stand, Labour has any reason to repudiate the offer, or to deny the terms on which it is based, namely, the loyal subservience of Labour to Capital. For ourselves, on the other hand, the case against Mr. Churchill is overwhelming. Even if, we say, all his promises could be fulfilled—the status and condition of Labour would remain immoral because servile. It would be contrary to the divine nature of man. But, upon an infinitely lower ground, it can be confidently asserted that Mr. Churchill's promises are illusory. No amount of loyalty, resulting in any imaginable increase of production, can possibly of itself ensure the sharing of Labour in the proceeds as promised by Mr. Churchill; and this if for no other reason than that the remuneration of Labour under the Capitalist system is fixed, not by goodwill or by law, but by the supply and demand of Labour. Upon what, then, does Mr. Churchill depend for the fulfilment of his promises? There are only three conceivable means of bringing about the sharing by Labour in the benefits of increased production—the voluntary goodwill of employers; parliamentary compulsion; and the industrial action of the Trade Unions exercising their monopoly sanctioned by strikes. Ruling out the third as incompatible with the "loyalty" demanded by Mr. Churchill, we have as the remaining alternative the goodwill of the employing classes and the political compulsion of a Parliament dominated by the same classes. In short, the two remaining alternatives are one only —the goodwill of the Capitalist classes. Miracles have happened and do happen. We do not put the wholesale conversion of the propertied classes to Christianity beyond the region of possibility. But it is upon this chance that the fulfilment of Mr. Churchill's promises depends.

* * *

In contrast with British Labour which is, without doubt, as servile industrially as were the German people politically—and for much the same reasons, the apparent success and the golden promises of the ruling system—we are glad to be able to set the accomplishments of Italian Labour and the responsible demands of French Syndicalism. According to the report, elsewhere printed, which we have just received from an Italian economist and Guildsman, Italian Labour seems to be shaping its course to round Cape Capitalism without national shipwreck. Its experiments in national industrial organisation under the joint control of Labour and the State promise, if successful, to afford the world the only alternative to an otherwise inevitable Bolshevism. Bolshevism, we may say, is the despair of industrial democracy; it represents the efforts of the workers to scuttle the ship in despair of ever reaching harbour; and we may be assured that nothing will prevent its spread over Western Europe that does not offer a more promising means than parliamentary reform to the desires it desperately expresses. We hope it is not premature to congratulate our Italian colleagues on having constructed a ship that may weather the storm. National Guilds will alone save the world from Bolshevism. The French Syndicalists, moreover, appear to us to be thinking actively in this same direction. Invited by M. Clemenceau to submit to the Government the demands of the French Central Labour Federation, M. Jouhaux has handed in a Charter the terms of which include the official recognition of the Syndicalist organisations, their right to be consulted in all industrial disputes, participation in the management and control of all industries, whether nationalised or syndicated, the substitution of industrial for political government in industry, and the expropriation of bureaucracy followed by industrial self-government. Mr. Churchill and his unwitting partners, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas, will look in vain in M. Jouhaux's programme for the "sincere" demands of British Labour to gather the crumbs that fall from the table of Capitalism. They will find instead demands such as we should like to see formulated by our own Labour movement—demands for responsibility, for control, for management—and for human liberty. The alternative, we repeat, to this assumption of responsibility is for British Labour what the German people have discovered to be their alternative to political responsibility.

Towards National Guilds in Italy.

By Odon For.

I.

ORGANISED Labour in Italy is making a new departure in national Labour organisation. Already it is actually managing a number of industries; and it is now preparing on an expanding scale to assume the management of the productive industries. This is not a sudden departure, but the effect of the experiences of blackleg-proof unions, together with the high degree of professional skill existing in the unions, and with the corresponding high level of political capacity in the working-classes. Indeed, the spirit of independence, the self-reliance, the imagination and the will to freedom of the Italian proletariat have provided an enormous progressive power in favour of the supersession of Capitalism. In particular, its consciousness of its competence in technical and industrial reconstruction has been the motive-force of its most recent advances.

Organised Labour in Italy has conceived "Reconstruction" not as a reconstruction simply, but as a deliberate and conscious social creation, in which Labour would be unable to share effectively as a mere bargaining commodity. Labour, it is affirmed, can only exercise its proper influence by being prepared to assume the responsibility for the management of industry, *without* the aid of Capitalism, but in conjunction with the State of which Labour would thereby become a partner. Labour is convinced that it is only by putting its organised skill at the service of the State in partnership with the State that it can at once contribute its maximum assistance to Reconstruction, safeguard the nation from profiteering, and preserve the proletariat from Capitalist exploitation. Moreover, as a further incentive to the development of Labour, Italian Labour is fully aware that the State, being ultimately responsible for national welfare, will only consent to a devolution of industrial control in proportion as organised Labour itself becomes fitted to exercise the responsibilities of it.

These convictions, arising from an increasing consciousness of strength, had already been expressed by many individual Labour organisations; and they reached articulation in the resolution adopted by the Executive Committee of the Italian Confederation, and afterwards endorsed by the Socialist Parliamentary Party towards the end of November last. The resolution is as follows:—

"The cultivation of the land and the carrying out of public works shall, in the interests of the community, be controlled by the workers associated in co-operative societies.

"The right of control over the management of all industries shall be vested in the representatives of the workers engaged in them.

"Parliament must transfer to the Executive Councils of such industries the powers and privileges concerning the same that are now vested in Parliament."

These claims, backed, as they are, by the intense will, and, equally so, by the acknowledged competence, of the workmen's societies, distinguish the Italian Labour movement from every such movement in every other country. They constitute for Italy the right to be regarded as the most practically advanced of all the Socialist movements in the world. The after-war programme of the Italian Confederation includes, of course, other demands of a political, cultural and economic character; it likewise assumes as an axiom the ultimate socialisation of all the means of production. But there is no doubt that the three claims above enumerated form the basis and backbone of the immediate reconstructive programme of the Italian proletariat, and represent their conditions for the complete participation of Italian Labour in the immediate work of the State.

The first claim needs a little elucidation. It is a claim, as will be seen, for the direct control of legislation. Realising that industrial legislation, when left to Parliament, is usually incompetent on account of the technical incompetence of the legislators, Italian Labour demands the transformation of the political system in so far as this is bound up with industrial life. The claim, in other words, is for the transfer from Parliament of those functions which it has never properly fulfilled to industrial bodies whose daily concern and interest they are. It is possible, of course, that if the claim is conceded, the older political forms may undergo a considerable change; but the changes will be consequent upon an economic transformation of which, in fact, the new political forms will be a reflex. The conclusion, indeed, would appear to be the creation of a Parliament of Industry, side by side, perhaps, with the national Parliament.

II.

The experiences which have resulted in the formulation of these claims are sufficiently important to deserve some attention. I propose to deal with a single but significant example, that of the Italian National Federation of Seamen. The National Federation of Seamen is, without doubt, the most advanced and highly developed industrial organisation in the world. It has, in fact, all the requisites of a complete National Guild. Not only does it admit under its rules every class of worker, but its membership actually embraces all classes, from captain to cabin-boy, and this not merely locally but nationally. Its monopoly of Labour, if relative, is complete. In relation to competing organisations of a private character, it has had many struggles, particularly with the great shipping-combines, but upon practically every occasion it has won a victory. Shortly before the war, indeed, the Federation was preparing to take over the whole of the shipping of a considerable combine whose workmen were on strike, and to demonstrate by a practical object-lesson that the demands of the men might easily be conceded. The war unfortunately put an end to the experiment before it was fairly begun; and under the circumstances, the strike was actually settled in the usual way.

The Federation has shown itself during the war to be as mindful of its duties as of its rights. Over and over again, the Seamen, acting in their Federation, have given abundant evidence of their willingness to sacrifice sectional to national interests. Their claim to responsible management has thus been signally fortified; and by reason of their experience they now feel themselves fully entitled to demand the control and management of the whole of the shipping of the country in the national interest.

The public service of the Federation has received official acknowledgment in the appointment of its General Secretary, Captain Giulietti, to serve on the Reconstruction Committee dealing with shipping. This Committee, of which the Chairman is Senator Marconi, met for the first time in August last, and at one of its earliest meetings passed the following resolution:—

"This Committee warmly approves and recommends to the Government the proposal made by the Seamen's representative that certain of the ships, lent by the Allies to Italy, be placed under the management of the seamen themselves in their industrial organisation." No sooner had the recommendation been made than it was presented to the Prime Minister, who at once supported and gave official sanction to what he called "this happy proposition." A few days later the "Gazetta Officiale" published a general Decree for the

disposition of the mercantile marine, of which Article 10 reads:

"The management of the ships bought by the State shall, as a rule, be entrusted to shipping companies, under conditions determined by the Minister of Transport, and with preference to companies who have suffered loss by reason of the war. The said management, however, may be entrusted by the Minister of Transport to co-operative unions of Seamen which shall be legally constituted and able to offer the necessary guarantees of efficient management."

The Federation, thereupon, set itself instantly to work in business-like fashion. By September a particular co-operative society of Seamen was formed, under the title of "The Garibaldi," with these declared objects: to conduct shipping under the Italian flag; to develop the Italian mercantile marine; and to raise the economic and moral status of all Italian seamen. And the following telegram was dispatched to the Government:

"The National Federation of Seamen have the honour to inform the Government that the co-operative union, 'The Garibaldi,' has been formed, and that it is the desire of the Federation to employ all its resources in furthering the work of the reconstruction, development and efficient conduct of the Italian mercantile marine." In his reply to this telegram, the Minister of Transport reciprocated his pleasure in the message received, and expressed on behalf of the Government his confidence in the courageous initiative of the Seamen. At this moment, negotiations are proceeding favourably for the execution of the men's design.

III.

It need not, of course, be claimed that in providing for alternative management in its Decree, the State was aiming at rewarding the Seamen for their war-services. Such a "reward," in fact, would certainly have been declined. Quoting the Minister of Transport, an object of the Decree was "to check the excessive demands of the private shipping companies." (Debates. Nov. 27, 1918.) The State, it is clear, was bound to assume control of shipping during the war, partly to stimulate building, partly to check profiteering and partly to carry out direct State service. And shipping did, indeed, receive an enormous impulse from the State in the form of subsidies, materials and special privileges. But these, it was found, were taken advantage of by the private interests, with the consequence that "rings" of all kinds were formed for the purpose of mulcting the State-treasury.

While the State, however, had duties to perform favourable to shipping, it had also its public duty of control over expenditure and even over industry. And thus in the same Decree we find that, though conceding many advantages to private shipping interests, profits were limited to eight per cent., freights were fixed, and the right of the State to requisition or to purchase slips *after the war* was affirmed, thus preparing the way once more for a State-controlled mercantile marine. The moral obligations of Italy to the Allies were moreover, favourable to this policy. Foodstuffs were and must for some time continue to be imported by favour of the Allies; and it would have been anything but honourable for the Italian State to have allowed its private shippers to make a levy upon these imports. Again, the State itself was forced to become a considerable direct importer of raw materials, coal and oil, with the necessary consequence that private speculation was again excluded.

