NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Lord Leverhulme would always be entitled to attention in respect to questions of industrial difficulty if it were only in recognition of his unquestionable honesty. He is an instance, which we believe is only specially typical of a very large and important class, of the man who, having succeeded under certain economic conditions, is convinced that those conditions are stable and immutable, and that the real Labour problem, which it is admitted is no general salvation possible; that only individual free from the one-day-a-week philanthropy which is the curse of the existing social system. It is, however, interesting, in connection with the House of Lords' Debate on industrial unrest, to notice how it carries with it its own refutation.

The whole emphasis (specially voiced by Lord Emmott, but nowhere questioned) of Wednesday's debate, was laid on the necessity for immediately restarting, stimulating and increasing exports in order that our financial obligations may be met. Notice the emphasis on finance. These exports, while not specified in variety, may clearly be assumed as manufactures involving elaborate machinery, and therefore fairly stable in character. The whole organisation presupposes that the machinery is designed to produce goods for export, and that these goods will be paid for to an increasing extent by raw material for manufacture into still more goods for further export. We need not elaborate the contention, because it is not denied.

Now, divesting our minds of all pre-occupations in respect of financial processes, money, and other purely artificial, though necessary, expedients in economic distribution, consider this proposition in terms of work and goods. We are, as the very foundation of a better material England, to devote more and more attention to working for quite unspecified districts outside England. And this process is to be cumulative. It is absolutely immaterial to the common-sense aspect of the question to introduce questions of employment, wages, and such matters at this juncture: these are pure incidents in a given economic policy, based on the price system. The single point we wish to stress here is that by no process of reasoning whatever can an exported article, which is paid for by raw material for further export, be of any value to the community exporting, and this is true entirely apart from any surplus imports which may accompany the process. If such a process is necessary to maintain the working of the economic machinery of distribution, then the machinery of distribution wants re-designing.

The vital necessity to extrude production from the producing community in order to obtain distribution within the community is the perfect and sufficient explanation first of economic war, and then of the economic necessity of military war. No League of Nations built on the foundation of an economic system involving forced exports as a condition of economic circulation has the beginnings of a possibility of success. It is also equally obvious that an economic system of this character cannot exist under an effective League of Free Peoples, because the nearest planet is still too distant for export purposes. This is perfectly understood in Industrial America, and the furious storm which is rising round Mr. Wilson is the surest indication that the ground will shortly be cleared of the material of camouflage, and battle will be joined on the real issue: that of the abolition or profound modification of the competitive economic system, in favour of methods based on real community of interest.

It is the direction of movement which indicates progress; and the steady efforts to cope with the essentials to ultimate reconstruction made by the American Delegation at Paris seem to us to be much more important than any jejune parade of the final details, even if they are in contemplation. If these efforts take a wrong direction criticism is legitimate, but meanwhile it is a most momentous thing that, as the conditions of the Balance of Power still exist, the Balance should be in the hands of practical idealists; and a very little consideration of the effect which a Republican President...
with strong financial sympathies would have on the
trend of events at this time should silence those im-
patient individuals both in America and Europe who
demand that every executive action shall be labelled
with the special creed of the enthusiast.
We have not ourselves any doubt whatever that the
purest working of the most conscientious individuals
will at no distant date sweep the world into changes which reaction
will be quite powerless to resist; but the changes can
involve greater or less discomfort and suffering just
to the extent that reaction is understood and disarmed.
And when the history of this period of change comes
to be written it will be generally recognised that the
Conference of Paris, while perhaps not admirable now,
might have been the mother of more misery than even
this distracted world has yet known.

The rapturous approval voiced by the Press of the
opinions expressed in the House of Lords' Debate therefore
involves the necessity of pointing out in so far as it is possible that, under the guidance of its responsible spokesmen, that body is advocating a policy involving war as an integral and increasingly important compo-

tent. But the matter goes further than that. It was pointed out in the course of the debate that the profits of war industries during the first half of the war, would only amount to 4s. per week. Let us imagine that the whole of the stupendous output for war pur-

poses had been for peace purposes. How much of this output would 4s. per head have bought? A mere

trifle, obviously. Then where would the rest have gone? Solvitur ambulando.

The answer, of course, is that it would not have been produced because it could not have been met by an
effective economic demand. This is proved beyond con-
tention by the fact that we have never had a period of industrial activity comparable to that of the past four-
and-a-half years of war. Now the whole of the im-

mense production for war purposes was turned out by a fraction, and not the most efficient fraction, of the

pre-war population. Since wages and salaries, even if supplemented by the division of profits, will not create an effective demand equal to the money value of the production of the country minus 7,000,000 of its

population, how is it proposed to absorb these 7,000,000

of the country minus 7,000,000 of its

hands of the extremists in future struggles. The

babes, has his own strategy; but the use made of the

tactics to enlist the sympathies of the umpire by pointing

out where his interest lies. It is only another

variant of the simple but ever-effective policy of the

Roman Empire--divide et impera.

Mr. Lloyd George's appeal to the Minors leaves us
cold. While it is clear that the ostensible objects of the threatened strikes are only of temporary utility, and even to that extent are gained at the expense of the community at large, we do not see that Mr. Lloyd George's philosophy has a sound reason to offer as to why the community should not be penalised by anyone who has the necessary power. The whole of the profits made during the war are a penalisation of the

community by a small section placed by circumstances in a position of advantage in respect to the remainder, and the smug satisfaction of the munition entrepreneur of even the smallest dimensions is evidence that few opportu-


nities have been missed. But of course that is not the point. The Coalition Government is on the eve of the battle for industrial hegemony, and it is good, sound tactics to enlist the sympathies of the umpire by pointing

out where his interest lies. It is only another

variant of the simple but ever-effective policy of the

Roman Empire--divide et impera.

Probably Mr. Smillie, who is not exactly meat for

babies, has his own strategy; but the use made of the comparatively long strike notice given, in prejudicing the case before it is tried, will clearly strengthen the

hands of the extremists in future struggles. The dis-

advantages based on the principle of the Balance of Power are not less in industry than they are in

politics, and they are of the same character; every

temporary success only increases the difficulty of the

next adjustment, a process which culminates in the
catastrophic fall of the whole edifice so laboriously built

up.

Into the vortex of the struggle has been precipitated in a tentative form the question of the National Power Supply to which we made passing reference some weeks ago, and the conjunction is a confirmation of the view then suggested that the nationalisation and utilisation of power, the administration of coal mining and the organisation of transport are different aspects of one problem, and that no sound progress can be made in respect to any section of it until the economic founda-

tion which must underlie the new order have been well

and solidly laid. It must be obvious to the most

independent observer that the alarm raised against strikes in "key" industries is not connected with the development of various plans for their consolidation and control by a centralised authority; and quite apart from all

questions of employers and employed, it is plain that such schemes have attended with success from the point of view of their promoters, it is largely immaterial to the community whether the final victory rests with master or man; the power to dictate terms to the community under the existing economic system will quite unquestionably be

resident in the centralised organisation.
We do not think it is possible to overestimate the importance of a wider understanding of this proposition; it is the root idea on which the Prussian autocracy was built up; and it seems undeniable that the only effective answer to it is to divorce the administration of such undertakings from power over the economic condition of the individuals comprised in the industry, and, as a result of this divorce, remove or reduce to insignificance any incentive to the use of the organisation as an instrument of economic tyranny.

It is this view of the entire industrial problem which, in our opinion, makes the policy of the Whitley Councils wholly vicious. It is just conceivable that under favourable conditions (which, perhaps fortunately, do not exist) some arrangement might be evolved to deal with questions of unemployment and poverty under the capitalistic system, although the considerations which contribute to the inadequacy of the policy of super-production seem to suggest almost insurmountable difficulties in the way of the achievement of even this very modest result. But granting the bare possibility, it could only have the effect of making the individual, no matter what his position in life, still more the absolute slave of a competitive system, the social results of which are demonstrably unsatisfactory, and if it is conceded that this is a valid objection, it is clear that there is every reason to resist the attempt to bolster up a thoroughly outworn conception of society in its industrial embodiment after congratulating ourselves that we have defeated and disposed of its military and political aspect.

But the scheme of Industrial Councils to control industry is also open to criticism on quite other grounds. The modern business is not to any considerable extent an undertaking run on Capital; it is run on Credit. The claim for representation made by Capital is really a claim to represent the administration of Credit. We hold very strongly the opinion that the administration of credit is not a proper field for private enterprise, not because we have any predisposition to Collectivism, but by reason of the clearly social origin of Credit itself, and the impossibility of limiting the sphere of the influence exercised by any manipulation of it. The mandate of its self-appointed representatives is therefore open to a fundamental challenge; and it will be well to decide whether it is in order before conceding to the delegates the moral weight of its immense potentialities for good or evil.

As we go to Press the reports of the internal condition of Germany become graver in character. Bavaria appears to have proclaimed a Soviet Republic; the disturbances in the Ruhr coalfields have assumed a revolutionary character. Berlin is not too quiet, and it is quite clear that the National Assembly at Weimar does not exercise anything but the most uncertain and inconclusive influence on the situation. Our daily Press, with that unconscious humour which is the chief justification for its present high price, explains that Germany having caused the downfall of Russia, Russia is responsible for the propaganda which is causing all the trouble in Germany.

It is a simple theory; we wish we could believe in so touching an instance of the working out of poetic justice. It would be interesting to be instructed as to the reaction which may be expected from the not too cheerful situation in America, which presumably is the joint work of both countries. Failing enlightenment from this source, it is, perhaps, not unreasonable to assume that certain conditions are common to all the countries affected, and to inquire what are those conditions with a view to estimating their importance in our own case. It is not a difficult task; there are two conditions present in all the countries mentioned, and we believe they are a sufficiently predisposing cause to account for a very critical situation. The first is the high cost of living, and the second is the effect of unemployment in causing a failure in economic distribution. Quite probably in Germany, quite certainly in America, there is no serious shortage of the necessaries of life if the existing stocks were properly distributed, but as in both those countries in common with our own the distribution of goods is an apparatus of money, and the theoretical source of money is labour utilised for production, where there is no labour utilised for production there is no distribution. And authority is faced with the dilemma of either famine relief on no financial system at all, or something it has decided to call Bolshevism. The Government professes its fixed intention to deal faithfully with Bolshevism; it is not showing any marked signs of capacity to reduce unemployment; and while cheerfully admitting that there are immense stocks of food in the country, it not only refuses to be a party to reducing prices, but allows the most scandalous profiteering in houses to play its part in reducing purchasing power, and so contribute to a failure in distribution similar to that in Germany. We refuse to believe that the obsession of machine-gun politics has consciously become the ruling creed at Westminster, but if it has not, then the sooner a coherent effort is made to deal with the approaching situation the greater will be the probability of avoiding the worst features of the Continental upheaval.

