

# THE NEW AGE

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It would be going too far to say that the "Times" has declared war on the New Unionist Government. The "Times" is a time-server and knows when to appear independent and when servile. Its comments on the composition of Mr. Lloyd George's second Government, however, leave little to be said. It is a "deep disappointment": "Mr. Lloyd George seems almost to have gone out of his way to shatter every hope of reconstruction"; "we have far more belief in his good intentions than in his capacity to carry them out." As to the last admission, however, we are disinclined to make it with the "Times." Mr. Lloyd George is neither so hopeless nor so helpless that he could not carry out his "good" intentions if he entertained them. But the fact is that relatively to the nation, its welfare and progress, Mr. Lloyd George is the kind of man who should delight our contributor Dr. Oscar Levy. He has no intentions, good, bad or otherwise, for the nation, but only an intention of obtaining and retaining power for himself. He has the will to power, which he pursues with such discreet indiscretion that he is apparently full of good intentions while all the time he is indifferent to the bye-products of his ambition. Were this not the case, the phenomena attending his occupation of power would be unintelligible upon any other hypothesis than that he is the victim of blackmail. Consider the personnel of his new Cabinet; consider only the places given to men like Lord Milner, Sir F. E. Smith, Mr. Churchill—not to mention the five little Judasses of the Labour Party. Either Mr. Lloyd George has voluntarily selected his associates or he has had them forced upon him. But, in the latter case, as we say, he is the victim of blackmail—an hypothesis we cannot accept. In the former, he is without the "good" intentions sycophantly attributed to him by the "Times."

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In view of the circumstances of an imperfect election, an overwhelmingly reactionary Government majority, and a Government composed of a chequered personnel, some sections of the Press, including the "Times," are planning to constitute themselves a national Opposition. Such an opposition, however, will, in the nature

of things, be ineffective. The Press is really one of the most creaturely of all the instruments of Government. It bears the same relation to the Government that a sheep-dog does to a shepherd. It can round up and drive; it can watch and fetch and carry; it can separate one flock from another and fend off alien dogs; but what it cannot do is to influence in any effective fashion the decisions of its political masters. Even the "Times," it will be observed, the most powerful in its own esteem of all the Press, is compelled to confess its deep disappointment at the independence of the politicians; and if this is true of the "Times" under Lord Northcliffe, the yapping of the lesser dogs is scarcely like to be so much as heard in the Cabinet. In the second place, even if the Press had the influence it sometimes claims, its opposition would, of necessity, be irresponsible, and, therefore, even more dangerous than the power of the politicians; for the Press, unlike a Parliamentary Opposition, can never be called upon to assume office. Others must, in any event, be responsible for the consequences of the advice offered by the Press; and in this way the Press would always escape the complete responsibility for its acts. But what reason have we for supposing that an irresponsible power that can never be called to account is likely to be exercised with more wisdom and goodwill than responsible and accountable political power? The experiences of the war have surely brought home to the most innocent the perils of Press-rule. In the third place, the Press is in the strictest sense of the word ignorant. Its business is with news and opinions, not with facts and knowledge. Its position is, therefore, precisely midway between the position of the Government and that of men of real thought who aim at becoming the Government of to-morrow; in other words, it is never upon the plane of power, whether of power actual or power potential, but always upon the intervening plane of mere sentiment and guess-work. Finally, it must be admitted by everybody that the Press is one of the most corruptible of all the organs of opinion; in the triple sense that its writers can be bought, its space can be bought, and, as a last resort, its whole management can be bought. Of no other profession than the Press can this be said, for of no other profession are the roots so shallow or the status so indeterminate. But what is the value of an Oppo-

sition that can be bought for a few million pounds? How much weight will a Government attach to criticism which can be silenced by advertisements, or by a few knighthoods, or by the outright purchase of its whole machinery? We see, in fact, what estimate Mr. Lloyd George has placed on the whole Press of this country; for there is no doubt that the composition of his new Government is a "deep disappointment" to all Fleet Street. Does he care? Does it matter? Neither the one nor the other.

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In calculating their chances of making the "conquest of political power" which is to precede their "conquest of economic power," the Labour politicians presumably never took into account their prospective losses from desertion. In their mind's eye they saw their party growing steadily in numbers from year to year with never a leakage from the pen in which they were gathered. This year there were to be ten; next year twenty; the following year forty; and so on without a break until a Parliamentary majority was obtained, when immediately industrial power would begin to be acquired. We have done our best to prove that this order of procedure is contrary to the order of nature, and, therefore, impracticable; and to show that the true order is precisely the reverse, namely, to make political power follow economic power; but it has all been in vain. Perhaps, however, the desertion of five former Labour members from the common party will call attention to another difficulty, that of keeping Labour members Labour members. In this country, above all countries in the world, there is a powerful current to the Right which begins at the income-tax line and increases in strength as it rises beyond it. Put an ordinary Trade Union official into a position where he commands a place and a salary indistinguishable from that of the capitalist classes, and at once he is subjected to the influences of Capitalism which bear him to the Right. Only the most determined of men can resist it. From this cause alone we may expect a diminution of political Labour which, if not equal to the periodic increase, will at least go far to cancel it. The history of the Labour movement—of the political Labour movement in particular—is strewn with the wrecks of Labour politicians; and to the number of these examples of the frailty of the working-classes we have now to add the five ex-Members who have virtually gone over to the New Unionist Party. Messrs. Barnes, Walsh, Roberts, Wardle and Parker are certainly not to be dismissed as traitors to their class and party in their own eyes. Infallibly, moreover, they will be joined in course of time by as many if not more of the Labour members now officially in the fold of the Labour Party. All that need be said of them is that, never having had a clear idea of the real purpose of Labour, they have naturally been blown by the trade-winds which prevail in Capitalist circles, and are now making for a Capitalist port. What hope remains, however, that Labour's conquest of political power will ever be complete in this country? Can Labour thinkers not see that there is none?

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The situation of official Liberalism is pitiable in the extreme, and none the less so for having been brought about by the Liberal leaders themselves, chiefly by Mr. Asquith. Inheriting from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman a Liberal majority almost equal to the present New Unionist majority, Mr. Asquith has seen it decline to the rank of a negligible group in a negligible opposition. The historic moment of its fatal sickness was undoubtedly that in which Mr. Asquith was called upon to distinguish between his personal friendships and his political duties, and when he utterly failed as a statesman to distinguish between them. His moral weakness in the matter of the Marconi scandal was only the precursor of his political weakness in the matter of Sir Edward Carson's insurrection and the mutiny

of the Curragh officers; and from the latter neither he nor his party has ever recovered. It would be amusing if it were not tragically instructive to observe the sequel in the exaltation of the chief culprits of those incidents contemporaneously with the abasement of Mr. Asquith and his party. Not only have the latter lost everything, including honour, but the former, after the manner of beggars placed on horseback, have ridden down the men who put them there on their way to triumph. It is a remarkable phenomenon that of all the guilty parties in the two incidents to which we have referred, every one of them is holding high office or position at this moment; while of the men who sacrificed their honour to them, not one but is out of office and discredited. In spite of the dog-faithful Mr. Massingham and others of the kind who cannot forget their old master, the old Liberal party is extinct, and Mr. Asquith with it. For the present reactionary Government, for all the corruption, mendacity and vulgar self-seeking now rampant in political life, Mr. Asquith, more than any man in England, is responsible. The English people owe to him and his party a ground for bitterness that will never be re-conquered. And it is in reluctant realisation of this fact that Mr. Massingham is turning to the Labour Party for comfort.

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The Labour Party on Tuesday decided, after only a brief discussion, to assume the position of the official parliamentary Opposition. As the strongest of the non-Government groups, its duty clearly lay in taking this course if there was to be any Opposition at all; and thus, in a sense, we may say that Opposition has rather been thrust upon it than assumed. Unfortunately, however, for those who hoped that the Labour Party could rise above Bolshevik notions concerning the dictatorship of the manual proletariat, the leadership of the party was committed into the hands of Mr. Adamson, a solid dummy of no more political or parliamentary ability than thousands, not to say millions, of the rank and file of Trade Unionism. We are naturally indisposed to make any point of the fact that Mr. Adamson is only a Trade Unionist: in other words, that he is not even a professed statesman. Our regret is confined to the fact that for the highly difficult function of leading a parliamentary Opposition no more suitable person was selected. Among the sixty or so members of the Parliamentary Labour group there must surely have been one who combined the qualifications of Trade Unionism and skill in debate, in leadership, in political ability. Yet it does not appear that such a one was even looked for. Mr. Adamson was the leader of the party in the previous House; and he must needs be continued in this office in the utterly different circumstances that have since arisen. The possibility of the Labour Party's growth from Opposition to Government, from sectionalism to nationalism, is now less than ever it was. Next to incorporating the party with his own majority Mr. Lloyd George cannot have desired anything better than the leadership of a man like Mr. Adamson.

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Still more certain is it now, however, that the real Opposition to the Government will be out of doors in the industrial sphere. Already, indeed, the decision appears to have been instinctively taken and to be manifesting itself in "unrest" in many parts of the country. The reaction was inevitable from the discovery of the weakness of Labour in Parliament; and not all the appeals of Mr. Thomas and Mr. Clynes will have the smallest effect upon it. From this point of view, the situation is really one of the utmost seriousness. At a moment when the wave of anti-Parliamentarism is spreading with tremendous force from Russia westwards, our own responsible classes have contrived to create a Parliament with the minimum amount of public respect behind it, and with the maximum power for mischief. The stupid co-operation of the Labour

politicians has ensured also the provision of only the weakest of safety-valves for Labour discontent. In these circumstances, the spread of Bolshevist opinions among the working classes (and not among them alone) may be regarded as certain, for we have no breakwater against them. Industrial unrest taking matters into its own hands will combine with political unrest, robbed of its natural outlet, to create a movement in the country—responding in many respects to the movement in Russia, Germany and elsewhere. Bolshevism will henceforward be a familiar phenomenon amongst us; and decades will be spent in the agitation arising from it. This too, however, will be useless for all that Labour can hope to gain by it. There is nothing for the future of Labour in Bolshevism; nor is there any chance of a successful Bolshevist revolution in this country. The Socialist Labour Party, we note, has just issued a new Manifesto in which it calls upon the working-classes to “bring their movement into line with that of the revolutionary class of Russia.” In other words, they invite the English Labour movement to follow in the track of Lenin and Trotsky. But apart from the instability of judgment implied in this sudden zeal for Russian methods—as if the S.L.P. had never considered its “policy and tactics” before—the differences between Russia and England are too considerable to make an identical policy anything better than folly. We could point out a thousand circumstances that make a Bolshevist revolution in this country the last thing to be seriously considered by Labour.

It is strange, as indicating that the S.L.P. is still in two minds about its “policy,” that in the same Manifesto in which the proletariat are invited to follow the example of Russia, they are also invited to “build up the new society within the old until sufficient power is developed to destroy Capitalism and to establish the Socialist Republic.” This, we need scarcely remark, is the very contrary of the revolutionary policy of Lenin and Trotsky as it is also of the equally misguided policy of the German Spartacus bund. It is economic and industrial, as distinct from purely political and military; it is constructive and sensible. Lenin and Trotsky and their German confrères have clearly never realised what has become an axiom with us, namely, that economic power must precede political power. They are under the delusion that if only, by any means, they can establish themselves in the political government of a nation, their control over its industrial life will follow as a matter of course. The only effect, however, of their capture of political power before capturing industrial power is to paralyse industry. The cart is incapable of drawing the horse. On the contrary, the horse either goes its own way or threatens to kick the cart to pieces. It will be a wonder of wonders if the Lenin régime in Russia is ever stabilised; it is certain that Bolshevism will never be stabilised in Germany; and, as for this country, the very attempt is foredoomed to a terrible and tragical failure. The alternative plan of the S.L.P. is, therefore, not only in contradiction of the Russian example, but it is relatively much more promising for the future. To build up within the existing society a new order of industry which shall form a nucleus for a general transformation—that, as we say, is sensible, being at once evolutionary and revolutionary. But either process without the other is disastrous, for both, in the end, lead to reaction.