Aware that its intention of controlling shipping would arouse the hostility of the private interests—as it did!—the State naturally looked for support in a quarter where private interest did not prevail, but where "public service" was regarded as both a duty and an ideal. The State turned, in other words, to the Federation of Seamen. Here, however, a preliminary difficulty arose, though of a slight nature, for under the rules of the Federation proper, no industrial responsibility could legally be undertaken. The difficulty was got over, as we have seen, by the creation of a Co-operative Society, whose members and policy and leaders, of course, are identical with those of the parent Federation. This Co-operative Society being once formed, the State had now at its disposal a second string to its bow, and a weapon with which to control and, perhaps, to break the power of the private shipping trusts. In his speech defending the Decree, the Minister of Transport said, in fact, that the State would not hesitate to assist the Co-operative Seamen, and to hand over to them such ships as the State might build. And as an earnest of its intention, the Italian Treasury announced that it was about to transfer to the Co-operative the capital accumulated from several sources and amounting to several hundred million lire. This was the credit upon which the Co-operative was to proceed with its industrial enterprise. In thus allying itself with the Federation, the State had more far-reaching objects than the settlement of an immediate problem. At the back of its mind was the knowledge that the State-control of such an industry as shipping would, if directly assumed, involve the creation of an enormous and costly bureaucracy. If left, on the other hand, to the trusts, the difficulties would be equally insuperable. Under the circumstances, therefore, it was a wise policy that sought to raise the Federation to the status of partnership with the State, and to solve by this means the triple problem of efficient management, bureaucracy and profiteering. Only such a Federation (or, if I dare say so, Guild) can satisfy equally the demands of the State, the industry and the Seamen. Every other form of control is bound to disappoint one or the other of the three factors concerned. For, in the first place, the Federation is technically competent since it includes all ranks of labour from the highest to the lowest. In the second place, it is not bent on profit, but on service; and, finally, its personnel is naturally best able to legislate in the interests of the workers, since the workers are the Federation. It may be supposed, of course, that the State in transferring to the Federation the control of shipping will require a guarantee of service in every sense of the word—respect for public policy, efficiency, and so on. But this will certainly be forthcoming, since not only is the Federation already anxious to accept responsibility, but its new and elevated status will assuredly stimulate it to even greater exertions. Professional pride will ensure that a great social experiment of this kind shall not fail on account of the negligence of the Federation in its splendid task.

Another consideration that must have been taken into account by the State is the growing difficulty experienced by the State and the private shipping trusts in carrying on shipping without the co-operation of the Federation; for the Federation, it was clearly seen, would soon be in a position to enforce its demands, or, in the alternative, to make it impossible for either the State or the Trusts to guarantee regular service. The limit of exploitability, in other words, had been reached; and it was thus a choice for the State between a guaranteed service by means of the Federation, or no guarantee whatever. Once again we may say that the State chose wisely.

Anticipating the probable course of events, we may expect that after an experimental period during which the Federation, we may hope, will prove its capacity, further ships will be transferred to its control. Moreover, it has allies in the great Co-operative shipbuilding yards at Genoa and elsewhere, where already building and repairing have been carried out under Union management to the satisfaction and admiration of the Allied Admirals. These, together with the Co-

operative Societies of the Dockers, may certainly be counted on to co-operate with the Seamen's Federation. In due course, likewise, the Fishermen's Union will be affiliated with the rest of the Unions, and thus, in the end, all the sea-workers will be in control of their industry co-operatively.

As for the private shipping companies, their absorption into the Federation is sure if slow. By virtue of its economic power, the Federation will demand, in the first instance, representation on the governing bodies of each of the shipping companies; *not* in order to share in profits, for the Federation is opposed to profiteering—but for the single purpose of exercising and of finally assuming complete control. It will not rest until all shipping has been brought into the hands of the men engaged in it.

It may be remarked that the Federation has no desire to "own" the ships; and in this, again, it is in complete accord with National Guildsmen in England. Its object is to control and manage the shipping industry; and since this is quite compatible with the State-ownership of the ships themselves, the question of ownership does not arise. The State is the sleeping partner; the Federation is the active partner. The former owns, and, by virtue of ownership, exercises the right of control—chiefly, I should say, in matters of high policy. The latter manages, and, by virtue of its monopoly of Labour and skill, exercises also its right of control, namely, over the conditions of its industry.

Thus we have the germ—and more than the germ—of a true National Guild—a partner of the State, with a monopoly of its Labour, and responsibly discharging a national service in the equal interest of the men, the State and the public. In course of time, no doubt, this problem will be followed by other industries; and our industrial system will have undergone a beneficent and orderly revolution from within.

Germany Now.

By Ramiro de Maeztu.

THE German State has been dissolved. I was going to say that the German Empire has been dissolved, but the phrase that truly expresses the totality of the impressions collected during my recent stay in occupied Germany is that the German State has been dissolved. I do not mean that this dissolution is final. The Austro-Hungarian State will probably never be renewed, because its constituent peoples were not united by a common blood or a common culture, and only by political bonds. This is not the case with Germany. The German State has been dissolved, but the German people are undoubtedly the German people and none other, and German culture is unmistakably German culture.

Why can we say that the German State has been dissolved? The German State was the German Empire, because the German Empire embraced all the organs of the political unity of the German people. The Empire was constituted by the Emperor, the leader of the armies, by the Imperial Parliament or Reichstag, and by the Federal Council in which the particular States of Germany were united. Now there is no Emperor, no Reichstag, and no Federal Council; and no organ has arisen to fulfil their functions. Part of Germany is occupied by foreign troops. The old naval bases are ruled by the Council of Soldiers and Workmen. Half Berlin is in armed revolt against the Ebert Government; and the Bavarian Government is actually independent. There may arise from the approaching National Assembly a new organisation of the political unity of the German people. There may or there may not. Not only in its organs but in its very spirit the Empire has been dissolved. This spirit consisted in a tacit contract in which the people gave to the Empire the fulness of their powers in return for immediate prosperity plus the promise of the future sovereignty of the world. The Empire fulfilled the first part of its covenant. The soldiers of the occupying armies cannot get over their surprise at the aspect of the prosperity of the German towns. The masses of the German people live in better houses, and work in better factories, than the people of the democratic nations. But the promise of sovereignty has cost the German people four years of war, subsequent privations and even hunger, two million dead, defeat and the final collapse of their illusions. "World-power was an unrealisable dream." The people feel themselves deceived and cannot forgive the deceivers.

The Imperialistic German Press defends itself in its own way. It does not ask for the cancelling of the Armistice; it does not attempt to excite the German people to renew the war against the Allies. It knows quite well that it would be useless, partly because the conditions of the Armistice—the surrender of the fleet, of the guns, of the aircraft, of the prisoners, and of the Rhine provinces with their mines and factories—make materially impossible Germany's continuation of the war, and, above all, because among the German people the fighting spirit or what might be called the militant fluid has been exhausted if not for ever at least for a long time. Their last soldiers, capable of fighting, were already in the battles of the first days of November. As they penetrated into Germany, the Germans discovered the truth that every Geman town was a refuge for deserters, the presence of whom was tolerated by the police, because the police did not dare to arrest them, and by the military authorities, because they were afraid that their enforced service would complete demoralisation of the actual armies. I do not deny the possibility that some regiments may still maintain the old discipline. A good many of the front troops maintained discipline to the very last day, but it seems probable that these units dissolved themselves when they reached the German towns. Reliable witnesses assert that soldiers in uniform sell matches and newspapers and grind organs in the streets of Berlin. My personal impression is that the Belgian Army is at present powerful enough to occupy Berlin if they desired to commit such a folly.

What the German Imperialistic Press is doing is to reiterate day after day that the Entente is going to destroy German unity, ruin industry and to subject the German people to hunger and economic slavery. Obviously they want to persuade the public that they were patriotic when they urged them to continue the war. But the public is not easily convinced, for the same Press tells the public that if it allows itself to be led by Bolshevists or by the extreme Socialists, General Foch will refuse to continue the Armistice, and President Wilson will refuse to send food. And the public says: If we are so completely at the mercy of our enemies, it must be that our enemies are infinitely superior in power to ourselves; and if *that* is so, it was sheer madness to continue the hopeless struggle.

This is what the German people cannot forgive their former rulers: that they made their fight against superior strength. And this resentment has inspired and given its characteristics to the German Revolution. I have heard many Germans complain that in the critical hour "the strong man" has not arisen. It is still more painful to witness the lack of joy and hope in the Revolution. The Revolution has arrived late and badly. If it had come years ago, and through other causes—for instance, in protest against the invasion of Belgium, or against the use of poison-gases, or against the sinking of the "Lusitania," or against the first bombardment of London by Zeppelins—Germany could offer to-day the cheering spectacle of a country extending its arms to the world across the body of a dead tyrant. But the Revolution came out of defeat. Between the 26th and 29th of September, all the Ger-

man defensive works between the North Sea and Verdun were broken. I have seen myself that behind the Hindenburg lines there were no others. And this means that Ludendorf was right when he declared on the 30th of September that only an armistice could save the German army from complete destruction. Revolution came out of defeat, not out of hope or ideals.

Neither has the Revolution given birth to ideas. There are Socialists in the Berlin Government because the Socialist Party was the most numerous in the country, and because, having never ruled before, they could not be held responsible, at least directly, for the war. But the Socialists are ruling at a moment when the experience of Russia has proved to the world that Socialism, unassailable as it is in its criticism of economic parasitism, does not contain a positive method of administrating the economy of an industrial nation. In other words, Socialism has assumed the government of Germany when all the thinking spirits of the world (Germany included) had clearly seen that Socialist principles had not yet produced an efficient system of government.

Lacking methods of their own for organising industry, the Socialist rulers of Berlin have been compelled to maintain the capitalist organisation in order to avoid the catastrophe in Germany which occurred in Russia—where, in the absence of competent direction, industry went out of the door when control by the workers came in at the window. But the German workmen who had set their hearts on Socialism are now finding themselves disillusioned, and it is this disillusionment which gives strength to the extreme Socialists and the Spartacus group which proclaim an immediate emancipation, possible or impossible.

The fear of Bolshevism partly explains the feeling of resignation with which the foreign occupation of a good part of Germany has been accepted. In the British zone the population obey the new regulations, including those requiring all men to salute British officers, with no apparent resistance. The fear of Bolshevism also gave rise in Cologne to a movement in favour of the constitution of a Rhenish-Westphalian Republic. This movement gradually slowed down as it was found impossible to enkindle enthusiasm for a nation which had never previously existed, and which nobody had previously desired to exist. But the main origin of this resignation towards foreign occupation is the universal conviction that every attempt to resist would be useless.

In this resignation there is not the smallest trace of moral repentance, excepting in individual cases, like that of Kurt Eisner, the President of the Bavarian Republic, or of Professor Föster, the representative of the Bavarian Republic at Berne. The German people have not awakened to the problem of the *guilt* of the war. The German people do not accuse the old régime of having been *guilty* of the war, but of having made them wage a war in which they would be inevitably crushed. German intellectuals sincerely believe that all the belligerents share more or less in the guilt of the war. The Imperialists still say that the war was a defensive war for Germany, and a war of aggression by Russia with the complicity of England and France. They justify the German methods of warfare by the argument of military necessity, and claim legality for the submarine war, although they complain that it was begun with an insufficient number of submarines. And the Socialists of the three groups, Majority, Independent and Spartacus, continue to say that the guilt of the war lies with capitalism, as if things could be responsible for the actions of men.

This historical fatalism of the people, due probably to the fact that their intellectuals have preferred the abstract problems of science and the technical problems of industry to the practical problems of political life, is the cause of the present disorientation of Germany. Nobody knows what is to be done. Germany has lost for the present the conception of to-morrow. All hopes are centred on the National Assembly, in the event that the Bolshevists do not forbid its meeting or make its work impossible. It is quite possible, in fact, that necessity may compel the National Assembly to discover and create a new orientation; but no preconceived direction exists for the guidance of the electoral masses, except along the lines of the old political parties. Some Germans say that the only thing to be done is to follow Lenin and the Bolshevists, and let happen what may. Others say that the only thing to be done is to preserve order, to accept the conditions of the Allies, and, again, let happen what may. But no trace of a common ideal exists.

Not only the ideal is lacking, but any group of men in whom the people might put their trust. The political parties of Germany are paying now for having based themselves upon sectional interests instead of upon general ideas. The Centre, being confessional and Catholic, could not inspire confidence in the Protestant majority; the Conservative was formed by the landed aristocracy; the National Liberal, by the great industrials; the Progressist, by the lower middle-classes; and the Socialist, by the workmen. One might think that there remains the bureaucracy of the permanent officials. The German bureaucracy had before the war the reputation of being the most honest, industrious and efficient of any in the world. "There are judges in Berlin"—was an eighteenth-century proverb in praise of the Prussian administration of justice. "No letter is lost in Germany" was also a proverb in Germany until 1914, and the railway services were also perfect. But the tension of war has been stronger than human nature. In the last years the disappearance of postal packets surprised nobody; and trains needed to be protected by armed guards if the goods were not to be lost. All this because the food rations were insufficient for the small officials, whose salaries did not admit of supplementary purchases.