C. H. D.

TO AN IDEALIST.

I, the earth-child, greet you, miraculous iceberg.
I see you on lonely seas, raising to heaven your piercing and fretted spires,
In eternal aspiration.

You are a priest offering bloodless oblation--
Incontaminate--spurning the earth:

Knowing her breath
Is death.

Your white spires lift themselves like strange fingers,
Rigid to tear the last veils out of heaven:
To shape a course by some unknown and unnamable star.
You are clear as crystal,
Green as the sea depths,
And blue as the eyes of some sea-maiden.

By day you gleam with the jewels of an unpeopled Paradise:
By night you are a lightless and terrible ship,
And your dreadful pilot
Is submerged in the black of your pit.
You reel like a god seeking vengeance.
Your dance is the dance of death;
Your path the way of fury and destruction.
You are the ghost of the ships--
The darling messengers of the earth.
They are merry with wine and feasting;
They flower on the wastes of ocean
Like islands of warmth and laughter.
You haunt them forever on the wind-swept corridors of the waves,
So that they shudder and flee--
Veering drunkenly out of their course.

In the rhythm of the nights, the ship glows like a far-flung censer,
Full of the savour of the Sun and the incense of earth-born gods.
You lurk, incited to frenzy, in the wake of the golden portholes--

Your breath goes before you with the chill of dissolution and death.

At the shriek of your impact,
Men are petrified on the shining stairways,
The long rail lurches away from their straining fingers;
Their world spills under their feet to the maw of the

To be carded to shreds, to be drift, to be spindrift and bubbles.

GERTRUDE DIX.
Foreign Affairs.

By S. Verdà.

It is less gratifying than might have been supposed to be able to turn upon our Liberals and to say in regard to the League of Nations: We told you so! The joke is too stale; and I for my part should prefer now and then to be taken by the pleasant surprise of being proved wrong. This is not the case, however, with the League of Nations, about which, as my readers know, I was sceptical from the outset. A political League, founded upon a system of national economic competition was bound to result in one of two things—either a piece of humbug or in a secret economic alliance for the division of the earth among the chief parties to the League. In other words, it was bound either to be ineffective or tyrannical. It appears that at last even the poor benighted "Herald" has realised that the League now on the point of coming into existence is nothing better than a 'clique' of nations, consisting, of course, of the big and victorious Five. They have fixed up between them (for the time being at any rate) the proportions in which they propose to share power and glory and raw material—can decide the issue. If France, in pursuit of Mr. Chesterton's policy, "safeguards" herself by occupying an integral part of Germany; if, again, under the impulse of French fears combined with Anglo-Saxon commercialism, Germany is forbidden to trade with the outer world—then, infallibly, Germany will turn her eyes Eastwards once more—not to the Balkans this time, but to Russia. I cannot imagine that Germany, under those circumstances, can adopt any other policy. I am certain that if Mr. Chesterton were a German, he himself would adopt it. Seventy or eighty million people of technical ability are not going to be prevented from trade because they are estopped in one direction, when another and quite as promising an opening is within their reach. A capitalist alliance—under any name you please—is the inevitable sequel of the policy now being pursued by France, Mr. Chesterton and Anglo-Saxon Big Business.

I abate nothing that has been said in praise of President Wilson in these columns. President Wilson is first and foremost a politician; and as a politician he has done all that political power can do to safeguard the peace of the world. But President Wilson, in his studious hours, is as well aware as you and I are, that political forces (himself included) are only the shadows cast by economic forces; and he has said as plainly as words can convey that capitalism is the real origin of war. I quoted him to this effect only a few weeks ago. Being a politician, however, he more often forgets than remembers this economic foundation, and thus we find him talking as if wars were the result of the "private choice of small coteries of social rulers and military staffs"—in a word, of caprice. Nothing is more dangerous than to entertain such a delusion, especially now that such "social rulers and military staffs" are no longer in active existence. Capitalist democracies can almost as readily fall into war as capitalist autocracies; and, in fact, given the perpetuation of the system of international capitalist competition, war is certain, even if the conflicting peoples are opposed to it. The only alternative to war, indeed, under a capitalist regime, is an international capitalist combine; and since President Wilson has seen no other way out of it, an international capitalist combine is the alternative wisely chosen.

Mr. G. K. Chesterton courteously objects in the "Illustrated London News" to my advice to France to make friends with Germany. He has two objections to it—over and above, of course, the Utopianism of the suggestion which I admitted. The first is the practical objection...that 'if France and Germany ever did combine they would most probably combine against us'; and the second is that 'if France is thus really dependent on the desires of Germany we have certainly lost the war.' I admit the force of both arguments; but in this world it is not often a choice between the good and the bad, but between the bad and the worse. In reckoning France as the index of the European and the world-situation, Mr. Chesterton tends to forget—as he frequently appears to—to the existence of the vast bloc of Europe. I wish he were a better European, and less of a Francophile; or, perhaps, if he were a better Francophile he would be a better European. For the fact is that it was not the defencelessness of France, but the prospect of the rich spoils of Slav exploitation that tempted the Austrian militarists to wage war; and equally it will not be by making France impregnable to German aggression that the war can be reckoned as won or lost. What was and still is at stake is primarily Russia; and it is a thousand times more true to say of Russia than of France that "if Russia is really left dependent on the desires of Germany we have certainly lost the war." Now, my point as to this was that France alone—or almost alone—can decide the issue. If France, in pursuit of Mr. Chesterton's policy, "safeguards" herself by occupying an integral part of Germany; if, again, under the impulse of French fears combined with Anglo-Saxon commercialism, Germany is forbidden to trade with the outer world—then, infallibly, Germany will turn her eyes Eastwards once more—not to the Balkans this time, but to Russia. I cannot imagine that Germany, under those circumstances, can adopt any other policy. I am certain that if Mr. Chesterton were a German, he himself would adopt it. Seventy or eighty million people of technical ability are not going to be prevented from trade because they are estopped in one direction, when another and quite as promising an opening is within their reach. A capitalist alliance—under any name you please—is the inevitable sequel of the policy now being pursued by France, Mr. Chesterton and Anglo-Saxon Big Business.

It was presumably with this fear in his mind that Sir A. Conan Doyle urged us "to pull the teeth and cut the claws" of Germany now, while we had the chance. Seventy or eighty millions of "revengeful brooding Germans" over against a dwindling France of 45 millions, presented a spectacle which filled the future with a prospect of horror. Now was the moment to put an end to it! I should be as well inclined as Sir Conan Doyle to put an end to it if the means were as practicable as the end is desirable; but, after all, after all, we are petty creatures, and it is not for us to offer better or worse we have ceased eating our prisoners of war, or driving into slavery our defeated enemies, and short of one or other of these means, "pulling the teeth and cutting the claws" of a nation like Germany presents some difficulties. Is Sir Conan Doyle prepared for a permanent military occupation of Germany? Or for her permanent economic boycott by the Allies? Is the rest of the world to be militarised in order to prevent the recurrence of German militarism? The fact is that such plans arise from pitiable cowardice—all the worse for being the reaction after a magnificent victory. What we ought to do is to let Germany get on her legs again—and even give her assistance in doing so—and then to knock her down again if she ventures to repeat her old game. Sir Conan Doyle is—perhaps with reason—so convinced that our last shot was spent in the late war that he hopes for the same result again. In short, he believes our victory was an accident, and not an achievement.

What is going on in Russia, upon which country, as I have said, the future of the world turns, nobody knows outside of Russia. Lies appear to be the only export now permitted; and the Press is condemned to self-correction daily. What I have gathered of the practice and theory of Bolshevism I hate; but how much...
of the information is true? I would not condemn a
dog on the evidence of the Press. Moreover, the sup-
pression of the facts is deliberate—with what intention
who can say? In reply to Colonel Malone's request
that a Commission of Inquiry should be sent to Russia
to see for themselves (and for us) what is actually tak-
ing place, Mr. Bonar Law said that "the Government
do not think that the suggestion could be adopted with
advantage." Why not? I am convinced that what
Bolshevism there is in this country positively feeds on
the misinformation supplied to us by our censors. They
have only to continue their policy to make Bolshevism
irresistibly attractive.

The Doubting Demagogue, 1919.

What can the call,
By Destiny, the arch-employer, mould
To all the four-square beauty of the brick,
Know of the fluted spire, when, pale and sick,
Chaos, within it, yearning to be free,
Matters its unenlightened mutiny?

Lever, who makes our soap, lie may be kind,
His soap may cleanse more than corporeal dirt,
And Incecape be a-burrowing albeit blind
Toward some other than our moral hurt.
And they who bend, where, flecked with bloody rime,
Old Mother Earth
Gripped in the awful fullness of her time,
Groans to New Freedom's birth,
They, midwives of the Embassies, may mean
Merely to wean
The new-born from that gashed and tortured breast
For reasons of the best!

Ah! trusted Consuls hot in mirrored hall
To make our world safe for Democracy
(For Democrats not necessarily),
Hear you a newer magic in the call,
Whereby early thrill once sent us 'gainst the Hun?
Whereby you will recall a Soul we won,
But whose first glamour in the meantime must
Be somewhat dulled by our contiguous dust.
For now we haul in mutiny before
The ardours of the less material task—
Meet but the cruder sacrifice of War,
For us the quaking Buffo's of her Masque!

These we could front—the mundane needs about
The crumbling line we held at Glencorse Wood
And when some aged Generals deep, no doubt,
In counsel with the Gods had thought it good,—
That Zero roaring like a Master Mine
Should spring the dreadful curtain of our stage
And beat his sodden pantaloons to time
With the knout and iron baton of his reign,
We went in waves of leader-legged platoons
Pale in the eye of Death the basilisk
That held us o'er the barrage like a moon
To all the tidal fullness of our risk,
Through days that crept the crippled length of years
And years that were eternities of tears
We did these simpler things; with bloody boots
We went along those tunnels on the third
Nerved to the trembling ire of frightened brutes

And learned there first how like a little bird
That gapes and slowly closes down an eye
A bay'neted Bavarian may die.

