THE

NEW AGE

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, AND ART.

No. 1378] New Series. Vol. XXIV. No. 14. Thursday, Feb. 6, 1919. [Registered at G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] SEVENPENCE

CONTENTS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The first plenary sittings of the Peace conference are suggestive of the tentative exploration of a new instrument by the concert pianist. Before attempting to render the Sonata for which it is widely billed the composite performer has rapidly traversed the keyboard, and the results, if perhaps not very surprising, cannot fail to excite a sombre interest. The bass is full of undertones; and the treble represented by the smaller nations has a shrillness which is not of the best augury in respect of the harmonies to come. Nevertheless, to drop the metaphor, there is ground for much honest satisfaction. It is becoming increasingly evident that President Wilson has a complete comprehension of his rôle in the great drama, and is determined to play it with all the personal and delegated authority he has already wielded with such conspicuous success. His pronouncement in the opening speech of the first plenary sitting will go down to history as marking the authoritative and formal entry of the Plain People into that heritage from which they have so long been debarred. It is quite beside the point to speculate on the special form of "ist" or "ism," if any, to which Mr. Wilson may in his inmost soul incline. Not that way lies his great opportunity. To call off the dogs to defeat the self-elected arbiters of a world with which they are hopelessly out of touch, but over which, by means of the immense machine of militarism, finance, and bureaucracy they have created, a menacing threat is still held; that is a task demanding all the strength, skill, and patience that can reasonably be expected from any individual statesman. And when it has been done, and we believe that in the end it will be done, the Plain People will settle their own affairs in such fashion as will effectually demolish the pyramid of autocratic power which has come so near to the wreck of civilisation.

* * *

It is interesting to notice that with hardly more than a passing comment by the irrepressible "Globe," and a groan, more in sorrow than in anger, by the "Evening Standard," it has been allowed to be known that we do not propose to make Germany pay for the war. Of course, the possession of the most elementary knowledge of economics has been sufficient to make it obvious from the start that Germany could not possibly be made to pay this country for the cost of even a small war, but then so very few people do possess even an elementary knowledge of economics that their opinion does not carry very much political weight. But as an overwhelming majority of the members of the House of Commons were elected with the express mandate, based on Mr. Lloyd George's Manifesto, to make Germany pay, we shall be interested to hear what they have to say about it. Of one thing we can assure them, they will be asked, they will be given the fullest opportunity to reply, and when the inevitable plea of ignorance is filed they will be asked in no uncertain tones what they propose to do about it. It is a grimly humorous situation. The Capitalistic Coalition, elected by a mixture of caucus wirepulling and an appeal to the passion and cupidity roused by a campaign of systematic propaganda, has to admit within five weeks of its return to power that the main public plank in its foreign policy (if we except the various forms of lingering death it is pledged to inflict on the Kaiser) is rotten; as, of course, its financial advisers knew it was rotten. Mr. Malcolm Lyon, in the "English Review" for February, has a perfectly sound exposition of the overwhelming difficulty which attends a transfer of real value when considered from the orthodox financial standpoint. He does not, however, point out the crowning irony of the situation that the only conditions under which this transfer could take place involve the separation of the machinery of distribution from the organisation for production; in other words, the destruction of the Capitalist system.

* * *

But these things are a commonplace; no one imagines nowadays that a Parliament is elected for the reasons by means of which its candidates solicit the suffrages of the electors, or is at all likely to go to any pains to carry through such measures as would express them. The incident, however, has a very real bearing on what is probably the outstanding domestic event of the week—the inauguration of the policy of direct action on the largest scale in the great industrial centres of the Clyde and the North of Ireland. The casus belli is a matter of hours of labour; the Belfast men demanding a 44-hour week and the Clyde 40

hours. Beyond noting the strategy involved in the difference of demand, that aspect of the situation need not detain us. The outstanding feature is most unquestionably the victory of the Rank and File in dictating policy in opposition to a coalition between the Trade Union officials as a class, the Capitalists, and the Government. Now, we venture to stress this point, and if there were the slightest probability that the Government would learn by anything but bitter experience, we would commend it to their attention in all seriousness. It marks the coming end of the reign of the general mandate. The theory that a delegate, whether political or industrial, is elected to dictate policy, is moribund. If we are not very much mistaken, the coming democracies will repudiate anything suggestive of the idea that there is a vested interest in delegated authority, and will devise an easy means of disabusing the mind of any delegate who should misapprehend the situation.

* * *

As to the strikes themselves it is impossible to prophesy. The underlying issues are so tremendous that it is most unlikely that they will be settled at once. But there is a suggestion of a very rapid development of the situation in the somewhat ostentatious announcement of the Ministry of Labour that it does not propose to intervene. The appointment of a Scottish lawyer as Minister of Labour at a time like this is a fairly clear indication that battle is about to be joined on the largest possible scale; and that no risk can be taken that the real Masters of the country shall not be served with a single purpose. But strikes have a way of developing along unexpected lines, and it is quite possible that the force of circumstances will leave the Ministry of Labour in a position of somewhat pathetic isolation. The temper of the country is rising; a concerted effort is being made by the daily Press to explain away the whole industrial unrest as being merely a manifestation of nerve strain; and while the main channels of public information are thus persistently poisoned and misdirected, it is fairly certain that a situation must arise sooner or later, involving a collision fraught with grave possibilities. Meantime, it is a duty laid on all those whose knowledge goes a little deeper than the immediate circumstances to endeavour patiently to direct attention to the real issues.

* * *

The campaign for increased and unspecified production is carried on with vigour, but signs are not wanting of an increasing uneasiness even amid the boardrooms of the Trusts that they suspect that the way is going to be a little harder than was hoped. The chairmen of the large joint stock banking groups have been engaged on their usual ex cathedra pronouncements on the general financial position, and while on the whole they extend their benevolent countenance to increased industrial activity, they are insistent that it is to be accomplished without any further large extension of credit. Now this is unkind, because the "production of wealth" as defined by the super-producer, consists in borrowing a credit created by the banks at the public expense, and paying off that credit by the sale of articles to the same or a larger public, at a higher price than their material and labour cost. That is one aspect of one of the reasons why super-production unspecified will increase the cost of living, under the wage system. But the banks, having their own point of view, are most anxious to get back to a gold basis of currency, which means an enormous deflation of the existing financial situation and a drastic restriction of credit. Herein lies the makings of a very pretty quarrel. Lord Inchcape is thoroughly depressing about it. At the meeting of the National Provincial and Union Bank, after remarking that Germany's clock had been put back 100 years, he suggested that by dint of hard work and economy, prudence and determination, we shall, with a struggle, win back to where we were in 1914. So now we know what is before us. But we should like to ask Lord Inchcape one or two questions before settling down to the grim prospect. Our nett debt is stated elsewhere to amount to £6,418,000,000, but, including advances, most of which will bear interest, the total Loan against the credit of Great Britain is probably nearer £8,000,000,000, bearing interest at a rough average of five per cent. Now we should be glad to know exactly what bearing is to be given to Lord Inchcape's remarks by the manufacturer or merchant (there are very many such) who holds £50,000 or more of this loan in addition to his pre-war assets. Is that an asset or is it a liability? If it is a liability, how is it possible to draw £2,500 interest, less income-tax, in respect of it, and live on the money? And if the country is poorer by the cost of the war (as it is) and yet a comparatively select class hold some thousands of millions' worth of interest bearing securities more than they did prior to the war, who has borne the cost of the war? And if by the process of hard work and the simple life we "regain the position in which we were in 1914," who will hold the War Loan or have been paid off at par or thereabouts the total sum subscribed? These are very elementary questions to a financier of the calibre of Lord Inchcape, but it would be interesting to see the effect on the demobilised soldier and sailor of a lucid explanation of the position expressed not in terms of currency, but in terms of goods and services.

* * *

But we can relieve Lord Inchcape's depression. This country is not going to struggle painfully back to the position of 1914. It is not even going back to 1914 without a struggle. In fact, it is going to struggle very hard, and, if we are not mistaken, very successfully, to see that 1914 marks the end of the time when we took our pessimism ready-made from our bankers. But, of course, the super-producer will not like the remedies which will be necessary if this period of gloom is to be cut short. In the meantime, perhaps, it may be expedient to begin an investigation into another aspect of super-production with which it will be necessary to deal at some length from time to time—the provision of cheap electric power. The Committee on Coal Conservation set up by Lord Haldane presented an excellent report on that subject, the contents of which have already been publicly discussed in some detail. With the technical aspects of the subject we are not concerned here beyond remarking that it is essentially one of those questions in which the technical design can easily conflict with the requirements of finance, and therefore some economic stability greatly in excess of the existing situation is absolutely essential to the attainment of a suitable design. But some re-arrangement will be necessary sooner or later, and a very large amount of plant will be required. Now electric power is one of the clear avenues to human economic emancipation. By means of it the work of the community can be reduced, the home made brighter, and the partnership between industry and ugliness finally dissolved. The developments toward the centralisation of the control of the electrical manufacturing and supply interests in this country is one, therefore, with which public interest is vitally concerned, since such a combination, if finally consummated and inadequately controlled from without, might easily result in complete public impotence to proceed with any scheme of a comprehensive character except upon terms dictated by the Electrical Trust. The trend of events is indicated by the separate recommendations just put forward by the Joint Committee of the professional and consolidated manufacturing interests under the titular leadership of the Institute of Electrical Engineers—a diplomatic document, but sufficiently explicit to make it clear that the powerful group

of interests represented in its preparation propose to make a fight for the rich spoils involved.

* * *

As we pointed out last week, it is possible to conceive of a nearly automatic factory paying almost no wages and salaries and yet paying large profits to the Capitalist; that is to say, offering a high inducement to produce and yet providing no adequate economic arrangements for the distribution of the articles produced. This situation is not an academic consideration; it is the proper and legitimate extension from the technical point of view of the substitution of manual labour by machinery. Development of this character is simply a question of the adequate supply of power, and as the factory cost of an article becomes more dependent on overhead cost and less on direct wages paid, it is obvious that the cost of power becomes increasingly important. The transportation problem is absolutely dependent on the power situation and the substitution of a comparatively small number of power-generating stations, and the closing down of the isolated coal-burning plant distributed at large over the country, apart from other large issues, would completely alter the lines of flow of mineral traffic, modify the economic position both of the coal miners and the colliery proprietors, and, in fact, become the absolutely dominating factor in the whole industrial and economic life of the country. The matter is one which calls for the most extensive discussion quite outside the technial circles immediately interested, and we propose to follow the situation as it develops.

C. H. D.

GREETINGS.

(To my dead though ever-present Wife and only Child who have suffered life.)

This ghost and that—on either side of me
Surely I hold you both and closelier tied
Since I lost you—since you set me free
And still remain for ever by my side.

So close our triple love, my child and wife,
I feel you here in all I say and do,
Making it possible to bear the life
So little possible for both of you.

So young—yet loved so long, so sadly dear;
The pain we witnessed in each other's eyes,
But dared not speak, is loosed, loosed hope and fear;
Our triple grief—one ache that never dies.

Yet that ache too must surely pass in death,
When I shall pass, and still I may find birth,
For though I die, your love may win me breath,
Which ever breathed but beauty while on earth.

C.

RECITAL.