Very little attention, as we know, has yet been paid by Labour to its real task of building up a new order of industry; and we have had to deplore upon many occasions the pre-occupation of its leaders either with futile politics or with equally futile chatter about revolution. Still a third cause of distraction of energy is the effort of the mere Labour reformers to ameliorate while supporting the wage-system. Without urging the

necessity of discontinuing any of these activities within reasonable bounds—for it takes all sorts to make progress—we do urge that attention should be paid to the very object incorporated by the S.L.P. in its manifesto—that of gradually assuming responsible control over industry. Responsible control is not only the ultimate goal of Labour (including in Labour not only the personnel required in industry; *not* the manual workers only, but the salariat and managerial staffs as well)—but the demand for responsible control is itself the sign and condition of progress towards that goal. We may say, in short, that the index of the advance of Labour is to be found in the intensity of its demand for responsible control. That the index points almost to zero at this moment is merely the measure of the distance Labour must travel; but that there are signs that Labour is about to take a step forward we should be the last to wish to deny. One evidence, at least, is to be found in the scheme put forward by the shop-committee of the National Factory at Wadden, an extract from which we have printed in our Press-cuttings. In all probability the scheme will be rejected by the Government. A thousand similar schemes will need to be drawn up for rejection before a single one of them is accepted. We can say, however, of such a scheme that the first that is adopted will be the beginning of a beneficent revolution. Of a thousand seeds if one takes root the plant is established. Of no other scheme before Labour can it be said, as of this, that its adoption would provide a fulcrum for the overthrow of capitalism.

#### DEMOBILISATION, 1919.

(Being a free rendering of Xenophon, Anabasis V, i, 2.)

Then first uprose Antileon the Thurian,  
Who said: “Comrades in arms! Now am I weary  
Of packing and unpacking; of the ban  
On rest; of marching, running, and the dreary  
Forming of fours; of bearing arms, and keeping  
The watch; dulled is my keenness for the fight,  
And great desire (as a labourer’s for the right)  
Holds me; and I would change these toils for sleeping;  
And like Ulysses,  
(Since now we have the sea)  
Sail for home,  
Sunning my outstretched limbs  
Upon the deck;  
My mind adream of Greece  
And a child’s embraces.

January 6, 1919.

C. GRANVILLE.

#### A VILLANELLE OF SOULS.

Woman, I think, possesses two,  
Though Persians say that she has none;

And one of Ruth’s I know is blue,  
The other one we cannot view,  
’Tis made for parsons to look on.

Woman, I think, possesses two.  
The inner old, the outer new,  
While man must be content with one;

And one of Ruth’s I know is blue.  
This colour represents the true,  
The good, the beautiful chiffon.

Woman, I think, possesses two.  
One smells of prayer-book and of pew,  
The other kisses stars and sun,  
And one of Ruth’s I know is blue.

The ragman wants the one that’s new.  
The devil wants the other one.  
Woman, I think, possesses two,  
And one of Ruth’s I know is blue.

TRIBOULET.

## Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdaz.

I WAS asked nearly a year ago by one of our Foreign officials how long I gave the Bolshevik regime in Russia. "Till the end of the war for certain," I replied. "And afterwards?" "That depends how soon the war ends. If it does not end in a few months, by that time the Bolsheviks will be difficult to move." I do not claim to have been correct in my forecast since nobody can tell even now whether the Bolsheviks will succeed in stabilising their strange form of government. But signs are not wanting that at any rate for the present the Bolshevik regime is the only possible regime for Russia. The "New Statesman" was merely the first in the field (acting on private advice) to announce the fact; and it has now been followed by the special correspondent of the "Times" at Stockholm who in his dispatch dated January 8 affirmed that "politically the Bolsheviks were growing in strength from week to week," though economically their situation was growing more and more "desperate." The conclusion to be drawn from the dispatches of the "Times" correspondent is certainly that it is time for the Allies to "recognise" the Bolshevik Government; and, in fact, as much has been actually said. We may suspect M. Litvinoff who is at Stockholm of having won the ear of the "Times" correspondent. But nevertheless the recommendation is significant. That it will be acted upon is, however, another matter.

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It is obvious that the Allied Council at Versailles is in more than two minds about the situation, a fact that throws some light on the probable efficacy of a League of Nations. For if in a matter so vital to the peace settlement, and equally to all the Powers involved in it, the leading Powers cannot agree what should be done about Russia, we can imagine the celerity with which the same group will act in matters even more recondit. Every problem that presents the smallest difficulty will remain unsolved for generations—unless it meanwhile solves itself! However, to return to the subject, the first approximately agreed plan of the Allies for dealing with Russia was undoubtedly the military plan. They were assured by various Russian "authorities" that the Allies had only to show a few troops in various parts of Russia to bring the Bolshevik house down like a pack of cards. Nine out of ten of the population, it was confidently reported, were secretly yearning for Allied military intervention. With a few troops to prove the Allies were in earnest, and the provision of arms, and the "constitutional" forces in Russia would instantly rise and put an end to the Bolshevik regime for ever. The fact, however, was quite otherwise; for it is now clear that anything but the collapse of Bolshevism followed the dispatch to Russia of the fifteen or twenty thousand Allied troops now dotted upon the Russian frontiers. On the contrary, not only did the Bolshevik castle refuse to fall at the word of command, but our arrival in Russia appeared to strengthen it. And as for the instant rising that was predicted, it has taken place indeed—but in support of Lenin and Trotsky. The "Times" correspondent reports that the Bolsheviks are now supported by the former Moderate Socialists and that their army is now officered by the officers of the late Tsar. I am not pronouncing, be it noted, on the abstract or even upon the concrete doctrines of Bolshevism. I am not affirming that the means by which the Bolsheviks have maintained and increased their power are either admirable or calculated to create a lasting power. My point is that the promises of the military expedition have not been fulfilled; and that it is now hopeless to continue the experiment any longer. The announcement of the Government on Friday that no more Allied troops would be sent to Russia is in accordance with the lesson just learned.

It need not be assumed, however, that because military intervention has failed, the Allies are prepared to accept the advice of our raw Socialists and to "leave Russia alone." Apart from the fact that the world is entitled in right to be concerned—and even actively concerned—about Russia, there are special reasons for the active concern of the Allies. In the first place, Russia is unmistakably the chief prize of the war. Without exception, she possesses the largest untapped resources of any nation in the world; and in so far as the exploitation of the world is the mot d'ordre of the future, the question of who is to exploit Russia is the largest that can be raised. It is not probable, therefore, that the Allies having won the war will now leave the prize untouched—in other words, Russia unexploited. Still less is it likely that they will leave to Germany as a free gift the very object for which Prussia went to war, namely, the control of Slavdom. And least of all can it be expected that Russia will be "left to herself" when "herself" in the present circumstances is a government of primitive anarchy. And this brings us to the second point. If it were even true that Russia *could* be left to herself, something might be said for the policy; but not only can Russia not be let alone, but Bolshevik Russia will not let the world alone. Bolshevik Russia, so far from being satisfied to be left alone, has every intention of proselytising the world—and this for the very reason that only by Bolshevising the world can the world be made safe for Bolshevism. Lenin and Trotsky have said as much; and they are, at any rate, clear-headed men. Their revolution will not be safe, they say, until all Europe has undergone the same process. Even, therefore, if we were to take the advice of the "Times" Stockholm correspondent, and recognise the Bolshevik Government, the latter would be certain to continue its war propaganda upon the rest of Europe, and even to use our recognition as an additional argument. Unless, therefore, the Allies are anxious to see Bolshevism propagated more effectively than ever, they cannot be expected to take the view of the "New Statesman."

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What is then to be done? If doing nothing is impossible, if military intervention is useless, and the recognition of Bolshevism is disastrous, there remains, so it would appear, only one method, defined by M. Clemenceau as the economic blockade of Russia. In short, the Allies are to starve Russia into constitutional government, and out of Bolshevism. The plan has already made considerable progress, as will be seen from a glance at the map. Every sea-approach to Russia is now held by the Allies; and, save upon the Western frontiers, Bolshevik Russia is isolated from all intercourse with the world as another illustration of the probable methods of a League of Nations. The Western frontiers, however, still remain a problem. If Russia cannot breathe east, south, north, or north-west, she can still breathe in the west; and, in consequence, the hermetic sealing of the west has become the preoccupation of the encircling Allies. How to effect it, however—that is the question. Two prime difficulties present themselves. The first is to discover or create neutral or buffer States between Russia and the west that can be depended upon to mount guard over Bolshevik Russia. Ukraine it was at one time thought would serve this purpose—but after various conversions Ukraine, it appears, is now itself in the throes of Bolshevism; as a buffer it is useless. Then, again, it was Poland—but is Poland, after all, sufficiently homogeneous as yet to be depended upon? It is more than doubtful. Tcheko-Slovakia has put in a claim—but, once again, has not Tcheko-Slovakia (let us say Bohemia) her hands more than full already? The policy of buffers, in short, is premature. And the second difficulty is even greater. If we are to blockade Russia, we must be able to rely, if not upon buffers, upon Germany. Without Germany we cannot

in any event isolate Russia. But events in Germany appear to show that not only cannot we count upon Germany as a defence against Bolshevist Russia, but Germany may at any moment join Russia—in which event our policy of blockade would need to include Germany as well! It will be seen, I hope, what my own conclusion is: it is that the economic blockade is as useless as the military. Like the latter its circle would expand until not all the powers of the Allies could control it. Sooner or later, we should have to abandon it. What, after all, is to be done? In three words: Lift the blockade. Lift the blockade, and leave things otherwise to take their course. Bolshevism, whether in Russia or in Germany, is the child of the blockade; it is not a theory, but a fact of hunger and unemployment. Lift the blockade, and it will disappear. The remedy for Bolshevism is food and work.

## The Influence of the War upon Labour.

### Being the Third Chapter on Transition.

#### I.—THE PROFITEER.

A SIGNIFICANT change in the public mentality is seen in the sinister meaning now attached to the word "profiteer." When first coined in THE NEW AGE, profiteer meant one who lives by profits; that is an occupation dependent upon the continuation of the wage-system. In recent years, profiteer has come to mean one who exacts profits that cannot be defended as equitable. It is assumed that reasonable profits remain equitable; that he who is content with profits so small that they do not become a burden upon the consumer is merely taking what is due to him; that he is not a profiteer, which has become a term of reproach. The public conscience, with characteristic inconsistency, now condemns profits, not in principle but in degree. It says in effect: "You may levy profits, but not beyond a reasonable limit; you must do it in such a way that attention is not too palpably drawn to your operations; for Heaven's sake do not be found out."

The logic of this is that sneak thieving is defensible whilst highway robbery is a crime. It is a point we may leave to the social philosophers, who will doubtless draw nice distinctions between moderate and excessive drinking. At what stage is a man a drunkard? At what stage, a profiteer? The Honourable Society of Ancient Coggers could hold a fest-night on the problem.