Nevertheless, Germany is there, seventy million Germans, including the Austrian Germans, but excluding the Poles and the Alsace-Lorrainers. There are the mines, the fields, the woods, the factories and the towns of Germany to testify to the technical ability of the German people. The war and the dead notwithstanding, I doubt whether any country disposes of so much available technical talent as Germany. And there are, above all, the bookshops. I spent some hours in a couple of bookshops at Bonn, the university town, turning over the pages of new publications; and although the war has taught me that it is not wise to trust the government of the human spirit to intellect, I could not resist the wave of respect that filled my mind, for in both quantity and quality no country has an intellectual production to rival that of Germany. The German bookshop makes one feel that Germany will somehow find her way.

I do not know how. It may be that the Allies themselves will make them discover it. The Allies are going to present to Germany claims whose importance some Germans are beginning to realise with grave alarm. More than four years of a régime of force in Belgium and Northern France, the deportation of civilians, the imposition of forced labour, confiscation of raw materials, machinery, etc., destruction of industries, of towns, of monuments, of fields, and of orchards, the sinking of passenger and hospital ships, aerial bombardment of towns against law and custom, secret conspiracies with activists, Sinn Feiners and anarchists, purchase of consciences in all countries of the world, belligerent and neutral, without counting the cost of over fifty months of war.

The amount of the reckoning is so stupendous that it is not possible for the Allies to obtain the reparation to which they are strictly entitled without imposing

its weight, not only on the existing Germans, but upon three, four or five successive generations. And here arises a problem, for even admitting that all existing Germans are guilty of the damages inflicted on the Allies, it would be unjust to impose the responsibility upon the coming generations, unless we accept—but no moral man any longer accepts it—the capitalistic theory according to which the children suffer the consequences and enjoy the benefits derived from the conduct of their parents. If a régime is established which makes the just in Germany pay for the sinners, the German people will probably find their way in the protest against the injustice. But there remains another and a less disagreeable alternative. Nations suffer from excess and defect of political life. In the case of Germany, it is plausible that the cause of the catastrophe is the political absentee-ism of the intellectual classes, for it does not seem probable that the German people would have been satisfied with such a poor ideal as Imperialism if the subtle minds of its thinkers had devoted themselves to pointing out its obvious dangers. German intellectuals are now forced to come down from their ivory tower. The insecurity of the commonwealth must react on the security of their personal lives. And the consequent encounter of thinking minds with political realities cannot be unfruitful in Germany, for it has not been unfruitful in any other country.

But there are Germans who assert that the times are not propitious for ideas, for during the coming years they must devote themselves exclusively to the feeding of a hungry people. And it is true that the children of the poor in Cologne look too thin and too pale.

A Guildsman's Interpretation of History.

By Arthur J. Penty.

V.

THE ARTS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE turning-point in the history of Western Europe may be dated from the year A.D. 800 when Charlemagne, after consolidating his power by driving the Saracens out of France, was crowned by the Pope Emperor of the West. This action on the part of the Pope inaugurated those political developments and complications between State and Church which were such a fruitful source of discord all through the Middle Ages. Moreover, it was also a turning-point in the history of the arts, for Charlemagne was more than a successful warrior; he was a great patron of culture, and endeavoured successfully to make the heart of his empire a centre of culture and learning.

The Palatine Church at Aachen, built by Charlemagne as a national monument, may be said to have set in motion ideas of architecture which affected the whole of Western Europe. To this Carlovingian centre there came craftsmen from far and wide; from Spain, Lombardy, and the Eastern Empire, for it was the ambition of Charlemagne to gather together such remnants of Roman tradition as had survived the barbarian invasions in order to effect a revival of the Arts. His intention was to revive the Roman art whose splendid remains then overspread the whole of Gaul. But from this renaissance there arose results far different from what he had anticipated, differing from them, in fact, as widely as his empire differed from that of the Cæsars. His object of revivifying Art was achieved, but not in the way he proposed, for in the space of three centuries the movement he set on foot led to the creation of an entirely new style, which, though it long bore traces of its origin, was nevertheless, as a whole, unlike anything the world had ever seen before; in a word, Gothic Art.

The immediate reason for this result, so different from what Charlemagne had anticipated, is to be found in the fact that the craftsmen whom he gathered together were possessed of traditions of design differing widely from those of antiquity. They were, moreover, men of a different order. The Roman workmen executed designs prepared by an architect in much the same way as do the workmen of to-day; but their labour was essentially servile. But these newer craftsmen, however, not only executed work but were themselves individually capable of exercising the function of design. Moreover, they were capable of co-operating together, for they shared a communal tradition of design in the same way that people share a communal tradition of language. Each craftsman worked as a link in this chain of tradition, and this changed method produced a different type of architecture. It was a communal architecture, while that of the Roman was individual. Not individual in the modern sense, in that all Roman architects practised the same style, but individual in the sense that a Roman building was the design of one man who directed the workman in regard to the details of his work, and no room was left for the initiative of the individual craftsman.

It is the variety of detail due to the initiative of individuals that lends an interest to Gothic architecture far and away beyond that of the personal architecture of the architect. It has a richer texture. For in a communal art "each product has a substance and content to which the greatest individual artists cannot hope to attain—it is the result of organic processes of thought and work. A great artist might make a little advance, a poor artist might stand a little behind; but the work, as a whole, was customary, and was shaped and perfected by a life-experience whose span was centuries.*

In the Middle Ages every craft possessed such communal traditions of design, and each craftsman produced the designs that he executed. But in the production of architecture there must needs be someone to co-ordinate the efforts of the individual craftsmen. This position in the Mediæval period was occupied by the master mason or master carpenter, as the case might be, who exercised a general control in addition to the ordinary requirements of his craft. He differed from the architect of Roman times to the extent that his function was not to give detailed designs for others to execute, but to co-ordinate the efforts of living units; it was the custom then for each craft to supply its own details and ornaments.

This different system naturally gave different results. Roman architecture, or, to be more correct, the Greek, from which it was derived, was refined and intellectual. It was as Lowell said:—

> "As unanswerable as Euclid
> The one thing finished in this hasty world."

In other words, it was a kind of æsthetic cul-de-sac from which the only escape was backwards by a return to the crafts: for it is only by and through the actual experiment with material that new ideas in detail can be evolved. A skilful architect may have fine general ideas, but he will have no new ideas of detail. Such details as he does use will be studied from the work done in the past by actual craftsmen for, as I have already said, it is by actually handling material that new ideas of detail can be evolved. Hence it was that the Mediæval system of building, by giving the master minds opportunities for actually working on their buildings, developed a richness and wealth of detail unknown to Greek or Roman work. And what is of further interest, all the details to which Gothic art gave rise had a peculiar relation to the material used. Greek and Roman architecture is abstract form which is

* "Mediæval Art," by Prof. W. R. Lethaby.

applied more or less indifferently to any material. But it is one of the aims of Gothic design to bring out the intrinsic qualities of the materials. The details in each case are peculiar to the material used. Thus, in carving any natural object, it would be the aim of the craftsman not merely to suggest the general form of the thing intended, but to suggest, in addition, the qualities of the material in which it is executed. The treatment would, therefore, be conventionalised—a lion would emphatically be a wooden lion, a stone lion or a bronze lion, as the case might be. It would never be a merely naturalistic lion: in each case there would be no mistaking the material of which it was made, for the form would be developed upon lines which the technical production of each most readily suggests. That is the secret of convention.

Now, this change from the Roman to the Gothic method of work is finally to be accounted for by the fact that, since the day when the Roman style was practised, Christianity had triumphed in the world, and with it a new spirit had come into existence. In Greece and Rome the humble worker had been treated with scorn by men of science and philosophers. The ordinary man accepted his inferior status as necessary to the natural order of things. Even slaves did not regard their position as contrary to morality and right. In the thousand revolts of the slaves of antiquity there was never any appeal to any ethical principle or assertion of human rights. On the contrary, they were purely and simply appeals to force by men who thought themselves sufficiently strong to rebel successfully. But while these revolts failed to abolish slavery, for there was never a successful slave revolt, Christianity succeeded, by effecting a change of spirit which gradually dissolved the old order. It transformed society by bringing about a state of things in which human values took precedence over economic values. Little by little this changed spirit came to affect the Arts. The humble worker began to gain confidence, and to think and feel on his own account. And this changed feeling, combined with the communal spirit which Christianity everywhere fostered, tended to bring into existence those communal traditions of handicraft which reached their most consummate expression in Gothic Art. For Gothic Art is just as democratic in spirit as the Greek and Roman is servile. Every line of Gothic Art contradicts the popularly accepted notion that the Middle Ages was a period of gloom and repression. The riot of carving, the gaiety and vigour of the little grotesques that peer out from pillars and cornices, the pure and joyous colour of frescoes and illuminated manuscripts, the delight in work that overflowed in free and beautiful details in the common articles of daily use, tell the tale of a rich and abounding life, just as much as the unanswerable logic of Greek architecture tells of a life oppressed with the sense of fate.

It is important that these fundamental differences should be acknowledged. Gothic architecture was the visible expression, the flowering of the dogmas of Christianity, and it cannot finally be separated from them. Apart from them, it would never have come into existence. It was precisely because the men of the Middle Ages had their minds at rest about the thousand and one doubts and difficulties which perplex us, as they perplexed the Greeks, that it was possible for them to develop that wonderful sense of romantic beauty which enabled them to build the cathedrals, abbeys, and churches that cover Europe. If the acceptance of dogmas put boundaries to the intellect in one direction, it does so to break down barriers in another, for dogmas do not strangle thought, but cause it to flow in a different direction. Under Paganism thought flowed inwards, giving us philosophy; under Christianity it flows outwards, giving us the Arts, Guilds and economics. Gothic Art, like Christian dogmas, rests finally upon affirmations. It seems to say: this is the right way of treating stonework, this brickwork, this leadwork, and so on. And it says all these things with authority in terms that admit of no ambiguity.

While Gothic Art was democratic in spirit the Mediæval craftsman understood clearly the limits of liberty. He knew that liberty was only possible on the assumption that boundaries were respected, and that there is no such thing as liberty absolute. Liberty is possible on certain terms. It involves in the first place a recognition of the authority of ultimate truth, or, in other words, of dogmas, because authority is in the nature of things and men who refuse to accept the authority of dogmas will find themselves finally compelled to acquiesce in the authority of persons. That is why revolutions which begin by seeking to overturn the authority of ideas invariably end by establishing the authority of persons. A respect for authority of ideas is naturally accompanied by a respect for mastership which is a fundamentally different thing to authority of persons. For whereas, in the latter case, the authority is necessarily exercised arbitrarily, in the former it is not so. The pupil asks the master how to do a thing because he wants to know. But the employer tells the servant what he requires doing because the servant has no desire to know. That is the difference between the two relationships. That feeling of personal antagonism which exists between employers and workers to-day did not exist between the masters and journeymen of the Mediæval Guilds, because the difference between them was not primarily a difference of economic status, but of knowledge and skill. Well has it been said that "producers of good articles respect one another; producers of bad articles despise one another."*

A respect for the principle of mastership permeated Mediæval society, while it informed the organisation of the Guilds. "In the Middle Ages," says Professor Lethaby, "the Masons' and Carpenters' Guilds were faculties or colleges of education in those arts, and every town was, so to say, a craft university. Corporations of Masons, Carpenters, and the like, were established in the towns; each craft aspired to have a college hall. The universities themselves had been well named by a recent historian 'Scholars' Guilds.' The Guild, which recognised all the customs of its trade, guaranteed the relations of the apprentice and master craftsman with whom he was placed; but he was really apprenticed to the craft as a whole, and ultimately to the city whose freedom he engaged to take up. He was, in fact, a graduate of his craft college, and wore its robes. At a later stage the apprentice became a companion or bachelor of his art, or by producing a master-work, the thesis of his craft, he was admitted a master. Only then was he permitted to become an employer of labour, or was admitted as one of the governing body of his college. As a citizen, city dignities were open to him. He might become the master in building some abbey or cathedral, or, as King's mason become a member of the royal household, the acknowledged great master of his time in mason-craft. With such a system, was it so very wonderful that the buildings of the Middle Ages, which were, indeed, wonderful, should have been produced?"†

Such, then, was the foundation on which Gothic architecture was built. In its earlier phase, as we meet it in this country in the Norman architecture of the twelfth century, it is characterised by a strong handling of masses. The Norman builders had "a sense of the large proportion of things," a firm grip

* "From the Human End," by L. P. Jacks.