Behind the palms a seasoned platform-shaker
Struts into view; a shirt-front in the van
Begirds a tidy fraction of an acre;
A glabrous face surmounts the lower man
(Who may have played Polonius in his prime),
And smirks upon the mob. They, with the skill
Achieved by year-long devotees of rhyme,
Thrust down their tones an octave lower, till
Their chat of grocers, flounces, novels, muffled
By sleight of larynx, after the applause
Has ebbed away, engenders quite unruffled
Its half-hushed sibilants without a pause
Through all displays of Art ensuing then:
For hearken! With a voice that surely matches
The slow, dense, midnight booming of Big Ben,
Whilom Polonius rouses Echo, snatches
A lyric bud to shreds: alert and blithe
He prances on the petals, while I groan,
And in a sweaty pallor gasp and writhe,
To think this poor, mauled bloom was once my own!

P. SELVER.

Towards National Guilds.

CONSEQUENT upon the successful manipulation of the passive newly-enfranchised electors, Mr. Lloyd George and his advisers possess an overwhelming majority in the House of Commons, and all that is apparently expected of them by their followers is the continuance of the policy with which we are now accustomed to associate the Premier's name. The possible result in England may be divined when we realise that during the last administration Ireland has been converted from Nationalism to Sinn Fein. Blind revolution could only follow, in England, the severest provocation; nevertheless, the occurrence is far from impossible. Once more the continent is setting the fashion, and, on this occasion, the fashion of proletarian revolution with the goal of proletarian dictatorship. Unless the policy engendered by personal and class interest in this country is replaced by a policy having in view the betterment of the nation as a nation, a crisis may very well be precipitated. In other words, the alternatives appear to be reconstruction or destruction, and the decision must be taken immediately.

It is perhaps worthy of note that they who diagnose correctly the psychological condition of an unemancipated class; who strive to achieve the social advance demanded of the times or to prevent the retrogression demanded by the reactionaries; who by advice and constructive proposals endeavour to gain the best results of a revolution without the evils of a revolution, receive, when finally obstinacy provokes the catastrophe, the blame for causing it. There is but one way of preventing it; the correct remedies must be discovered and applied in such a way that once applied there will be no necessity for the continual tinkering and retouching which have characterised recent legislation. At a moment when the nation should be setting to work, after the exhaustive effort of the last four years, on reconstruction, designed not merely to recoup that portion of the nation which is tempted instinctively to regard the war cost as an investment, but to allow for inevitable growth in the nation as a whole, the pressing dangers of maladministration are obvious. The fire may not yet have reached us, but the smoke has. The world cannot be saved from Bolshevism by plunging England into it.

British Governments, for over a century, have, it is true, been skilful indeed in averting crises, though expediency has been almost their sole guide. There has been little or no attempt to give the growing mind of the people room to develop. But the policy of settling the immediate difficulty, with the idea of facing the future difficulties only when they actually arise, is insufficient at the present day. The theoretical advance of political institutions has been of no avail because of the failure to restore the disturbed balance of economic power, and the state of the Labour Market, described by Mr. S. G. Hobson in these columns, does not warrant any other conclusion than that the balance of power between Capital and Labour which seemed before the war to be imminent, is now much further off. The economic weapon of the Trade Unionists for actively displaying their power—that of proving their indispensability—is likely to be less capable of success than in the prosperity of a few years ago. However much less powerful relatively the strike and the threat to strike may be, and both, let it be said in passing, are perfectly legal and constitutional, despite the inferences to be drawn from the speeches of such politicians as Mr. Clynes, the advance in political and economic education of the men concerned will certainly be no less in consequence. Their inability to bring the economic situation into line with their mental situation must certainly produce resentment, and though resentment is not the soil in which successful revolution grows, revolution of a sort grows there.

From their own, therefore, as well as from the national point of view, the governing classes should adopt the policy of advancing the economic and human condition of the unemancipated sufficiently rapidly not merely temporarily to avoid either spontaneous or engineered revolution, but also to dismiss all pretext for revolution for all time, so far as we see it. They have never tired of repeating during the war, in other words, that when the ship goes down, the crew sinks with it. Let them learn their own lesson: so do the captain and the officers.

In the world's present circumstances, with the question of which nation shall lead to be settled in the near future, it is safe to say that those nations which can first put themselves into *staying* condition will be in the van. England led the way into the wage-system; and it is due to England to lead the way out. Such has always been our hope, but if our hope is to be fulfilled, England will require to wake up, and at once. The idea of National Guilds was to attempt to formulate a system, which, at the same time as it would be higher ethically, would be better economically; in short, to ensure that the next step should be upward, and that there would be no reason to descend in order to rise higher. It was not suggested that "anything was better than Capitalism," or that "nothing could be worse." To use a truism, it was insisted that only something better could be better than Capitalism, and, therefore, supersede it. By a careful analysis of the economic and political conditions of this country, and an intelligent endeavour to formulate a plan for its logical development, it was hoped to set England once more at the head of the world in the next higher form of economy.

The propagandists of "the Revolution" in this country may be summarised thus: "We want something to happen, believing that out of the inevitable chaos there is a certain prospect of something evolving which is superior to the present order. For nothing can be inferior." Their often affirmed: "Every psychological moment calls for its man," is answered by saying that the history of mankind and its present condition are evidences that those moments have been seized by other sorts of men than they themselves would select. Their reply, that they would choose a moment favourable to them, is also answered by their unconditioned desire for "something to happen."

In connection with these people, though not necessarily a part of them, there remains to be dealt with that advanced section of the Political Socialists and Trade Unionists, etc., which affects to be contemptuous of the salariat, to whom it applies the epithet "bourgeois." The logical outcome of its principles, as shown in the "Notes of the Week," would be not the triumphant emergence first beyond Capitalism of England, but the retreat from it. These despisers of the salariat are very often popular with the rank-and-file, and they must be met in the open, their prejudices discredited, and, if possible, their minds disabused. Like the salariat, they may ruin us as foes, and may ensure success as allies.

The psychological factor being of primary importance the more clearly the rank-and-file envisage the Guild, the better. They must clearly realise that action must be social, the penalty for non-observance being the possible substitution of the existing by another unsocial evil, itself due to be removed. Thus, while assisting the Guild idea into existence, the idea of the "dictatorship" of any class will also be disposed of, and the way prepared for the rule of social principles rather than class interest. The profiteer is an enemy of society, not merely of the working-class, and though the class-war end in his losing his weapons, all who are capable of fulfilling functions must have rights provided those functions are fulfilled.

The accusation may, despite the above, be flung back that our plan is "to bolster up the middle-classes." In the hour of trial, we repeat, whatever essential functions the salariat performs must be maintained. The salariat comprehends a particular type of intellect and ability, and that type will be necessary under any system conceivable by the mind of man. At the present time we maintain that the salariat certainly does undertake, and within the scope of Capitalism does it well, the organisation of production, distribution and exchange. In the transition from the Wage-System, our plan is to keep the salariat occupied to the best advantage; not, that is to say, by rejecting the trained and capable, to court failure by substituting the untrained and incapable.

The economic justification of the salariat is that it provides a type of training and skill which is only forthcoming as the result of the maintenance of such a class. Politically it is not so high as to constitute a dangerous competitor of the Rent, Interest, and Profit class; not so low as to be violently revolutionary; and not so strong and well-organised as to be independent. It must ally with somebody. The Trade Unions, by welcoming them, by enlisting them, their sympathy and support, by means of the economic, political, and ethical justification of the Guilds, would deprive the wage-system of a vital prop, and would have proceeded a long way on the road to its abolition.

NATIONAL GUILDSMEN.

A Guildsman's Interpretation of History.

By Arthur J. Penty.

VII.

THE FRANCISCANS AND THE RENAISSANCE.

THE stimulus which was given to thought and discovery in the thirteenth century by the recovery of the works of Aristotle was the beginning of that awakened interest in the literature and art of Paganism which culminated in that many-sided movement which we know as the Renaissance. That movement which originated in Italy, and spread itself over France, England, and Germany, and is the turning-point in the history of Western Europe, is not to be understood apart from the work of St. Francis and his followers; for it is at the same time a continuation of and a reaction against the forces he set in motion. While science owed its new impulse to the intensely practical tendencies of the Franciscans which were induced by their renunciation of learning, it would not be untrue to say that the ideals of the Humanists who inspired the Revival of Learning were immediately a reaction against the teachings of St. Francis.

In order to see the Renaissance in its proper perspective, it is necessary to realise the significance and influence of the Franiscans in the thirteenth century. They stood in the same relation to the Middle Ages as the Socialist movement does to the modern world, in that the Franciscans were the central driving force which created the issues in morals and economics which occupied the thought of the Middle Ages. Moreover, as with the Socialist movement, the problem of poverty was their primary concern, but they attacked it from a different angle and by a different method. They did not approach it from the point of view of economics, though their activities led to economic discussion, but from the point of view of human brotherhood. This different method of approach was due partly to the fact that they approached it as Christians appealing to Christians, and partly because in the Middle Ages poverty was not the problem it is to-day—something organic with the structure of society—but a thing that was essentially local and accidental. It did not owe its existence to the fact that society was organised on a

basis fundamentally false as is the case to-day, but because the mediæval organisation, good as it was, was not co-extensive with society. Poverty existed on the fringes of society, not at its centres.

The problem arose as a consequence of the development of trade. The mendicant orders, as we saw, were the pioneers of civilisation in Western Europe. They settled down in the waste places, cleared the woods and drained the swamps, and around them there gradually grew up the hamlets and towns of Mediæval Europe. But a time came when new towns began to spring up to meet the requirements of trade, and in the new mercantile towns of Italy and Southern France the lower grades of the population were woefully neglected by the secular clergy, and in consequence had grown up wild and ignorant of every form of religious worship and secular instruction, while they lived in poverty and dirt. It was against such ignorance and neglect that the Franciscans resolved to fight, and it was in order that they might be of service to the poor that they sought identity in position and fortune with them. This was the origin of the gospel of poverty that they taught, and which by the middle of the thirteenth century their zeal and militant spirit had carried far and wide over Christendom. For they were great preachers. But while they were a force in all the great centres of Mediæval Europe they were exceptionally strong in their home in Italy. The huge churches built for them without piers in the interior, and which are found all over Italy, testify to the large crowds to which they were accustomed to preach. But with the success which followed them there came a perversion of their original idea. Poverty as taught by St. Francis was a means to an end. It was recommended to his followers in order that they might be of service to the poor. But after a time this original idea tended to recede into the background, and in time poverty came to be looked upon as the essence of religion. When, therefore, the excesses of this ideal began to make religious life impossible for all except the very poor, it produced the inevitable reaction. An influential party among the Franciscans sought to have the original rule modified in order to bring it more into accord with the dictates of reason and experience. But in this effort they were obstinately opposed by a minority in the Order who refused to have any part in such relaxations. The recriminations between these two branches of the Order at last became so bitter that appeal was made to the Pope to judge between them. He appointed a commission of cardinals and theologians to inquire into the issues involved, and quite reasonably gave a decision in favour of the moderate party. But this only embittered the extreme party, who now denied the authority of the Pope to interfere with the internal discipline of the Order, affirming that only St. Francis could undo what St. Francis himself had bound up. From attacking the Pope they went on to attack the wealthy clergy, maintaining that wealth was incompatible with the teachings of Christ, and from that they went on to attack the institution of property as such. It was thus that the split in the Franciscans led to those discussions about the ethics of property which occupied so much of the thought of the Mediæval Economists. This question, studied in the light of Aristotle, led St. Thomas Aquinas to formulate those social principles which later became accepted as the standards of Catholic Orthodoxy, and at a later date led St. Antonino to affirm that "poverty is not a good thing; in itself it is an evil, and can be considered to lead only accidentally to any good."*

Without doubt St. Antonino had the Franciscan gospel of poverty in mind when he made this utterance. He realised the terrible evils which would follow the divorce of religion from everyday life if an ideal beyond the capacity of the average normal man were insisted upon. Moreover, in the early part of the fourteenth century the Franciscans themselves had fallen from their high estate. It is a fact of psychology that an excess of idealism will be followed by a fall from grace. And the Franciscans fell very low indeed. The high moral plane on which they sought to live was too much for them. The moment they relaxed from their strenuous activity they became corrupted by the degraded environment in which they found themselves, and rapidly sank to that depth of coarseness, meanness, and sinfulness which has been so well described by Chaucer. The once popular Franciscans now became objects for the same scorn and ridicule as the monks of the Benedictine and Cistercian Orders.