The writer in the "Round Table," quoted in my last chapter, is more logical than the public conscience. He is satisfied that the wage-system has not yet had a fair trial; that the wage-earner must have economic security; that the social contract implicit in the wage-system confers upon the employer the profits as a reward for the risks. But so far as there are risks there must be insecurity; if insecurity, then upon what fund can the wage-earner rely for economic security? We are not informed why there should be risks, nor why it should be ordained that the employer should undertake them. If it be a public duty to accept risks, then let the industry, as a whole, carry the burden. The truth of it is that the employer protects his position by large and untenable assertions as to the risks he runs; these risks constitute his claim, for it is evident that, where there is no risk, the problem of credit is reduced to its simplest form, so easy of manipulation that organised Labour could carry on with ease and certainty. The employer wants the risks because he

wants large profits; his defence of large profits is rooted in the speculative nature of his undertaking. The risk, once reduced to practical zero, no longer serves as the employer's justification, who must then fall back upon the functional value of his own personal activities. Apart from the risks, which nobody asks him to accept, the employer's only possible function is as an organiser, as a directive element in production or distribution, as a technical expert. When we have reached this stage, payment by profits or by results becomes obviously inappropriate; the employer joins the salariat. This is precisely what has happened under the joint-stock system. It is no longer the employer who takes the risks; he has long since passed them on to his company of shareholders. The writer in the "Round Table" is a generation too late; he does not mean the employer; he means the capitalist. We have long since discovered that payment by profits is a clumsy and inequitable method of remuneration. Administratively considered, the profiteer has now no status. *Qua* profiteer he has no function; he is an economic Ishmaelite.

We shall see this more clearly if we consider those who live on profits in the distributive trades. In his formal capacity, the grocer or draper is a profiteer; he looks to his profit for his living. Actually, however, his function is not to win profits but to distribute commodities. The prices of these commodities are estimated in such wise that he may secure a surplus of revenue over expenditure. This surplus is termed a profit; in reality, it is a rough-and-ready means of remuneration. His customers pay him a percentage over cost for services rendered. No doubt, he takes the risk of loss on his trading; but it is a measurable risk. The multiple shop has arrived to eliminate that risk. In the multiple shop, the trader is transformed into a servant and joins the salariat, just as the manufacturer becomes a servant to his joint-stock company. The function of distribution persists; the risk is provided against; the small trader ceases, in fact, to be a profiteer, and only justifies his existence by functioning as a competent agent of distribution. Even if he continue master of his business, he still remains the servant of his customers on the one hand, and of the wholesaler on the other hand. The number of his customers and the prices charged are the measure of the credit he obtains from the wholesaler. The shop, as a going concern, is generally only solvent by taking the stock into account. The grocer in his own person is a profiteer in form; in reality he is a servant; so much a servant that he cannot now guarantee the quality of his goods. He can say that he obtains them from Smith and Co., whose reputation for quality is unrivalled; but if Smith and Co. decide to advertise at the expense of quality, our grocer is impotent. He is an inconsiderable but useful cog-wheel in the vast machinery of supply and demand. In the local sense, he is an employer; in the larger sense, he is an employee, who would doubtless welcome any form of security. As often as not, he has taken trading risks to avoid the greater and more degrading risks inherent in wage-servitude.

The inference is that the individual profiteer is now merged into an impersonal system of capitalism, which he must serve as faithfully as the small trader serves his creditors. He is entangled in a financial network from which he seldom escapes into comparative independence. It is this capitalism, as a system, that is now considerate enough to take the risks and kind enough to seize the profits. The financial situation created by the war is the immediate preoccupation of the leaders and thinkers of the system. The financial policy to be adopted, with the degree of organised Labour's acquiescence, will indubitably colour and in-

fluence Western Civilisation for a generation or more. It is of the first importance, therefore, that the leaders of Labour should grasp the full significance of the capitalist proposals.

The re-adaptation of the industrial machine to civil purposes is obviously the first consideration. To that end, credit must be arranged on a large scale. But our credit is already pledged beyond reckoning to pay our war-debts. The question, therefore, is whether the old system of credit can stand the added strain of re-adaptation, or whether a new system must be evolved. But a more searching question must have priority. If finance and capital have, as they claim, been responsible for industrial policy in pre-war days, what have they to say for their stewardship? It is common ground that in 1914 capitalist policy had driven Labour into active and bitter opposition. There were strikes and rumours of strikes; Capital, in its forcible-feeble way, was threatening to abdicate; there was an atmosphere of disquiet and foreboding. That was bad enough; but how had finance and capital applied their powers? Had they put the forces at their disposal to the best economic use? In 1913, quoting from a preliminary report of the Census of Production, I wrote:—

“There are probably fifteen million employees engaged in wealth production or wealth distribution. But we find from this table that less than seven millions are directly engaged in production. It will be necessary to inquire how far Guild organisation can economise on distribution. If we put the cost of production at 100, it will be found that the ultimate cost to the consumer varies between 140 and 220.”\*

From the same source, it was found that, even in production, the administrative personnel was excessive—foremen, clerks, and the like. Thus, in the building trade, there were 37,000; there were 14,000 in iron and steel factories; in the shipbuilding yards, 9,000; in the engineering shops, 39,000; clothing, 50,000; boots and shoes, 9,000; printing and bookbinding, 16,000. Altogether, in the productive trades, there was an army of 220,000 overseers, foremen, and clerks. Thus, when finance and capital claim to be industrial leaders, we are entitled to examine their credentials with critical eyes. If to these facts we add wretched housing accommodation and a low standard of life amongst the mass of population, we may remark that, in the past, finance and capital have little with which to plume themselves. Accordingly, it is but prudent to receive their proposals with considerable caution.

“Finance,” says Dr. Ellis T. Powell, “is collated human experience, applied to the aggregation of capital and its scientific diffusion and distribution in such a manner as to produce the maximum result with the minimum of risk. Finance and capital are two distinct things. Capital is the blood, finance the brain. Capital is the mechanic, finance the craftsman.”†

After such a pronouncement, I naturally look with anxiety to what Finance, in its rôle of brains, has to say about our present difficulties. The Committee on Currency and Foreign Exchanges, being composed of finance pur sang, under the Chairmanship of Lord Cunliffe, Governor of the Bank of England, has issued its report, from which I gather that “it will be clear that the conditions necessary to the maintenance of an effective gold standard in this country no longer exist, and it is imperative that they should be restored without delay. . . . The uncertainty of the monetary situation will handicap our industry, our position as an inter-

national financial centre will suffer, and our general commercial status in the eyes of the world will be lowered.” These guardians of gold billets are clearly of opinion that there’s nothing like leather. Nor do they tell us—an oversight, no doubt—what the banks stand to gain by reverting to dear pounds. But they are not alone in wishing to return to the gold standard. The Committee on the Provision of Financial Facilities after the War, presided over by Sir R. Vassar-Smith, who is not unconnected, I think, with a great banking institution, also reports:—

“It is essential for the reconstitution of industry and commerce to impose restrictions as soon as possible upon the creation of additional credit by the restoration of an effective gold standard. The Committee accordingly recommend the cessation of State-borrowing as early as possible, all available money being required for the financing of commerce and industry.”

In plain terms, the State must not borrow for re-adaptation, however urgent; that must be left to the banks, with their effective gold standard. I begin to wonder whether this yellow metal is some strange talisman whose touch kills poverty as the King’s hand scurvy. Some property in it escapes my search with tantalising iteration. Restore the gold standard, and, hey presto! commerce and industry thrive; let mere State credit continue, and “our general commercial status, in the eyes of the world, will be lowered.” It is a solemn thought. Distracted with doubts and fears, I return to Dr. Ellis Powell, who, as Editor of the “Financial News,” and author of “The Evolution of the Money Market,” should know a thing or two. Can it be possible that Finance, the brains, the craftsman, “the King-power, the supreme vitalising force of the future” speaks with two voices? Says Dr. Powell: “Even now the interim report of Lord Cunliffe’s Committee speaks of the re-establishment of the gold standard, though the proposition is almost as fatuous as a suggested restoration of the Heptarchy. . . . Even now we are not awake to the deadly fact that a regenerated world cannot measure its multitudinous transactions in a commodity which is subject to incessant and catastrophic variations in value. Half our social troubles for three centuries, and practically all our industrial unrest for forty years, have been the direct result of a ‘standard’ consisting of a fluctuating commodity, existent only in a limited quantity. We cannot allow this malaise to exert, over the arena of international business and social relations, the same disturbing and mischievous influence which it has exercised here.”

One welcomes such a declaration from so distinguished a writer; but has he not destroyed his own thesis? How can he reconcile his statement that finance is “collated human experience,” and the rest, when the financial leaders emphatically demand something that Dr. Powell contemptuously dismisses as “fatuous,” and elsewhere as a “fetish”? I am afraid the plain man will conclude that, however golden its helm, the financial Colossus has feet of clay. As for the alleged “brains” . . .

The war has but brought nearer its culmination a movement, or, rather, a tendency, to establish function as a definite and dominant factor in our social and economic life. It is in function that rights will be established; it is around function—the philosophic “thing” of Señor de Maetz and the “value” of Mr. Robieson—that men and women will cluster, claiming that, if they truly function, the world is theirs. Lombard Street will soon discover that it cannot measure these functions and their “multitudinous transactions” with its ridiculous gold yard-stick. Lord Cunliffe and Sir R. Vassar-Smith may jingle their gold coins on their bank counters, or, with due ceremony, visit their bank

\* “National Guilds,” page 127, “A Survey of the Material Factors.”

† “The Financial Review of Reviews,” December, 1918. “Future of International Finance,” by Ellis T. Powell, LL.B., D.Sc.

vaults to count the glittering contents. The world has swept past such ju-ju worship: is rapidly discovering other methods of estimating service, notably this: that credit operations will be "based upon wealth, as a whole, upon wealth in the real sense of the word—the means of welfare—and not upon a metal which possesses unique properties capable of utilisation in the world of art, but is only a begetter of economic upheaval and tragedy in the world of business."

In a society where function is undeveloped or indeterminate, it may well be that the money-changers perform a service of some social value; but as the community progresses towards effective organisation, function becomes defined, whilst wise organisation gives it elbow-room and provides for its necessities. The "risks," such as they are, are diffused through the community in general and the organised industries in particular. It is obvious that a great industry, every member of which is at his allotted post, will never submit to an external agency, such as finance, in the guidance and valuation of its activities and products. The attempts now being made by Lombard Street to recover the disappearing gold standard would prove an expiring effort if organised Labour knew its business and understood the true inwardness of credit. The danger confronting us to-day is that Labour, drugged with politics, may ignorantly acquiesce in a reversion to financial methods, which could easily be rendered obsolete. It is the simple truth that a return to the 1914 gold standard would be a catastrophe. A catastrophe not unwelcome to those who seek economic revolution by catastrophic means.

Is it, we may ask, something more than a coincidence that we to-day witness two concurrent movements, the one rejecting the commodity valuation of labour, the other rejecting a commodity currency standard? Both have something in common; both are striving to be released from the fetters of inanimate measurement; both aim at the enlargement of human liberty; both find themselves faced with a common enemy. Beyond that the resemblance vanishes. The individual profiteer wants credit that he may survive as a profiteer; the National Guildsman desires him to merge into the ranks of the salariat, not only for his own good, but that National Guilds may be the sooner established. But we have seen that the individual profiteer, qua profiteer, is already a misnomer: exists only by virtue of his function in production or distribution: lives at the beck and call of capitalism: has no future as a profiteer: must mount the functional chariot or be crushed under its wheels. The problem, therefore, of the profiteer can only be solved by the solution of credit, because he lives on and by credit. A fundamental change in our methods of credit, particularly if it take the form of group credit, obtained by conscious group responsibility, effectually disposes of the profiteer, so far as his own person is concerned, and equally effectually destroys the foundation of the capitalist system. When great industrial groups are strong enough and wise enough to organise their own credit, by lending or borrowing their own products, or their equivalents, finance will pipe to Labour in vain.