To-day we tread not these poor heights of Trust,
Peace sees us after five short years of War
Shrink from the Faith that moved us once to pour
Our lowly blood's libation on the dust.
(Indeed, while only tyros of the line,
And first the Majors to us zealots spoke
In cells of mother memory awine
The frogs of class Suspicion stirred and woke.)
And 'gan again to toke and toke and toke.

Their love at home was held more steadfast true
Whose rich fidelity did not eject
The new Democracy from out their view
Because of any doctrinaire defect—
But saw with grave pre-vision ranging free
That Captains of our vaster Industry
Might ask (and for the many would, in fact)
Of Freedom that at junctures she should act.
In that old measure kind, but hard! but hard!
Employed by regular serjeants of the Guard . . . .

When Wrong strode out before mankind confessed
And thundered down the gauntlet at our feet
Was not our doctrine welcomed over West,
And like a beacon set in Lombard Street?
And did not men who there in splendour sit
Speak of the gloried oneness of our blood,
No longer able to dissemble it,
Pouring their love of Justice in a flood?
Ah, if our world is not a paradise,
The fault not with these rich redeemers lies—
But somehow, somewhere, all we vulgar seem
Guilty of something fatal to the dream!—

Such men as Ford and Lever, men who fit
The voice of Sinai to the soundest schemes,
And George who has our Constitution writ
Anew to catch the sweetness of their dreams,
And those rap-tors of Canada,—not those,
Her lean platoons deploying to oppose
'Gainst bulls of Essen bellowing down the West
The brittle tissue of a youthful breast,—
But rather they who stayed, and seeing more
Than others all the issues of the War,
Less made their country's glory than displayed it.
They wore it worthily when others made it—
Oh Toil a sage division making for
Efficiency old Nature's newest Law,
Could but the orgies of our Love be checked
By no gaunt treason of the intellect!
Then might we slough these meagrems of the Soul
And love the Tribunes of the wild—lock-lipped!
These dreamers of the Snows who heard the roll
Of Rails* unborn, and saw, mayhap, what script,
Dead 'ere the careless rapture of their coming
Wound soon be humming!
Then might we know (whose simple lot was France,
The disciplines, the richer sacrifice,
Fatigues and high endurance of Finance,
Learned by these Chairmen, unweaned from the text
Of mother Nature bold and bitter sweet,
Where break the deathless armies of the Ice
And horsemen of the snow
Upon the board-rooms of Ontario.

* Canadian Pacific, probably.
Then might we also for the Right be keen,
Without our Anarch element of spleen—
Be sweet with tact with which are better flame
When elders face the tribunal of blame!
Ah, urge us, Pressmen, urge to the itch,
To love more than to understand our rich!
What but the old precipitate of Love
(New formula) can call from shapeless void
That Vision with which Christ supremely toyed,
Till now Lord Leverhulme, adress above
His soaps, and Mr. Ford a-muse
Among his cars in distant Syracuse,
See with the prescience of business-men
From whom no things are hid, that add
That in the
c

Lacking naught else, unless perchance it be
His soaps, and Mr. Ford a-muse
And unsubstantial things of sentiment,
But on the verities of cent. per cent.

What mutters in the blood of common men
Rebellious to the new Utopia-sweet
Evangel of the richer Christian
That in the simple tongue of Lombard Street
Preaches a Christ ripe with experience
In all the sage intricacies of Trade;
And lacking but that early innocence
Of Big production which His creed displayed
Before old Mr. Ford, that modern Paul,
Recast it to his dreams, and made it hum
To symphonies of输出,” and to all
The sweeter undertones of big income—
Lacking naught else, unless perchance it be
The thrill-destroying vows of poverty.

Be proud, O mujik, that your frozen coast
May have some order in its anarchy,
But when our doubts are less insistent, we
Have in our sturdy way the sweeter boast
That there’s no anarchy in this our order—
Where what was once a vaguely groping rout
Now moves in eschelon at right about
To something richer, deeper, Henriet Ford!

Ah, there’s a wisdom in our English soil
Which guides the steps that tread it ever right!
(We speak less of the bony heels of Till
Than of the tender heels of men of Might)
And do they need those foreign sweets of thought—
Our simple, great, congenially wise—
Who doubt nor urge nor weakly theorise,
But by a surer Island instinct taught,
Turn from the untried Truth where it falls short
Of what sweet there may be in older Lies?
Ah, why should all the panic urgencies
Of Red Rebellion fret our favoured clime
That tops immune the rocking gulls of Time
Where crumbled nations cumber all the seas
And Change in vain the thunder of her rime
Breaks on the granite stillness of our knees!

Then steel me, Trust, against that hairy throng,
Treading the saps illusory of Hell
To reach to their eternal citadel—
Steel me to name them hastily if not wrong!
Let us not yearn to take the fruity meads
Of Paradise unripe in the rear.
Copartnership and Love may each have speeds
Denied the rude philosophy of Fear!
Let Barnes and Roberts teach these frenzied Slavs
The moral sweetness of things done by halves!

Uphold me, Faith, ‘gainst their untutored way
Impatient of the sequence of birth
Who’d tear young Freedom from the womb of Earth
Before the riper fullness of her day.

Upon our Isle may Freedom not be born,
Fruit of no gross maternal agonies,
But found by Begbie probing in the dawn
The blushless face the wild cabbage trees
Less by the red directnesses that please
The airy zealots of that frozen shore
Than by old Punch’s jocularities
That set out nation’s deaneries aroar,
Will England purge her ethnic; or, with haste,
By all its outward marking plainly known.

Our Fathers knew what roused their simple ire;
They saw it, and they roundly went and slew
The early tyrant, Nero of the mire,
Prelate and Prince, and all that later crew—
Potent and proud, but patent as the day,
And prove to Death like men of mortal clay.
But now, the Powers that urge our shops and me
To orgies of the newer procreation,
Hating such ostentatious tyranny,
Have firmly sacrificed the ostentation
(Which gave a head to popular dislike
And sometimes one to put upon a pike)
So that we demagogues who search to find
A despots’ head to sever, search in vain,
Where Tyranny, of ancient dross refined,
Lives all obscure to save the vulgar pain.

Ah, urge us, Pressmen, urge to the itch,
Where what was once a vaguely groping rout
Turn from the untried Truth where it falls short
Of what sweet there may be in older Lies?
Ah! well, if I must love (‘I’ll try again
Though I have tried and tried, and tried in vain!)
Whom must I hate? For I am one so built
Who for the right abhorrency of guilt
Must see it walking, clothed in flesh and bone,
By all its outward marking plainly known.

The Hunnish might and knew old Wrong was dead,
And that a mathematic certitude
That haunted once the dreams of me and you,
Will England purge her ethnic; or, with haste,
By all its outward marking plainly known.

Ah, why should all the panic urgencies
Of Red Rebellion fret our favoured clime
That tops immune the rocking gulls of Time
Where crumbled nations cumber all the seas
And Change in vain the thunder of her rime
Breaks on the granite stillness of our knees!

Ah! we who’d saved the fabric of the earth
Felt gush a parent’s gladness in our blood
To see that day The Future brought to birth
Of our long bastardy of grief and mud
Weaned to the prouder breasts of:
Our long bastardy of grief and mud
Weaned to the prouder breasts of:

Ah! well, if I must love (‘I’ll try again
Though I have tried and tried, and tried in vain!)
Whom must I hate? For I am one so built
Who for the right abhorrency of guilt
Must see it walking, clothed in flesh and bone,
By all its outward marking plainly known.

Our Fathers knew what roused their simple ire;
They saw it, and they roundly went and slew
The early tyrant, Nero of the mire,
Prelate and Prince, and all that later crew—
Potent and proud, but patent as the day,
And prove to Death like men of mortal clay.
But now, the Powers that urge our shops and me
To orgies of the newer procreation,
Hating such ostentatious tyranny,
Have firmly sacrificed the ostentation
(Which gave a head to popular dislike
And sometimes one to put upon a pike)
So that we demagogues who search to find
A despots’ head to sever, search in vain,
Where Tyranny, of ancient dross refined,
Lives all obscure to save the vulgar pain.

Ah, urge us, Pressmen, urge to the itch,
Where what was once a vaguely groping rout
Turn from the untried Truth where it falls short
Of what sweet there may be in older Lies?
Ah! well, if I must love (‘I’ll try again
Though I have tried and tried, and tried in vain!)
Whom must I hate? For I am one so built
Who for the right abhorrency of guilt
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Towards National Guilds in Italy.—III.

By Odon Par.

There are two stages in the life of every organisation and movement. The first is that of spontaneous growth in which failure alternates with success, and in which various attempts are made more or less vaguely and instinctively to realise the simple task. With the growth, however, of the successful nuclei resulting from this phase, the second phase is entered upon, in which the scattered experiences become co-ordinated, the vague ideas clarified and defined, and the whole movement consciously directed with an accelerated rhythm to its original purpose.

The Italian co-operative or guild movement is entering upon this second phase. At the beginning of the war, the various co-operative societies in Italy had a large amount of local autonomy—an autonomy that contributed effectively to the creation of many trial original forms adapted to local conditions, and affording a training-ground for the mass and staff alike. Their roots went deep, and locally they soon became indispensable. They had also ideas of the broader national functions; and it was only later that they began to be aware of their national importance. Through the Provincial Federations they have now been, though still loosely, linked up with the National Co-operative League, which now represents them before the Government authorities.

The war has undoubtedly favoured the formation and activity of these co-operative enterprises—the true nuclei of a Guild system—and has equally undoubtedly brought into consciousness their possibilities in the sphere of national industrial organisation. On the other side, it has also forced the State to serve public interest. It is not probable under these circumstances that the State should revert to its pre-war policy of indecision or neutrality; and the Co-operative League, together with the whole of the working-class, is definitely of the opinion that the war-policy of the State, as affecting profiteering and the like, should be continued in times of peace. The State, in short, must continue its functions of control and organisation.

"The co-operative movement," says the League, "is inspired by the same political principle as the State itself; it derives its powers from the decisions of the community and to provide for the improvement of the public services of production, distribution and exchange; it will, therefore, naturally follow the same road as the State, and should, in consequence, be considered as its best ally."