We saw there was a reaction against the rule of St. Francis within the Franciscan Order. There was now to come a reaction from without, and the immediate form it took was a reassertion of those very things which St. Francis forbade his followers—scholarship and the world. An insistence upon the value of these is the keynote of the Humanists whose labours inaugurated the Renaissance. The men of the Early Renaissance were not opposed to Christianity, but to what they conceived to be the perversion of its ideal at the hands of the Franciscans. Against the Franciscan conception of life they warred incessantly. Their passion for Pagan literature was inspired by the belief that it had the power of restoring what they conceived to be the antique virtue, culture, and social order. For Petrarch and his followers were unaware that the peculiar weakness of Pagan philosophy was its inability to affect the course of life. Aristotle (in the Arabian version of his works) had been made a bulwark against sectarianism through the efforts of St. Thomas Aquinas, and they thought they would be able similarly to incorporate Plato and the other Pagan philosophers in Christian theology, for it was their especial ambition to reconcile Plato and Christ. The proof that the Platonists of the Renaissance were genuinely inspired by religious motives is to be found in the fact that both Pico della Mirandola and Marsilio Ficino eventually came entirely under the influence of Savonarola. Pico burned his love poems, decided to become a friar, and was prevented only by death.

Such was the ideal of the Early Renaissance, but the current of thought which the Revival of Learning set in motion did not stop where its initiators had intended it should. By the latter end of the fourteenth century the pendulum had swung away from Christianity to Paganism pure and simple. Whatever else the Humanists failed to do, they certainly succeeded in reviving the sensuality and epicureanism of Rome. The Papacy, which had become associated with the revival, became under the influence of Pagan literature a veritable centre of corruption. When the young Giovanni de Medici went to Rome his father Lorenzo warned him to beware of his conduct in that "sink of iniquity." And the warning was not given without good reason. The best known Popes between the years 1458-1522 were all more or less unscrupulous evil-doers. Sixtus IV. was an accomplice in the plot against the Medici which ended in the murder of Giuliano. Alexander VI. shows an almost unparalleled record of crimes. In this society poison became a fine art; simony and theft every-day occurrences. And where the Popes led, the cardinals followed. Alexander's illegitimate son, Cæsar Borgia, chief among them, was the hero of Machiavelli. If these monsters had lived in the Middle Ages we should never have heard the last of them. A record of their crimes would have been considered an indispensable part of every child's education. But, as it is, their story is reserved for the few, while they are treated with a certain curiosity, not to say indulgence, as patrons of culture.

* "St. Antonino and Mediæval Economics." By Bede Jarrett. (The Manresa Press.)

What happened to religion happened to the arts. The ideas of the Renaissance were in each case their destruction. The spirit of reconciliation which was characteristic of the thought of the Early Renaissance is reflected in the arts of the period. This is especially true of the Italian architecture as of the painting and sculpture of the fifteenth century which is Gothic in spirit and general conception combined with details derived from the study of Roman work. In the work of this period the Gothic and classic elements are always present, and the blend is exquisite. But this great moment of transition did not last for long. The Gothic element begins to disappear, and with the arrival of Michelangelo it is entirely eliminated. The decline begins to set in, for Michelangelo introduced a manner which proved fatal to all the arts. That delight in natural objects, in flowers and birds, in quaint things and queer things, which is so peculiar to Gothic art, which probably owes its origin to the influence of St. Francis and which made the arts of the Middle Ages so democratic in their expression, is now no more. Michelangelo eliminated everything that gave to art its human interest and concentrated attention entirely upon abstract form. In the hands of a great master such a treatment of art is great, though cold and austere, but in the hands of lesser men it became ridiculous, for the manner of Michelangelo was just as much beyond the capacity of the average artist and craftsmen as the life of poverty which St. Francis recommended to his followers was normally beyond the capacity of the ordinary man. And Michelangelo set the fashion in all the arts. Mediæval sculpture was rich in decorative detail, but after Michelangelo sculpture became identified with the nude. Mediæval painting was rich in design and colour, but after Michelangelo its primary concern is with light and shade. Paradoxically, Michelangelo introduced the very opposite principle into the treatment of architecture. For he does not simplify architecture, but complicates it. Prior to Michelangelo architecture was simple in its treatment, while elaboration was confined to the decorative crafts, but now, having robbed painting and sculpture of their decorative qualities, he sought to obtain the contrasts he required by making architecture itself a decorative thing. This he did by multiplying the number of its mechanical parts. Michelangelo disregarded altogether the structural basis of architectural design, and in his hands architecture became a mere theatrical exhibition of columns, pilasters, pediments, etc. And thus he inaugurated that evil tradition in which architecture and building are divorced, against which we fight in vain to this day.

But Michelangelo was not the only cause of the decline. Architecture at any rate might have survived the introduction of his mannerisms had not the rules of Vitruvius been rediscovered, which was probably the greatest misfortune that ever befell architecture. From the time of this discovery onwards there is an increasing insistence everywhere upon Roman precedents in design, and care is given to the secondary details while the fundamental ideas of plan and grouping are overtaken by paralysis. Architecture, from being something vital and organic in the nature of a growth, became a matter of external rules and proportions, applied more or less indifferently to any type of building, quite regardless either of internal convenience or structural necessity. When this point of development was reached, any co-operation among the crafts and arts which had survived from the Middle Ages came to an end. Henceforth painting and sculpture became entirely separated from architecture and carried along independent existence in studios and galleries, while the minor crafts degenerated purely into matters of trade and commerce.

The growth of pedantry in architecture was assisted by a change in the organisation of the crafts which followed the introduction of Renaissance ideas. In the Middle Ages it was, as we saw, the custom for craftsmen to supply their own designs, and if every craftsman were not a designer, at any rate every designer was a craftsman. But with the revival of Roman ideas of design there came into existence a caste of architects and designers over and above the craftsmen of the building trades, who supplied designs which the craftsmen carried into execution. At first these architects had to proceed very warily, for the craftsmen did not seem to care very much about this new arrangement. Thus we read that Sir Christopher Wren, when sending his small scale plans and directions for the library at Trinity College, Cambridge, adds: "I suppose you have good masons; however, I would willingly take a further pains to give all the mouldings in great; we are scrupulous in small matters, and you must pardon us, the architects are as great pedants as critics and heralds." This letter is interesting, not only because it testifies to the existence of trained schools of masons and carpenters who had their own traditions of design and could be trusted to apply them, but to the growing spirit of pedantry which proved to be the death of architecture. So long as architecture had its roots firmly in the crafts such a development was impossible. But with the separation of the functions of design and execution and the rise of a school of architects who were proud of their scholarly attainments, pedantry grew apace. The craftsman, compelled to execute designs made by others, gradually lost his faculty of design, while the architect, deprived of the suggestion in design which the actual handling of material gives, naturally fell back more and more upon Roman precedent, until, finally, all power of invention in design came to an end and architecture expired at the end of the eighteenth century. Since then a succession of revivals have been attempted which have succeeded in producing a certain number of interesting buildings but not in effecting a general revival of architecture.

Fortunately, during this period of decline, architects were few in number, and were only employed on the most expensive work. The great mass of building was designed, as well as executed, by builders. While the architects were engaged in producing those monstrous platitudes in the "grand manner," known as monumental architecture, these builders were engaged in the development of a style of work which carried on the vigorous traditions of Gothic craftsmanship, while it made use of such Roman forms as could readily be assimilated. This vernacular architecture which in this country we know by the names of Elizabethan, Jacobean, Queen Anne and Georgian is the really genuine architecture of the Renaissance period, and it reacted to give the architects an endowment of traditional English taste which kept the academic tendencies of the Renaissance within certain bounds. But in the latter half of the eighteenth century the pedantic ideas of the architects, owing to the prestige of London, became enforced as stringent standards over the whole country, and this vernacular architecture came to an end.

While thus we see the Renaissance ended by destroying communal traditions in the arts, it destroyed also the communal traditions of culture of the Middle Ages. This culture which had its basis in common religious ideas was a human thing to the extent that it was capable of binding king and peasant, priest and craftsman together in a common bond of sympathy and understanding. It was, moreover, a culture which came to a man at his work which he learnt from a song, it was part of the environment in which he lived. But the Renaissance had no sympathy with culture of this kind. It could not understand craft culture. To it culture was primarily a matter of books. It was a purely intellectual affair, its stan-

dards were critical, and, as such, instead of operating to bind the various classes of the community together, it has raised a barrier between the many and the few. And there is no escape from this state of things so long as culture remains on a purely intellectual basis, for a time will never arrive when the majority in any class are vitally interested in intellectual pursuits. Mediæval culture did not expect them to be. It accepted differences among men as irrevocable, but it knew at the same time that all men had certain human interests in common, and it built up a culture to preserve them.

In the place of a communal culture, the Renaissance promoted the cult of the individual. Its history bristles with the names of brilliant men who seem almost to be ends in themselves. They have all the appearance of being great creators, but when we examine them more closely we see they are the great destroyers. For their greatness is not their own. They were men who inherited great traditions, which they thoughtlessly destroyed, much in the same way as a spendthrift squanders the fortune to which he succeeds. But while the Renaissance destroyed the great traditions, it could put nothing in their place, for its facile half successes left it ultimately impotent, and if we search for the final cause of this failure, I think we shall find it in this. That it valued means rather than ends. It concentrated its energy upon science and criticism, but for what ends it knew not. These, it assumed, might be left to take care of themselves. And so it remained without a rudder to steer by or a goal at which to aim. Science and criticism may be constructive, but only when used by men with well-defined ends in view. But men of this type believe in dogmas, which the men of the Renaissance did not. Such men realise that if criticism has any validity in society it can only be on the assumption that it is in search of final and definite conclusions. That if it seeks to destroy one set of dogmas it does so in order to create others. But the men of the Renaissance did not understand that. They valued criticism for the sake of criticism, not for the sake of truth but for the love of destruction. They never understood that the final object and justification of criticism is that it destroys the need of criticism; that the final aim and object of free thought should be the re-establishment of dogmas.

The Idolatry of Words.

By Dr. Oscar Levy.

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

THE FIASCO OF THE CATEGORICAL IMPERATIVE.—All Europe holds to-day that the German is not a Christian in the true sense of the word, and there are plenty of Germans who lend support to this theory, looking on their own piety with extremely sceptical eyes, unless indeed they are attached to the Christian officialdom of the Court.