How far we are from that stage in economic development I do not pretend to know. But we may find the Achilles heel of finance in the definition of finance already quoted, "collated human experience." Finance cannot claim to have collated human experience until it has called Labour into council. That is precisely what it shrinks from, contending that finance is no business of Labour's. When Labour decides that credit is most emphatically its business, finance may proceed "to collate" further "human experience." The collation will be a discovery; the discovery will be its death.

S. G. H.

## Ibsen and His Creation.

By Janko Lavrin.

### IV.—THE DRAMA OF THE MORAL SUPER-MAN. (The dilemma of Brand).

#### I.

It is not difficult to observe in modern humanity a more or less achieved differentiation between the religious and the moral consciousness. After religion had been maimed by one-sided "science and reason," and still more by the official "religions," moral truth has, so to speak, cut itself off from religious truth and set up as an autonomous entity, aiming at an independent existence.

This tendency, however, has proved dangerous not only to religion but also to morals. For the more autonomous and emancipated morality becomes the more it loses its super-individual basis and *raison d'être*. The moral instinct, if robbed of its super-individual religious impulse, naturally arrives either at a purely utilitarian basis which leads towards compulsory civic "virtues" and mechanical moral drill, or at individual moral egotism, the logical results of which are self-will and moral anarchy. There is still a third dangerous possibility, namely—narrow puritanism, leading again to moral pride with its self-sufficient and very unethical consciousness of one's personal ethical perfection. That often occurs especially in Protestantism which made, by the way, one of the greatest attempts to subdue the religious to the moral consciousness. But the more the former is engulfed by the latter the more moralising becomes religion—until it degenerates into a mere dry and formal code of moral duties.

We live at the present time in an epoch in which the moral consciousness begins to realise the final consequences of its complete autonomy, in order to avoid which it instinctively seeks again for a firmer basis—in religious consciousness. But just when this is most needed and desired we find that it is almost atrophied. While feeling that a purely moral way of life is not by any means a religious way of life, we seek in vain for that religious impulse which leads to the fullest expression and assertion of life as a whole.

Being aware of this deficiency, we try, however, to become religious "on principle." Instead of a real religious consciousness, we hope to have at least its intellectual substitute—a religious "Weltanschauung" which we usually form according to our moral principles and *pia desideria*, endeavouring to impose them upon reality in order to mould it according to them. Instead of going from religion to morals, we try to move from morals to religion, forgetting that moral and religious values may be on quite different planes.

Of course, the stronger one's will, operating in this direction, the more fatal may be the misunderstanding not only of Religion, but also of Life. The highest assertion of one's personal will may lead in such a case to one-sidedness and even to the violation of life, in spite of all the good intentions; for moral impulses—if dictated only by moral principles—usually turn out to be the fiercest tyrants, denying and condemning everything that does not agree with them. A strong moral will, severed from a profound religious value and love, is the origin of fanatic moral intolerance which is the more narrow and dangerous the more genuine the impulse—especially when the moralist sees in it a higher mission.

It is one of our great misfortunes that, seeing all the insufficiency of the irreligious attitude towards life, we have a *will to Religion*, and yet at the same time are incapable of having the religious will—that will which alone can reconcile the sternest moral exigencies and duties with the greatest fullness and joy of life, thus asserting life in its totality. Our will is either too immoral or too moral, but it is never religious.

We could find many illustrations of this in our everyday life in contemporary art and thought. Among modern spirits we may point out just Henrik Ibsen as belonging to those who have an extremely strong and stern moral consciousness, and, at the same time, almost no religious consciousness.

This fact gives the clue to his personal seeking and inner drama, as well as to many of his heroes. One of the foremost places in this respect belongs, of course, to his "Brand." Moreover, this powerful dramatic poem is the most typical work of the first half of Ibsen's literary activity. It is to a great extent a spiritual self-portraying and self-anatomy. "Brand is myself in my best moments," confesses Ibsen, and indeed—Brand's dilemma helps us in understanding many of the motives of Ibsen's later dramas, as well as Ibsen himself.

## II.

First of all, we discover in Brand a typical moralist and, at the same time, the embodiment of a tremendous will which endeavours to assert itself in spite of every-thing.

It is Will alone that matters,  
Will alone that mars or makes,  
Will that no distraction scatters,  
And that no resistance breaks.\*

That is his motto. And with this will "that no resistance breaks" he declares war on all that is "human too human," war on average man, on average virtue, on average sin, on all that is "light-heart, faint-heart and wild-heart," protesting against his whole sick age. Such a protest he considers as his highest duty, for he sees his mission in nothing less than in the refashioning of man and earth.

It is our age whose pining flesh  
Craves burial at these hands of mine.

And, indeed, in so far as he blames and whips all the spiritual pettiness, shallowness and cowardice of his age, he is great and magnificent; but when he tries to "build" he fails—in spite of his super-human endeavours. With his unswerving, uncompromising "all or nothing" he stands among his weak and will-less fellow-creatures as a Titan among pigmies. The only thing he sees before him is the individual "call," the great mission he has to fulfil. But the more he is absorbed by this task the more narrow and cruel becomes his will to everything that does not fully coincide with it.

Already in Brand's first meeting with Einar we see Ibsen's antithesis: the merry bridegroom Einar, thinking but of happiness and joy of life without caring very much for its "call," is confronted with the stern Brand who is prepared to sacrifice for the sake of his "Categorical Imperative" not only his own happiness, but the happiness of everybody if necessary.

That is what he does in fact. While wishing to assert his spiritual self ("self completely to fulfil"), he resolutely opposes the same self to all "earthly" things—to joy, to happiness, to passion. Instead of a full and harmonious self-realisation, the puritan super-man Brand asserts only one part of his total self—by ascetic renunciation, by repressing all instincts and impulses which impede him in his spiritual self-conquest and moralised "will to power." He is strong in his renunciation and heroic struggle, but his will is one-sided and in essence irreligious—in spite of all its morality. Brand's ego does not transcend and widen itself in a mystical religious fusion with God. On the contrary, he narrows God to the size of his own categorical imperative. In other words, his God is nothing but the projection of his one-sided moral "will to power" and at the same time a protesting dialectical antithesis to the compromising "God" of Einar and other worthy folks:—

Ye need, such feebleness to brook,  
A God who'll through his fingers look,

\* Quotations are taken from Herford's translation. (Heinemann.)

Who, like yourselves, is hoary grown,  
And keeps a cap for his bald crown.  
Mine is another kind of God! . . .

And here Brand describes Him in the same manner as he would describe and symbolise his own striving and stormy Will to power. His God turns out to be

. . . . young like Hercules,  
No hoary sipper of life's lees!  
His voice rang through the dazzled night  
When He, within the burning wood,  
By Moses upon Horeb's height  
As by a pigmy's pigmy stood.  
In Gibeon's vale He stay'd the sun,  
And wonders without end has done,  
And wonders without end would do,  
Were not the age grown sick—like you.

## III.

Thus, the God of Brand is not *Deus caritatis*, but *Deus voluntatis*—a fiction of Brand's own will to power and for the sake of his own strength and power. He sacrifices, in fact, his happiness, the salvation of his own mother, the lives of his son and wife—in order to assert his own moral strength and self-conquest. . . .

Besides, in his titanic but narrow striving he is as cruel and pitiless towards himself as towards others. His tremendous will has laid, as it were, icy fetters upon his soul—in order to arrive at a full triumph. Therefore, love is foreign to him; moreover, it is his greatest danger—in so far as it may weaken the impetus of his will and "call." Unconsciously he even avoids great love, but always welcomes that great hatred which emphasises his protest and moral indignation. To him "the sovereign Love is Hate."

What the world calls by that name "Love"  
I know not and I reck not of.  
God's love I recognise alone,  
Which melts not at the piteous plaint,  
Which is not moved by dying groan,  
And its caress is chastisement.

Conforming not his will to God (whom he does not know), but his god to his will, he thus arrives at unconscious moral Egotism and pride. Brand becomes a saint and even a martyr—out of moral pride. . . . His wife, Agnes, divines one of his profoundest features when she exclaims:—

How stern! It is thy pride of will  
That scorns the darkness and the chill!

Consequently, the more "moral" his will becomes the less it is—religious. (The difference between these two wills is the same as the difference between Brand and Christ.) That is why his "Christianity" is as far from Christ as that official Christianity against which he protests and struggles.

## IV.

Brand tried to subdue Life to his "call" not in the name of a religious super-individual Value, but in the name of his individual puritan will. And the results we see first of all in Agnes who is grieving on Christmas Eve after her dead child—sacrificed to Brand's "pride of will."

Closed, all closed with bolt and bar!  
Seals on every passion set!  
Seal'd the grave and seal'd the sky,  
Seal'd to feel and to forget!  
I will out! I gasp for breath  
In this lonely house of death.

We see them again on a big scale in the last act where the flock follows Brand like a new Messiah—in expectation of the great miracle which should renew earth and life. However, it is not great Will that performs miracles, but great Love—that religious Love which was unknown to the moralist Brand. At the critical moment he had nothing to offer to his followers—nothing but his Will and renunciation for the sake of



the Will. . . . Therefore, he was deserted and stoned by the people who went back to their valley, seduced by the compromising and cunning "vultures of the law."

The persecuted and lonely Brand takes refuge among the icy peaks of the mountains—far from men and the world, in the company of the mad Gerd. And here begins the sub-conscious reaction against his "categorical imperative."

It would lead us too far to analyse the tremendous nightmare phantoms, doubts and new temptations which there haunted Brand's weary and disillusioned spirit. Everything which he was longing for crumbled away, even the faith in the power and efficiency of his superhuman Will.

Worm, thou mayst not win His spirit—  
For Death's cup thou hast consumed;  
Fear his will, or do not fear it,  
Equally Thy work is doom'd.

Thus sings the Invisible Choir in the sough of the storm. . . . Tortured by the growing hopelessness, by his desperation, by the wild images of his own madness, Brand at last exclaims—as though cursing his heroic struggle for whose sake he banned all the sunlight, happiness and joy of life:—

Hence! a thousand miles away!  
How I long to fly afar,  
Where the sunlight and the balm  
And the holy hush of calm,  
And Life's summer-kingdoms are!

Here, in his terrible defeat, he begins to realise that the God of Will is not yet the God of Life. Bursting into helpless tears, he realises that Christ was far from him, for he did not know His great Love.

Jesus, I have cried and pleaded—  
From Thy bosom still outcast;  
Thou hast pass'd me by unheeded  
As a well-worn word is passed.  
Of salvation's vesture, stain'd,  
Let me clasp one fold at last.

And in his great humiliation—after his "pride of will" had absolutely vanished—he attains what he could not attain in his proud struggle; he perceives, as it were, weeping, "radiant, clear and with an air of renewed youth," a new light: for the first time he is on the verge of real Religion—

Through the Law an ice-track led—  
Then broke summer overhead!  
Till to-day I strove alone  
To be God's pure tablet-stone;  
From to-day my life shall stream  
Lambent glowing, as a dream.  
The ice-fetters break away,  
I can weep—and kneel—and pray!

His religious consciousness, which was fettered so long by his puritanism, flares up, but here comes the retribution. No sooner does Brand perceive his new light than the thunder of an avalanche grows louder and louder. Crouching under the descending snowy mass, he still exclaims in a supreme death-anguish:—

God, I plunge into death's night,  
Shall they wholly miss Thy Light  
Who unto man's utmost might  
Will'd—?