As elsewhere, the League is fully cognisant of the demand of Capital for the removal of State-control. "We have seen," writes the Secretary of the League, "that the ruling classes love the State when it acts as the guardian of their class, but hate and fear it when it acts as the guardian of the community at large. The working-classes, on the contrary, are against the State when it is merely the Executive of the ruling class, but they accept and support it when it represents and maintains communal interests." The working-class is aware that there has always been this double aim in the State—that of serving the Capitalist class first and foremost, and only secondarily of providing for the public interest. Hence its lukewarmness in State affairs. But as soon as the State, in order to avert ruin, turned (as it had to turn during the war) to public interests, the working-classes have been found to support it. And it is clear that it is the duty of the working-classes to maintain the State in the new order to which it has been forced.

This task, however, is viewed comprehensively. It is not by voting alone, or even by procuring doles and favours from the State that the working-classes now conceive themselves to be sharing in government. It is by actual participation in the industrial functions of the State. By this means, the social functions are released and exercised. Again, while the working-classes appreciate the power and resources represented by the State, they by no means regard it as almighty. It is, in their view, an organisation, but also a factor of organisation. In other words, it exists not only to do things, but to get things done. State action thus becomes a method of communal progress. Absorbing into itself the direction of activities, it, at the same time, looks about for social groups to whom it can delegate one or another function in the national interest. The State, in short, progresses under these conditions as fast as limbs can be found for it.

In view of the situation as just described, the National Co-operative League (consisting of 3,000 affiliated societies and numbering about a million members) held a Conference in July last for the purpose of formulating a national programme and of re-organising its own members in national groups to carry it out.

Impressed by the tremendous propaganda being carried on in the Capitalist camp, the Congress made it its first business to state its creed; and the following resolution was passed:

"Resolved, that the Executive Committee of the League be guided in all its activities by the conviction that co-operation in all its various forms is tending, both nationally and internationally, towards the socialisation of the means of production, distribution and exchange; and should act, therefore, in full accord or jointly, due regard being had to specific autonomy, with those working-class organisations, national or international, which have the same aim."

The effect of this will be to deepen the bond between the Co-operative and the Trade Union movements. It is a safeguard against the danger to which local co-operative societies are exposed—that of becoming close corporations, for the Trade Unions are not only permeated with Socialism, but their scope is necessarily national. On the other hand, by association with the industrial Co-operative League, the Trade Unions may learn to apply their monopoly of labour to direct management. The control of production is the end of which the Trade Unions may become the means.

After laying down general policy, the Congress proceeded to the organisation of its members into three great national branches: the National Federation of the Co-operative Societies of Production and Labour, the National Federation of the Agricultural Co-operative Societies, and the National Federation of Co-operative Stores. All these federations are amalgamations of existing organisations under the direction of the League, and in alliance with the Trade Union and political movements, Labour in Italy intends to become and to act as a working partner with the State.

The resolution of the Congress for the creation of the Federation of the Co-operative Societies of Production and Labour reads as follows:—

Realising the need to co-ordinate, assist and direct to a common end by means of class co-operation all the forces of the Italian labour and co-operative movements, and with a view to the creation of an organisation strong enough financially and technically to undertake the solution of the problems of both public and private production, this Congress resolves to form a National Federation to include all those co-operative societies, singly or federated, which are affiliated with the National League.

The Statutes of this Federation have been recently officially recognised by a Royal Decree; and the following are among the chief articles:—

The Aim of the N.F. of C.S. of P. and L. is to obtain and carry out contracts for large public works; and to aid in particular the Labour co-operatives in
their endeavours to secure public contracts. To this end the Federation will
(a) Purchase or manufacture materials and instruments for construction and distribute the same on favourable terms to the constituent societies.
(b) Create a central office for technical and administrative assistance, and for the examination of plans of works and the like with a view to facilitating their execution by the affiliated societies.
(c) Undertake public works of a national character, and delegate to the constituent societies, either wholly or in partnership with the Federation, the execution thereof.

Membership is unlimited in number. Any Society or Federation affiliated to the National Co-operative League may become a constituent of the National Federation; and every such organisation shall be entitled, if single, to one delegate on the Central Body, and, if federated, to one delegate for each of its component societies.

The Capital of the N.F. shall consist of an unlimited number of shares, each of 25 lire. Each affiliated society must take up one share for every 25 of its members, and, in addition, contribute one-sixth of its capital to the capital of the Federation. Shares cannot be sold or transferred. The Federation may issue bonds.

Of the Profits, five per cent. shall be paid to the Board of Directors up to a maximum of 21,000 lire per annum. The remainder shall be distributed thus: 20 per cent. to the sinking fund; 20 per cent. to the paid-up capital, but the rate must not exceed 5 per cent.; 50 per cent. to the affiliated societies in proportion to the number of their members; 10 per cent. to the National Co-operative League.

The activities and finances of the Federation shall be under a Board of Controllers, consisting of three members with two alternatives. One of these shall be elected by the Congress of Delegates, one shall be nominated by the Ministry of Labour, and the third by the Central Commission for Co-operation appointed by the Government. The alternatives shall be nominated by the Congress.

The Congress of Delegates shall nominate annually a technical Board of three members specially fitted to deal with technical matters; and these shall assist in consultation with the Board of Controllers, elected from and at the annual Congress.

Government Control.—The Federation is subject to the jurisdiction of the Ministry of Industry and Commerce, and must communicate to the said Ministry the resolutions of both the Congress and the Board of Directors.

The Ministry of Industry and Commerce is empowered to order periodical or extraordinary inspections, the reports of which must be communicated to the Board of Directors of the Federation. In the event of the discovery of serious irregularities in the conduct of the Board of Directors, the Ministry may, by decree and after consultation with the State Council, depose the Board and nominate a Commissioner to conduct the affairs of the Federation until the next annual Congress.

The birth of the Federation is the sign that new functions are ready to be performed; and it is important that such functions should be provided, otherwise the organs themselves are certain to regress. But the new functions must strengthen and create new organs. Mutation is a law, not only of Nature but of Society. The success of the Federation, it is clear, will depend upon its energy, and its initiative. It must be dynamic. Charged with the task of guiding the hitherto local societies into the field of national enterprise, it must itself rise to the conception of a public body, and thus distinguish itself from the private enterprise it seeks to supersede.

By the Statutes above described and their recognition and endorsement by the State, the Federation has become a public institution under public law. This is the first instance, to my knowledge, in the history of the Labour movement, of a Labour organisation, assuming, on its own initiative, the juridical character of a public body. Placing itself under the direct control of the State, it has deliberately separated itself from private enterprise, and has thus opened the way for a transformation of industrial society by the creation of the first Public Service Guild. Having direct control over the Federation, the State may, without fear of loss or mismanagement, entrust to it even the greatest public works.

The Federation begins its career with an initial capital of 50 million lire, the savings of the affiliated societies, and with a membership of over half a million workers of the constructive trades. Its technical director is one of Italy's most efficient engineers, while its first President (Nullo Baldini) is the most competent co-operative organiser in Italy.

Each of the affiliated societies is under the direction of professionally capable and experienced men—men trained technically and morally to undertake works and organisation requiring the highest degree of skill. Moreover, the National Federation itself has at its disposal the best of modern machinery and competence of the highest order. Even the private Banks would scarcely hesitate, if invited, to lend capital to a Federation so composed.

Having received its Charter, the Federation at once sent a deputation to the Ministry of Public Works announcing its willingness to undertake public enterprises "in co-operation with the State." It informed the Ministry at the same time that the Federation was prepared to supply the labour of no fewer than two million workmen. Such an offer, in view of the difficulties of demobilisation and reconstruction, cannot fail to be attractive, specially when supported by the technique and competence known to be associated with the Federation making it.

Such a working alliance between the State and the Federation would undoubtedly give a tremendous impetus to the whole of the national economy. Not only would the State be relieved by the facilities provided by the Federation for great public works, under the control of the State yet not directly carried out by the State (still less by profiteering capitalists); but the masses of the unskilled workers would be placed under skilled direction, and employment to their taste and ability would be found for all the technical experts the country could provide. The "managerial" or "salaried" class would scarcely hesitate to throw in their lot with the Federation.

The Federation demands work from the State; but let it be observed that it demands no privileges or favours, nor does it compromise with its principles. Having linked itself with the general working-class movement, whose aim is nothing short of National Guilds, the Federation has organised itself for the purpose of a partnership with the State, but in a spirit of liberty. It invites the partnership of the State; but it also claims it. It demands the right of public service.

The Minister of Public Works is a Socialist (Ivano Bonomi) who, before he became a Minister, contributed greatly to the formation of the National Federation. He assured the deputation above referred to that the Government was willing to entrust to the Federation a number of important public works and to provide the materials and the means for them. And the reason he gave was that "the Government considered the Co-operative Societies one of the most faithful and powerful of its allies in the exceptionally difficult period now before the nation."
Ibsen and His Creation.

By Janko Lavrin.

VI.—TRAGEDY OF THE WILL.

I.

Ibsen's double "world-historic" drama, "Emperor and Galilean," is considered, with justice, as one of his less successful works from the artistic standpoint. Apart from the fact that it belongs to Ibsen's most studious period, we feel that its architecture is far from being compact and organic. In addition, its figures are rather schematic and bloodless; even its chief character, the Emperor Julian, is psychologically not well sustained, for often we are not certain (especially in the second part) whether we have before us a real tragic hero of the Will or a caricature of such a hero.

On the whole, the play might easily give us the impression of having been written not by a great dramatist, but by an able professor of dramaturgy.

On the other hand, it is characteristic that Ibsen himself clung just to this production, and regarded it as his "chief work." This might be explained by the assumption that he tried to put into this drama much more of himself than at first appears; and some proofs to this effect we find in his letters of that period. "I am putting," he wrote in 1872, "into this work a part of my own spiritual life—what I deplore, I have, under other forms, myself gone through, and the historic theme I have chosen has also a much closer relation to the movement of our own time than one might at first suppose." And in another letter he states that "there is in the character of Julian more of my own spiritual experience than I care to acknowledge to the public."