The German, however, is none the less a great believer in duty. How does he come by this sense of duty? is the question that immediately arises. It can be derived from no other source than the famous drill-sergeant Kant, who proclaimed to the Germans that "all striving after happiness is bad, egotistical—only obedience to the moral law, to the categorical imperative is altruistic, good, worthy of a generous soul." And what is the origin of this moral law? If we trace it back far enough, we shall find its origin in decadent Judaism ("love thy neighbour!") or, if you will, Christianity. What could one expect from a Prussian Puritan (who seems, moreover, to have had Scottish blood in his veins) but the doctrines of a Christian pedant? The Christianity, the Puritanism, the inhuman "categorical imperative" of the Christian Kant—it was all this that irritated the Pagan Goethe. Kant was an idealist, Goethe was not a nationalist; with the soul of a "layman," he loved secular things. To be in love with life like Goethe means also to taste fearlessly all its bitterness, all its hardships, in order to distil therefrom the honey of true values which forms the food of the world. The real antithesis of Kant was not Goethe, but John Bull; the thorough-going idealist on the one hand, the thorough-going materialist on the other. The Englishman is a materialist, a pragmatist, a patient huntsman, with his nose always to the ground on the trail of profit and happiness. The German Kant used to turn away in disgust from this kind of "happiness." Perhaps he had a right to do so: let us concede this much to the German, that the hedonistic frame of mind is by its nature somewhat vulgar and repellent, annoying us with its constant reminder of comfort, of cosy armchairs at the club and week-ends at the seaside. Still, hedonism has this advantage over the "categorical imperative" system: it is harmless! . . . A nation which finds every effort towards happiness categorically, *categorigorously*, denied it, comes after a long course of such treatment to suffer from what the psycho-analyst calls "suppression," a disease that can only be cured by a violent reaction. . . . To speak in less technical language: In order to attain an exalted, a *too* exalted, goal, the natural instincts of man are driven into banishment. In the days of the Pagan Horace, a pitchfork was used for this purpose (*naturam expellas furca*). The Christian pitchfork is styled "categorical imperative," but although human nature is thus ennobled, the smell of the dungheap clings to it still. In the days of the Pagan Horace, banished Nature could run back soon enough (*tamen usque recurret*). With the Christian she is consigned to the lowest circle of Hell: they ignore her very existence! Woe to her if she comes up to the surface again! Forthwith the pitchfork of duty is brought out, and once more the wretched instincts are thrust into the hell of the subsconscious. . . . There they are imprisoned, there they sweat and rub their lacerated flesh. They rattle their chains and emit such cries of weakness, such hoarse cries, that even those unconcerned feel cold shivers run down their spine. . . . But none of these cries reaches those whom they touch most nearly, none rises to those snow-capped heights where heavenly idealism sits enthroned. . . . Up there they do not hear because they will not and cannot hear; they are so afraid of forfeiting their "human dignity" that they pretend to know nothing of the inferno that seethes in their own breasts. . . It is beyond question that the Germans, before the war, formed the largest body in the great European army of neurasthenics. The foregoing explanation makes it clear why they did. In the end, the crisis supervened: the strain became too great, the nervous system exploded, the categorical imperative was blown sky-high, and with it its owner, whose noble endeavours to forgo petty happinesses were crowned with the consummate success—of a disaster! And now the poor neurasthenic sufferer is rated all over Europe as a "criminal"! Oh, Europe, Europe!

TEUTONISM AND THE CHURCH.—German cruelty is by no means a matter of instinct: anyone who knows the German must realise that cruelty is not an inherent trait of his character. It is the outcome of a logical system of thought, and even though it may be very like madness, there is method in that madness. . . One never fails to be struck by the resemblance between Germanism and the Church: the Church has a Messianic rôle to fulfil in the world, and so has Teutonism. . . . The Pope is the vicar of God here below; Germany embodies the idea of humanity on earth. Torquemada burnt heretics to save their souls; Germany attacks her neighbours in order to bestow upon them the

blessings of her culture. Both are actuated by disinterested motives, by religious, moral, humanitarian impulses. . . .

Both powers have a clear conscience, owing to their firm belief in their essential holiness. Hence Teutonism and the Church exclaim in chorus: "Compel them to come in!" The means adopted for securing this holy end are, of course, immoral; but what means would be otherwise? And what does the immorality of the means matter, if they are employed in the interests of a "higher moral order"? Papacy and Teutonism alike aim at a universal monarchy, but they do so from love, from humanity, from idealism, from a desire to make the world happier. Neither Gregory VII nor Innocent III took up the cudgels more zealously for their beloved Church than Johann Gottlieb Fichte does for his darling Teutonism and its magnificent future. "To the Germans alone is it given by divine ordinance that they shall found the true kingdom of Right and Liberty, based on the equality of all who have been clothed in the flesh of man. The Germans alone will succeed in bringing it to pass; they were marked out thousands of years ago for this noble task, and are equipping themselves for it slowly but surely. *There is no other race that could secure this ideal!*" In days gone by, Protestantism sought to destroy the Church in order to set up in its place another Church, one endowed with spiritual forces that were far less supple, but with material resources far more potent than its predecessor. . . How Torquemada, with his paltry little auto-da-fés, would have envied William II his glorious human hecatombs and his pyramids of skulls! In other words, this war is a war of religion, in an up-to-date form. The world no longer believes in God, but it does believe in Christian morality. Germany is endeavouring to establish and spread this morality through the agency of an organised State system: she is, in fact, the modern Church. Her enemies hate a Church which they look upon as a dungeon for the imprisonment of men's consciences, and aim at the triumph of true Christianity, that is, the individual freedom of sovereign peoples, no matter what the cost. The Church and the heretics are once more at daggers drawn, but with armies and weapons of war more formidable than have ever been known before. Apart from this, everything is going on as it did in the Middle Ages. And we fancied, in our innocence, that we had rounded Cape Middle Ages without shipwreck!

THE DISINTERESTED WAR.—In order to be able to breathe at all in the poison gas atmosphere of present day Europe, we must needs become Spinozists, followers of the lonely philosopher who denied the existence of evil in human nature. . . . "What!" retort the sharpshooters of modern thought, "you seek to deny the evil in us? You see before you the most appalling slaughter in the world's history, and you would revive the theories of worthy Jean-Jacques Rousseau, who asserted that man was by nature good? Open your eyes and look about you, you who spin theories but know nothing of the world? Like all men of your stamp, you seem to live too much by yourself, you spend too much time in gazing at your own navel, you are so fond of peering up at the clouds that you miss the puddles at your feet!" No, my friend, we are not trying to revive the ideas of the late Rousseau, who was a Christian heretic, or of the late Kant, who was a Christian priest. Neither the romantic who looks upon man as good nor the pessimist who rates him as bad is fitted to solve the riddle of the world-war. The Oedipus who will overcome this Sphinx must neither excuse, like Rousseau, nor accuse, like Kant. He must attempt to understand, like Spinoza. Only by dint of understanding will the Sphinx of evil passions be forced to hurl herself into the depths. That is why we ask, we who deny evil: "Where is the evil in the world of to-day? Could one call the Germans depraved—the Germans who started the war from State idealism, from racial romanticism, and from other motives inspired by draughts of too heady beer or by moonlight? You, who were personally acquainted with the Germans before the war, did you ever get the feeling among them that you were in the company of bad men? Could one call the French depraved, the French who were attacked, who are only defending their own skins and battling for a peace that would remove for all time their neighbour's continual threats to their existence? Could one call the English naturally depraved, the English whose want of imagination and of intuitive faculty is only too notorious, the English who one fine day found themselves dragged into the war although they had not even an army? Or Mr. Wilson, who unsheathed the sword in a purely disinterested spirit and solely for reasons of humanity, who disavows all ideas of annexation, or of the slightest material gain, with the indignation of a sincere idealist? Or, finally, the Russians, the craziest of all Europeans, smitten with mysticism and love, the Russians who since the Revolution have fraternised with the German outposts, and in a spirit of typically Christian ingenuousness have suggested a peace without annexations or indemnities? On the contrary, all these are good at bottom, and perhaps it is just this goodness that is the bad part about them. A really wicked man, an unashamed lover of power, a healthy and untamed human tiger, grows sated with blood after a time, like his counterpart in the animal world, and if through an ill-judged leap he misses his victim, he, too, usually retires howling into the virgin forest. The stubborn visionary, however, refuses to budge, all the more obstinately if his enemies charge him—the *good* man!—with base motives, as Germany's foes are doing to-day. For the German has a clear conscience about this charge; he is sure that it is false. They say he is too wicked; he considers himself too good. They call him too brutal; he regards himself as too sentimental. They make him out too ruffianly; he looks upon himself as too honourable. He is fully persuaded that he is "an apprentice compared with the master-rogues of society." . . . This total misconception of his real nature lends him confidence in "the righteousness of his cause." Henceforth, his soul and his conscience are untroubled. He sees himself as one divided, persecuted, crucified without a shadow of justice. He becomes, in his own eyes, a martyr, and since his seventeen-inch guns and submarines spare him the necessity of silent martyrdom, he is the most dangerous of fanatics. Like all fanatics, he resorts in his blindness to clumsy methods, which convince the world all the more firmly of his "criminal instincts." In the end, that world declares that it can no longer live under the same celestial roof as this "pariah of the human race." These hard words act as a red rag on the German bull; still more infuriated, he, in his turn, charges his adversaries with the most infamous and immoral motives, and having but a scant knowledge of men, he can give free rein to his imagination. Hindenburg, armour-plated with stupidity no less than with nails, tells his fellow-countrymen that the American dollar-hunters only came into the war in order to avoid losing the millions they had lent to England: a calumny that stings this people like a slash from a whip—this people that has been brought up on a humanitarian Christianity, and only finds life bearable at all in so far as it is conscious of an untainted idealism. The result of all this is a seemingly endless world-war, because each side considers itself good and holy and its opponent wicked and devilish, whereas in reality both parties in the struggle are good and holy, that is to say, honest and stupid idealists, and neither is better nor worse than the other. Who is there that is not weary of all this holiness and disinterestedness, that does not cry out, in his heart of hearts, for a man really

bad, healthily egotistic, to introduce a little law and order among these altruists who are tearing each other to pieces? This bad man would be to-day the true good man—and that is why Spinoza denied evil, most judiciously; he recognised in it the root of strength, or, indirectly, of all human greatness and goodness.

Ibsen and His Creation.

By Janko Lavrin.

V.—THE "PEER GYNT" SELF.

I.

IMMEDIATELY after the drama of the heroic moralist Brand, Ibsen examined—almost with equal artistic power—the reverse of the same problem. This he undertook in his "Peer Gynt," which may be considered as one of his most serious works, in spite of all its polemical and even journalistic passages.

The chief hero of this dramatic poem is, first of all, the antipodes of Brand. While Brand represents a grandiose tragedy of Personality, Peer Gynt embodies its tragi-comedy. Brand attempts to subdue the whole of life to his moralised individual will, and, therefore, commits an outrage upon Life; Peer Gynt, on the other hand, subdues his own individual will to life, and, therefore, commits an outrage upon himself. Brand sacrifices his happiness to his "call"; Peer Gynt prefers to sacrifice all his inner "calls" to the pleasures of life. While Brand's will is centripetal, the will of Peer Gynt is centrifugal, or, rather, it is without any centre at all. Instead of the straight line of Brand's unbending will, we find in Peer Gynt the "curve line" of eternal compromises—compromises with himself, with reality, with God and the Devil. Brand's categorical, "Be thyself!" undergoes at the hands of Peer a complete transvaluation in the name of his famous "Gyntish Self."