† Lecture on "Technical Education in the Building Trades," by Prof. W. R. Lethaby.

on things fundamental. In this early work only a bare minimum of mouldings and ornaments are used, but such as are used are strong and vigorous. The general arrangement of parts which we find in Norman work persists through all the phases of Gothic, but the details or secondary parts, the trimmings, as it were, receive more and more attention, until, finally, in the sixteenth century, the last phase is reached in Tudor work, when Gothic degenerates into an uninspired formula, and the multiplication of mechanical and accessory parts entirely destroys the sense of spaciousness, which is the mark of all fine architecture. This last phase is exemplified in this country in Henry VII Chapel at Westminster Abbey, and King's College Chapel, Cambridge, as in the various Hotels de Ville of Flanders. Though architecture of this kind has the admiration of Baedeker,* it is simply awful stuff. It is Gothic in its dotage, as anybody who knows anything about architecture is aware.

Though there is much very beautiful architecture of the fifteenth century, it is apparent that the decline of Gothic dates from the middle of the fourteenth century. From that time onwards, it is, generally speaking, true to say that the most important buildings in the civic sense are the least important from an architectural point of view. Most of the best examples of later Gothic are to be found where there was not too much money to spend, for in the fifteenth century the restraining influence in design does not appear to come from the taste of the craftsmen, but from the poverty of their clients.

The most important examples of Gothic are to be found in Northern France. In the early part of the twelfth century Paris became the culture centre of Europe, and it remained throughout the Middle Ages the centre of thought and culture. It was here that the Gothic Cathedral in its essence as a kind of energetic structure in which the various parts of pillars, vaults and buttresses balance each other was developed. In 1140 the abbey church of St. Denis, a few miles from Paris, was begun, and completed within a few years, and it established the type and set the tradition which all subsequent cathedral builders followed. First came the cathedrals of Paris, Chartres and Rouen, and later the celebrated culminating group of Amiens, Beauvais, Bruges, and Rheims, which are generally regarded as the high-water mark of Gothic achievement.

All other Gothic architecture derives from the parent stock of France. But to me the branches are more interesting than the stem. For though there is a magnificence and daring about French Gothic, and though we are indebted to it for the germ ideas, there is too much effort about it to satisfy my taste entirely. It lacks the sobriety and reserve of the Gothic of England, Flanders, and Italy. The brick cathedrals and churches of Belgium have a wonderfully fine quality about them, though their plastered interiors are entirely devoid of interest. Only in Italy has brickwork been so successfully treated. Gothic never took root properly in Italy, and the more ambitious attempts at it, as are to be seen at Orvieto and Milan cathedrals, are dreadful failures so far as the exteriors are concerned. But the simpler forms of Italian Gothic in civil and domestic work, and in some of the smaller churches are exquisite in taste. It is a thousand pities that the development of Gothic in Italy should have been arrested by the coming of the Renaissance, for there are unexplored possibilities in it which may prove to be the germ of a great revival some day in Italy, if not elsewhere.

In comparing Gothic with other styles of architecture, the most extraordinary thing is that Gothic buildings, which are badly proportioned and entirely indefensible from a strict architectural standpoint, have a way of looking quaint and interesting. Take the case of the belfry at Bruges, which Mr. Chesterton once said was like a swan with a very long neck. The tower is out of all proportion with the building, and the various stages of it are out of proportion with each other; it was added to from time to time, and in any other style of architecture a building so badly proportioned would be a monstrosity. Yet there is a charm about this belfry which it is impossible to deny, and if we seek for the final cause of it, I think we shall find it in the vagaries of craftsmanship, in the liberty of the craftsman who was part of a great tradition.

* Baedeker's Guides do a great deal of harm to architecture, being entirely untrustworthy. The buildings which they ask the public to admire are those which are very old, or elaborate, or big, or because of some historic association. But they never recommend those which are simply beautiful and do not come into any of their other categories. Such buildings are ignored by them.

Music.

By William Atheling.

MR. ROSING EXPERIMENTS.

MR. ROSING'S programme on December 14 (Æolian) was like an illustrated lecture on music with the lecture left out. The public is badly in need of these implied disquisitions, but does not appear very apt in learning from the physical demonstration; one feels that the prompter should have stepped forward now and again and enforced the points of the argument.

The "Invocation" by Cyril Scott was a blank cheque ably filled in by Rosing and Di Veroli; the composer had done very little to interfere with either singer or player. Handel's "Recit from the Messiah" was a bore in the manner long since shelved and parodied in the Oratorio "Blessed is the man that sitteth . . . etc. . . . blessed is the man that sitteth . . . etc. . . . on a red hot stove (bis. ter. et quatuor) for he shall RISE again." This solemn manner is just a musical bluff. Sterne's definition of gravity, lately quoted by one of my colleagues, fits the matter. Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body to conceal the defects of the mind. Samuel Butler tried to vamp up some interest in Handel's harmonies, but it would require a greater genius than Butler to put interest into Handel's melodic faculty.

The old French Chanson de Noel instantly demonstrated the difference between the real and the pretentious. Here the perfect melodic sense charmed one without cavil. Tschaikovsky is at his absolute best in "Garden of Christ." The graceful infantility of Mozart's "Berceuse" does not need a Rosing to present it; of course it was quite well done, but he might leave it to one of his young lady pupils. There is a fine opening to Napravnik's "Aria from Dubrovsky." The Brahms sapphics were not sung so well as usual, though the meaning was perhaps better accented. Di Veroli was exquisite in the Duparc, but the singer's jumps into pianissimo were rather too great; one feels also that there are a number of people who can sing this modern French stuff and who cannot or will not sing anything else. There is no need for Rosing to cover all the topics listed in the musical encyclopædia.

The danger of a concert made, as this one was, from test samples of different composers grouped according to general subject matter is, first, that it may not be built into the necessary musical unity, with beginning, climax and end; secondly, that the singer cannot get out of the manner of one song into the proper manner for the next. The constant shifting from one kind of music to another confused Rosing, as well as the audience. (I do not mean that the audience analysed the trouble. The hall was crowded, and even the platform filled, as a result of the enthusiasm over the complete Moussorgsky recital; but, on the fourteenth,

the enthusiasm was considerably less spontaneous, *not* because Rosing was not singing as well, but simply because of the non-musical structure of the programme.) Thus the Duparc stained the opening of the "I Love you. Olga"; *but* having got into the Tschaikovsky mode, Rosing sang the encore Tschaikovsky much better than the Olga. The accompaniment to Olga was inadequate. They tell me it *can* be presented on the piano, but I am rather in doubt about this.

The Brahms Rossignol is not bad in French, and was excellently sung up to the first "tais-toi" which was a bit too sobby. The Moussorgsky "Star" was a different matter altogether. "J'ai pardonné" was sob-stuff, a desperate and slightly comic attempt to do "Ich Grolle Nicht" in French. This bathos highly delighted the audience.

It was a thorough demonstration, if any may still be considered needful, that the audience will stand the best but is wholly incapable of selecting it. The whole programme was interesting to the critic as showing what will and what will not do; but there is need of a very strong arm of protest to prevent artists from following the indications of public applause. I want to insist upon this. The large audience was due to the uncompromising Moussorgsky recital, where the enthusiasm was genuine. Here the enthusiasm was really less; there were fewer people who went away resolved not to miss the next concert. Rosing has his audience where it will take whatever he chooses to give it, but he has still need to solidify this grip. The public is wholly fickle, only those who really care for the best music can form the solid basis of support.

The part of the audience which only comes in order to appear cultured is quite as much afraid of applauding the wrong thing as of showing lack of appreciation for the better.

Rosing did all that is possible with Wagner's "Rêves," but one rather wishes he wouldn't. "O give me this night" was beautifully done. Schubert's "The Dwarf" is the best kind of Rathskeller Romanticismo. Given this kind of thing it could not be better written, or have been better sung; but it needs psychoanalysis or a "Daily Mail" article on the Hun. The dwarf is an example of saddism and sexual perversion; the queen is the ideal and Teutonic female full of submission. Art which cannot get its effects out of more normal conditions is not art in its halest condition; it is art running on cocaine and heroin. Some of the pathodrama of this song carried over into the opening of the Dame de Pique aria.

"J'ai pardonné" had given us the first dose of German slop and hysteria. French translator had been avenging, we presume, the war of 1870. I am all for peace with punishment, but this sort of thing is no more needed, thanks to le Mareschal Foch. Chant de Concours not particularly welcome. Virtus Antiqua is in the tone of Macauley. The Bizet Carmen is well made, French cleverness and good facture, possibly due to influence of Merimee's commonsense prose.

The Moussorgsky "Flea" was a relief in final encore. But the programme had seemed a little long. I am convinced that this was due to the snipping and the inclusion of too many diverse modes of music. Things should be given in slabs, enough things of one sort to establish their own mood or mental tonality. It is most interesting to have Rosing making these experiments or disquisitions—for once; but they are not to be adopted as a permanent sort of programme. He announces a series of six recitals, January 18 to April 5: Human Suffering, Soul of Russia, God and Nature, Moussorgsky, Love, Historic and Fantastic Legend. (There will be no better thirty shillings worth of music on the market during that season. Profiteers may hear the same for three guineas, from seats slightly nearer the stage.) Two of these programmes are examples of perfect programme-construction, perfect from the point of view of combining a set of different pieces of music into an æsthetic unity. Three are untried.

The error, if one is to call it such, of the programme grouped about a topic is that it substitutes a metaphysical or intellectual unity for a strictly musical unity. But this sort of shake-up is very interesting *as an experiment*. One does not ask the singer to fall into stereotype or to stick only to the songs one critic happens to prefer. Personally, I could be content if he confined himself almost wholly to old French and Russian, though I hope he will find space for the Hebrides when he comes to a presentation of "legend."

The Idolatry of Words.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

(Translated, by kind permission of the Editor, from "La Revue Politique Internationale," by Paul V. Cohn.)

"UNLESS YE BECOME AS LITTLE CHILDREN."—The false motives attributed by each group of belligerents to the other, and the absurd conclusions drawn even from the most reasonable statements made by an "enemy," irresistibly remind us of the little girl who, on coming away from her first concert, described it as follows: "A lady was crying because she had lost her gloves, and all the time a waiter was playing the piano."

GOOD EXAMPLES TO FOLLOW.—When our ears are being deafened by the cries of "liberty," "equality," "justice," "League of Nations," "permanent world-peace," and so forth—in short, by all the fine "sentiments" and splendid "hopes" which have done so much to bring this war about—we should try to steel ourselves against these Siren voices, and against those moods of pity which deaden the reasoning faculties. We should follow the example of the banker who, after listening for a long time to a beggar's tale of woe, said at last to one of his clerks: "Send this fellow away; he's breaking my heart!" For we are, unfortunately, not in the happy position of the Tsar Nicholas, in the days when he had the power to get rid of the student Polejajew in a very different fashion. This student, you may know, had celebrated the approaching dawn of an ideal Empire in striking verse; the Tsar, who had heard speak of the young poet, sent for him and graciously requested him to recite some of his poems. The stanzas of the budding apostle of freedom, delivered with glowing enthusiasm, did not fail to make an impression even upon the Tsar. Deeply moved, he embraced the promising youth and at once hastened to enrol him in the army as a private soldier, on the plea that "a poet who could so profoundly affect others was a serious danger to the State."