The avalanche buries him, and through the thunder a Voice answers: "He is—God of Love!" (Han er—Deus caritatis!) . . .

Thus Ibsen himself undermined—perhaps against his will—his moral super-man Brand, showing the one-sidedness and insufficiency of a striving Will which is only moral without being religious. One could even add that a Will which is only "moral" is for this very reason—immoral. . . .

In Ibsen's next drama, "Peer Gynt," we meet a similar dilemma from the opposite side.

## Recent Verse.

GEORGE FABER. In the Valley of Vision. (Blackwell. 3s. net.)

"In the Valley of Vision" is the first of Messrs. Blackwell's series of "Initiates," containing, we are told, "poetry by proved hands." Captain Geoffrey Faber deserves this minor honour; for the present volume, though "written in time of war," reveals a practised if not a proved hand. It all depends what you mean by "proved." In the sense of having survived a previous publication, there is not much merit in the word; anybody with a few pounds to spend can survive a whole series of publications. In the sense of having survived criticism, there is likewise little merit in your "proved," since nowadays it must go very hard with anybody who cannot show as many favourable as unfavourable reviews of his work. We may take it, however, that Captain Faber is not seeking credit on mere equivocations, but on achievement approved by sensible criticism; and in that spirit we open his new volume. The poem dedicatory to his father and brother places us at once in a large atmosphere—large and serious. The rhythm is powerful and the impulse is almost tidal. The following verse is the quietest, but it reveals the strength and weakness of the author:—

And since, dear brother, for this cause you too died,  
For the grave and sweet of freedom, and the grave sweet  
countryside,  
I will not mourn, nor be but glad at heart.  
Kinship hath given me pride. Pride too can play grief's  
part.

The weaknesses are obvious. The repetition of "too" is bad; and the last line is mechanical. But the third line is good, and the second only needs an inversion of order to be still better.

For the sweet and grave of freedom, and the grave sweet  
countryside.

"Retrospect (June, 1915)" is the longest and most characteristic of Captain Faber's poems. It is more rhetorical than poetic and is seldom quiet enough for the hush of poetry. Poetry is the voice of the silence; it never agitates, but it always calms. The business of rhetoric, on the other hand, is to evoke demonstration. Here is a little picture:—

Dew-drenched fields a-smoke in summer dawns.

And here is a fancy trying in vain to rise into imagination:—

Of yellow primrose and blue hyacinth  
Melting together, as the yellow sands  
Melt in the blue tide of the oncoming sea.

The careful adjustment of colours is artificial; and Meredith's box of paints in the yellow stanza of "Love in the Valley" has obviously been drawn upon. A longer passage may be quoted as an illustration of Captain Faber's gift of rhetoric. The subject is Commerce.

Westward she went, the wanton not of kings,  
But Empire; whore of cities; rich, unclean,  
Soulless; desiring only more and more  
Subjection underneath her feet. The immense  
Earth was her footstool; she cast her shoe  
On Europe, in America she triumphed.  
From bourne to bourne of Africa she passed.  
Savagery grew more savage for the smell  
Which floated in her tracks. And even the huge  
Tranced hordes of Asia through their unslumbering  
sloth

Stirred; and old rivers faster flowed; and gods  
Rocked hideously and spat their monstrous threats  
At the new upstart. Little was that to her!  
Fated to universal tyranny  
She smiled to see such mouthings and passed on.  
Of her were all the ancient stories told—  
The incubus, the vampire, which in sleek  
Semblance of woman sucks her lover's blood.  
So was it with us. We placed her over all.  
We put our necks beneath her feet. We made  
Sacrifice of all things, honour, love, and joy

It will be seen that this is really an impassioned prose, a piece of oratory; and that its object is to arouse indignation. A proper object and a proper subject—but not for poetry. Indeed, Captain Faber is aware of it, for the verse continues:—

Sole of the Muses, she whom I obey,  
Stainless remaining, bent not her proud head,  
But grave eyes fixt upon the eternal stars  
Steadfastly kept, and solitary watch. . . .

Tears sprang not

Into her eyes; they were not in her voice.

Tears are nevertheless in the voice of this poem; and thus the author stands self-condemned. Contrast all this din with a couplet to be found in a later poem, "Loyalty." The opening interrogatory is, of course, rhetorical; but the reply is poetry.

How dare I name life ill? Have I not seen  
Love looking round him in the misty fields?

That pleasing image is the best that Captain Faber has to give us; and when he wrote it he was obeying his Muse. It is probable, however, that the author's power of rhythm is too much at present for his power of meditation. He rows an eight in a skiff. What he is looking for is a subject equal to his weight. Only once does he come near to finding it in his poem "Wherefore, O God!"

God! My soul is like to a sea run dry.

The wings of morning are withered, the tides are weary  
and spent,

And the floor of my heart is wet with my misery;

And there lie the foundered ships—lost *Hope* and  
broken *Intent*.

It is in this direction and that already indicated in the couplet above quoted that Captain Faber will find his perfection. But the end is still a great way off.

GEOFFREY WHITWORTH. *Father Noah and Other Fancies*.  
(Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d. net.)

"Father Noah" is a little play the setting of which is the Ark during the Flood. The Ark, you must know, had a "bung-hole" (Mr. Whitworth does not shrink from the word); and after a miserable dispute between Noah's sons concerning the division of the earth, Noah is tempted to take out the bung and so to put an end to all life. *Spurlos versankt!* We cannot wonder at his indecision if his sons were as black as Mr. Whitworth paints them. The whole crew seems to have been bawdy; and even Noah himself presumes the comprehension of his nine-year-old grand-daughter:—

Shall the clay judge the potter,  
Or the child the father that begat him?

Modesty forbade the little girl to reply! The "other Fancies" of the volume have fewer associations to steady them; and, in consequence, they fall very low indeed.

Down in a glen wandering over-bold  
Asleep I found my love to-day;  
A flower among the flowers she lay  
A fairy flake of cream and gold.

Meredith is responsible for the fancy, but not, O not, for the pastry-cook's images of the last line. Meredith, again, is the inspiration of the following:—

White was her forehead,  
White was her breast.

But the nightgown is Mr. Whitworth's own contribution:—

And pink through her nightgown  
Like roses in a mist. . . .

The roses themselves in a later poem start undressing à la Ronsard. The meaning of it all, of course, is that Mr. Whitworth is a sentimentalist—also after the definition of Meredith. He fiddles harmonics on the strings of what-do-you-call-it. Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox is another of his inspirations; and once, at least, we catch a familiar ballad-air of the music halls:—

For I've built a grey house in the hollow,  
And no one else will be there.

Mr. Whitworth has travelled, it seems; and this is what he has brought home from "Dinard, 1913":—

A sunny place, it has been called,  
for People that are Shady.  
And in truth you can talk there  
with a certain kind of lady  
Regardless of relations  
or of Madam Grundy's frown;  
And there's lots of fun at Dinard  
when the sun goes down.

In an introductory Letter to a friend at the Front to accompany the gift of this volume, Mr. Whitworth hints at the political significance of "Father Noah"; from which grimace we assume him to pretend to be something of a social critic and satirist. But "other Fancies" dispose of the claim; they even establish the counter-claim of society.

STEPHEN MAGUIRE.

## Drama,

By John Francis Hope.

It is not so many years since the cinematograph was hailed not only as a rival but as the probable successor of the human theatre; and most of us can remember the feverish haste with which cinema-theatres were erected. I believe that there are now about four thousand in this country. The human theatre was supposed to be suffering from the actor, and particularly the actor-manager; and the cinematograph, by abolishing the actor except as the "only begetter" of the pictures was supposed to offer, in some unexplained fashion, a superior form of art to that provided by theatrical performances. Actually, it only established a new machine industry, in which, although the initial costs might be large, the reproductive and the running costs were very small. Instead of abolishing the actor, the cinematograph made him ubiquitous; he might be seen (but not heard, as he was reduced to the status of a good little boy) at a hundred places in a given country at the same time; the cinematograph offered him to the poorer public at a reduced price. In the full flush of enthusiasm (the period, by the way, coincided with the boom in rubber shares), it could be pretended that the cinematograph offered "apparent pictures of unapparent natures," and was necessarily a form of art because it conformed to the Zoroastrian definition of poetry. But the public, like the Lady of Shalott, the most notable and probably the first of English witnesses of "moving pictures," has at last said: "I am half sick of shadows": and turned back to the theatre.

The present prosperity of the theatres is phenomenal; theatre-going is no longer a form of pleasure, it is a mania as marked and as violent as the dancing and boxing manias that are now affecting the metropolis, and is being catered for by some of the same speculators. Let us not deceive ourselves; there is no dramatic revival, there is a revival of theatre-going which has created such a demand for theatres that rentals of £400 and £500 a week are commonly demanded and paid. It does not matter how poor a play is, it finds an audience; "Scandal," for example, of which I wrote in my last article, is mere drivel, but it has settled down to the usual monotony of success—and I notice that Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard have engaged Mr. Arthur Bourchier to act for them for some years, perhaps because they regard "Ole Bill" as a mascot. The thirty odd theatres of the West-End are not enough to accommodate those who wish to see our almost human performances, and there are rumours that about a dozen new theatres are to be built. It is believed that the boom will last, and that

theatre-building is, therefore, a good speculation; for it is the speculators, not the dramatists, nor the actors, who are providing and controlling the provision of the amusements of London.

The feature of this development is its syndicated control; Drury Lane has just passed to Sir Alfred Butt, and the rumours of building introduce no new names to the public. What has happened to the Press has befallen the theatres; five or six groups of men are deciding what the public wants in theatrical performances just as a similar group decides what it shall know in politics. "Bread and circuses," was the policy of a dying Rome; and I wonder whether "standard bread and revues" is to be the policy of a dying London. Anyhow, those who remember a little history will remember how Lorenzo de Medici corrupted the democracy of Florence by his manipulation of its artistic exercises, amused the crowd with masques, and plays, and poems, while he made himself dictator of Florence. The obvious parity between the present situation in politics, in industry, in the Press, and in the theatre, the growth of syndicated control in all these activities, would make us wonder whether there was a similar intention of corrupting the democracy of England, of diverting its mind from politics and the consideration of its own status—if we could credit our rulers with any intentions. "Whoso settles the canon defines the creed," is true not only in theology; and, as I say, it is a handful of men who are settling the canon in politics, industry, journalism, and the theatre—and it needs only a glance at our newspapers, including the theatrical advertisement column, to see the creed in which we are asked to believe.

The obvious re-action of this policy of syndicated control on the status of the actor is demonstrated by the transformation of the Actors' Association into a Trade Union. They were artists, and artists associate; they are now wage-earners, and wage-earners combine. It is not so very long since the Association adopted its "progressive policy," as it is called; but it has gained an average of a hundred new members a week, including most of the well-known actors in London. Its main object is to obtain a living wage for all who are in the profession; even the actor sees that there is no reason why he should starve for the benefit of a few shareholders in a syndicate, whose chief concern is profits. How long it will take the theatrical profession to run through the historical stages of trade unionism, and to join in the demand for the workers' share in control, I cannot prophesy; but they have quickly reached the first stage in development—a leading London manager, we are told, has declared a boycott against the Actors' Association, and will refuse to employ its members. The proper answer to this is, of course, a blackleg-proof Union, first of all, and, secondly, that the Actors' Association should prepare itself to take over this manager's theatres and run them when he files the inevitable bankruptcy petition. The way out of wage-slavery leads to management, and the actors will resume their status as artists so soon as they control their own employment, and become, in the old phrase, "servants of the public," instead of slaves of the syndicates. When the Actors' Association becomes the Actor-Managers' Association, and includes everybody concerned in a theatrical performance, we shall be nearer our deliverance from the present debauch of drivel. Even the dramatist might turn his attention to the stage when he discovered that the artists were in control of it, and that he was not working for a syndicate of wholesale providers of amusement who are as ready to finance boxing contests and dancing-halls as they are to put the maximum number of women in a minimum quantity of clothes on the stage of a London theatre. We might even be able to see drama at the theatre if—but this is speculation.