In some respects it really may be so: first of all, in his ideological respect—and we know already how great an importance Ibsen attached to the "ideas" in his works. But we know also that his creation was a parallel and often a divergent process of a striving idealist side by side with a sceptic vivisector who usually endeavoured to undermine the former. Sometimes he underlines him in a subsequent drama; sometimes during the process of elaboration of the same play, and that quite openly as, for instance, in "Brand"; sometimes, again, Ibsen is prudent enough to mask the difference, and we must dive beneath the surface in order to find out the hidden disharmony. As a typical instance of such a duality may be cited just his "Emperor and Galilean," and this is confirmed not only by the analysis of the drama itself, but also by Ibsen's private confessions. Thus, in a letter of July 12, 1871, he writes to his publisher, Hegel: "I am hard at work on 'Emperor Julian.' This book will be my chief work, and it is engrossing all my thoughts and all my time. That positive theory of life which the critics have demanded of me so long, they will get it.

However, in spite of this optimistic promise, he writes to Brandes some few weeks later (September 24) in a strikingly different tone and mood: "And so I ought to raise a banner, ought I? Alas, dear friend! That would be more than the same kind of performance, as Louis Napoleon's landing at Boulogne with an eagle in his head. Later, when the hour of his destiny struck, he needed no eagle. In the course of my occupation with Julian, I have in a way become a fraticlin."

To this duality of mood corresponds also the duality of the drama itself. Ibsen genuinely tries in it to put forward a "positive theory of life," and surreptitiously he himself cuts the ground from under it.

The basic problem of "Emperor and Galilean" is again, as in "Brand" and "Peer Gynt," the problem of the Will. However, Ibsen here attempted to go further than in those two dramas. That is why its ideological, as well as its psychological, consequences are of the greatest interest. We saw in "Brand" Ibsen's antitheses of the joy of life and of the "call" of life. Brand's will is directed exclusively toward the stern call which kills happiness. In order to assert his spirit, he utterly denies his "flesh." In Emperor Julian, however, the Will takes just the opposite direction—towards the great and sunny joy of life. These two antitheses struggle here for a final victory, one of them being represented by the gloomy Christian God of renunciation, and the other by the laughing gods of Olympus.

This rather schematic contrast is, of course, neither new nor original; but it is just through its interpretation and generalisation that Ibsen tried to express his "positive" message. Like Dostoyevsky, he sees in the struggle between "flesh and spirit" not a commonplace theological dilemma, but the profoundest dualism of man's consciousness—that permanent split in our Will which leads eventually to the split in our ethical impulses and values. "My play," writes Ibsen, "deals with a struggle between two irreconcilable powers in the life of the world—a struggle which will always repeat itself. Because of this universality, I call the book a world-historic drama."

This struggle, in fact, has never perhaps been greater or more tragic than in our time. More than ever we are aware of the renunciation for the sake of spirit makes our spirit itself sick and lame; on the other hand, we feel that the assertion of our "flesh" against the spirit leads towards the destructive "Gyntish Self." Wavering between them, we are unable to suppress either the one or the other, and, at the same time, we cannot find—in spite of our longing—a reconciliation and synthesis. We may rebel against our moral imperatives with their categorical "Thou shalt!"; we may reject them by our intellect and "healthy soul," and yet, when we try to crush them, it is ourselves that become crushed by them. We are in their power—in spite of our logic, in spite of our rebellion.

"Always 'Thou shalt.' If my soul gathered itself in one gnawing and consuming hate towards the murderer of my kin, what said the commandment: 'Love thy neighbour!' If my mind, athirst for truth, set scenes and rites from the bygone world of Greece, Christianity swooped down on me with its 'Seek the one thing needful!' If I felt the sweet lusters of the flesh towards this or that, the Prince of Renunciation terrified me with his 'Kill the body that the soul may live!' All that is human has become unlawful since the day when the seer of Galilee became ruler of the world. Through Him, life has become death. Love and hatred, both are sins. Has He, then, transformed man's flesh and blood? Has not earth-bound and hatred, both are sins. Has He, then, transformed man's flesh and blood? Has not earth-bound...
oblivious of the fact that man's consciousness, once having been pregnant with the new Truth, can never again still its voice, and that after Christ we cannot return to Olympus: we must either go forward to a higher synthesis, or perish under the burden of our own duality. This is what Julian apprehends—in his struggle against the new in Truth for the old Beauty—"the old beauty is no longer beautiful, and the new truth is no longer true . . . ."

But here appears the mystic Maximus with his vision of a new state of human consciousness. He sees the possibility of overcoming our inner split not in the return to the innocent Hymenomorphy, but in a new supermoral beauty which would reconcile flesh with spirit and blend Apollo with Christ. This is the index of his "third empire." The fierce wrestle between the Emperor Julian and the Galilean cannot, therefore, finish in the suppression of the Galilean through the Emperor, or vice versa. And so when Julian asks, which of them shall conquer, Maximus answers:

"Both the Emperor and the Galilean shall succumb . . . . I say you shall both succumb—but not that you shall perish. Does not the child succumb in the youth, and the youth in the man? Yet neither child nor youth perishes . . . . The empire of the flesh is swallowed up in the empire of the spirit. But the empire of the spirit is not final, any more than the youth is. You have striven to hinder the growth of the youth—to hinder him from becoming a man. Oh, fool, who have drawn your sword against that which is to be—against the third empire, in which the twin-natured shall reign ! Emperor—God—Emperor. Emperor in the kingdom of the spirit—and God in that of the flesh . . . ."

In other terms, Julian strove not for the third, but for the first empire. Therefore, he perished.

III.

This is more or less the "philosophical" basis of the drama. But while Ibsen does his best in order to promulgate "that positive theory of life which the critics have demanded so long," we can trace the simultaneous subterranean working of the lurking vivisector who arrives at somewhat less "positive" conclusions.

While the thinker in Ibsen endeavours to find an aim which would fully reconcile and assert our striving Will, the vivisector tries to penetrate, through "self-anatomy," into the ultimate mystery of the Will itself. Realising that we can assert our Self through our Will, the vivisector tried to investigate the limits of its freedom. In these excursions, however, he has not escaped the fate of all the other explorers of the Will: like them he became entangled in all the possible logical and psychological contradictions. One of these puzzling contradictions, discovered by his Julian, is just the fact that we will—even against our own will. Or, as Julian exclaims: "Our inmost, healthy soul rebels against it all; and yet we are to will in the very teeth of our own will! Thou shalt, shalt, shalt! . . . ."

Once conscious of that, we involuntarily arrive at the old hackneyed question: if so, is not our will then under the spell of necessity, our relative freedom being merely apparent? Peer Gynt had not asserted himself because he had not divided his "Master's" Will. But how, if our Will is nothing but a blind tool of the "Master," or even of the mysterious World-Will which mechanically repeats its "cycles of the eternal return" with a dull and indifferent regularity, like a terrible machine? In such a case is not even our freedom in choice only illusory? For we will what we deeply despise and what is the fruit of a predestined cruel Necessity. Individual self-assertion with its "Be thyself fully," moral responsibility, personal mission, call and meaning of life—all this is then nothing but illusion and self-delusion. That is why the mystic Maximus exclaims, when terrified by this supposition: "What is it worth to live? All is sport and mockery. To will is to have to will. . . ."

But a strong ethical character like that of Ibsen cannot endure such a supposition. Putting the meaning of life higher-than life itself, he is bound to destroy life as soon as the meaning of life has been destroyed. Therefore, even if he is logically compelled to assume the law of Necessity, he inquires how far we are free in Necessity itself. If there is a universal super-individual Will, what is its relation to our individual Will? Where does our freedom cease and where begins the law of Necessity?

Unfortunately (or fortunately!) there is no definite answer to this question—at least, within the limits of our "Euclidian understanding." We may return to the problem of freedom again and again, but as soon as we try to solve it, we stumble, like Ibsen in his "Emperor and Galilean," over a new riddle. Take, for instance, Ibsen's scene of the symposium in Ephesus, during which Maximus evokes spirits.

"What is my mission?" asks Julian, of the first of the conjured spirits.

"To establish the Empire—by the way of freedom," answers the Voice.

"Speak clearly! What is the way of freedom?" "The way of necessity?" "And by what power?" "By willing. . . ." "What shall I will?" "What thou must."

Maximus then conjures the spirit of Cain. On the question about his own individual "call" in life, Cain answers that his mission had been—his sin; and that he had sinned because he was himself.

"And what didst thou will, being thyself?" "What I must . . . ."

"And what fruit has thy sin borne?" "The most glorious. Life." "And the ground of life?" "Death." "And of death?" "Ah, that is the riddle. . . ."

After Cain, Maximus conjured up the spirit of Judas. Julian was eager to know what had been Judas' individual mission in life—

"The twelfth wheel of the world-chariot," answered Judas.

"Whither did it roll by means of thee?" "Into glory of glories." "Why didst thou help?" "Because I willed." "What didst thou will?" "What I must." "Who chose thee?" "The Master." "Did the Master foreknow when he chose thee?" "Ah, that is the riddle. . . ."

IV.

Thus, while inquiring after the limits of our "freedom in necessity," we risk arriving at the conclusion that the "Master" Himself may be under the law of Necessity, or even identical with a mysterious, perhaps blind and unconscious, World-Will with its "sport and mockery." However, as long as there is no incontestable solution of this dilemma, there is no incontestable direction for our moral consciousness: either: all our values of good and evil are then but relative and uncertain.

Thus from the problem of "freedom in necessity" we come to the problem of Absolute Value, which was demonstrated with such psychological vigour in Dostoyevsky's novels. But while Dostoyevsky found the only psychological escape from his cul-de-sac on that profound religious plane where necessity and freedom coincide (in so far as we realise our active inner uni-
with the “Master”). Ibsen has not gone beyond a mere dialectical conception and promise of his Third Empire. He remained halting between his philosophic vision and the fatalistic absolutism of the “world-will.”

“The world-will has laid an ambush for me, Maximus,” exclaims his Julian, while dying of a necessity? . . . What is it worth to live? All is sport and mockery. To will is to have to will.” . . .

But the “prophet” in Ibsen did not quite capitulate; for what would then become of his promised “positive theory of life”? No sooner did Maximus utter his desperate cry than he corrected himself: “But the Third Empire shall come! The spirit of man shall re-enter its heritage.” . . . And in this vision Ibsen endeavoured to believe in spite of the fact that he had become “in a way a fatalist” during his occupation with Julian. Even much later—in his Stockholm speech in 1887—he emphasised again the vision of Maximus. Apparently it was not so easy to give up the only “positive theory of life” he was able to discover.