> The Gyntish Self—it is the host
> Of wishes, appetites, desires—
> The Gyntish Self, it is the sea
> Of fancies, exigencies, claims,
> All that, in short, makes my breast heave,
> And whereby I, as I exist. . . .*

That is Peer Gynt's philosophy of (the) Self. He substitutes for individualism its antipodes—egoism. . . As a typical egoist, he becomes a mere slave of his own appetites and fancies, which he tries, of course, to disguise under "individualistic" watch-words and principles. Brand's striving "All or nothing" degenerates in Peer Gynt into—"all and nothing," with its splendid formula: "Be self-sufficient!" That is why Peer equally easily becomes a troll, a merchant, a slave-trader, a Bible-trader, a financier, a "scientist," a "prophet," and so on. He can turn into anything for the very reason that he has strangled his real Self. He is all, and, at the same time, nothing. Or, as his father-in-law, the old troll of Dovrë, characterises him—

> So willingly, in short, did we find him in all things,
> I thought to myself the old Adam, for certain,
> Had for good and all been kicked out of doors.

Always true to his "Gyntish Self," he travels from one appetite to another, from one selfish fancy to another, justifying each by his own conception of the principle, "Be thyself." And thus it happened that after his adventure with Anitra—for whose sake he lost not only his high rank of a "prophet" but also his money and treasures—he met at the pyramids of Giseh a certain Doctor Begriffenfeldt. This learned man listened with enthusiastic admiration to Peer's conception of individualism, and in order to introduce him to a number of others initiated in the same philosophy, he invited him to his residence—the madhouse of Cairo. And there the great and solemn moment took place: no sooner did Peer enter the hall than he was recognised by all the madmen as their natural chief. They greet him as their king, while Doctor Begriffenfeldt exalts their own "Gyntish Selves" in ecstatic rapture—

> We go, full sail, as our very selves.
> Each one shuts himself up in the barrel of self,
> In the self-fermentation he dives to the bottom—
> With the self-bung he seals it hermetically,
> And seasons the staves in the well of self.
> No one has tears for the other's woes;
> No one has mind for the other's ideas.
> We're our very selves, both in thought and tone,
> Ourselves to the spring-board's uttermost verge.

Surrounded by the raving madmen, Peer Gynt faints and sinks down on the floor. In the meantime, they crown him as the great "Emperor of Himself"—

> Ha! See him in the mire enthroned,
> Beside himself—to crown him now!
> Long live, long live the Self-hood's Kaiser!
> Es lebe hoch der grosse Peer!

II.

After this solemn apotheosis of the "Gyntish Self" we meet Peer Gynt as an old and grey-haired man, sailing back to his native country. The ship on which he is travelling is suddenly wrecked, and, in order to save himself, the worthy Peer sends to the bottom the cook of the ship, without caring very much that the cook's numerous children at home were doomed thereby to starve.

Finally, we see him again in the haunts of his youth, and here an inner reaction commences. Remembering his young days and adventures, Peer Gynt begins to perceive his whole life in its true aspect. A terrible doubt gnaws his soul, and for the first time he seems to divine the truth of his "Gyntish Self." He begins to realise that his life was without any meaning, and his personality without any kernel—like the onion he picked up and peeled on the way: "To the innermost centre is nothing but swathing—each smaller and smaller. Nature is witty!" . . .

Pondering over his past, he dimly guesses that he has lost his Ego—through his egoism. . . The "self-realisation" in the name of the Gyntish Self proved to be a slow self-destruction, a successive destruction of all his inner possibilities, faculties and "calls." And while he was looking in astonishment upon the pitiful ruin of his true Self, he suddenly became haunted by strange voices: all his unthought thoughts, his unproclaimed ideas, unsung songs, unshed tears, unachieved deeds—all demanded an account from Peer Gynt. In growing anguish he tries not to listen to them, he tries to escape, but they beset and haunt him everywhere like ghosts. More than that—on a cross-way he is stopped by the mysterious Button-Moulder who claims his Soul in order to melt it down and destroy it for ever as worthless rubbish.

Peer protests against such a punishment. His whole life was nothing but a slavish serving of his dear self, and how could he now consent to an absolute annihilation of this self! No, to such a terrible punishment he would prefer all the torments, all the eternal pains

* Quotations are taken from W. Archer's edition of Ibsen's works (Heinemann).

of hell. He, therefore, defends himself; he wants to prove that in all his sins he was not worse than other people :—

I'm sure I deserve better treatment than this;
I'm not nearly so bad as you think—
Indeed I've done more or less good in the world;
At worst you may call me a sort of a bungler,
But certainly not an exceptional sinner.

This argument, however, fails to have its due effect, for the implacable Button-Moulder gives quite an unexpected answer :—

Why, that is precisely the rub, my man!
You're no sinner at all in the higher sense;
That's why you're excused all the torture-pangs,
And, like others, land in the casting-ladle. . . .

In other words, Peer's greatest sin was that he had not realised himself either through virtue or through sin. He belonged to those of whom it is said: "So, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth." That is why his Soul was doomed to be "spued out" and to disappear for ever in the "waste-box."

For a while he manages, none the less, to escape on a pretext; but on the next crossway the indefatigable Button-Moulder pops up again. And now there is only one way of salvation for Peer—to prove that he really is himself. If he cannot do that, he is lost. He strains himself to find at least a single proof, but the obstinate logic of the Button-Moulder is stronger than Peer's proofs.

"One question—just one," exclaims at last Peer Gynt in his desperation; "What is at bottom, this being oneself?"

And here he learns the secret of true self-realisation.

"To be oneself is: to slay oneself" (i.e., to slay one's "Gyntish Self"), answers the Button-Moulder, and adds :—

But on you that answer is doubtless lost,
And therefore we'll say: to stand everywhere
With *Master's intention* displayed like a signboard.

Peer Gynt asks :—

But suppose a man never has come to know
What Master meant with him?

The Button-Moulder replies :—

He must *divine* it. . . .

"But how often are divinings beside the mark—then one is carried 'ad undas' in middle career," remarks the puzzled Peer Gynt, and the Button-Moulder cuts him short with a not very comforting answer :—

That is certain, Peer Gynt; in default of divining
The cloven-hoofed gentleman finds his best hook.

To be sure, after such an answer there remains to Peer nothing but to exclaim :—

This matter is excessively complicated. . . .

III.

On a closer examination the matter really proves to be "excessively complicated"—not only to Peer Gynt, but also to Ibsen, who touches in these passages, by the way, as it were, the profoundest aspect of individual self-assertion. For in more sober language the argument of the Button-Moulder can be reduced to the following: a real individual self-realisation is possible only in the name of a super-individual Will and Value, while self-assertion in one's own name leads towards self-destruction.

Without—for the time being—going into further details, Ibsen allows Peer to capitulate; he acknowledges with resignation, that in this higher sense he never was himself :—

I no longer plead being myself;
It might not be easy to get it proven.
That part of my case I must look as lost. . . .

In his great sorrow and regret he prepares to leave the Earth whose grass he had trampled "to no avail."

I will clamber up high, to the dizziest peak;
I will look once more on the rising sun,
Gaze till I'm tired o'er the promised land;
Then try to get snowdrifts piled over me.
They can write above them: Here no One lies buried. . . .
I fear I was dead long before I died.

That was Peer's sentence over himself, over his "Gyntish Self." At the last moment, however, a miracle occurred: Peer saved his Soul from the "waste-box"—owing to the pure Solveig (the beloved of his young days) in whose heart he was preserved "as the whole man, the true man."

Where was I, as myself, as the whole man, the true man?
Where was I, with God's sigil upon my brow?

Thus he exclaims on the threshold of Solveig's hut, and Solveig, who was dreaming of him, waiting for him, her whole life long, answers :—

In my faith, in my hope, and my love.

Peer (starts back) :—

What sayest thou——? Peace! These are juggling words.
Thou art mother thyself to the man that's there.

Solveig :—

Ay, that I am; but who is his father?
Surely he that forgives at the mother's prayer.

Peer (a light shines in his face; he cries) :—

My mother; my wife; oh, thou innocent woman!
In thy love—oh, there hide me, hide me!

Thus, he was saved by Solveig, whose love paralysed the power of the Button-Moulder; none the less, his life was lost, utterly lost and forfeited; it was sacrificed to the "Gyntish Self."

IV.

In "Brand" Ibsen proclaimed that "it is Will alone that matters"; but, in the same drama, he demonstrated clearly enough that Will alone is not sufficient. In "Peer Gynt" he developed further the same dilemma, and came to the conclusion that a true self-realisation can be achieved only in harmony with a super-individual Will, i.e., with our "Master's intention," which we have, however, to divine; for unless we divine it, our Individualism is doomed to degenerate into its very antithesis—into Egoism and Egotism. . . .

But here the question arises, how are we to divine our "Master's intention"? How are we to bring our Will into harmony with His Will? In other words, how can we arrive at a religious Individualism—especially if we are not religious? On the other hand, religious individualism is the only true salvation from all the different (and sometimes very clever and cunning) aspects of the "Gyntish Self" and Gyntish fate. . . .

It is here that Gynt's dilemma becomes our own dilemma, and Peer Gynt's tragedy—our own tragedy. For suppose even that we seriously try to divine our "Master's intention"—where is the guarantee that we have really divined it? Was not the moralist Brand fanatically persuaded of having divined it? And yet, at the end, the "Master" himself told him (in the manner of a modern "deus ex machina") that he was wrong!

But if we cannot "divine" it, what are we to do with our Will? Moreover, who is in such a case responsible for our mistake—we or the "Master"?

Ibsen tried to investigate this problem and tragedy of the Will in his next great drama, "Emperor and Galilean."

Music.

By William Atheling.

ROSOWSKY, ROSING, DI VEROLI.

Two concerts (Æolian), Saturdays, January 11 and January 18, bring Tschaikovsky's limitations into the field of one's consciousness. A certain cheapness is imminent in this composer. He is not cheap all the time, or even, perhaps, most of the time, but he keeps one in a state of anxiety. The Gretchianoff opening duet (January 11) was given with the exquisite blending of two good voices; it is very Russian, for the plus and minus of that national quality, and is on the border of being tiresome, just on the border. Di Veroli was in excellent form; but there is some "fat" in the Oneigin accompaniment, some "western Europe," or perhaps some Mittle-Europa. There was a certain blankness in "Tatiana's Letter," "as if the bottom had dropped out of the cup," though it was rendered unaffectedly and with technical excellence by Rosowsky. She is "quite good," enunciates clearly, and is not remarkably interesting.

The Fountain Scene from "Boris" is Moussorgsky's tremolo stop; rumour says the scene was written in after the opera was completed, because the opera house management insisted on an emotional duet between some pair or other of lovers. Even so, one was instantly very much aware that the singers had shifted from Tschaikovsky. There was splendid largeness and capacity in Rosing's low notes in the opening passage.

The "Marina" was thin. True, the character is shallow, but one doubted if the interpretess would have managed any greater profundity. Rosing seemed at the top of his form until the end of the passage beginning "Hush, Marina," where he came through the tone; the duet ended rather chaotically; possibly the orchestra is needed to fill out the conclusion.

Dorgominsky's "Vineyard," and the Rachmaninoff were acceptable; in the first Korsakoff one granted voice, and was tempted to add "præterea nihil," but there was more than that in the Korsakoff encore. Rosing was not at his best in the Sorotchinsky Foire, but came to in the "Flea" and stole the concert with that and his Korsakoff encore. Despite its obvious merits *as done*, I can add nothing to my opening sentences in regard to the Queen of Spades and Tschaikovsky in general.

ROSING.

Rosing's own concert is the first of his implied lecture series. I have already demurred from the non-musical structure of these programmes, however interesting they may be in a given case.