## Art Notes.

By B. H. Dias.

### CANADIAN WAR MEMORIAL: A COMMENDATION.

THE present Canadian war exhibit at Burlington House is a very pleasant surprise; for the first time in "history" or for at least the first time in one's memory quite a reasonable number of good paintings have been hung in these spacious galleries; and when one considers what official art is; when one considers the difficulties of gathering three hundred or four hundred pictures, painted to order, illustrating a given subject, one is more than ready to commend the work of the Canadian War Records office. The show is more or less what the "Academy" ought to be; that is to say, all schools of contemporary painting are represented without dogmatic bias. The gamut extends from the deplorable efforts of Mr. Bundy to the work of the moderns, John, Lewis, Turnbull, Kennington, Nash, and through various intervening schools, to the quiet paintings of Talmage, Gilman, Kerr-Lawson.

Mr. Bundy's canvases are the sort of coloured soap and scented dishwater which a discredited body like the Royal Academy might have been expected to unload on the Ottawa savages had no other force intervened; but these two horrors are exceptions in the exhibit.

Turnbull is the discovery of the committee. His pictures, painted as if from the actual airplane, combine designs good enough for the most abstract art with the "representation" demanded by Sir Claude Phillips and his unintelligent following. Apart from the fact that Mr. Turnbull's work can be demonstrated to show the wings, guns, etc., of the airplanes and patches of field beneath them, there is nothing to segregate it from the admiration of the advanced spectator who has already discovered virtue in Picasso, Matisse, the futurists, cubists and vorticists. In 77 he might have made the wing-outlines a little more definite; a matter simply of repainting one or two lines with a little more smoothness and hardness. Nash shows four or five drawings which we have already commended in our note on his own exhibition. Mr. Kennington is very skilful, and the elephant huts is a good composition. Mr. Roberts' sort of SS (double s) melange is rather confused; there is flurry but no "dust of action," and the red of the Zouave uniforms is not quite satisfactory in relation to the rest of the canvas; it suggests the displeasing posterism of Byam-Shaw. Still Roberts' picture is one of the good pieces in the show, and one must consider that he had to make a greater break with his former work (vorticist) than let us say Sims or Gilman.

Mr. Lewis' picture will excite comment. Certainly many officials must have shuddered at the thought of having "Blast's" editor thrust among them, and it is difficult to conceive what Mr. Lewis' mental attitude must have been while trying to meet official commissions. The picture has sinister tone, as befits a painting of war. The design is clean and apparent, and in this it contrasts most favourably with nearly all the other large canvases, its composition gaining by contrast with Roberts' curleycues shown beside it. The faces are intense and intent on the matter in hand, i.e. working the gun; the khaki and mud are held by the El Greco blue of the sky. The most interesting parts are the red leather waistcoat and the big pink-shirted nigger in the foreground, painted more nearly as one would imagine Mr. Lewis would have painted had he not been on an official job. Indeed, the feline negro is quite up to Lewis' own standard, or at any rate worthy of the painter of *Kermess*, the *Red Duet*, the *Timon* portfolio.

John's panorama is not yet painted. One needs to get far back from the huge charcoal drawing to un-

tangle it. At present it is of uneven interest, the drawing excellent in parts; presumably the colour will clarify the composition. It is now a promissory note; but it promises a good deal and bids fair to demonstrate the value of official encouragement of painting. I mean that John has been getting slacker and slacker for some years; he has been repeating himself; this chance to cover some hundreds of square yards of canvas with the surety that it will be properly hung in a suitable building and with proper perspective has evidently been the needed stimulus, and there is no reason why the result should not stand comparison with the Rubens room in the Louvre, the big Italian renaissance frescoes, or the mural work of Tiepolo.

One cannot see three hundred and fifty-five pictures in two hours and know all about all of them. I have mentioned the main points of interest. The Canadian artists: Varley, Gyrrh Russel, A. J. Munnings, deserve commendation. Brangwyn's "Vimy" (278) is perhaps the best of the lithographs. Taking the pictures in detail, as far as fatigue permits, I found: Cameron (3) touch of quality; Nevinson (4) muzzy, Nevinson "Roads in France" worse than even I had expected of him; Gilman (5) Halifax Harbour, air and light, rather good; S. J. Soloman (7) Moroni, manqué; Gyrrh Russel (9) good colour; Byam-Shaw (10) symbolic bluff; Anna Airy (17) Luxembourg, old Paris salon stuff; C. Sims "Sacrifice" (20) symbolic pseudo-impressiveness, well painted in parts; A. Atwood (23) granulated and blurred; Jack (28) certain amount of movement, but . . . ; Laura Knight (29) has learned nothing from Segonzac; on the whole rather deplorable; Forbes (31) granulated; N. Wilkinson (33) water questionable; Kerr-Lawson, Ypres cloth-hall, well drawn; Lavery (46 and 51) clear air; Kennington (63) skilful; Lewis (66) discussed above; Roberts (67) ditto; W. Rothenstein (68) washy; (71) "Whistlerian" pastel; Nevinson (78-81) bad, as noted; Varley (92) good, vide supra; B. Lintot (93) high class oleo; A. Barne (109) good portrait; G. E. Moira (96) post-Puvist prettifying, but probably well planned to fit into the well-designed building, painting as an adjunct of architecture; Ambrose McEvoy (102) better than usual, (111) slop; Bundy (116) soap, as noted; (123) comic effect, false colour *à la* 1871; A. Y. Jackson (122, 124, 125) good; Varley (131), Russel (134) merit, as noted; L. Weirter (135) nowhere in particular; Cullen (137) merit; Munnings (147) merit; Talmage, forestry corps pictures, (174) etc. merit. Derwent Wood handles his bronze well, and is, I think, the best sculptor in England after Epstein; one wishes he were less photographic, but in the "Golgotha" he has manipulated his medium well; the thing is not the horror the "Daily Mail" had led one to expect; the bricks of the wall are not spoiled sugar marble; he has skilfully avoided the fatal trap of the Cross which is so apt to ruin design, and gets an interesting composition by the obtuse V of the arms, against the two sets of beams in the wall, and the repetition of the V more acute in the grouping of the Huns; the treatment of the crucified officer's coat and collar in continuous loop-line, contributes well to the composition. Moira (192) no *raison d'être*; J. W. Beatty (194) commendable try for stylization; L. Richmond (216) poor medium for subject, much better in smaller pictures (217), etc.; Armington (262) economy of pigment, clean; R. Jack (269) sort of thing to which he might confine himself with advantage.

In conclusion, one should say a word in commendation of the whole scheme, and of Rickard's admirable plans for the building which is to contain the collection. The architect has a fine flair for space. The presence of pictures in Burlington House naturally recalls the Academy. Last year we suggested a means of improving it; failing that or in addition to it, the present show leads one to suggest that Mr. Konody should be

made a committee of one to select, hang, draw, quarter and otherwise manage the Academy exhibits until some more drastic measure can be provided. He has at least demonstrated that the action of officialdom in the arts need not be wholly malign. One does not know what resistance he has overcome, or how much further he would have gone if left to his own free will. Official art must, I suppose, be comprehensible to the majority of the electorate; that being so, the Canadian Committee may be felicitated on having done about as well as possible.

On the other hand: there was more war in the repeated V angles of the "Revolt" and in the funeral picture at Marinetti's pre-war futurist show than anywhere in this exhibition. The Canadians have given a black eye to the "Tate" and to the Chantrey Bequest, and the late boss of the Academy has passed into desuetude. One hopes some stir of movement has been made, but there is still plenty of room for advance, and one hopes, even though war is retrogressive in tendency, that some other Dominion or some other committee of Empire will go the whole hog, and commission the recording artists to paint the thing wholly as they have seen it and felt it; remembering that a "memorial" should speak not to the present but to the future, and that the revolution of to-day is the convention of to-morrow; and that no future generation would have blamed the French government if they had commissioned Manet in his lifetime. But when one thinks of what the Academy would have done to Ottawa, one must cordially compliment the officials and the critic who have prevented their doing it. The show is probably as good as circumstances permit; it is at any rate a move in the right direction.

All the commissioned pictures are not yet finished. I noted Wadsworth's name on the plans, and one hopes that work by Epstein, Bevan, Ginner, Hamnet, Haines, Bomberg, and a few others will be included.

## Views and Reviews.

### CATHOLICISM.

THE appearance of Mr. Leo Ward's article on "Catholicism and Modern Thought" in the last issue of THE NEW AGE interests me in many ways. Its mere appearance in this journal establishes one difference between Catholicism and Modern Thought. No Catholic paper is likely to reprint my article on "Modernism"; on the contrary, the Modernist journals themselves were either suppressed by the Church or ceased publication after the condemnation of their opinions, and the Encyclical *Pascendi* urged bishops to exert all efforts to repress dangerous literature, and directed them to take no account of the fact that a work had received the approval of another diocesan. THE NEW AGE, on the other hand, is an organ of modern thought, and permits Mr. Leo Ward to use its pages for the propaganda of Catholicism. Catholicism condemns, silences, modern thought whenever and wherever it can; modern thought, on the other hand, supplies a platform and an audience for Catholic propaganda. The difference is vital and characteristic—and it does not tell in favour of Catholicism.

I have a profound admiration for Catholic propaganda; it is a most ingenious mental exercise. First of all, it makes an abstraction; it divorces Catholicism from the Catholic Church, expounds Catholicism to suit its audience, and having satisfied its audience of the agreement between Catholicism and whatever may be the ideals of its audience, it substitutes the Catholic Church for Catholicism. THE NEW AGE, for example, has made familiar the Guild idea; so Mr. Leo Ward concludes his article by saying that I imagine 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." If THE NEW AGE were a Catholic paper, the editor would instantly proceed to adopt disciplinary measures against me; and this article would be a recantation of my opinion somewhat on the lines of the anti-Modernist oath, of which I shall say more presently. But THE NEW AGE is not a Catholic paper, nor is the Guild idea a Catholic idea; although I notice that Mr. Leo Ward, in his pamphlet: "The Faith of To-morrow: Catholic or Pagan?" embraces Mr. Arthur Penty's "Old Worlds for New" and Señor de Maeztu's "Authority, Liberty, and Function" in a common and cordial welcome. I am not an exponent of the Guild idea, nor do I profess to have an expert knowledge of Guild history; but this much I can say, that the history of the Guilds is more a history of what the Guilds did for the Church than it is a history of what the Church did for the Guilds.

But I have too much experience of controversy to be deluded by a word. "Catholicism" may be this or that in propaganda; in history and in present fact, it is a mental, moral, spiritual, and political tyranny, for it has claimed temporal power since about 1870. I do not intend at this moment to resume the history of the Catholic Church; I need only remind the readers of this journal that it is an article of religion in this country that "The Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England." When Mr. Leo Ward tells us what Catholicism is, he is speaking as much without authority as Tyrrell and the Modernists were. Tyrrell, too, identified Catholicism and Christianity, and was repudiated by the supreme authority of his Church. Catholicism is not Christianity; it is Papacy; and Papacy, like Kaiserism which it so much resembles, is the curse of the world.