TO THE ENTENTE.—The Germans, you say, are scoundrels. . . . But scoundrels are, as a rule, good judges of men. . . . And German statecraft? No one can deny that German statecraft reveals a shocking judgment of men. . . . Then the Germans are, perhaps, not such scoundrels as might be supposed. . . .? You must, in consequence, be mistaken about the Germans. . . . It follows that, just like the Germans, in fact, like all "honest" people, you are very poor judges of men.

BIG BOOK, LITTLE WISDOM.—Strangely enough, the nation that is the most ill-informed in its estimate of foreign countries is the nation that has published the bulkiest books on them. Wilhelm Wundt's "Psychology of the Nations" runs to eight large volumes. . . . Fools usually get good measure!

DEMOCRACY AND THE DRUG HABIT.—Democracy inveighs against bureaucracy, without which its administration could not be carried on; against militarism, without which its defence could not be guaranteed; against capitalism, without whose cement it would

simply fall to pieces: in other words, it inveighs against all its natural and inevitable accompaniments. In spite of this, however, democracy demands measures of a more and more democratic character; measures that must entail more and more unpleasant results. It is just the same with the morphinomaniac, who knows no better means of combating his weakness than constantly increasing his doses of morphia.

PARLIAMENT NOW A KNIFE.—Democracy is the worthy (or unworthy) heir of Christianity; as is shown, if by nothing else, by its zeal in making proselytes. Both have the same excellent reason for this course; the Church in olden days preached Christianity to the barbarians in order to undermine their strength and to render themselves better able to resist their attacks; democracy to-day preaches parliamentarism to the Teuton in order to weaken him and to curb his aggressive tendencies. . . . But democracy will make a mistake, just as the Church made a mistake—even if it should at first be triumphant, as the Church was; for by weakening men we do not turn their thoughts towards peace, we make them quarrelsome and vindictive. . . Only the strong and the healthy can remain at peace, provided they desire to do so; the weak and sickly, still more the impotent, cannot do so in any case, whether they want to or not.

THE BLESSINGS OF DEMOCRACY.—We have to thank democracy, not only for the war itself—which is, as we have seen, a war of weakness—but also for its long duration. For the choice spirit who calls himself a "democrat" has a conscience, and this conscience tells him that the aggressor is a criminal and the sufferer a noble victim. "Down with the strong, long live the weak!" is the secret watchword of every Christian and every democrat. That is why the latter provides us with "the question of responsibility," that salt which is ever being rubbed into the wound of war as soon as it seems likely to heal. . . . But from time immemorial the strong have attacked those whom they thought weaker than themselves: if it is a crime, the criminal can plead a long series of precedents. And before the French Revolution there was no "question of responsibility." This question, in fact, did not arise until the great sovereign people took the reins and proclaimed the morality of the humble. . . . "Confess, you Germans, that you are the culprits!" is what one hears on all sides to-day. Of course, the Germans are the culprits, but how could the fact be admitted by a Government which, like all the others, has to deal with a democratic nation, in other words, a nation that will not consent to any war but a defensive war? . . . The result is that the Government denies the charge. "The war was forced upon us," so runs its formula—only too obvious a compromise between truth and the exigencies of our wonderful age. . . . It follows that the German is not merely a criminal, but a liar into the bargain. The German a liar, he who is the most upright of all Europeans, by reason of his impotence and his clumsiness in lying? Who does not feel the need of a little fresh air? Open your windows and hear the truth: the aggressor is no more the scum of the earth than his victim is the champion of morality! . . . It might even turn out that the victim is the scum of the earth and the aggressor the champion of morality, if the former embraced those immoral ideals—immoral because counter to nature—of liberty, fraternity, and justice. What a relief it would be for our eyes, ears and noses, if the Augean stable of these morally immoral phrases were to be cleared out once and for all! What pæans of praise we should sing to the dauntless Hercules who attacked this dungheap! What a pity that the German is not such a Hercules—the German, so well qualified by his lack of "nose" for this scavenger's task. . . . But for this holy mission the German is deficient in other things besides a "nose": a clear conscience, a mocking lip, and a twinkling eye. As soon as the question of responsibility is raised, the German shivers in his shoes and explains: "First of all the origins must be investigated. . . . The question of responsibility cannot be cleared up until after the war. Don't compromise me, fair charmer!"* In short, they understand each other in the democratic rabble!

* * * * *

"HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO GIVE, POOR DEVIL, NO MATTER WHAT?"† The spirit of sacrifice that inspires the nations in this war has filled philosophers with amazement, I might even say that it has been a pleasant surprise to them. "In these days of utter materialism," they declare, "we certainly did not expect this sort of thing." Unfortunately, the psychologist cannot help pouring a little water into the wine of these devout admirers of humanity. "All that glitters with voluntary sacrifice," he objects, "is not gold." . . . For do we not most readily sacrifice what is not ours to give, and do we not most readily squander what belongs to others? . . . Well, thanks to the propaganda of social agitators and Christian preachers, the "ego" of our contemporaries had emphatically become the property of others ("the ego is always hateful.") . . . Accordingly, they handed it over without a pang to that wheedling beggar, the State: "In a burst of enthusiasm" (as the journalist would put it) "they laid down all their property and all their blood upon the altar of their country." The spontaneity of self-sacrifice is often in direct ratio to the weakness of the ego, but the value of the sacrifice can be measured only by the strength of the ego. . . Now, the ego can grow in strength only if it is not bullied—that is to say, only by egotism. Hence I deduce that, in order to practise altruism with any profit to the world, one must first know how to practise a reasonable egotism. It is this very point that the modern man had failed to grasp: he had entirely neglected to cultivate his ego; his desire for gain and mastery were no longer centred on any but base objects. When the war came, he was at once ready to sacrifice his ego, a fallow field, to the "sacred cause." At the back of his mind he felt, half consciously, that the sacrifice was not so very precious, and that, after all, the goal was honourable. Honourable? Is that certain?

SACRIFICE THROUGH STUPIDITY.—Stupidity and the spirit of sacrifice—these are the two leading characteristics which this war has brought to light among the Germans. . . . Both virtues are of religious origin. Kant, the priest disguised as a philosopher, taught the Germans to torture their ego from love of the moral law; Hegel, the politician disguised as a philosopher, claimed the ego, tortured and sacrificed, as the property of the State, "the representative of God on earth." Stupidity is no less of Christian origin. . . . True, we do not at this moment bear in mind these precepts of the Gospel, "Blessed are the poor in spirit" (Matt. v, 3), or "The wisdom of this world is foolishness with God" (I. Cor. iii, 19); we do not point to what Jesus and Paul taught in Palestine two thousand years ago. But we quote what one of their most faithful echoes taught in our midst, in Germany, four hundred years ago. . . One murky Sunday afternoon, the religious founder of this Germany, its spiritual "liberator," its "great" reformer, Doctor Martin Luther, stigmatised human reason as a prostitute. The lady was deeply offended at the epithet: but from that day to this she has avoided all contact with the Germans.

* From Heine:

"Blamier' mich nicht, mein schönes kind,
Und grüss mich nicht unter den Linden."

(Don't compromise me, fair charmer, don't nod to me under the Lindens.)

† From a dialogue between Faust and Mephistopheles in Goethe's "Faust."

London Papers.

By Dikran Kouyoumdjian.

VII.

I ASKED her once, but long after I had realised that loving Shelmerdene could not be my one business in life, if she did not feel that perhaps—I was tentative—she would some day be punished. "But how young you are!" she said. "You don't really think I am a sort of Zuleika Dobson, do you?—just because one wretched man once thought it worth while to shoot himself because of me, and just because men have that peculiar form of Sadism which makes them torture themselves through their love, when they have ceased to be loved. . . . It's a horrible sight, my dear—men grovelling in their unreturned emotions so as to get the last twinge of pain out of their humiliation. I've seen them grovelling, and they knew all the time that it would do no good, merely put them farther away from me—or from any woman, for the matter of that. But they like grovelling, these six-foot, stolid men."

"But haven't *you* ever been on your knees, Shelmerdene?"

"Of course I have. Lots of times. I always begin like that—in fact, I've never had an affair which didn't begin with my being down and under. I am so frightfully impressionable. . . .

"You see," she touched my arm, "I am rather a quick person. I mean I fall in love, or whatever you call my sort of emotion, quickly. While the man is just beginning to think I've got rather nice eyes, and that I'm perhaps more amusing than the damfool women he's known so far, I'm frantically in love. I do all my grovelling then. And, Dikran! if you could only see me, if you could only be invisible and see me loving a man more than he loves me—you simply wouldn't know me. And I make love awfully well, in my quiet sort of way, much better than any man—and different love-speeches to every different man, too. I say the divinest things to them—and quite seriously, too, thank God! The day I can't fall in love with a man seriously, and tell him he's the only man I've ever *really* loved, and *really* believe it when I'm saying it—the day I can't do that I shall know I'm an old, old woman, too old to live any more."

"Then, of course, you will die?" I suggested.

"Of course I will die," she said. "But not vulgarly—I mean I won't make a point of it, and feel a fat coroner's eyes on my body as my soul goes up to Gabriel. I shall die in my bed, of a broken heart. My heart will break when I begin to fade. I shall die before I have faded. . . ."

"No, you won't, Shelmerdene," I said. "Many women have sworn that, from Theodosia to La Pompadour, but they have not died of broken hearts because they never realised when they began to fade, and no man ever dared tell them, not even a Roi Soleil."

"Oh, don't be pedantic, Dikran, and don't worry me about what other women will or won't do. You will be quoting the 'Dolly Dialogues' at me next, and saying 'Women will be women all the world over.'

"It is always like that, about me and men," she said. "I burn and burn and fizzle out. And all the time the man is wondering if I am playing with him or not, if it is worth his while to fall in love with me or not—poor pathos, as if he could help it in the end! And then, at last, when he realises that he is in love, he begins to say the things I had longed for him to say four weeks before; every Englishman in love is simply bound to say, at one time or another, that he would adore to lie with his beloved in a gondola in Venice, looking at the stars; any Englishman who doesn't say that when he is in love is a suspicious character, and it will probably turn out that he talks French perfectly.

"And when at last he has fallen in love," she said, dreamily, "he wants me to run away with him, and he is very hurt and surprised when I refuse, and pathetically says something 'about my having led him to expect that I loved him to death, and would do anything for or with him.' The poor little man doesn't know that he is behind the times, that he could have done anything he liked with me the first week we met, when I was madly in love with him, that then I was dying for him to ask me to go away with him, and would gladly have made a mess of my life at one word from him—but four weeks later I would rather have died than go away with him.

"Only once," she said, "I was almost beaten. I fell in love with a stone figure. Women are like seagulls, they worship stone figures. . . . I went very mad, Dikran. He told me that he didn't deserve being loved by me—he admired me tremendously, you see—because he hadn't it in his poor soul to love anyone. He simply couldn't love, he said, . . . and he felt such a brute. He said that often, poor boy—he felt such a brute! He passed a hand over his forehead and, with a tragic little English gesture, tried to be articulate, to tell me how intensely he felt that he was missing the best things in life, and yet couldn't rectify it, because . . . 'Oh, my dear, I'm a hopeless person!' he said, despairingly—and I forgot to pity myself in pitying him.

"But he got cold again. He weighed his words carefully: No, he liked me as much as he could like anyone, but he didn't *think* he loved me—mark that glorious, arrogant *think*, Dikran! . . . He was very ambitious; with the sort of confident, yet intensive, nerve-racking ambition which makes great men. Very young, very wonderful, brilliantly successful in his career at an age when other men were only beginning theirs—an iron man, with the self-destructive selfishness of ice, which freezes the thing that touches it, but itself melts in the end. . . . He froze *me*. Don't think I'm exaggerating, please; but, as he spoke—it was at lunch, and a coon-band was playing—I died away all to myself. I just died, and then came to life again, coldly and bitterly and despairingly, but still loving him. . . . I couldn't *not* love him, you see. His was the sort of beauty that was strong and vital and a little contemptuous, and with an English cleanness about it that was scented. . . . I am still loyal to my first despairing impression of him. And I knew that I was really in love with him, because I couldn't bear the idea of ever having loved anyone else. I was sixteen again, and worshipped a hero, a man who did things.