The opening Tcherepnin gave fine effects in a veiled and smoky colouring, due, I think, as much to interpretation as to the composition. Despite the persistent mispronunciation (to the point of altering the meaning of the French) I wish Rosing would do more music of Tiersot's period; even though he was over-dramatic for the simplicity of the mode at one point of the Plainte.

Bach's "Dearest Jesu" belies its words in all but the last three chords. The fine triumphant processional might just as well accompany some remarks about the victorious entry of Cæsar's troops into Bithynia as any wails about bringing anyone "*to despair.*" The Chopin "Chant Funebre de la Pologne" is puzzling in its opening, the Polish quality perhaps verging, or being interpreted to verge, on the Russian; from the words beginning "Varsovie. . . ." it was excellent Chopin, and excellent Rosing; but needed, perhaps, restraint later on, where there was too apparent an attempt to make it expressive. One wants to hear it again, and repeatedly.

Rosing was in his element in the folk song, the frozen convict song, and the Nevstruoff with a sort of double tone in his high notes. The Sahnovsky "Clock" was Di Veroli's piece accompanied by Rosing's voice. There seemed to be a slight obstruction of the singer's rhythm, but the piano part is a tour-de-force with overtones, and Di Veroli worked with the precision of an optical instrument. Tschaikovsky Aria: vide supra, general topic of Tschaikovsky.

I have no intention of making any apologiæ whatsoever for French versions of Hun; neither the Schubert nor the Brahms Translations were satisfactory. Rosing's throat began to trouble him in the Moussorgsky Death Cycle songs; but there were fine effects in "Field Marshal."

The Gretchianinoff and Dorgominsky satires were not quite important enough to fill their niche in the programme. Borodin's "Spes" is another matter; and in it the musical value predominates over the mimicry. Rosing's voice was tiring when he came to the encores. My only new point in regard to these programmes centralised by a general literary theme, applies equally to all programmes. A concert lasts an hour and a half; it is not an organic composition like the act or the whole of an opera or a symphony. The element of main form must be supplied. I have already written about various means for variety. Beyond them, one should introduce a certain number of songs with more or less symmetrical wave lengths; something with a discernible and regular metric. Rosing, on the 18th, erred rather in giving too many songs with irregular or unobvious rhythms. The element of "regular" rhythm is often (probably without consciousness or design) supplied by the "classic" numbers familiar at the beginning of concerts.

In response to correspondents: Moussorgsky's music is, or was, obtainable from J. W. Chester, 11, Great Marlborough Street, W.1. Beyond that I can supply no special information.

While I should deplore any ambition which might deprive us of the pleasure of Sig. Di Veroli's accompaniments, and difficult as it is to judge from a man's accompaniments how he will play as a soloist, I think there is now sufficient interest in Di Veroli's piano playing to warrant his giving a concert on his own . . . in which he should abjure the compositions of his personal friends and contemporaries.

Mr. Frederic Lamond's managers request us to state that Mr. Lamond was born in Glasgow, and that at no time during his internment at Ruhleben did he contemplate changing his nationality; Scotch he was and British he remains, and a master of his instrument, notice to follow. FULL BEETHOVEN RECITAL, Wigmore Hall, February 8, at 5.50, not to be missed.

Raymonde Collignon, Steinway Hall, February 8, at 3.

Rosing, series, Saturdays, February 8, Russian Programme, 22, etc. Æolian, at 3.

THE ALLIED STRING QUARTET (Desire Defauw, R. C. Kay, L. Tertis, Emile Doehaerd), Wigmore, January 20, began the Mozart Quartet in F Major, in exquisite accord, kept the main form and governed the relative volumes of sound most commendably, with the general tone of old instruments suitable for this composer. Excellent in Moderato and Allegretto they became just a slight degree vague in the final Allegro. The Debussy Quartet was done well, but, on the whole, perhaps not quite so convincingly as the Mozart, though both quartettes were worth hearing, as also the Brahms Intermezzo.

D'ALVAREZ (Æolian, January 21). Madame D'Alvarez preserves all the traditions of the Prima Donna; she should have flowered in the spacious 1830's. Auditors who dislike waiting should arrive 15 minutes late. The cantatrice began the XVIIth century monologue with the bravura of 1850, but the loveliness of her voice is undeniable. Scream she will, but the softer notes are delightful; the "Déploration" was almost unalloyed pleasure, displaying the fineness and full richness of the voice. Even the accompaniment was not

bad, though Mi Kiddle began the next song à la Brighton Pier. D'Alvarez sang it delicately, and there were excellent and exquisite effects in the Cesti.

F. D'Erlanger's "L'Abbesse" is dull modern Frenchness, ideas of poem based on clichés of forgotten ethical struggles—well sung. Still, one cannot be expected to sit through the poems of E. W. Wilcox whoever set them or sing them. Besides the Wilcox, one was threatened with Saint Saëns and "Isobel."

M. Yves Tinayre, vocal recital at the Wigmore, Wednesday, January 29, notice to follow.

Recent Verse.

BERNARD GILBERT. Rebel Verses. (Blackwell. 1s. 6d. net).

In this volume, the fifth or sixth of his Muse's offspring, Mr. Gilbert is less to Lincolnshire than Barnes was to Dorset or Browne to the Isle of Man—vide the "New Witness." Only a few of the items are in dialect, but they are all good, save, perhaps, the rather sophisticated "There aint no God," which appeared in THE NEW AGE. The atheistical sentiment may be more common than is supposed in the Lincolnshire Fens; but it is not commonly expressed, nor would it be on the occasion to which Mr. Gilbert refers. In short, Mr. Gilbert is himself there speaking under the peasants' smock. A little of this vicarious atonement with Lincolnshire is also to be found in "No Wife." Only peasants half on the way to being gipsies would avow their unconventionality in this manner. On the other hand, "The Fool" and "Anywhere but Here" are as nearly first-rate as any of Mr. Gilbert's dialect verses. The "rebel" in the volume is, on the whole, not very bloodthirsty or really very rebellious. Here is Mr. Gilbert's opening creed, written unoriginally in Whitmanese, and distinctly reminiscent of several other writers :—

I live in music, in poetry, and in the life reflective.
I seek intellectual boldness in man, I worship mental swiftness in women.
I have no love for lawyers, priests, schoolmasters, or any dogmatic men.
I am with the poor against the rich, labour against employer, women against men; I fight beside all strikers, mutineers, and rebels.
I welcome foes; I desire criticism.
I loathe prejudice, either social or national; I repudiate all claims.
I demand freedom of action and leisure for reflection.
Facing Death, I should say: "I have tasted all, tried all, dared all, suffered all, and I repent nothing."

The magnificence of this attitude is ancient Egyptian; but in these days it is open to suspicion. The man must be a wild beast or a god who can say that he has tasted *all*, dared *all*, suffered all, etc., etc.; and the decision must be unfavourable in view of the repudiation of claims. Who is Mr. Gilbert to demand all (and to get it!) while repudiating all counter-claims? It was the *sick* lion's den into which all the footprints entered while none returned. Passing over this somewhat morbid (if sincere) superhumanity, we come to the "rebel" verses themselves. The "Song of Revolt" is in the good old conventional style :—

Crowns are ashake,
The princes and the kings are bending low,
And, round the world,
Before the blast of Freedom, thrones are hurled:
The People are awake!

It is not quite true, unfortunately; but the poet's wish is often father to the event. A later poem begins in by no means a rebellious gambit :—

Safe-guarded dwellers in your sea-girt eyrie
How fares the fight?

The rest of the poem is much better; but it is rhetoric rather than the poetry in which Mr. Gilbert lives. There is a song to Nietzsche in a strain caught from Poe's "Raven," and interwoven with the rhythm of "Hiawatha." There are likewise tributes to Cromwell and Machiavelli, the latter a rather fine appreciation. Mr. Gilbert's love-songs are all of them saturated, right enough, in emotion; but it is emotion of anything but a reflective character. The reader is not transported above emotion into the still world of contemplation, but remains to wonder what the lady says. "The Labourers' Hymn" is, again, good rhetoric devoid of poetry. It amounts to a spirited challenge and defiance, and owes something to Kipling :—

Our sons shall trample you and yours in their bloody and righteous rage,
Who hid at home in shelter whilst they paid for the land its wage:
They fought and died for the land; and they shall enter its heritage.

We may hope they will; but the problem of scientific agriculture will remain when the question of ownership is settled. "The East Wind," "that blows from Deadman's Ground," is a good piece of descriptive writing, but not the last word to be said on the subject. "Oh, to be Home" is *nearly* a poem.

Oh! to be home, now that the harvest's ready,
Now the hay is gathered and the weather's steady,
Now the reaper-sails across the fields are flying,
And the barley—white as driven snow—is dying;
When overhead the harvest moon rides full,
And daybreak brings a touch of frosty wool;
While stackyards clear, are ready for their turn,
And farmers smile across the level Hurn.

The times and seasons are a bit mixed in this passage, the harvest moon being premature by a few weeks. Also, the effect is created, not by a single image, but a catalogue—as if one right image were not enough. Otherwise, it is near Mr. Gilbert's highwater-mark. This mark is reached in the last stanza of "This Town is Hell," which reads thus :—

Sometimes, when dazed by this un-human place,
I have remembered me the days so dear,
And seen again the horses out at plough,
Their shoulders pressing forward in the gear:
The smell, the sound, come back with strange surprise,
To think that I am down Long Martin Fen;
It brings the tears into my aching eyes
To dream that I am farming once again.

It is not perfect. Strange surprise and aching eyes are conventional. But it is unaffected and pathetic. It suggests that Mr. Gilbert is never nearer poetry than when he is regretting the days that are no more.

ELEANOR FARJEON. Sonnets and Poems. (Blackwell. 3s. net).

A poetic vocabulary is necessarily a select vocabulary. There are tens of thousands of words that simply cannot be used in poetry at all. Their associations are all wrong; and they are fatal to the creation of the mood which is the proper object of the art. Miss Farjeon has not only a prose vocabulary; she has the dialectical manner. Most of her sonnets, though correct in form, are homiletic arguments, excellent in prose, no doubt, but anything but at home on Parnassus. Here is the octave of the first, for example :—

Man cannot be a sophist in his heart,
He must look nakedly on his intent,
Expose it of all shreds of argument,
And strip it like a slave-girl in the mart.
What though with speckled truths and masked confessions
He still deceives awhile the outer sense?
At barely half his honesty's expense
Still earns the world's excuse for the world's transgressions?

It is nearly a moral emblem, or, at any rate, a passage from Emerson's essays. The verse-form certainly

does not make poetry of it. The sixth sonnet opens a little better, but it quickly declines into a discussion :—

Certain among us walk in loneliness
Along the pale unprofitable days,
Hazarding many an unanswered guess
At what vague purpose wastes us on our ways.

Thirteen is still better :—

Thy glance is lovelier than the glance of the moon,
Thy breath more heavenly than the breath of May,
When thou dost gaze my sight begins to swoon,
When thou dost breathe my own breath swims away.

Even here, however, Miss Farjeon does not get away from her debating and dialectics. In "A Manger Song" occurs a hint of a possible rhythmic scheme which is at once original and pleasing. But a larger subject is necessary for such a stride.

Whence got ye your soft, soft eyes of the mother, O soft-eyed cow?
We saw the Mother of Mothers bring forth, and that was how.
We sheltered her that was shelterless for a little while,
We watched the milking Babe at her breast, and we saw her smile.