None the less, after his “Emperor and Galilean” he suddenly abandoned the dangerous Faust-problems and dilemmas. As though dizzy with these, he now descended into quite different and safer regions—the regions of the “daily drudgery of life,” thus passing over to his social dramas where his protesting, satirical and moral impulses found for the time being their full swing.

The Art Theatre.

By Huntly Carter.

There is no such thing as an Art Theatre in action. There is one in theory. I am convinced there will be one in action the moment there is something to put into it. It is something to put in to that makes all the difference between an Art Theatre in theory and in action. In saying this I return to a theory of the New Age—and a very just one—that the drama comes first and a mischievous order of things set in with the theory that the pictorial representation of actual life comes first. As we know, this was the cause of the reappearance of the Shakespearean stage, which arrived on the scene to form an alliance full blast with the newcomer. The reader, unaccustomed to follow the capers of the modern playhouse, may, perhaps, inquire what is an Art Theatre? Let him refer to the growing literature on the subject and he will find that it is nothing more than a term that describes a theory which has never been fully formulated, just as the Stage Society, the Free, Independent, Afternoon and other “theatres,” are terms describing unrealised ideas. The theory seems to be that the playhouse is capable of expressing in the largest degree that mysterious thing called Art. Therefore, there is a particular form of playhouse to be planned to fulfil the requirements of Art and the requirement of restricted sympathy. Some of these requirements are financial or any other consideration. Such an institution would be the direct opposite of the conventional playhouse, which is an institution planned to satisfy the requirements of the theatrical spectator, who primarily demands the largest accommodation in the smallest space at the lowest cost. The London Coliseum and His Majesty’s Theatre are two striking examples of the latter form of imbecility. I say seems to be the theory because in reality the theory has never been, so far as I know, fully formulated. None of the advocates of the pre-war form of Art Theatre have reached a clear, definite and convincing definition of Art, to begin with. So far, they have neglected to release the true ideal from the term Art, and to offer it for general approval as a sound basis of construction. All they have done is to respond to the attraction of indefinite ideas and other influences, metaphysical, mystical, aesthetic, and so forth.

There was no lack of such things just before the war, many of which were to be found actually two problems. One was the problem how to express the visible world and its objects as they appear set in motion by the human mind. The other was, how to make the invisible world visible with vastly inadequate human instruments of expression. The latter problem was to be seen working through all departments of thought and activity with strange results. There it was extracting revised conceptions of unconscious memory from psychologists, of intuition from philosophers (Bergson and Croce), of the unseen and formless from painters (Kandinsky and Picabia), of the invisible and occult from poets and playwrights (Tagore, W. B. Yeats, and Maeterlinck), of mystery from responsible writers (G. K. Chesterton, Algernon Blackwood, and “A. E.”). And there were the self-appointed priests of a new playhouse splitting up into innumerable camps and yielding to the obsessions of a thousand sublime and idiotic refrains at a moment when it was their business to combine and concentrate on one melody, the true meaning of Art in its relation to the drama and its appropriate surrounding. For Art is the one rock out of which wine may be brought for our dramatic thirst.

What was the outcome of this towering Babelism? Refer to the mushroom growths that sprang up in the night that proclaimed the coming war. It will be seen that an Art Theatre as then conceived of was an institution in borrowed clothes designed by our old and discredited friend Kulturgeschichte. In other words, it was an institution that may be resolved into its elements by ransacking the stocks of college professors, antiquarians, and the somewhat hollow ones of studio painters, and by groping about in theatrical museums, collections of wigs, masks, costumes and other accessories, some of them antique and all of them negligible. So its main object was to show that every period of mankind has invented some form of dramatic expression for itself, but the present period has invented nothing except the notion that it has nothing to invent. Next refer to the wartime antics of the playhouse, from which it is pretty clear that theatrical speculators were short enough to perceive upon which side the so-called Art Theatre was buttered. For it has been the fashion among these knowing persons to use odds and ends of the pre-war Art Theatre convention as means not only of attracting vast paying audiences, but of effecting necessary wartime economies. For example, it was the recognition that violent physical colour and form are a positive draw at a moment when the public are mad for sensation that led them to continue the rough-and-ready form and colour trappings which was the marvel of the extremist painters. Likewise it was the recognition that the neo-Shakespearean stage was very easily and cheaply worked that led the revue-merchants to adopt it. That these public caterers who have no appreciation of Art should be able to help themselves to odd bits of an Art Theatre sounds very humorous no doubt, but there is a serious side to it which will bear reflection.

In the first place it proves conclusively what I have said that the pre-war form of Art Theatre had no constructive basis of Art. It was in fact no more than a coat of many patches, any one of which was to be taken away without affecting the others, and made into a little coat for any House of Ill-fame that liked to wear it. And the parent coat has shrunk away to nothing at all—to the little coats that enable stockjobbers and other speculators to present theatrical goods with the irreducible minimum of cost, consistent with the irreducible maximum of profit. In short, looking back over a score of years one is aware of this amazing situation. All the fierce struggles, disappointments and heart-burnings over the need for establishing an Art
Theatre have produced nothing nobler or more enduring than an odd figure in picturesque shreds and tatters, like an Hottentot, who has entered the service of the modern playwright. The "Temple of Art," with a humble cap in hand before their patrons. This materialised bit of an Art Theatre is full of uselessness. Just now it is used for hanging "House Full" boards on.

II.

I have said that the exponent of an Art Theatre has neglected fully to formulate their theory. As a result they sowed a playhouse of Samples which they hoped no doubt to persuade us would reap as the real thing. The result, however, fell on stony ground where, during the war, they were found and expropriated by the theatrical speculator. What he did with them, and into what prosperous paths the Box Office was led by them, I need not repeat. Now that the war is over, once more young enthusiasts are on the "New Theatre" path. Some of us have seen with what vigour they espouse the cause of this old god with the new weapons of social reform, scientific, political and economic, and of present-day aesthetic, sound, colour, and movement, with what chance, they appeal for financial support of a "New Free Theatre" (whatever this may mean) either as an educational or an aesthetic force, or a bit of both combined. Doubtless more than one sensitive soul has waded through the medley of articles that lately offsprings of the new spirit "Theatrecraft," and could speak grieved things against his "adventures among masterpieces."

But it is not my purpose to review the present proposals for re-establishing an intelligent playhouse in cooperation with workers' educational societies, trade unions, and other representatives of the perspiring people, or the attitude expressed by the said "New Theatre" quarterly, or to describe the sensations I experienced in the presence of the pretty Children's Revue at Mr. Arnold Bennett's Theatre at "Happy Happy Hammersmith," as one pathetic critic puts it, or the emotion stirred by the announcement of the opening of a real "Theatre of Art." This is the joint function of the labour correspondent and dramatic critic to whom I will leave also such recent matters as the beginning of labour organisation in the theatrical profession, the organisation of vast theatrical syndicates, and the formation of an "Art Theatre Guild," to which the prospectus of "The Art Theatre" refers. Perhaps in all this one may find the germ of something substantial in a National Guilds theatre line. Which, however, is not my present affair.

What I wish to do here is to tell how the renewed movement towards the establishment of an Art Theatre affects me, and what satisfaction I derive from it. Beyond this, to say if the beginning, as indicated by the said tendencies, is wrong—in my belief it is dully wrong—how it might be put right. I will not deny that the newcomers in the playhouse rebuilding line desire to reach an exalted level. Without doubt they are quite serious in believing that a new spirit pervades post-armistice theatrical doings. But it would not be difficult to prove that they have not caught the spirit. What they have taken is the old incomplete theory of a Theatre of Art that can only tend to make their work further from the true theory, and to centre public attention on the playhouse of Samples. Just as the sight line and the architecture of the Lyric Opera House, Hammersmith, and those of the Haymarket Theatre took me away from the aesthetic sensation which the productions at both places sought to convey, and set me swearing at the colossal stupidity of persons who profess to produce a new work of art and actually produce a new attack of mental myopia. Perhaps someone will ask, "What do you say is a complete theory of an Art Theatre?" In my opinion it is the theory that the playhouse should be so planned and worked that it serves to fix attention on any one Art experience to be expressed. This means that it must be planned, so to speak, by the power or principle residing in the experience, just as a plant is planned by the power or principle residing in the seed. Every playhouse that I know is planned to shift the attention from the complete Art expression to something else. Each gives me a thousand distractions, on the stage a medley of history, biology, psychology, economics, aesthetics, literature. De Veulle, Willie Clarkson, Nathan, Tottenham Court Road, and in the auditorium obtrusive details of architecture, auditorium lights, searchlights spotting the winner of the centre of the stage, silly signs, bald heads, restless faces, stalls behind, cheap dresses and hats and faces, chocolate cream girls and Heaven knows what else.

Of course a complete theory demands a workable definition of Art as a foundation of an Art Theatre. Without plunging too deeply into metaphysics let me attempt one. As I understand Art it is bound up in creation. For all I know it is the source and fount of creative activity. Or it may be the first creative act of the conscious entity. In any case, I would put it this way, that Art is the power in itself a power of creation which is the sign that enables us to perceive it. Accordingly an Art Theatre together with its objects and agents of representation and interpretation is a form assumed by Art for the purpose of asserting its creative power—and nothing else. Thus an Art Theatre is a highly sensitive instrument for the reception and transmission of the creative power of Art. Everything in it is therefore a component part of the instrument. This definition of Art and Art Theatre yields, it will be seen, a definition of Drama as an activity of Art. I believe the activity manifests itself in the first creative act of initiation into the truths of creative effect. Let me put it in this way. A experiences a creative effect which instantly asserts itself creatively by changing him into a different being. Here are two processes: (1) the creative act, (2) the conversional act. A puts his experience down red-hot and runs round to the playhouse with it, where forthwith it is staged, as they say in playhouse jargon. B, the interpreter or group of interpreters, undergo A's experience and unfold accordingly. Again two processes creative and conversional. Finally C, the spectator, undergoes A and B's experience and is likewise changed into a new man. Again two processes, creative and conversional.