If this were merely my view, it might well be ignored; I have, and claim, no authority in these matters. But I am not alone in my opinion; it is no discovery of mine that the Papacy is a tyranny, it is the commonly accepted judgment of the civilised world. Dean Inge, for example, in his article on "The Meaning of Modernism," declared that "the exigencies of despotic government supply the key to the whole policy and history of the Papacy; Rome has finished her life." The history of Modernism is only the last example of its arbitrary exercise of power; for its exaction of the anti-Modernist oath from all priests except those of Germany betrays the fact that the Papacy was not extirpating heresy, but compelling submission to the will of the Papacy wherever it could. With the exception of the German priests "teaching in the faculties of theology" (this is the Pope's phrase), the only Catholic official exempted from taking the anti-Modernist oath was the Pope himself. Outside Germany, only the Pope is certainly free from heresy; and Mr. Leo Ward, as I have said, speaks with no more authority concerning Catholicism than Tyrrell did.

I repeat that when I say that Catholicism is not Christianity but Papacy, and that Papacy is a tyranny, I am not merely stating my own opinion. Loisy was a scholar as well as a Catholic, or, rather, a Modernist; and he declared: "I said (in L'Evangile et l'Eglise) that Christ did not found a hierarchy of domination but a hierarchy of devotion and service. It never occurred to me that this assertion could startle some minds. Remembering what Jesus was during His ministry, and that He said He had come not to be served, but to serve; giving credence to the title 'servant of the servants of God,' which the Roman Pontiff has maintained; knowing the nature of every kind of actual human society that is conscious of the rights of humanity; I forgot the ingenious theory according to which Christ chose a cross for Himself and reserved a throne for His vicar."

I am told that I am not qualified to form an impartial judgment of the Modernist controversy with the Papacy. But why should I form an impartial judgment

of it? The controversy was settled by the Pope, who called upon his Venerable Brethren to note, among other things, "the appearance of that most pernicious doctrine which would make of the laity a factor of progress in the Church." In that one phrase, the Church has judged itself; and I have only to record its judgment. I suppose that it is as true of the Church as of man that it "cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"; progress in the Church is presumably determined by the same power, and that power is, definitely refused expression through the laity. Progress in the Church, therefore, is limited to what may be determined by the priesthood, who are obliged to swear that "we cannot believe what seems best and most fitting according to the culture of each age, but must never believe or understand the absolute unchanging truth otherwise than as it was preached by the Apostles from the beginning." Progress in the Church is, therefore, impossible.

As I have said, I have not to judge between Modernism and the Church; as Loisy declared in his "Simplex Réflexions": "Now the respective positions have been fixed [by the Pope in the Encyclical Pascendi and the Decree Lamenable sane]: the Roman Church, supported by the notion of an absolute revelation, which gives divine authority to her constitution, her belief, and her practices, refuses any concession to the modern spirit, to modern science and to modern society, which, on their side, cannot recognise the absolute character of this revelation, nor the absolutism of ecclesiastical infallibility and authority. The divorce is complete. Science had already realised it for herself, and society tended more and more to the same attitude. The Church has now proclaimed it officially by the voice of her Chief."

I see no reason to retract anything that I said in my previous article. I am sorry that Mr. Leo Ward should feel personally insulted by my remarks about the Catholic Church; but I must inform him that I was not aware of his existence at the time of my writing, and now that I am aware of it, I should only modify my statements to the extent of saying that he is a skilful propagandist. He misrepresents even my article, for I distinctly alleged that the Church was right and the Modernists were wrong in this controversy. The Church cannot afford to be truthful; it maintain a false history, a false science, a false religion, if it is to persist as an organisation; it is incurable of its claim to a monopoly of Divine revelation and experience, and there is nothing to be done with it except to let it die of its delusional insanity.

A. E. R.

## Reviews.

**Buzz, Buzz.** By Capt. J. E. Agate. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

Capt. Agate raises, but does not settle, the question of the propriety of republishing dramatic criticisms. We all know what criticism should be, an improvisation on a theme suggested by an artist; but the practical difficulties of journalism are hard to overcome. Primarily, the public wants information, and not impressions, certainly not judgments; sometimes it wants to know the plot, always it wants to know the names of the players, and when it becomes really interested in drama, some details of the cost of production or of the morals of the actors or the play may be accepted gratefully. The public wants to know "what's on" le tapis, and the actors; it certainly does not want the "sermons and soda-water the morning after" of the critic. So the dramatic criticism published in our journals tends to inform more than to instruct, and much more than it illumines; and of most notices of plays, it may be said that they have no right to re-

publication. But occasionally the veriest hack will imitate Pegasus, and canter cannily if he cannot fly; and criticism then becomes something of itself and not something apropos of something else. Capt. Agate starts with the assumption made by all arts that are autonomous; dramatic criticism, he says, is useless, it will do nothing but be itself. It will neither kill a play, nor enliven an actor; it will not even win the war. It is, at best, a branch, a local branch, of literature, usually provincial fiction; the drama is only its starting-point, it arrives at life by the way of literature. Here it may give a pen-picture of the actor, of which no one but the author can see the relevance; there it may express his love of the Jungfrau or his admiration for the works of O. Henry; and at times, it will throw new sidelights on life in epigrams concocted by his friends. Always it will express the enthusiasm of the author.

Is it worth reading? Of course it is: we cannot all be Christians, and confine our conversation to "Yea, yea, and Nay, nay." Capt. Agate has enthusiasm, he has a limber style and a good fund of quotation; he has views that are not contorted by a preference for any other art than that of drama. The first section of the book consists of "little lectures on the art of play-going," the second chronicles his impressions of some of our actors, the third is an unashamed analytical study of the psychology of a dramatic critic, in which the only fact that emerges clearly is that he died. It is a very interesting volume that will find readers among all those who still feel the glamour of the theatre.

**The Love of an Unknown Soldier.** (The Bodley Head. 3s. 6d. net.)

These letters derive an immediate interest from their anonymity. Found in a dug-out, with nothing in them to indicate the identity of the author or the person to whom they are addressed, they violate very skilfully the Viola-like love of the soldier. He never told his love—except on paper; and although he wrote for no eyes but his own, he constructed his narrative so well that the reader has no difficulty in following the whole course of the affair. Without in any way impugning the good faith of the publisher, we wonder whether he has been deceived. Admit the assumption of these letters, how would a man writing secretly of his secret love put his thoughts on paper? There are so many ways, of course, of writing love-letters that it may seem absurd to suggest that any one way is impossible; but we certainly think that the explanatory method is very unlikely. There would be a tendency, at least, to incomprehensibility because of allusions to which no one else had the key; but at these points the unknown author bridges the gulf between the "then" and the "now" by detailed descriptions of the incidents. Instead of writing directly of his love, he writes about it; although no one but himself will ever see his letters, he is careful to explain his motives, and by the simple device of prompting the memory, to inform everybody of his whole course of love. When we read this book, we are not blundering into a Holy of Holies; we are being carefully conducted by a sacristan through the public galleries of a sacred building. We are never at a loss to understand; the guide explains so clearly that he leaves nothing to an editor to elucidate except the identity of the beloved. That the letters were found in a dug-out, we have no reason to doubt; but that they are anything but an exercise in composition by a trained literary man, we have no reason to believe. The author's experience as liaison officer has given him his method; he is always in touch, always linking up the explanation with the fact, always reporting to his headquarters. He is writing with one eye on his reader or readers, and not with that absorbed intention of being intelligible only to himself that he professes. Genuine love-letters puzzle an out-

sider by their allusions, but their method is always that of direct approach, not of exposition, and they strike fire at times; but this study of the psychology of a soldier in love has not the tang of authenticity. It is description, and very good and clear description, of a state of mind; it is not a deliverance of a real passion.

**War and Revolution in Asiatic Russia.** By M. Philips Price. (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Philips Price went to the Near East in 1915 as the correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian," and in this book he gives an account of his experiences and of the observations made during his journeys through Northern Persia, Armenia, and the Caucasus. The first section of the book tells the story of the war in the Caucasus up to the fall of Erzeroum; the second consists of the journal of his travels through the territories occupied by the Russian Army, where he spent many months in organising relief for the destitute native population; the third section describes the Revolution in the Caucasus, and discusses the racial problems and the political future of these countries. Mr. Price leans more to the International than the National solution of the problem, but thinks that the self-determination of the peoples concerned will play a large part in the settlement. Even autonomy, he argues, cannot successfully divide them from their neighbours; they must lean to, ally themselves with, either Russia or Turkey, under penalty of being crushed to death between the contending Imperial policies. The chief value of the book is that it describes the conditions of people of whom very little is known.

**The Ship of Death.** By Edward Stilgebauer. (Constable. 6s. net.)

The melodramatist is nothing if not topical, and the sinking of the "Lusitania" (here called the "Gigantic") has not yet lost its appeal. It is true that Mr. Stilgebauer alleges that she carried ammunition (in spite of the denial of our authorities), but he tells the story in that vein of blasphemous blood-thirstiness that melodramatists monopolise. He brings Christ on board in the person of a Theosophical monk; even the three years' ministry is paralleled by the fact that the monk had been converted three years. Mr. Stilgebauer does not hesitate to quote whole chapters of the New Testament; and his Christ certainly has more affinity with the Theosophical movement than with the original, for he travels first-class—but, we remember, the Second Coming was to be with power and glory. But the Devil also travelled first-class, in the person of a White Slaver who was conspiring to export contraband to Germany; and there is a lurid account of a spiritual fight, a sciomachy, at midnight, which leaves to the monk the duty of burying his rival—for the "Gigantic" carried no chaplain, and the captain apparently did not know that it was his duty to read the Burial Service. The long arm of coincidence must be very tired after all the work that Mr. Stilgebauer gives it; among the passengers is a Miss Blossom, whom Mr. Stilgebauer's Christ, in his unregenerate days as one of the idle rich, had tried to seduce. She is now travelling to London to take up her duties as companion and "deputy" in a large house in London, a situation obtained through the agency of the aforesaid white-slaving Devil. Over her white body, as the Devil would put it, or her saintly soul, as the monk puts it, that midnight fight is waged; and when the monk has saved her soul from Hell, she refuses to speak to him. Also among the passengers is a Lady Mabel Crade, among whose lovers before her marriage was, of course, the German captain who sunk the "Lusitania." It is, of course, her corpse that rises near the submarine, the sight of her dead face that drives the German captain mad, and gives the author the excuse for the "thirteen re-incarnations" of horror that occupy the second part of the book: The Christ? Oh, he left the boat at Brest!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

WAR INDEMNITIES.

Sir,—It seems to me that the difficulties to which you refer in your "Notes of the Week" could be avoided if the matter were dealt with somewhat on the following lines:—

(1) Germany to be allowed to acquire the necessary raw materials in so far as this did not inconvenience others. Her manufactures to be available for internal consumption, but all export to be to (or through) the Allied Governments only.

(2) These exports to be in (part) payment of the indemnity, the goods being invoiced at (say) pre-war prices. The Governments to dispose of them in open market and apply the proceeds to extinction of the war debt.

No. 1 would result in Germany becoming self-supporting, and would also, for a while, fulfill the wishes of those who want to see her excluded from the world markets; at any rate, it would give time for non-German traders to get the desired start.