"Colin Clout, Come Home Again," is the best, as it is also the longest poem in the volume. Its simplicity drops often to the commonplace, and occasionally to the manufactured commonplace :—

For evil must be still to cope
When Colin Clout comes home again.

but there are passages of æsthetic pleasure, if not of the swoon which is beauty. Here is one :—

Ah, Colin! 'tis a twice-told tale
How that the woods were heard to wail,
How birds with silence did complain,
And fields with faded flowers did mourn,
And flocks from feeding did refrain,
And rivers wept for your return.
Singer of England's merriest hour,
Return! return and make her flower,
Charming your pipe unto your peers
As once you did in other years.

It is conceited in the old sense; but perhaps that is a tribute to Colin.

STEPHEN MAGUIRE.

Views and Reviews.

CATHOLICISM: A REJOINDER.

IT is amusing to observe Mr. Leo Ward protesting against my unfairness, as though I were the big bully and the Catholic Church, of which he is the advocate, were the small boy doughtily maintaining his faith under persecution. Already, I notice, Mr. Leo Ward has written four pages to my three; and if, as he maintains, the Catholic Church is, always has been, and always will be right, I do not quite see why Mr. Ward should be so fearful of one adversary. I repeat that I did not attack the Catholic Church; I took Miss Petre's book as the text for an attack on Modernism, on the "attitude of combined revolt and attachment," as Miss Petre phrased it. Mr. Ward has enlarged the issue to include the whole history of the Catholic Church, hoping, I suppose, to lose me in the maze of details; but I intend to do what I have done, to ignore what is irrelevant to the issue, and to state my own opinion with the help of such facts and such authorities as I can remember at the moment.

For example, I do not intend to make an elaborate historical investigation concerning Charlemagne; my memory of history suffices to assure me that the Papacy and the Holy Roman Empire were not identical; and Charlemagne was not the Pope. To tell me that "the Pope finally lost the temporal power in 1870" is to tell me that Lord Acton, the Catholic historian, was a deluded idiot when he tried to organise an opposition in the Catholic Church to the proclamation of temporal power, that his argument that it would raise difficult questions of sovereignty and allegiance referred to a chimera of his imagination, that his correspondence on the subject is only one more incident of what Mr. Leo Ward calls "the vast tradition of calumny against the Catholic Church and its members." I prefer to believe that Mr. Leo Ward's history is Catholic propagandist history.

Nor do I intend to make an elaborate investigation of the facts relating to the Catholic savants, of several of whom Mr. Leo Ward gives the names. Pasteur, for example, was a Catholic, that is to say, in the words of Professor Santayana (quoted by Mr. Leo Ward) he had "the same kind of faith that John the Baptist demanded—I mean faith in another world." Was it this faith that made him a bacteriologist; or was it the application of the scientific method to phenomena that made him of service (service which, by the way, is contested) to the world? I do not pretend to know whether Pasteur was excommunicated or not; but I notice that Dr. Wrench, in his "Life of Lord Lister" says: "[Pasteur's discovery] affected, or appeared to affect, fundamental beliefs. Pasteur, a firm and devout Catholic, was attacked by representatives of the Church," and I notice that Pasteur's Jubilee was celebrated with great pomp in 1892, when "President Carnot, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber, the Ministers and Ambassadors, and the delegates of all the great academies of medicine and science throughout Europe were present" (also quoted from Dr. Wrench). The Pope, apparently, was not present to honour the faithful son of the Church.

Pasteur was, I believe, a lay savant, but Mendel was, of course, an Abbé. I do not know whether Mendel's work has yet been condemned, perhaps its bearing on theological doctrine has not yet been perceived; but we may ask ourselves in this connection: "What did the Catholic Church do either to inspire his work or to make it known?" It was not until about fifty years after his death that the world became acquainted with his researches, and then they were obviously not a work of faith but of science, of observation and experiment. Mendel's demonstration that the individual is not indivisible, that, on the contrary, it is a complex of qualities that separately may be bred in or out of the stock, strikes at the fundamental dogma of the unity of the soul, maintained by the Catholic Church; and when that fact is perceived, I have no doubt that the Mendelian theory of heredity will be condemned.

We judge men and institutions not by what they tolerate, but by what they choose. Whenever the Church has perceived the bearing of science on dogma, it has condemned science—the heliocentric theory is, of course, the everlasting example. We have become so used to the condemnation of scientific discovery that we should feel that there was something wrong with a scientist whose work had not received the Imprimatur of the Index. I have just been reading, for example, the life and works of Francis Joseph Gall, a man who discovered more in one lifetime concerning the structure and functions of the brain and nervous system than is certainly known even now. Infallibly, I come to the usual sentence; he was excommunicated and his works placed on the Index. We might shrug our shoulders over the past errors of judgment of the Catholic Church, but we find the source of these errors affirmed as a principle in the anti-Modernist oath. "I also condemn and reject the opinion of those who say that the personality of the Christian savant is two-fold, that of the believer and that of the historian, so that he may hold as an historian what he denies as a believer, or may build up premisses from which it would follow that certain dogmas were false or doubtful, provided he did not directly deny them." There is the principle; if science does not agree with dogma,

so much the worse for science—a Catholic cannot believe both.

Mr. Leo Ward tells us, once again, that "Modernism was an anti-Catholic philosophy masquerading as Catholicism." I have said so; it was a revival of Christian teaching, and Catholicism is Papacy. Tyrrell's mistake on this point was expressed in his work, "The Church and the Future": "Ask the first Monsignore or Cardinal who will deign to notice you, and he will have to answer you as gravely as he can: 'Our sole thought and aim is that men may love God and love one another as much as possible in the Spirit of Christ. We do not care about temporal power for its own sake, or for money, nor even for spiritual power over men's minds and wills; nor for our own dignity and position; nor for the system and institution which we defend; but we desire purely and simply to make men holy and Christ-like, and we are convinced that these are lawful and expeditious means to that end." That is, as Mr. Leo Ward says, an anti-Catholic philosophy; Catholicism is an end in itself, not a means to the conversion of the human race into partakers of the Divine Spirit. Tyrrell had a profound knowledge of the theological history and teaching, and had made a special study of St. Thomas Aquinas; he demanded a trial of the alleged charges of heresy, but, if I remember rightly, it was never accorded. After his excommunication, he added a clause to his will: "If I decline the ministrations of a Roman Catholic priest at my death-bed, it is solely because I wish to give no basis for the rumour that I made any sort of retractation of those Catholic principles which I have defended against the Vatican heresies."

Mr. Leo Ward doubts the "impartiality" of Mr. Loisy as a witness against the Church, tells us that "the later development of Loisy's mind led him to a frank repudiation of Christianity." I am not aware of his repudiation of Christianity; I am aware of the fact that the Catholic Church excommunicated him. "Why was it," he wrote, "that in November, 1893, the bishop protectors of the 'Institut Catholique,' the Pope, Leo XIII, and Cardinal Rampolla, did not say to me: 'You have the mind of a lay savant. The Church gives you back your word. Go; she does not curse you, do not curse her! How I should have blessed her! In 1908 too many sad years had gone by; my life had been taken, but not used; and then, too, the dismissal was not gracefully given. I am the less bound to gratitude. The sentence of excommunication was decreed by the Holy Office on March 7, 1908, and announced the same day Urbi et Orbi. To myself, it was never notified: I read the news in the papers of March 8th. My first feeling, which is not yet dead, was one of immense relief. With great commotion, by way of reproach and condemnation, of ostracism, and as far as possible, of extermination, yet in truth and deed, the Church was restoring to me the liberty that I unwisely handed over to her thirty years before. In spite of herself, but effectively, she gave me back to myself, and I was almost tempted to thank her." The scholarship that the Church found intolerable was honoured by Loisy's promotion to the Chair of the History of Religions in the Collège de France, where it is not necessary to deny facts, or to falsify the conclusions honestly deduced from patient research to make them agree with dogma.

Mr. Leo Ward claims to speak with more authority concerning Catholicism than Tyrrell did, because, he says, he has not been condemned, and is strictly orthodox. Tyrrell also claimed to be strictly orthodox, and we have seen what happened to him. I cannot do better than close this article with a quotation of Tyrrell's statement of what "orthodoxy" means, as expressed by the Encyclical Pascendi: "The need of reform in seminary studies; of hindering the multiplication of new devotions; of giving to laity and priests a share in Church management; of decentralisation; of reforming the Index and other Roman Congregations; of insisting more on 'active' than on 'passive' virtues, or more simplicity and poverty on the part of ecclesiastics; of abolishing or modifying enforced clerical celibacy; of criticising legends and relics—all this is ruthlessly condemned. For the supposition of such reforming tendencies is that the Church can and ought to develop; that the institutions, teachings, and principles of the apostolic age were not final and sufficient for all time; that more is needed than an 'instauratio omnium'—a going back to the old lines."

A. E. R.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NO PRODUCTION WITH FAIR DISTRIBUTION.

Sir,—Could not THE NEW AGE state once quite plainly that, when distribution is better, it will welcome increased production, but until it is better it will advocate decreased production? I take it that the machinery "which is now in competition with the lives of the workers" would be considered splendid inventions when owned by the Guilds, and this because they would not then help the rich to get richer and the poor poorer, but would help all (those who work them) to get richer.

I am aware that your support of the six-hours day was half-hearted, and was given to ward off "the worst effects of super-production," but if you would commit yourself to the cry, "No production until fair distribution," you will be logical and to the point.

This means striking at once, and not wasting time over hours and pay. But you do talk about hours, pensions, and minimum wage.

Do you then mean—some production (as much as possible by machinery) until fair distribution? Then what is to bring about fair distribution? A six-hours day won't. A six-hours day will postpone it.

If THE NEW AGE is anxious to help Labour, would it not do them the best service by telling them precisely what they are to strike for now?

F. P. CROSLAND.

* * *

FAREHAM LABOUR PARTY.

Sir,—Will you allow me to call the attention of your readers in the Fareham Division of Hants to the fact that steps are being taken to organise a Labour Party in the division, and to ask them to communicate with Mr. C. Upson, at 47, Stoke Road, Gosport, or with myself at "St. Helen's," Down End, Drayton, whichever is the nearer?

C. W. WILKINSON.

* * *

A STRIKE AIM.

Sir,—May I suggest that all workers in receipt of less than £150 a year should have their wages doubled at the expense of the Exchequer? If they can enforce this, they may obtain a real minimum wage, though the other results will be amusing.

F. P. CROSLAND.

* * *

"A. E. R." AND CATHOLICISM.

Sir,—Mr. Leo Ward states that the Kaiserdom rested on force, while the Papacy rests on free consent. But Mr. Ward must make up his mind on this question of the Papacy. Does he regard the Pope as an absolute or a representative monarch? If the former, I would remind him that absolute monarchy cannot rest upon free consent. If the latter, he is a modernist, condemned by those very encyclicals, such as "Pascendi," to which he appeals. The Papacy as absolute spiritual monarchy on earth reflecting "our Kaiser which art in heaven" (for that is in reality the Roman and Anglo-Catholic idea of God) corrodes and extinguishes the personalities of the governed. Our Lord's "sons not servants" should now read "servants not sons." For free consent there has been gradually substituted fatigued acquiescence. It always amazes me that so many enemies of the Servile State should be apologists of the Servile Church. The idea of free consent in religion has faded from the modern Catholic mind. To adapt a criticism of Mr. Gilbert Chesterton on a rural constituency and its member, I do

not imply that these Roman populations particularly resent the Papacy; but if they do not, it is simply because they would not resent anybody. "They are perhaps glad he is no worse; they give very little thought to the possibility of getting anybody better. It is this flat state of fatigued toleration that we are told in the newspapers to regard as the uproarious popularity of the member with the safe seat . . . such a king is crowned while all his subjects are asleep . . . such a vote is always carried *nemine contradicente*. There is naturally no dissentient when hardly anybody seems to be sentient. Indifference is called unanimity." Compare this with Tyrrell's caustic essay with the foolish title "Mediævalism," wherein he reminds us "that this passive acquiescence is a very different thing from a free, independent acceptance; that an imposed listless uniformity lacks all the evidential value of a spontaneous, active unanimity. . . . Who can see the work of the Holy Ghost in the agreement of bishops selected because they agree to be bishops no longer, but delegates of the one and only bishop; or in that of priests still more utterly depersonalised; or in that of a listless and indifferent laity—schooled, till their first communion, in this easy thought-saving simplification, and subsequently dead to all further interest in the matter?"