"I was a fool, of course—to believe him, I mean. But when women lose their heads they lose the self-confidence and pride of a lifetime, too—and, anyway, it's all rubbish about pride, there isn't any pride in absolute love. There's a name to be made out of a brilliant epigram on love and pride—think it over, Dikran. . . . What an utter fool I was to believe him! As he spoke, over that lunch-table, I watched his grey English eyes, which tried to look straight into mine but couldn't, because he was shy; he was trying to be frightfully honest with me, you see, and being so honest makes decent men shy. He felt such a brute—but he had to warn me that in any love affair with him, he. . . . Yes, he did love me, in his way, he suddenly admitted. But his way, wasn't, couldn't ever be, mine. He simply couldn't give himself wholly to anyone, as I was doing. And he so frightfully wanted to—to sink into my love for him. . . . 'Shelmerdene, it's all so damnable,' he said pathetically, and his sincerity bit into me. But I had made up my mind. I was going to do the last foolish thing in a foolish life—I'm a sentimentalist, you know.

"I believed him. But I clung to my pathetic love-affair with both hands, so tight—so tight that my nails were white and blue with their pressure against his immobility. I made up my mind not to let go of him, however desperate, however hopeless . . . it was an attempt at life. He was all I wanted, I could face life beside him. Other men had been good enough to play

with, but my stone figure—why, I had been looking for him all my life! But in my dreams the stone figure was to come wonderfully to life when I began to worship it—in actual life my worshipping could make the stone figure do nothing more vital than crumble up bits of bread in a nervous effort to be honest with me! I took him at that—I told you I was mad, didn't I?—I took him at his own value, for as much as I could get out of him.

"I set out to make myself essential to him, mentally, physically, every way. . . . If he couldn't love me as man to woman, then he would have to love me as a tree trunk loves the creepers round it—I was going to cling all round him, but without his knowing. But I hadn't much time—just a month or perhaps six weeks. He was under orders for Africa, where he was going to take up a big administrative job, amazing work for so young a man—but, then, he was amazing. Just a few weeks I had, then, to make him feel that he couldn't bear life, in Africa or anywhere, without me. And, my dear! life didn't hold a more exquisite dream than that which brought a childish flush under my rouge, the very dream of dreams, of how, a few days before he went, he would take me in his arms and tell me that he couldn't bear to go alone, and that I must follow him, and together we would face all the scandal that would come of it. . . . I passionately wanted the moment to come when he would offer to risk his career for me; I wanted him to offer me his ambition—and then I would consider whether to give it back to him or not. But he didn't. I lost.

"And I had seemed so like winning during that six weeks between that horrible lunch and his going away! London love-affairs are always scrappy, hole-in-the-corner things, but we managed to live together now and again. And then, mon Dieu! he suddenly clung to me and said he wasn't seeing enough of me, that London was getting between us, and that we must go away somewhere into the country for at least a week before he left, to breathe and to love. . . . Wouldn't you have thought I was winning? I thought so, and my dreams were no more dreams, but actual, glorious certainties—he would beg me on his knees to follow him to Africa!

"We went away ten days before he sailed, to a delightful little inn a few miles from Llangollen. Seven days we spent there. Wonderful, intimate days roundabout that little inn by the Welsh stream—we were children playing under a wilderness of blue sky, more blue than Italy's because of the white and grey puffs of clouds which make an English sky more human than any other; and we played with those toy hills which are called mountains in Wales, and we were often silent because there was too much to talk about. And as we sat silently facing each other in the train back to London, I knew I had won. There were three days left.

"In London, he dropped me here at my house, and went on to his flat; he was to come in the evening to fetch me out to dinner. But he was back within an hour. I had to receive him in a kimono. I found him pacing up and down this room, at the far end there, by the windows. He came quickly to me, and told me that his orders had been changed—he had to go to Paris first, spend two days there, and then to Africa via Marseilles. 'To Paris?' I said, not understanding. 'Yes, to-night—in two hours,' he said, quickly, shyly. He was embarrassed at the idea of a possible scene. But he was cold. He must go at once, he said. And he looked eager to go, to go and be doing. He shook both my hands—I hadn't a word—and almost forgot to kiss me. It was just as though nothing had ever happened between us, as though we hadn't ever been to Wales, or played and laughed and loved, as though he had never begged me to run my fingers through his hair, because I had said his hair was a garden where gold and green flowers grew. He was going away; and he was just as when I had first met him, or at that lunch—I hadn't gained anything at all, it was all just a funny, tragic, silly dream . . . he had come and now he was going away. He would write to me, he said—and he would be back in sixteen months. . . .

"I'm not a bad loser, you know; I can say such and such a thing isn't for me, and then try and undermine my wretchedness with philosophy. But I simply didn't exist for a few months; I just went into my little shell and stayed there, and was miserable all to myself, and not bitter at all, because I sort of understood him, and knew he had been true to himself. It was I who had failed in trying to make him false to his own nature. . . . But there's a limit to all things, there comes a time when one can't bear any more gloom, and then there is a reaction. No one with any courage can be wretched for ever—anyway, I can't. So suddenly, after a few months, I went out into the world again, and played and jumped about, and made my body so tired that my mind hadn't a chance to think.

"His first few letters were cold, honest things, a little pompous in their appreciations of me tacked on to literary descriptions of the Nile and the Desert and the natives. I wrote to him only once, a wonderful letter, but I hadn't the energy to write again—what was the good?

"At the end of a year I was really in the whirl of the great world again. There were a few kicks left in Shelmerdene yet, I told myself hardly, and Maurice became just a tender memory. I never thought of how he would come back to England soon, as he had said, and what we would do then, for I had so dinned it into myself that he wasn't for me that I had entirely given up the quest of the Blue Bird. He was just a tender memory, . . . and impressionable me fell in love again. But not as with Maurice—I was top-dog this time. He was the sort of man that didn't count except in that I loved him. He was the servant of my reaction against Maurice, and to serve me well he had to help me wipe out all the castles of sentiment I had built round Maurice. And the most gorgeous castle of all I had built round that little Welsh inn! Something must be done about that, I told myself, but for a long time I was afraid of the ghost of Maurice, which might still haunt the place, and bring him back overpoweringly to me. It was a risk—by going there with someone else I might either succeed in demolishing Maurice's last castle, or I might tragically have to rebuild all the others, and worship him again.

"He had continued to write to me, complaining of my silence. And he had somehow become insistent—he missed me, it seemed. He didn't write that he loved me, but he forgot to describe the Nile, and wrote about love as though it were a real and beautiful thing and not a pastime to be wedged in between fishing and hunting. I wrote to him once again, rather lightly, saying that I had patched up my heart and might never give him a chance to break it again. That was just before I went to demolish the last castle of my love for him. For I did go—one day my young man produced a high-powered car which could go fast enough to prevent one sleeping from boredom, and I said 'Us for Llangollen,' and away we went. . . .

"The divinest thing about that little inn was its miniature dining-room, composed almost entirely of a large bow-window and a long Queen Anne refectory table. There were three tables, of which never more than one was occupied. Maurice and I had sat at the table by the window, and now my reaction and I sat there again; we looked out on to a toy garden sloping down to a brown stream which made much more noise than you could think possible for so narrow a thing. My back was to the door, and I sat facing a large mirror, with the garden and the stream on my right; he sat facing the window, adoring me, the adventure, the stream, and the food. And I was happy,

too, for now I realised that I had fallen out of love with Maurice, for his ghost didn't haunt the chair beside me, and I could think of him tenderly, without regret. I was happy—until, in the mirror in front of me, I saw the great figure of Maurice, and his face, at the open door. Our eyes met in the mirror, the eyes of statues, waiting. . . . I don't know what I felt—I wasn't afraid, I know. Perhaps I wasn't even ashamed. I don't know how long he stood there, filling the doorway. Not more than a few seconds, but all the intimacy of six weeks met in our glance in that mirror. At last he took his eyes off mine and looked at the man beside me, who hadn't seen him. I thought his lips twitched, and his eyes became adorably stern, and then the mirror clouded over. . . . When I could see again the door was closed and Maurice was gone. The magic mirror was empty of all but my unbelieving eyes, and the profile of the man beside me, who hadn't seen him and never knew that I had lived six weeks while he ate a potato. . . .

"I stayed my week out in Wales, because I always try to do what is expected of me. When I got home, right on the top of a pile of letters—I had given orders for nothing, not even wires, to be sent on to me—was a wire, which had arrived one hour after I had left for Wales. It was from Southampton, and it said: 'Just arrived. Am going straight up to the little palace in Wales because of memories. Will arrive there dinner-time. Shall we dine together by the window?'

"And so, you see, I had won and lost and won again, but how pathetically. . . . Am I such a bad woman, d'you think?"

Catholicism and Modern Thought.

By Leo Ward.

THERE is, perhaps, no better test of moral and intellectual sincerity than honest acceptance of honest criticism. Morally, it is a test of temper, intellectually a test of truthfulness. Criticism is a necessary condition of mental consistency and intellectual advance among men.

But there is a severer, if a less fruitful, test than the endurance of criticism, and that is the endurance of contempt. And this the test to which "A. E. R." has put me in his article on "Modernism." He says, in effect, that I am a fool or a knave, that either I "do not know, or will not accept, the truth"; he associates me with "believers in autocratic government, secret diplomacy, the censorship of knowledge and opinion et hoc genus omne"; all this because I am a Catholic.

I have no ambition to publish my claims to respectability, and should not venture to refute these charges did they not help to perpetuate a vast tradition of calumny against the Catholic Church and its members. "A. E. R." considers the Roman Church as "the enemy of the human race," as "no place for an honest man"; and he regards his opinion as so obviously true that he does not think fit to prove it.

Now, I have no wish to indulge in recriminations; on the contrary, I am anxious to understand my opponent's mind; and from the accidental indications which this article reveals, I gather that "A. E. R." regards the history of modern thought as a struggle between science and religion which has ended with the victory of science.

If that is his reading of modern thought, I must at once say that I regard it as plausible but untrue.

Certainly, modern thought has been predominantly scientific, and this is doubtless due to the immense advance of experimental science. Man's knowledge of and power over nature have increased enormously; and the emphasis of post-Renaissance thought has been increasingly set upon scientific rather than upon moral issues. Moreover, it is perfectly true that religion and science approach truth from opposite points of view, Religion starting from the problem of why, and Science from the problem of how things happen. Modern thought from the Renaissance onwards has set the *how* of things in the forefront and relegated the *why* of things to a back seat.

Almost all post-Renaissance thinkers have divided Truth into two kinds—scientific truth which we can know for certain, and religious or moral truth which, they said, we cannot know for certain, though the deepest of them always admitted that we ought to assume that it has some sort of reality.

This emphasis on Science and this vague and subjective treatment of religious truth gradually led to the point of view of the Physiocrats of the eighteenth century, who attributed all moral ideas to a physical or social origin, and with the further advance of scientific knowledge in the nineteenth century this naturalistic unification became more and more fashionable, and has come to be popularly regarded as the basis of Modern Thought.

But in the last forty years the *moral* problem—which can never permanently be obscured—again came into prominence, and those who sought a monistic unification of all things had to deal with it. Two treatments were possible. Man is a compound of good and evil, and the monist must decide whether the world-purpose is towards good or not.

This is where modern thought has split: not merely between materialists and pantheists, but between pessimists and optimists.

Let us first consider the logical descendants of the Physiocrats, the Determinists. The Determinist atmosphere has so largely passed away that it is hard to realise how strong a hold it took on men's imagination. It was an understood thing among thousands (1) that everything could be explained by natural law, and (2) that, as these laws are determinist, everything is inevitably predetermined: that nature is a blind machine, of which we are parts. This idea had to be applied to everything; to history, psychology, religion, morals, and even art. And the French, because they are the most vigorous thinkers in Europe, were the first to apply it, and the first to discover it will not work. The point at which it first broke down was in the study of contemporary life in works of fiction. Man had to be considered a mere creature of heredity and environment, "un théorème qui marche." His actions were inevitable—the outcome of his natural inclination plus the influence of his environment. This type of novel was known as the "experimental novel" (a name which linked it with the fashionable worship of experimental science). It is seen at its worst and most depressing in Zola. Inevitably, it was pessimistic. If a man is the creature of his inclinations he comes to disaster. And all the novelists of this school became utter pessimists.