No. 2 would ensure the indemnity doing as little harm as possible to us. Though I am not expert enough to speak with confidence, yet I feel sure that the goods, if offered under suitable conditions, would fetch in the open market little, if at all, less than similar goods of home or non-German origin, while the application of the proceeds to the extinction of the debt would avoid any demoralising results. This, I feel, is important, for, whether Mr. Norman Angell was wholly wrong or partly right in his prophecies, at any rate his proposition that the decay of Germany and the recovery of France dated from the 1870 indemnity is certainly one which deserves due consideration. L. W.

[However employed, whether in extinction of the war-debt or for any other purpose, the German goods so imported would necessarily compete with home-made goods—in other words, with the demand for home-Labour.—Ed., N. A.]

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NIETZSCHE AND GERMANY.

Sir,—I enclose a translation of the first paragraph of Nietzsche's essay on David Strauss (*Unzeitgemaesse Betrachtungen*, written in 1873), which tends to show that he had a sounder psychological insight into human character than one would credit, after listening to the views which our public opinion has foisted on him, presumably without any particular knowledge of his work. WALTER M. CLEMENT.

Public opinion in Germany seems almost to disallow any mention of the evil and dangerous consequences of war, more particularly of a war that has terminated successfully: the more willingly are those writers heard, who have nothing of greater importance to offer than a reflection of that public opinion and who therefore busily vie with each other in praising war, joyfully echoing the view that it is a potent factor in producing morality, culture, and art. In spite of this let it be said: a great victory is a great danger. Human nature has more difficulty in bearing victory than defeat; it even seems to be easier to achieve such a success than to bear it without its becoming a source of severe defeat. Of all the consequences which the late war with France has brought in its train, the worst is a widespread, it might be said universal, error: the error of public opinion and of all who hold public opinion that German culture has triumphed in the war and that this is the moment to crown it with such wreaths as would be appropriate to these extraordinary events and successes. This mania is highly injurious: not necessarily because it is a mania—for there are manias of the most beneficent and gracious kind—but because it holds the possibility of turning our victory into an utter defeat, an extirpation even of the German spirit for the advantage of the "German Empire."

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AS IT WAS.

Sir,—The other day I was discussing with a friend the question, lately raised in your columns, of the dishonesty of our rulers. We did not seem to be getting on much when he cut the Gordian knot by saying, "Well, any way, I don't see why they should all be

fools. Just look at the Post Office supplying us with letter-cards made of blotting-paper inside! The man who did that must be an ass, and, worse still, he can't have even the most crude sense of humour, or he would have sold them all to a purveyor of practical jokes." I tried to say something about war paper, but he was not to be stopped. "But they are all just as bad; look at the new Treasury notes! Far be it from me to say that there may not have been some objection to the red ten shillings—though it has taken them a long time to find it out—but the idea of producing a thing so like the pound note that it needs a red mark in the corner to distinguish t'other from which! Surely they can't have forgotten the Jubilee sixpences." He then went on to wonder whether all the trustworthy officials having been removed by the war, they had been replaced by boys or by dotards.

The Jubilee sixpences had, however, started me thinking. No very great thoughts, but yet, I feel, of some interest. It is all very well for us old men of fifty to remember the gilding of the Jubilee sixpences, but, when you come to think of it, half of the present population was then unborn or too young to remember the joke. Is, then, the memory of a department only of the same length as that of the individuals composing it? In connection with departments one thinks of archives and all that sort of thing; are these no better than our own notebooks? The accumulated wisdom of ages, continuity of policy, and suchlike, are they confined to keeping accounts as Noah did in the Ark? I dare say I should have thought no more about it but for the fact that I went to spend a Christmas holiday in the West of England, and there found a fresh example. Acres, probably hundreds of acres, of fir laid low, some sawn, some lopped (and the loppings burned in bonfires!) and much lying as it was thrown; colonies of foreign workmen; miles of cable-conveyors; and not a stick yet got out, and little probability of it ever being got out, even if the war had lasted for years, for the roads are difficult. And the same thing happened a hundred years ago—only then it was oak for building wooden walls. K. L.

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MUSICAL CRITICISM.

Sir,—Your musical critic expresses my opinion entirely. Rosing, Russian, is alive to many emotions, but deficient in that of love. Or perhaps he views love chiefly humorously, and associates no tragedy with it, like Shakespeare. At any rate, his choice of "The Song of the Flea," which may have been a "relief," was not exactly a fit song with which to conclude his programme, devoted to an exposition of love. In that connection, how much better has Palgrave chosen, in concluding his "Golden Treasury." However, I await his next exposition with interest, as being a subject in which his Russian genius will have full scope. J. DORÉMY.

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IN MEMORIAM.

To "Triboulet," who died January 3, 1919.

Dry-eyed in grief too great to weep,

Except within my heart of hearts,

This vision of eternal sleep,

The message that cold death imparts;

Too fearful yet to realise

The awful, unremitting truth,

I seek vain refuge 'neath the guise

Of Heaven's more than human ruth,

Interpreting the truth a lie,

A stupid joke; a counterfeit.

(Ah, would to God that death could die,

And Fate were proved a common cheat!)

Too cold to write; too choked to speak—

The empty words die on my lips

And mock the pallor in my cheek.

Too tired to think: this sadness nips

My heart-blood with its icy breath.

O Fate, if this is but your whim,

Then can I only mock at death,

And grieve God's greater love for him.

C. S. D.

## Pastiche.

### THE DEATH OF THE MOTHER OF THE JUGOVITCH.

(Translated from the Serbian by Helen Rootham.)

Lord of Hosts, how passing great the marvel!  
 When the army camps upon Kosovo  
 In its ranks the Jugovitch—nine brothers  
 And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, their father.  
 Unto God then prays the aged mother,  
 "Give me, God, the keen eyes of a falcon  
 And the swan's white wings and strong endurance;  
 I would seek the wide plain of Kosovo,  
 I would see the Jugovitch—nine brothers  
 And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, their father."  
 Thus she prays to God—her prayer is granted.  
 God gives her the keen eyes of the falcon  
 And the swan's white wings and strong endurance,  
 And she seeks the wide plain of Kosovo.  
 Dead she finds the Jugovitch—nine brothers  
 And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, their father.  
 At their sides nine battle-spears are lying,  
 On the spears are perched nine keen-eyed falcons,  
 Round the spears stand nine good battle-horses,  
 And nine lions lie beside their masters.  
 Fiercely roared their grief the nine grim lions,  
 Loudly mourn the nine good battle-horses,  
 And nine keen-eyed falcons scream in sorrow.  
 But the mother's heart is hard within her,  
 Hard the mother's heart, and dry her eyelids.  
 And she leads away the nine good horses,  
 Leads away with them the nine grim lions,  
 Calls to follow her nine keen-eyed falcons—  
 Thus returns she to her fair white castle.  
 From afar her son's nine wives beheld her,  
 As she nearer came they walked to meet her—  
 Cried aloud to God the nine fair widows,  
 Sorely wept with them the nine young orphans;  
 Then there mourned the nine good battle-horses,  
 Roaring fiercely, grieved the nine grim lions,  
 And nine keen-eyed falcons screamed in sorrow.  
 But the mother's heart is hard within her,  
 Hard the mother's heart, and dry her eyelids.  
 When the night is at the hour of midnight  
 Whinnies low the battle-horse of Damian,  
 And the mother asks of Damian's loved one,  
 "Oh, my daughter, thou beloved of Damian,  
 Wherefore whinnies Damian's horse thus sadly?  
 Doth he hunger for the silver wheat-fields?  
 Doth he thirst for Zoechan's cooling waters?"  
 Slowly answers her then Damian's loved one,  
 "Oh, my mother, mother thou of Damian,  
 Not for silver wheat-fields is he hungry,  
 Not for Zoechan's waters is he thirsty:  
 Long since learnt he from his master Damian  
 Until midnight on fine oats to feast him,  
 After midnight many roads to travel;  
 Therefore now laments he for his master,  
 Sorrows that he left his lord behind him  
 There upon the wide plain of Kosovo."  
 But the mother's heart is hard within her,  
 Hard the mother's heart, and dry her eyelids.  
 On the morrow as the dawn is breaking,  
 Lo, there fly two ravens, two black ravens;  
 Bloody are their wings up to the shoulder,  
 From their beaks the blood-flecked foam is falling.  
 'Tis a hero's severed hand they carry,  
 On the hand a golden ring is shining.  
 See, they drop it in the mother's bosom,  
 From her bosom then the mother takes it,  
 Turns and turns it slowly as she gazes.  
 Then again she calls to Damian's loved one,  
 "Oh, my daughter, thou beloved of Damian,  
 Tell me, whose this hand that I am holding!"  
 To the mother answers Damian's loved one,  
 "Oh, my mother, mother thou of Damian,

'Tis our Damian's hand that thou art holding,  
 For I know the golden ring, oh, mother,  
 This gold ring I gave him at our marriage."  
 And the mother holds the hand of Damian,  
 Turns and turns it slowly as she gazes;  
 To the hero's hand the mother whispers,  
 "Thou dear hand, oh, thou, my fair green apple,  
 Where didst thou blossom? Where has fate now plucked  
 thee?"

Woe is me! Thou blossomed on my bosom,  
 Thou wast plucked, alas, upon Kosovo!"  
 And the mother's heart swelled big with anguish,  
 Swelled the mother's heart, and broke with sorrow  
 For her dead, the Jugovitch—nine brothers  
 And the tenth, the Jug Bogdan, their father.

## PRESS CUTTINGS.

Perhaps you think of the members of your Government and the members of the other Governments who are going to confer in the city of Paris as the real makers of war and peace, but we are not. You are the makers of war and of peace. The pulse of the modern world beats on the farm and in the mine, in the factory; the plans of the modern world are made in the counting-house; the men that do the business of the world now shape the destinies of the world, and peace or war is now in a large measure in the hands of those who direct the commerce of the world. . . . A country is owned and dominated by the capital that is invested in it. I do not need to instruct you in that fundamental idea. In proportion as foreign capital comes in among you and takes its hold, in that proportion does foreign influence come in and take its hold, and, therefore, the processes of capital are, in a certain sense, the processes of conquest.—  
 PRESIDENT WILSON.

We, therefore, would suggest that the management and the productive side of the new enterprise, whether this be the production of aircraft, bicycles, or general joinery, should be entrusted to the constitutionally elected shop-stewards. We advance this claim, not as visionaries and idealists, but as practical men conscious of the fact that during the past twelve months the direction of the works has, in fact, largely been in our hands. Moreover, we can guarantee that, so far as concerns the productive sides and designing, the present representatives of the management would take over and become representative of the workers and the nation. There would, in fact, be no upheaval and no dislocation. Again, there exists in the shops a high degree of loyalty to the community and to the elected representative to whom in the past has been entrusted the welfare of the workers concerned. Throughout the shops the desire to produce for the good of the community is keen, and with that desire there is a full sense of the responsibility involved.

In outline we would suggest the following scheme:—

- (1) The factories should, on the business side, be controlled by a committee representing jointly and equally the State as owner, and the workers as producers.
- (2) On the purely productive side the work should be controlled by a body representing the men and women in each department.
- (3) Under the committee should be the departmental heads constitutionally chosen by this committee, due regard being paid to their qualifications.
- (4) Trade union rates and standards should be regarded as the minimum, and nothing should be done to weaken the conditions already obtained by organised labour.

And here we would make quite clear that it is not part of our proposals that the workers should, through their organisation, take over and own the factories. Ownership would rest with the community, and the enterprise would be a nationalised industry with workers' control. This involves no difference in the financial relationship between factories thus managed and the State as owner than would be involved under a system whereby the railways or mines became national property.—From the Appeal issued by the Shop-Committee of the National Factory at Wadden.