Now let me come to a concrete illustration of my meaning. To me the Life of Christ is pre-eminent an Art and Drama experience. The action which passes before our eyes has a creative cause, and it unveils the object of our interest. It is as though we were watching a soul pass through the portals of death (actual existence) to everlasting life (real existence). We watch the gross worldly accretions fall from it till at last it stands truly revealed, transfigured before us. If we are sensible, we do more than watch. We pass also through the gate and thus realise that Drama is initiation, and dramatic initiation is everything but an empty dream. It announces, in fact, the creation within us of the soul itself, its progress to its proper level, and its blossoming in the infinite.

So it comes to this, that an Art Theatre postulates the strict application of the first principles of Art expression, especially those of unity, clarity and extreme simplicity. These are, in fact, the fundamental constructive elements. Each demands to be fitted into its proper place in the scheme of construction as a condition of being there at all. The conclusion is that it would be idle to attempt to plan in empty dream. It remains for an inspired theatrecrat to proclaim and unite them.
Music.

By William Atheling.

LAMOND, TINAYRE, COLLIGNON.

Lamond is the real thing, the old style maestro in full charge of his instrument. January 25 (Wigmore), he gave the Franck Prelude, Chorale and Fugue with clear-cut detail, depth, solidarity of construction and gave a fine mood-forming wildness in its progress; the envelops one met with deserved enthusiasm. Of his heavy bass are a composite tone not in the Liszt Tarantelle, given on regulation "popular program." Leopold Ashton, who accompanied delightfully and made the words care for literature on the musician's part. The concert came back to the Coucy level with the final Debussy songs; the intensity of the originator of a mode contrasted with the laxness of imitators, it is difficult to say just where the quality Debussy's setting of the words "délirements fantastiques" escapes his followers. If Tinayre will always sing as well as he did on the 29th, few people will be willing to miss his recitals.

Coming Concerts. February 19 and March 12. (Wigmore.)

ROSSING triumphed (Edtian, February 8) in improved "Soul of Russia" programme. His histrionic "realist" method is the antipodes of Tinayre's lyric method, but his histrionics are no mere affair of acting. Somewhere in a discussion of the Japanese classic stage I have read that the voice of the actor should express the character portrayed, and although it cannot really be the voice of an old woman yet, remaining the actor's own voice, it must give the quality of whatever part it represents, be that old or young.

Rosing does this, the mood of the song, and the character of the supposed singer are conveyed by changes in vocal quality not by stage acting. In this his method keeps well within the province of his art; it is not an evasion of music. Detailed critique of this recital held over. Further recitals: Love Songs, February 22; Moussorgsky programme, March 8. RAYMONDE COLLIGNON sang in illustration of Edwin Evan's lecture at Steinway Hall (February 8). The delicate silvery voice has perhaps gained a little in volume, and only by such delicate vocal qualities as she possesses can the charm-in-simplicity of the old French Légendes be conveyed. She is a specialist among singers. "Juif Errant" could be taken as example of song by verbal effect; we may make a division of the singing methods into four: acting, histrionic or impersonating (e.g., Rosing); lyric (e.g., Tinayre); verbal, method of the sort or voice of Tinayre; and object-matter holding the attention and air and vocal purity used only to augment this interest; lastly, the vocalised; interest of the singer being mainly on the melodic line (e.g., Stoeasco, or possibly Alvarez), words subordinate to music; a supposed character of the singer subordinate to the chances of purely vocal effects.

 Naturally, any singer mixes these methods, but one may note a preference. In "Sainte Catherine," exquisitely accompanied, one can sympathize with the poor father. Mlle. Collignon's vocal intonations was at its best in the Pelerins, the voice silvery in "Trois Canards"; a maximum verbal effect obtained in "Juif Errant," but in "La Pernette" one realised the youth of the performer and the chances lost. Mlle. Collignon gave the story in the words only; Yvette would have made a complete drama in her variation of each of the "Terra la refrain"s, they would not have been merely uniform interludes. The tone quality was charming in "Je m'en vais par le monde," but the singer had nothing like Tinayre's gift for the "Grand Duc de Maine"; none of his fire and entrain; though she scored in the pathos of her "Je crois bien que j'en mourrai."
Reviews.

Mr. Hughes: A Study. (T. Fisher Unwin, 6s. net.)

We hope that in response to the plaudits of his readers, the anonymous author of this study will reveal his identity in a second edition. It is one of the liveliest pieces of political criticism we have read; the contrast between the phrases of Mr. Hughes and his commentator’s fruitless attempts to discover any meaning in them is irresistible. It is only outside his speeches that any purpose can be discovered in Mr. Hughes’ propaganda. The author examines Mr. Hughes’ fiscal policy in Australia, for example, and discovers that on December 3, 1914, Mr. Hughes introduced a new tariff marked by an increase in very many rates. The duties were collected on the bare resolution of Parliament until 1917, when a validating Bill was brought in and passed. Prior to December 3, 1914, the duty collected on British-made clothing was 38 per cent on the British cost; the new tariff imposed both specific and ad valorem duties on these goods; and the returns for the year ending June 30, 1917, show that these articles imported from the United Kingdom paid from 44 to 57 per cent. on the British cost. If this is Mr. Hughes’ idea of Preference, what is his idea of prohibition? Who benefits by this “Preference”? Not the British manufacturer; not the Australian consumer, whose complaints of the high cost of the articles he wants to buy from them, the tariff has increased their price of sugar of the same quality is about 10s. in New Zealand, and 10s. in Australia. If we want to buy from them, there is a tariff against us; if we want to sell to them, there is a tariff against us; if we want to buy from them, the tariff has increased their prices against us. Let them eat their own sugar! The author shows clearly that Mr. Hughes’ proposals to enable protected manufacturers to sell cheaply abroad and, by confining the sale of Australian wool to British buyers, what has happened in British West Africa would happen in Australia. The price would slump, in the absence of competitive buying; and a spirit of sedition against the monopolists would complicate our imperial relations. Rectify this by a “controlled” price, and the British buyer, quite conceivably, would have to pay more for his wool than would be paid by his competitors in other markets. Unless he is compelled to buy Australian wool, he will not have it on those terms; and if he is compelled to buy it to his detriment, he will know how to make his protest effective. As the Australian wool-supply is, luckily, not the only supply, Mr. Hughes’ attempt to give us an option on it which we should be compelled to exercise is not at all likely to succeed. His other proposals to enable protected manufacturers to sell cheaply abroad and dearly at home are powerfully refuted by the author.

America’s Day. By Ignatius Phayre. (Constable. 12s. 6d. net.)

Mr. Ignatius Phayre has done good service by writing this record of America’s entry into the war. Few of us in this country could really appreciate the difficulties that had to be surmounted, and the censorship did not make understanding any the easier. We are by no means sure that Mr. Phayre has entirely eradicated sources of misapprehension; the result of the Congressional election, for example, shows us that the miracle perhaps needs to be repeated, that States cannot be jumped into unity, they can only evolve into it. Although Mr. Phayre does not mention it, his record of American conditions is a criticism of the American proposals of world-government. That federal forms of government are never so strong as unitary forms is axiomatic in constitutional theory; and the divided allegiance that federal states experience in times of crisis is its prime defect. The conflict between State Rights and Federal Rights is a never-ending conflict; Mr. Phayre shows clearly enough that it delayed America’s entry into the war, and the Congressional election shows that it is the earliest possible moment. But the League of Nations will be no less heterogeneous in composition than the American Federation, its constituents will be no less jealous of their sovereign rights than the forty-eight States of the Union. We have no reason to suppose that difficulties diminish by extension; if America, as the Congressional election shows, is still at cross-purposes on this constitutional question, we cannot suppose that the world at large will find it any easier of solution. The same instrument that will make a declaration of war difficult (by denying the power of decision to any individual) will make the declaration of any other common purpose equally difficult. A Federal Government can do nothing until it has obtained a common agreement; and that is a longer process in the world than the work of five States of the Union.

Thirteen Days: An Escape from a German Prison. By Capt. J. A. L. Caunter. (Bell. 4s. 6d. net.)

We have already had the civilian’s story of his escape from Ruhleben from Mr. Geoffrey Pyke, an account of which several editions have been published; and it is only another of the absurdities of the Censorship that this account of an escape from Schwerinshart in June, 1917, should have been refused publication until now. Perhaps Capt. Caunter’s account of his prisoner’s life is not sufficiently vivid (as we should like it to be useful for the propagation of the official view); certainly, the tricks the prisoners played on the Germans would have provoked equally strenuous measures of discipline from any other body of gaolers. Capt. Caunter regarded it as the duty of a prisoner of war to give his gaolers as much trouble as possible, and thereby to immobilise for the purpose of guarding prisoners the largest possible number of German troops. He succeeded very well; and the story of his camp life and his escape is written with practically no bitterness, and is, on the whole, interesting reading. The volume has several illustrations by the author.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC POWER.

Sir,—My letter in your issue of January 30 scarcely warranted the tone of the editorial comment at foot thereof.

There is undoubtedly a very prevalent idea everywhere that political power is co-terminous with Parliamentary power—another aspect of this question is seen in the opinion of the man-in-the-street that all politicians are somehow synonymous with all politicians and with the "job-hunting" of careerists. I affirm, on the contrary, that Parliamentary power is only one aspect of political power, and that it can only be judged by its manifestations, gave several examples in my previous letter in proof of this, culminating in my instance the attitude of the Partiya Sotsialistov Revolutionariev in Russia, which definitely and of set purpose repudiated Parliamentary action, but nevertheless did not renounce political action.

The Social Revolutionaries, as shown in my previous letter, were definitely committed to the political power "planks," viz., "the acquirement of political freedom," and, of course, our Labour "leaders," and, of course, our Labour "Judases" to my knowledge—but in my humble opinion this is the only strictly political power is read as Parliamentary power, and then only in times and under conditions of capitalist "law and order." In times of revolutionary upheaval I do not think this "axiom" necessarily holds at all. Napoleon, if he had so desired, could have placed economic power in the hands, I think, of any class of the community, as a result of his undoubted military power, which is, of course, the extreme manifestation of political power. The economic pressure we are at present exerting on Germany is a result of the military power of the Entente, which is, largely due to the economic forces we control, which, again, however, are the result of the political power we have been exercising in various parts of the world during the past two or three hundred years.