From this disease of logical pessimism the French have been rescued by the Catholic revival.

The Germans, on the other hand, chose the optimistic horn of the dilemma. Their popular philosophy was based upon a confused distortion of the scientific law of the survival of the fittest. They regarded man as something good in himself and capable of becoming perfect. Hence, their ideal was the man of the Future—the "Superman."

But this optimism—with its implicit faith in the Progress of this world—was almost as common in England as in Germany, and I need not analyse it here. The Superman has suffered defeat in the field of philosophy, as well as on the field of battle. Modern thought has been an attempt to unify all things by

ignoring the absolute claims of the moral law and of the God whose reality is inseparable from it; it has assumed the supremacy of man, of human knowledge and human power. And I cannot regard the modern world as an unqualified success. If the pessimism of the French "experimental" novel is a nightmare travesty of modern life the dreams of the believer in inevitable progress and in "the Christ that is to be appear quite as unreal."

But there is a third alternative which the modern world is only beginning to take account of. That third alternative is Catholicism, the only coherent form of Christianity, or, indeed, of Theism in the modern world. The official Church has made a ceaseless protest against modern naturalism. She has incessantly demanded belief in a God above nature, and in the mystery of the Fall, i.e., that the world is out of joint with the Divine Purpose, owing to the sin of man, who has chosen his own glory rather than his Creator's and his own pleasure in the limited good of creatures rather than in the unlimited good of the Creator. She has incessantly declared that Christ is the Incarnation of the Divine Word, and that only in His religion can the apparently contradictory truths to be found in human wisdom find their ultimate reconciliation; that Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life, and that He founded a Church as witness to His eternal message amid the fluctuations of human opinion. For many, as for Mr. de Maeztu, Christianity is "the only satisfactory solution of the human tragedy," for, though it recognises that all dogmatic definitions are imperfect expressions of truths to which the human mind is unequal, it does provide a solution for human life. It postulates mysteries, but its mysteries are to the deepest thinkers among its children the obscure expressions of a profound philosophy, while the metaphysics of the materialist are the clear expression of a narrow and shallow philosophy.

If "A. E. R." recognised that the Catholic's position is a serious one he would be qualified to form an impartial judgment of the Modernist controversy; but as he regards Catholicism as too foolish or too immoral for his serious consideration, he is not so qualified. For Modernism was a premature attempt at a synthesis between Catholic Thought and Modern Thought. It was premature, because Modern Thought was on the eve of failure, and Catholicism could not divide the spoils till the enemy was broken. The Modernists, like the early scholastics in the Middle Ages, fell into heresy in their attempt to find a synthesis between Catholic thought and the new systems of knowledge. Many of the Modernists, like Tyrrell, were so captivated by the idea of Progress that they looked forward to a religion which should transcend Christianity; others were so filled by the idea of the immanence of God that they almost ignored His transcendence; others, again, were so captivated by the fact of the sequence of natural law (which they seemed to regard as a new Discovery), that they almost denied the possibility of free-will or miracles.

Modernism was not only concerned with the problems of Higher Criticism. It was a philosophy, and should be treated as such. If some of the conclusions of the Modernist scholars contained truths which have since been accepted by Catholics, that does not alter the fact that Modernism was a surrender of Catholicism to the heresies of the day.

But these heresies are presumably the doctrines of "A. E. R.," and he has no wish to compromise them with Catholicism, which he regards as nonsense. He has a contempt for Modernism for being too Catholic; he imagines that the Reformation gave the Church a "new lease of life," and that the Age of the Guilds was an age of darkness and fanaticism when the "enemy of the human race" was the Mother of Europe.

Views and Reviews.

A LEAGUE WITH A LEAK.*

IT has been my fate to examine many of the suggested schemes for a League of Nations, and to be dissatisfied with them. No one of its advocates whose work is known to me has really stated the problem as it is, and offered a scheme which would be a solution of that problem. One and all assume that the real problem is the preservation of peace, and that peace can only be maintained by an exercise of the judicial function; therefore, they propose the creation of an international judiciary, with such attributes as the fancy of the writers prefers. But none of them, so far as I know, ever considers the hopelessness of a judiciary; I suppose that the most powerful in the world is the Supreme Court of the United States, but that body cannot judge unless a cause is brought before it, and, it has no power to compel a cause to be brought before it for judgment. Its chief function, as we know, is to determine the constitutionality of legislative acts; but until someone challenges the constitutionality of an act, the Supreme Court has no opportunity of exercising its judicial function. It cannot compel litigants to come before it, it can only judge when its judgment is asked for. The Supreme Court has an instrument to interpret, the Constitution of the United States; but even so, there are two opposing doctrines, the doctrines of "strict construction" and of "loose construction"; and the personnel of the Court has been varied from time to time to secure the triumph of one or other of these doctrines to suit the purposes of the dominant political party. Finally, it must not be supposed that the decisions of the Supreme Court are necessarily preventative of war; on the contrary, it was the decision of Chief Justice Taney in the Dred Scott case which, as Dr. Bizzall says in his "Judicial Interpretation of Political Theory," "finally resulted in an appeal to arms [the Civil War] which was destined to reverse the decree of the nation's highest court of law."

An international judiciary would not be so powerful as the Supreme Court of the United States, because it would not be, as that Court is, an organic part of a clearly defined system of government. It is inconceivable that it should have the power to compel litigants to bring their disputes before it for decision, a power which is not granted to a national judiciary. Compulsory litigation is an impossible solution of international disputes; and even if it were a possible solution, it would require more than the establishment of a judiciary; it would require the creation of something analogous to a police force—unless we are to suppose that the judges would emulate the provosts of the first dynasty of France, and confront recalcitrants with the challenge: "I sent to find you, and you did not deign to come; give me satisfaction for your contempt." Finally, when litigants came before it and it delivered a decision, it would be at least as incapable as the Supreme Court of the United States of preventing a recourse to arms, if its decision were not agreeable to the disputants.

Mr. F. N. Keen, in this pamphlet, is no more satisfactory than the other advocates of a League of Nations. Such a League is not less, but more, difficult to establish than a federation of competing sovereignties of the same race, like the United States; and we all know the difficulties that attended the institution of that federation, and we should be aware, at least, of the difficulties that have attended, and are attending, its maintenance. The conflict between States' Rights and Federal Rights has raged again during the war, and resulted in the return of a Re-

* "A League of Nations with Large Powers." By F. N. Keen, LL.B. (Allen & Unwin. 1s. net.)

publican majority to Congress; while the Supreme Court has been severely criticised since 1896, and the "recall of judicial decisions" became a national issue in 1912. We cannot afford to forget these things when we are offered an analogous institution for the solution of international difficulties; for constitutional problems do not become simpler by being extended to larger numbers of people of more diverse condition, nor does their intensity vary inversely as the square of the distance—but Mr. Keen does not consider the difficulties, he only makes proposals.

He proposes, for example: "A permanent International Council . . . with power to make, repeal, and amend International Laws, which shall be binding upon the States that are members of the League and enforced by the League through its International Court of Justice, and with power also to consider international matters of a general character, and make recommendations upon them to the member-States." Let us consider, first of all, this permanent Council. Its members will be nominated by their respective Governments, and the nominations will be ratified by the national assemblies of the respective States, the national assemblies, of course, being elected by popular vote. The number of representatives will be based upon population; Russia, for example, would have more representatives than England and America together, and China would have more than all three. Mr. Keen does not mention whether the population basis of representation includes the population of colonies and dependencies, so I have assumed that it does not. On this assumption, the proposal is that we, for example, or America, are to put ourselves in a position of numerical inferiority to Russia or China in a Council with "power to make, repeal, and amend International Laws which shall be binding upon" us. This, of course, would be a surrender of sovereignty far beyond any surrender made by the sovereign States of America to their Federal Government; for there is no definition of the term "International Laws" attached to the proposal. At present, the usual practice is that international law is binding only when it has been adopted into the municipal law of the State which administers it, e.g., the law of contraband: the proposed practice would reduce our national legislature and judiciary to impotence.

There may be people who regard this as a desirable consummation, but I doubt whether many of them are to be found in this country. We are far more likely to lay down the law to the world (as we have done to the neutrals in the war just concluded) than to allow them to lay down the law to us. No country will deliberately put itself at the mercy of a combination of possible enemies, of a bare majority against it. One of the principal objections to the Supreme Court of the United States is that its decisions are so often rendered by a divided Court, often by a five to four vote; yet Mr. Keen proposes that this International Council shall have power to pass by a bare majority laws which shall be binding upon all the constituent States! There is an air of grandiloquence about this "permanent" Council with power to make, repeal, and amend laws; but the proposal, after all, has no backbone. The laws of a federation are not binding unless the fundamental law of the federation itself is binding; if the Southern States of America had been allowed to secede from the Union, the United States would not have become a nation, would not even have remained a league. Every State would have "contracted out" of Federal legislation that affected its interests prejudicially, and, if necessary, out of the Union itself. Mr. Keen, after giving sovereign power to his "permanent" Council, takes it away again, for "any member-State is to be at liberty to withdraw from membership by one year's notice." Presumably, it would no longer be bound by the enactments of this "permanent" Council, and it would probably discover that the only measure which would command the general assent of the Council would be a law compelling the constituent States to hand in their notices. That, at least, would be its own sanction.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

Olympus Speaks: A Revelation from the Unseen World in the Form of Dialogues between the Gods of the Ancient World. Taken down by Finnuola Mayo. (C. W. Daniel. 5s. net.)

Socrates had a Dæmon who talked, also a wife; the wife talked the more, but Socrates thought that the Dæmon talked with more sense. Miss Mayo's Dæmons have as much to say as Xantippe had, but nothing more to the point. We have looked in vain for any "revelation from the Unseen World" in this medley of clair-audience. None of the Gods seems to know whom he is talking to, or what he is talking about; he is as often prompted as a bad after-dinner speaker, as often heckled as a tub-thumper—indeed, the whole medley produces the impression of Hyde Park on a Sunday evening. Apparently, all the Gods are very sorry that they denied votes to women, sank the "Titanic," and made the European war; poor things, they did not know any better, and hoped that God would forgive them. There seems to be no judgment delivered, but the Gods go to Hell or to Heaven, it seems, by a sort of spiritual gravitation. We suggest that Miss Mayo might interest an aural specialist.