CONRAD NOEL,
Priest of the Catholic Crusade.

Thaxted, January 29th.

* * *

RE-INCARNATION.

Sir,—In THE NEW AGE of January 30th, "A. E. R." remarks on the fact that, though he has several times advanced arguments against the theory of re-incarnation, no one has answered his points.

I must confess that I am surprised that he considers this remarkable. Invariably he refutes points which no believer in re-incarnation, in possession of his senses, would support, and criticises the babblings of thoughtless individuals as though they were doctrines which must be established if the theory of re-incarnation is not to own defeat.

Having regard for "A. E. R.'s" mentality, one does not suppose he is sincere in this attitude, but, on the contrary, must conclude he garbles the subject intentionally, having made up his mind that it is unworthy of serious study.

To take his latest victory—the "three fingers on each hand" case—has anyone besides "A. E. R." applied the theory of re-incarnation to it as a possible explanation? And what authority has "A. E. R." for saying that the theory of re-incarnation would "require us to believe that in a previous life he (of the three fingers) did not use the little fingers," etc., etc.? I have never understood that the theory of re-incarnation attempted to oust the theory—no, the fact of heredity—or the fact of the influence of pre-natal conditions in the mother.

According to the more judicious supporters of the theory of re-incarnation personality and the human body—that which does not endure beyond death—are governed by heredity and circumstance, while the soul alone is able to go on to other states of being.

There are not, at present, here in the Western world at least, many aspects of the subject on which there is complete agreement among general believers in the theory—and possibly that is as well, while even the most tentative guess is laid out with full pomp by critics, under the impression that they are disposing of the theory of re-incarnation altogether. Trial by combat is one of the least satisfactory methods of arriving at truth, while a subject stands in need, as does re-incarnation, of consecutive thought and open-minded discussion.

At all events, there is as yet no general agreement among theorists as to what attributes and faculties the soul takes with it from life to life. But it is assumed that it must take the strongest, and also that particular attributes will remain themselves, and that special faculties, once attained, must be re-incarnated as those special faculties, though they may be in abeyance until circumstances are favourable to their expression.

It is generally agreed also that the soul finds itself, in most lives, in unsympathetic surroundings, and, throughout its sojourn in its temporary habitation, fights as best it can against the forces of heredity and circumstance, and, more often than not, has to fight personality itself also.

Mozart—but how wearisome is Mozart in this connection!—Mozart is cited as an instance of good fortune in heredity and environment (though in previous lives his art may have been frustrated), for he was born into a musical family which encouraged his gifts from his earliest years. Had he been born in a slum, with the usual pair of apathetic parents, it is probable that he could never have expressed the music in him, and certainly could not have displayed himself as an infant prodigy.

But one is bound to add that, if reason is required of the Lord God and His Holy Angels, it must be concluded that Mozart's previous life had been particularly hard, and that he needed a respite before enduring further hardship. Mozart's musical career, in itself, cannot have been of great importance in the eyes of those whose vision for all things is perfection.

The theory of re-incarnation is the most logical solution of the problem of attainment of perfection, and there are many other points in its favour, but, undoubtedly, there are many grave problems connected with it which have not been solved satisfactorily by theorists.

Personally, I am not yet entirely convinced that re-incarnation must be accepted as fact, but I have had a number of experiences which are only completely explicable if re-incarnation is admitted. They impressed me from their very beginning, and I made drawings and, later on, notes, though I have never described them to anyone, chiefly because I have only met people who either regard the whole thing as a joke which it is—and it isn't—or else receive an allusion to it as an earthquaking revelation which it isn't—and it is. Neither point of view sufficiently encourages me to talk freely of what *may* be one's journey through eternity. I was hoping to put one of these experiences to the test when the war broke out and made it impossible for me to ransack Germany for a little white-walled, red-roofed town which, according to my memory (?), existed some five hundred years ago—in Bavaria probably. For, if it existed in reality then, it is possible that it has endured through the centuries, and that I might find my home by the gateway and see the same sign hanging over the inn.

As the series of fragmentary experiences connected with this little town occurred when I was an uninformed and unimaginative child of ten or eleven years, and as I have never been out of England and the town could not have been English, and as the period was a time when the country was desolate and dangerous, and as it was unusual, for instance, for young gentlemen in doublet and hose to ride about making play with roses and toying with their perfumed locks—these experiences ought to furnish some light on the subject—especially if I could find my little town.

At all events, believing the truth or untruth of re-incarnation to be important, I am willing to deliver up my contribution to the dispassionate consideration of students.

M. F. M.

* * *

IMMORTALITY.

Sir,—I suppose that the letter in your last issue, signed "M.B. Oxon," means something; but I, to whom it is supposed to refer, can make little or nothing of it. Your correspondent calls me a "materialist"; I am not. If I am any "ist" at all, I am a psychologist; and the argument I raised against immortality was a psychological argument. He tells me that I have no data (he has not bothered to read the series of articles), and produces none himself. I said in the article to which he objects that I demand, first of all, a definition of immortality; he tells me that "what immortality means exactly is a more difficult question. Fundamentally it means that Man's body, his home, and that Man is not the by-product of his metabolism." I agree with these statements; but they are no evidence of immortality, in my opinion. All that we know of man is manifested constantly with his metabolistic processes; when they cease, what evidence have we of his persistence? It is evidence that I want; and when "M.B. Oxon" has any to offer, I shall be pleased to hear from him.

A. E. R.

Pastiche.

THE STAR OF PALE GREEN.

There's a pale green star in a dust of stars,
And a silent night dew falling,
And dæmon-dreams in the pine wood here,
And tall trees calling.

They were friends of the star in the dust of stars
Till he stole away their queen,
And wedded her spirit wild and free,
'Neath the cold moon-sheen.

He has borne his phantom, pale-lipped fay,
Over the rim of the world away,
To his home beyond the dawn of day,
Where rainbows fade, and pale lights play
With the wandering moonbeam's cold blue ray;
And left the lone trees calling.

Do you hear the wild trees calling?
And their sad leaves falling?

There's a royal star in a dust of stars,
Who has stolen for bride their queen!
Her spirit has gone from the pine wood here,
And a dream,
To the star of the pale green.

MABEL CLARKE.

A FABLE.

"I have no misgivings as to the country's future if Capital and Labour work hand in hand with mutual goodwill, respect, and forbearance. Neither can do without the other."—LORD INCHCAPE.

A pack of Wild Dogs lived in close proximity to a herd of Deer, which formed their natural sustenance. But the herd grew strong, and combined against attack, and the Wild Dogs were hardly able to carry off even the does and their young. Now the Wild Dogs had long been accustomed to combine and work in close accord with each other; but this unity among the Deer was new and strange to them. Wherefore they took counsel among themselves, and some complained bitterly of the wicked conspiracy which threatened to deprive them of the food on which Nature had ordained that they should live.

Now a little before this the Wild Dogs and the Deer had been attacked by a larger and mightier pack of Wild Dogs; and they had combined together, and driven them off with great slaughter, so that they had no need to fear further attack for a long time to come. And the leaders of the Wild Dogs lifted up their voices and called upon the Deer to continue this comradeship which had stood them in such good stead in their hour of need. For, they said, they had no misgivings if Wild Dogs and Deer would work hand in hand with mutual goodwill, respect and forbearance. Neither could do without the other. Let them give up their narrow, selfish ideas and work for the common good.

And some of the Deer were inclined to hearken to the voice of the leaders of the Wild Dogs. For each one thought, "I have fought side by side with some of them, and found them very good fellows. True, some of us must be eaten occasionally, but we are many, and I hope it will not be myself. It is the nature of things that we should be eaten. Moreover, the Wild Dogs have but lately saved us from utter destruction. They are our friends. Let us continue to be friends, lest a worse thing befall us."

And the leaders of the Wild Dogs made promises, and took some of the leaders of the Deer into counsel with them. And they promised that they would not eat more of the Deer than was right and necessary. So the matter was put to the vote. And the Wild Dogs voted, and the Deer voted, and there was a majority for the Wild Dogs, and they continued to eat the Deer. Nevertheless, some of the Deer are yet not satisfied, and say that one day the Deer will refuse to be eaten any more. And a few among them would rebel, and slay or drive out the Wild Dogs. But others would have the Wild Dogs change their manner of living, and eat like the Deer, and all help each other. For such a thing is possible, though it has never yet been done.

R. G. B.

THE STONY STREET.

The wretchéd beggar in thee seeks his home,
Between thy two extremes his comfort lies,
And in thy spacious halls he fades and dies,
Yet sad his ghost in thee still craves to roam:
And by thy many courts doth go and come.
Writ in thy stones there lies a goodly tale,
Much sought by men, who oftenest do fail,
Whose errant thought is penn'd in many a tome.
Enchantment lies the while within thy bounds,
Which draws to thee all forms of dames and men,
With weeping babes, and discord all surrounds,
And all are hungeréd now and filléd then.
And in the midst of little storms and calms
Both good and evil walk with claspéd palms.

GEOFFREY PITTER.

THE SHY PSYCHE.

I will make a thicket and a lonely grove
To hide amid its shadow of trellised boughs
The wild doves and the serpents of my love,
As in some secret half-remembered house:
There shall the vines with twist of fruitèd spray
Tangle the dawn in purple bloom and there
White hidden flowers shall perfume the bare day,
Sending their souls out into that hushed air:
The bushes shall be glad with coloured birds,
Singing for joy, and in its dark heart deep,
Careless of wrong, the naked nymph shall sleep:
My heart shall keep the key, most fast alway,
Lest any rash or foolish tread that way,
To step too soon upon my love's frail words.

WILFRID CHILDE.

SEPTEMBER NIGHT.

If that you ride by road or lane
In the September dark,
When there is neither mist nor rain,
And nothing can you mark
But a tall darkness for a tree,
And for the road a gleam of white,
And scent of leaves breathed heavily,
It is a fairy night.

A kingdom brief, scarce nine hours long,
Do the good people hold,
But it is full of whispered song
In the crisp breezes cold.
And every dell, a darkling round
Of shadow, when the moon is none,
Holdeth a little chattering sound,
Which comes, and then is gone.

RUTH PITTER.

A NOVELTY.

They say that Death's a hunter
Who is always after me;
A grinning spectre with a scythe
Who roams the country free.
A heartless foe, a hungry lord,
That hunts with the hounds of doom,
Through forest glades of phantom trees
That choke a world of gloom.

Suppose that I'm the hunter
Who is chasing after Death,
In restless moments riding close
With every passing breath.
Supposing each long year I live,
In what strange place I be,
I hunt him in a reckless race,
But Death is dodging me.

J. D. GLEESON.

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