Despite your final comments, I still maintain that THE NEW AGE by its "Notes of the Week" in the issues of November 7, November 28, and others can be made to suggest—at least, to the man-in-the-street—that the dawn of a new era will be all of the good if, as I am able to form a Labour Ministry from a Labour majority in Parliament. It is true that other issues of THE NEW AGE tend somewhat to damp these "aspirations" of our Labour bureaucracy and "lefty Labour leaders," and, of course, our Labour "Judases" (your very excellent term) will pick out those paragraphs that suit them best, if they read THE NEW AGE, as I hope the do.

The very unfortunate thing, however, about any Labour Ministry in the near future is that, through the manipulations of the Labour caucus machine, it would be largely composed of men like Clynes, H. Thomas, Arthur Henderson, Hodge, and others, whose pronouncements on economic and industrial questions you have very properly labeled to pieces. In no other country where such economic futilities fall from the lips of any "recognised Labour leader," as likewise of no other European country (everything is possible to those with parliamentary power), but with the possible exception of Sweden—could it be said that the secretary of its Labour Party had lunched with the head of its capitalist Government; did not Mr. Arthur Henderson recently lunch with Mr. Lloyd George, although the feelings of the industrial rank and file towards the latter must be as well known to the former as they are to me. It is this attitude (inter alia) of our "Labour leaders"—the Labour episode is only one of many symptoms—that makes me despair of our Labour Party at present constituted, dominated as it is by a very distinct and very pernicious bureaucracy.

A. P. L.

[Note: The article continues with a critique of the Labour movement and its leaders, concluding with a plea for truth and a more authentic Labour Party.]

THE NEW CAMBRIDGE.

Sir,—I cannot let the attack on the "Cambridge Magazine" pass without a protest. I am not a member of the University, but I am a returned service man, and I was a cadet at Cambridge for eighteen months last year. Having several friends in residence there, I was able to obtain an intimate inside knowledge of University affairs.

The "Cambridge Magazine" is a virile and independent periodical which does not claim to represent the University in any official sense; but it does represent the best type of mind in the University. Its circulation proves this. By fearless and consistently social and educational criticism of University administration, it has made several bitter enemies, and, at the same time, many stalwart friends, among the powers that be. Many attacks have been made upon the Magazine during the war, from each of which it has emerged in a stronger position. There can be no doubt that the prejudices of the returned soldiers have been easily enlisted on the side of its enemies. Such people can never understand that a University magazine must be universal in its appeal and never take up a narrow or prejudiced point of view.

The "Cambridge Magazine" is, as per the manifesto of which I gave a translation, the only one aspect of political power, and, as power can only be judged by its manifestations, gave several examples in my previous letter in proof of this, culminating in my instance the attitude of the Partiya Sotsialistov Revolutionariev in Russia, which definitely and of set purpose repudiated Parliamentary action...

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HAGGAI ON WAGES.

Sir,—I may remind you of a sentence in the crying of the prophet Haggai (Ch. I, v. 6).

"He that earneth wages earnteth wages to put in a bag with holes."

I wonder if he would to-day have been a National Guildman?

W. A. YOUNG.

ART NOTES.

Sir,—What is the use of Mr. Dias' trenching on eggs?

Mr. Wyndham Lewis is one of the five or six painters in this country whose work has any significance, or who would take any sort of rank among the French "Independents." Neither Mr. Dias nor anyone else is qualified to speak of Mr. Lewis's work, unless they have seen both the Baker collection and the collection of fifty "drawings" (mostly in rich colour) which I sent to New York for the Vorticist Exhibition, at which they were all of them sold, the best of which I have retailed in Mr. John Quinn's collection.

Ezra Pound.

THE ART THEATRE.

Sir,—I have read with great interest the notice of the Art Theatre in your last number—one of the few intelligent criticisms which we have received. I would like to correct a slight misunderstanding, due, doubtless, to the rather compressed nature of the circular which was sent out. The Art Theatre does not intend to confine its performances "to the blessed calm of a secret temple," nor "to appeal to the supercilious crowd which despises what is common." The primary objects of the Art Theatre Guild are to get over certain technical difficulties in the way of Sunday performances, and to create a link, however slight, between persons who are genuinely interested in the development of the drama. As the entrance fee to the Guild is only one shilling, and is open only to members, we greatly hope that, in course of time, the membership will be so large that it will represent a genuine public audience.

In reference to Mr. Hope's criticisms of the actual performance I will only say that it was an experiment from which we hope to learn, though this must not be taken as suggesting that we agree with all Mr. Hope's remarks, salutary though these may be.

W. S. KENNEDY,
Chairman, Art Theatre Guild.

A CORRECTION.

Sir,—The first quotation from Mr. Russell should have read, "Mysticism is in essence little more than a certain intensity and depth of feeling in regard to what is believed about the universe."

M. B. OXON.
PRESS CUTTINGS.

What is certain already is that the railways will never again revert to competitive private control. The Central Railway Executive must persist in some form or other, and we have long been clear that it cannot be the form which has served us so admirably during the war. A small board of railway managers may be the best possible body for dealing with the technical problems of traffic and time-tables; but we hope to do something finally to continue to settle conditions of service without more definite co-operation with the men, and for our own part we should like to see it reconstituted at once to include representatives of the three trade unions concerned—the N.U.R., the locomotive drivers, and the newly recognised clerks.—"Times."

This raises the question of the future organisation of the industry, and here it is important to note that the proposed Committee will have power to examine proposals for joint control, nationalisation, or any other scheme. The demand for nationalisation has been raised again and again by the miners, but it has never been thoroughly thought out in all its implications. The problem is far from difficult to solve in the case of mines than in the case of railways. Unlike the railways, the mines are not only meeting home demands; they produce for foreign markets, and the quantity and price of their product are material elements in the maintenance and development of our overseas trade. By joint control, as distinct from nationalisation, the representatives of the miners would be educated to see their industry in its right balance, and to realise the relations between their labour and its reward and foreign competition and foreign markets. From many points of view the idea of joint control should have greater attractions not only for the miners, but for the community generally, than the idea of nationalisation. Its inclusion in the terms of reference to the inquiry opens the way for the discussion which the Government have examined to include representatives of the three trade unions, and even Guild Socialism, which has many adherents among the more educated of the miners' leaders.—"Times" Labour Correspondent.

The announcement that the Government intend to proceed with the inquiry into the condition of the coal industry, with or without the assistance of the miners' representatives, is not unexpected. Though the miners' demand nationalisation, as they have demanded it for 20 years or more, there are large and influential sections of them in South Wales who have long ago abandoned the idea of State ownership and control in favour of trade union ownership and control, or, as they call it, "the mines for the miners." There is a further section which think that the Guild Socialists offer the opportunity of State ownership and trade union control. The first of these groups is actually opposed to the Collectivist policy of nationalisation, and the second is lukewarm towards it. Both these schools of thought, if they have examined the terms of reference to the committee, will have noticed that they embrace an inquiry into any scheme of "joint control" as an alternative to nationalisation. Probably when the question came to be discussed it would be found that the mine-owners as well as the Government had an open mind on the future organisation of the industry, and possibly it might be discovered that joint control by colliery companies and colliers, and an equitable allocation of profits between labour, management, and capital, was the best basis for the maintenance and development of coal-mining. In any case there is a sufficiently strong belief that the present organisation of the industry is neither scientific nor economical justify a thorough probing of the whole subject.—"Times" Labour Correspondent.

Many capitalists, and some ordinary citizens, complain that workmen are not satisfied. But we cannot expect them to be satisfied so long as they are robbed by profiteers. And the capitalist is, by definition, a profiteer. We anticipate that the men will continue their demands for all the wages until the capital gets is a certain fixed percentage on his investments.

The absurdity of allowing him to exercise any control over the industry will then be obvious. Then, doubtless, the actual working management will co-operate with the workmen to run it at industrial concern. And that will be the beginning of the Guild. For the workmen want something more than high wages and short hours. Many of them cannot yet articulate their real desires, and it is our business to serve as their mouthpiece. To the slave plentiful leisure and money to spend in it may seem the formula of happiness. But English, Irish, Scottish, and Welsh workmen are not yet so completely enslaved that they have lost the love of freedom. Now, plainly, the material foundation of a man's freedom is control over his means of livelihood—i.e., over the tools he works with, the materials he works on, and the market he works for. Many workmen may still fancy that they can regain their freedom by handing over control to a Government department, or to a joint board of owners (whether private or bureaucratic) and men. But belief in the Guilds is spreading fast, and the example set by the railway men is likely to be followed here. If that is what the capitalist papers mean by wanting to overturn the system, they are right in thinking that the working classes are (unconsciously as yet) the agents of such an overturn. But they are grotesquely wrong in labelling it Bolshevism. The Bolshevik is avowedly the enemy of authority—which is why he must depend upon tyranny. The Guildsman, on the contrary, recognising the decay of authority as one of the worst symptoms of the purer State, plans to re-establish authority on its old just foundation.—"The New Witness."

The most significant step taken by worksmen in any country during the past year is the drafting of a scheme by American railway employees for the running of the railways in the United States by the workers on a cooperative basis. That means the institution of a National Railway Guild. The scheme has gone so far that a Bill embodying it was presented at Congress last Saturday. The "Daily News" correspondent in New York states that the Bill is backed by all railway brotherhoods and their unions, representing, it is claimed, eight million railway employees and their families. The proposal is that the railways shall be acquired by the State, and leased to the corporation of employers, or Guild. We are told that the working capital will be supplied by the Government. The Guild will handle revenue and pay wages; will meet other expenses; and will pay the Government a rental for the railways. Any surplus of revenue above 5 per cent. will be split between the Government and the workers. Any surplus which remains will be paid by the Government through taxation. Now, since the executives of the unions are agreed as to fundamentals, but are not committed as to details, we would urge upon them the following considerations. Is the present Government, why should not the Guild be the owner? If the Guild is to be merely the lessee, will it be granted perpetuity of tenure? Personally we should think Guild ownership vastly to be preferred if Government interference is to be avoided. But the proposal to have profits not 5 per cent. with the Government and to accept a dome to make up deficiencies is the real weakness of the scheme. That will provide a cas-iron excuse for Governmental interference. Nor will you get any spirit of initiative if the Government is installed as a fairy godmother. To succeed, the Guild must poach its profits and it must lump its loss.—"The New Witness."

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