Our Democracy: Its Origins and Its Tasks. By James H. Tufts. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

Prof. Tufts (of the University of Chicago) has chosen to write not for the scholar, but for the citizen, the prospective citizen, and more particularly the American citizen; and the result is that he has produced a book that is difficult to describe. It is not exactly a primer, nor is it a polemic, nor is it an original study. It is not a handbook of political theory, nor of political history, nor of the science of government; and although it begins with pre-historic man, it is not a thesis in biology. It really only summarises and simplifies, almost beyond recognition, the supposed general trend of English and American history; although it would be just as easy to show that the general trend has been from the assumed and declared absolute power of the monarch to the actual and exercised absolute power of the elected President. The transition from government by compulsion to government by consent is clearer in theory than in practice, for we have to consent to so much more compulsion than the absolute monarch could ever compel us to that the idea becomes paradoxical. It is to be regretted that Prof. Tufts has not devoted much more of his attention to the machinery of government than "to the principles and ideas this machinery is meant to serve"; for as Prof Tufts himself remarks, the danger of democracy is that it consents to be governed by whosoever offers to govern it, instead of governing itself, and that danger, we think, is largely derived from ignorance of the machinery of government. It seems so easy, so fatally easy, to discover what we want to do and to be; but there is really no certainty that we do want to be and do what we imagine until we try to realise our ideals. It is so easy to assent to principles, or to undefined general terms; but people only know whether they really agree when they try to work these principles out in practice. Take, for example, the quotation from Lincoln with which Prof. Tufts concludes his book: "Let us have faith that right makes might." The citizen, the prospective citizen, and more particularly the American citizen, will approve the sentiment and be confident that he agrees with it; but if it means that whenever a people is right it must adopt universal military service, it must

practically suspend constitutional rights, it must assent to the investiture with absolute power of the elected representative, and engage in a war, the citizen may begin to wonder whether democracy is the way to self-government. Without a study of the machinery of government, the relevance of these general propositions to politics is not obvious; and if democracy is to think clearly about these matters, their relevance ought to be demonstrated. It is touching to learn that some of the Trust-magnates died broken-hearted when they discovered, through the public indignation, that their practice was contrary to good government; but the fact only shows that, while it is necessary for the Trust-magnates to learn the principles and ideas of good government it is necessary for the ordinary citizen to know the machinery of government. Unless democracy can guarantee that unfaithful citizens will always die broken-hearted when the public expresses indignation, it will have to find some more efficient means than this to ensure good government—and, anyhow, it is a very slow death. However, to all those who do not understand how strongly political history supports the theory of evolution of public morals, Prof. Tufts' elementary treatise may be recommended.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

Sir,—In attempting to prove "A. P. L." guilty of ignorance and lack of common sense and judgment, Mr. Verdad comes in peril of conviction upon the same indictment. The substance of Mr. Verdad's defence of the alliance with Tsarist Russia was that no alternative "was practical at that time." In other words, principle was thrown overboard in favour of expediency. Mr. Verdad then goes on to talk of "some misguided Poles and some misguided Irish" who were too blind to see that in the war their proper course was to assist their immediate oppressors. Mr. Verdad's error lies in his confusion of motive with cause. The Allies had a common motive against Germany—the sufficient motive of self-defence; but common cause there was none. As Mr. Zangwill has pointed out, one does not fight for liberty, one fights for one's own liberty. So the oppressed nationalities had neither inspiration nor reason to abandon the contest against their respective tyrants, and I think that "A. P. L." has made an ample case on behalf of most of them. The nationality which should be in as bad a position as any is Ireland. So far as concerns victory in the war, let it be admitted that Ireland has come out on the wrong side. Not all the tale of the sacrifices of Irish soldiers will ever silence in English ears one rifle-shot of a Dublin rebel. But how goes the Irish cause? I affirm that it never stood so strong. The tolerant contempt of the English Army for the backward provincial as the Irish soldier necessarily appeared to them contrasted curiously, I can assure you, with their respectful hatred of the Irish rebel in whom they recognised the soldier of another nation. On the eve of the outbreak of war John Redmond discovered to the House of Commons that thirty years of protest on the "floor of the House" that he was a nationalist Irishman had turned him into an imperialist Englishman. If the Redmond policy had captured Ireland, her national cause would have died a natural death. The revolutionaries refused to haul down the Irish flag whilst England withheld national rights, and rescued the cause of Irish nationality from an early grave along with thousands of Irish conscripts who would have been buried with it, if Ireland had adopted what Mr. Verdad would have considered a "national policy."

Expediency is well excused in the case of England who required an alliance against Germany who might have devoured her singly. Mr. Verdad's case against the Irish and the Poles may apply to the Scandinavian countries, Holland and Switzerland. For if the victory of Germany would have meant the enslavement of Europe those small countries which already possessed their freedom might have been expected to fight Germany, rather than the small nations whose freedom was already effectively denied by Germany's enemies. The statesmen of the neutral countries can settle with their own consciences. Revolutionaries are the statesmen of subject nationalities, and whether usually near-sighted, as Mr. Verdad asserts, or not, fortunately they are usually long-sighted enough to refuse alliance with their oppressors until they cease oppression. J. B. MELVILLE.

[Mr. S. Verdad writes: It is time to give up employing the false antithesis of principle and expediency. In all applications of principle, expediency (in other words, a consideration of circumstances) is essential; and, on the other hand, expediency without principle is impossible, though, of course, the "principle" employed may be bad. In the case of the alliance with Tsarist Russia, the principle involved was the preservation of the liberties of this country *via* the preservation of Europe against the menace of Prussian domination; and Mr. Melville's gibe would have effect only if, in the sequel, it could be shown that the Russian alliance was not only a bad expedient, but deliberately chosen after the rejection of an equally practicable or possible better. But what better expedient was there in existence? Mr. Shaw has suggested an alliance with America. But everybody knows that at the time of our alliance with Russia the American alternative was not open to us. We must beware of confusing present with pre-war circumstances. As for his defence of "A. P. L.'s" contention that it is always the duty of the oppressed to fight against their immediate oppressors, I am surprised at his citation of Mr. Zangwill's little Jewish formula that "one does not fight for liberty, but only for one's own liberty." It is a libel upon the Jews, many of whom have fought for liberty for others; and it is a greater libel still upon thousands of the combatants in the present war. To fight only for one's own liberty is very often to fail—and deservedly so, since it implies a carelessness about the liberty of others which augurs badly for the use to which the particular liberty will be put. We know these oppressed nations only too well that fight "for themselves only," and when they have won proceed to oppress their immediate minorities. Europe is full of them. Mr. Melville's "principles," like those of "A. P. L.," are designed to encourage this kind of narrow-mindedness. They advise "oppressed nations" to consider only their own liberty; and afterwards, no doubt, they will be pained on finding that these same oppressed nations, when free, continue to ignore the liberties of others. In conclusion, I confess to some doubt whether Ireland "never stood so strong." I wish it were otherwise, but Ireland's present "strength" appears to me to be illusory.]

* * *

THE ELECTION RESULTS.

Sir,—Your comment in your issue of the 2nd that not a single anti-war Labour candidate has been elected is quite erroneous. The five I.L.P. M.P.'s who were *moderate* anti-war men were defeated, while three *extreme* anti-war men have been elected—namely, Mr. Graham, Mr. Neil Maclean, and Mr. Ben Spoor. Mr. Philip Snowden polled a third of the vaters, Mr. John Maclean rather more, and the four members of the staff of the anti-war paper "Forward" polled enormous votes in new constituencies where there had never been a Labour candidate. All this was done in face of the Defence of the Realm Act and the Censorship, which suppressed most of the literature of the I.L.P. in 1915, and the imprisonment of conscientious objectors for over two years, many of whom were the best workers of the I.L.P. Mr. F. W. Jowett, who was the chairman of the I.L.P. during the most critical period of the war, was only defeated by 800 votes, while Mr. Neil Maclean, the M.P. for Govan, has been and is the Scottish representative on the Executive of the No-Conscription Fellowship. C. H. NORMAN.

* * *

"THE LITTLE ART ROOMS."

Sir,—As you have been good enough to mention my little place in connection with the notice of the Author Artists' Exhibition, would you be so kind as to add the reason of my "going in for living artists of *all save the most modern schools.*" I gave this reason to your art critic. The most modern schools appear to me to be wrong in their logic. They see life through theories and not through temperament, and, so far as I am acquainted with their work, are therefore too *academic*—for the Little Art Rooms. HERBERT FURST.

Pastiche.

A CHANCE CALL.

"A beastly night. This chair—O, as you will,
But that one's hard, I warn you. Still—
Good Lord, your shoes! Here, put these on.
What's that? You walked? You came afoot?
But why, in the fair name of reason?
Come, warm yourself, and then go doff your sable,
Join me at table.
There's caviare, turbot au supreme, ragout
And—curses, are you dumb,
So glum?"

I had my way; he bathed and changed and fed,
Ravish'd a brace of Burgundy and purred,
But not a word
Prince Hamlet said.

"Look here," I brawled, "you brood
In mellow discontent, I know the mood;
A formal melancholy,
Fine armour 'gainst the raucous darts of folly.
But I'm not gulled by lofty, sad imperiousness;
I find beneath it all
No spiritual
Nor sentimental seriousness.

"I know;
I get the bawd in you;
Know you *meant* 'country matters';
And 'Words, words, words!' I've blustered;
Spoke sudden truth that shatters
Their crack'd defences,
And puts to flight their mustered
Pretences.

"I know the writer's itch,
Just how your fingers twitch:
'My tablets . . . smile and smile. . . .'
True, there are times when tablets seem
All that's worth while,
And all the rest a dream.

"Then comes the catechism pestering,
Leaving the whole world festering:
'To be or not to be?'
To be . . . a Christ or a candlestick-maker;
To be. . . . Yes, one fine day
To catch Ophelia closer yet and break her
Any old violent way.
To be, of course, or accidental death;
Trust you to put a premium upon breath.
'One can't be certain.' . . . True,
But death's a cold, cold clout for a fever'd poll. . . .
'So little's left to do.' . . .
Bah! much that's droll.

"Look you, Horatio's philosophy,
Platitude's walnut-tree,
(Don't take my word for it, beat it, and see).
The bums are out of Guildenstern; the other,
His twin-ass, wears a gay, new-fangled hat—
Mere outward change!—your mother. . . .
Well, well, enough of that;
'Tis a sore point, and won't improve by scratching,
Only let's hope such morals won't prove catching.
I smiled to hear the rumour,
Remembering your uncle's happy humour;
'Twas certainly an unforeseen seduction,
But sex defies deduction.
Still, logic isn't laughter,
I put my trust in life and risk the Hereafter."

Still Hamlet sat, a-glower with silent doubt,
I couldn't make him out.
I rallied him—"Work, man. Procrastination
Has brought about your spiritual castration.
You're disinclined
To any sound utilitarian action—
Why not promote a faction?
Don't scrub that burnish'd anchor of the mind."

At last he rose;
With indeterminate hand-clasp forth he goes
Under the quiet moon.
'Tis pity he returned,
In England I've no doubt he would have learned
Patience—and something more.
I watch him down the road; a reedy tune
Grows louder, louder as I close the door;
And scarcely have I settled
Back in my chair when there's a mettled
Tintinnabulation surging through the hall;
Three play-actors, that's all,
Asking direction to the new king's court—
"And is the Prince in residence? We've a play
Just to his mind." I set them on their way.
Prince Hamlet loves a player, he'll have sport.

H. R. BARBOR.

THE PROMISED REST.

Yea, thou shalt have thy peace, thy calm delight,
Dim sanctuary, thy canopy of leaves;
The light web that the summer starlight weaves
And the wild wayfaring of waters bright,
And songs of husbandmen among the sheaves:
Thus may thou be with many glories dight:
Thus sit and sing under thy forest eaves.

RUTH PITTER.

PRESS CUTTINGS.

It goes without saying that there must be mutual forbearance on the part of Capital and Labour, but even goodwill will miss its aim unless there is in the first place a clear perception of where the roots of trouble and anger lie. The main truth is that we have come to the end of an exhausted system whose principle will no longer keep our economic life a-going. Human labour has passed through the grades of slavery and serfdom to that of wage-employment on a "contract" basis. It has been a true ascent in moral relationships, and if the "liberty" ensuing from it has been to some extent illusory, it is one of the illusions which uplift mankind. But the real character of the wage nexus can no longer be concealed under the conditions of aggregated wealth and organised employment. Liberty combined with indigence is no liberty at all. There is no freedom of contract for the man who has to take what employment he can get in a competitive—still more a congested—labour market. For the vast majority there is no outlook but that of anxious and unending effort to keep up with the claims of livelihood. They are on a treadmill from which they are ever liable to fall into the chasm of pauperism. The individual worker is often as effectually bereft of self-determination as if he were invested with a formal serfdom. "Wage-slavery" is not nearly so much of an exaggeration as we like to think. It becomes a galling yoke, under which industrial effort is a payment of the hated price of an existence that too often seems not worth having. The productive output of this country was for some years before the war alarmingly low. The ultimate cause of that is not to be sought in conservative methods or obsolete machinery, but in the fact that the wage system as it stood had come perilously near to killing "the will to work." In industry, as in war, the moral factor is the greatest.—"The Observer."

Subscriptions to THE NEW AGE are at the following rates:—

	United Kingdom.	Abroad.
One Year	**28s. 0d.** ...	**30s. 0d.**
Six Months.....	**14s. 0d.** ...	**15s. 0d.**
Three Months.....	**7s. 0d.** ...	**7s. 6d.**

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

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