The fact is that in the present condition of things, an agreement between "Masters and Men" is bound to have been arrived at under false pretences. Masters and men cannot agree in fundamentals since they proceed from antagonistic principles. On the one hand, Capital is plainly under the necessity of aiming more and more at the concentration of control; while, on the other hand, Labour is equally under the necessity of endeavouring to decentralise control. How can two movements in opposing directions "agree"? How can contrary and mutually exclusive objects be common to their respective parties? As a matter of fact, the false pretences in the agreement are visible in the Reports and expose the cowardice of the Labour signatories.

For it will be observed that as an addendum to the main and unanimously agreed Report, the Trade Union section has published a Report the substance and tenour of which is a flat contradiction of everything contained in the main Report. In the main Report we read of nothing but provisions for stabilising the wage-system, increasing wages, reducing hours, providing for and against unemployment and the like; in short, we are in the presence of the confident assumption that the present system can and must be carried on. But in the added Report of the Labour delegation we find, on the contrary, no such assumption, but the very opposite. In words as brave as the actions of its signatories are weak, the Report announces that the origin of the prevalent industrial unrest is "the increasingly vehement challenge of Labour to the whole structure of capitalist industry"; and that the only conceivable radical remedy for it is "economic democracy" in the fullest meaning of the phrase. What strikes us at once in this contrast of Reports is, as we have said, the falsity of the agreement to which, in spite of it, the men and masters have come. If it be in the least degree meant that the motive of Labour unrest is a challenge to capitalism, then how can the signatories of this affirmation proceed to "agree" to a plan designed to buttress up the capitalist system? And if it be not meant, whose eyes are intended to be blinded by the dust of words? Somebody, it must appear, has triumphed in this conflict of principle; and since plainly it is not Labour, it must be Capital. On the whole, in fact, we are disposed to felicitate Capitalism on its easy victory. Its only drawback is that it will not last.
One of the most popular devices mentioned in the agreed Report for dealing with unemployment is the adoption of short time during slack seasons; and speaker after speaker from the Labour side got up to bespeak his idea, and certainly some very ingenious objections were raised to the plan. It is highly improbable that one of the two hundred delegates had given the subject a moment's thought, or the conclusion would have been patent that the device is nothing less than a device for throwing the whole cost of unemployment upon Labour. Apart from the question of production (which is a technical problem), the whole social purpose of employment is the distribution of purchasing-power to the wage-earning classes. By purchasing-power they live and move and have their being. It follows that if a section of the people employed are to be employed at the cost of the employment of the men still in work, the purchasing-power which would have been "earned" by the latter is merely distributed among the former. In other words, the unemployed become a charge upon the purchasing-power of the employed. By no manner of reasoning, we believe, can this conclusion be refuted; and the convincing proof that it is correct may be found in the cheerful state of optimism in which, we are told, the capitalist employers left the Conference at which the proposal was agreed. Their cause for satisfaction is substantial. Faced with the demand that the unemployed should be a charge on the industry (that is to say, upon costs and profits); or, in the alternative, that its charge should be thrown upon State taxation, the employers were suddenly relieved to discover that Labour was prepared to shoulder the whole charge itself, and by a "pooling" of its collective purchasing-power to the deficiency of purchasing-power among its unemployed members. A Daniel was come to judgment, indeed; and the generosity of Labour apparently knew no bounds. But what has the rank and file to say of it? And where are the economic advisers of the Labour delegation?

The Triple Alliance was not formally present at the Conference and cannot formally be said to have agreed to the Report. Nevertheless, the all-pervading Mr. Thomas was present to apologise for the absence of his Union; and it appeared from his remarks that it was more by accident than design that the National Union of Railwaymen, at any rate, was not a party to the compromise. Such accidents, however, are like miracles: they do not happen; and it is possible that the Triple Alliance, though only by accident excluded from the disgrace of the "agreement," may by another meaning, the Versailles Convention has contributed to history by its opening declaration that "the labour of a human being is not to be treated as a commodity"; but since we know how easy it is for others to make solemn phrases, the words are in all probability unimportant. The "Spectator," for example, complacently assumes that all that the words mean is that "slavery and serfdom" are forbidden; without the least apparent consciousness that the wage-system as maintained in our own country is in substance and fact trade in the commodity of human labour, indistinguishable in substance from open slavery or serfdom. In another respect, the Convention was even less satisfactory. Even the miserable minimums of labour conditions which the Labour League is likely to agree upon are not to be "enforced" upon all the countries composing the League; but each of the nations is to be able to "contract out" of its obligations when these are distasteful to its governing classes. America, for instance, can plead its federal constitution and forestake its duty to ignore the Convention when it suits the purpose of any of its forty-eight States. Italy, Japan, and, we understand, India, have all three declined even to be provisional signatories of the Convention; with the total result that the whole scheme, so far as it is in conception, is certain to be weaker still in operation. It is clear from the circumstances of the case that we are a long way off international Labour legislation of an effective character.

The admired spirit of compromise which is said to characterise the English people is often employed as a cover for complete surrender of principle; and in no class more than in the Labour movement. Sensibly aspiring mastery is bound to result in the appearance without the reality; and it would certainly seem that the pathetic attempt of some of our Labour leaders to "live up to" the English spirit of compromise has resulted in nothing less than abject surrender. Mr. Thomas has long ceased to be able to discriminate between a desire to make peace and a desire to keep the peace. Mr. Clynes is fast moving into the same state of equivocation. And the case of Mr. Appleton, the secretary of the Miners' Federation, at the National Union Federation, is even more desperate. At the Leeds Luncheon Club last week, in an endeavour to win the applause of his masters, Mr. Appleton had the effrontery to warn "the working people" of the danger they ran from pressing their demands for life and leisure. "He wanted working people," he said, "to get back to the old truth: 'In the
sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." Why the working people should have been addressed under the auspices of a Luncheon Club to which they were not invited, why the working people should need to be reminded of their daily necessity; why they should be told to "get back" to the old truth, when whole classes of the like rich and well-born got to forget it—all this may be one of the mysterious workings of the great spirit of compromise. It appears to us, however, to be remarkably like surrender.

The sudden conversion of the "Times" to an aggressive anti-Bolshevism has given rise to a number of recondite speculations concerning the intellectual origin of the suddenments, how it came to be, and why it is there. Yet on Thursday, we were told, on "high policy" of the Foreign Office in Russian affairs must be necessary; for the explanation of the change may be simple. Lenin's "offer" of terms has been interpreted as a proof of weakness; and it has been concluded that with one good push the Soviet Government will finally fall. Everybody who was closely following the "policy" of the Foreign Office in Russian affairs must have been prepared for the resolution, though, indeed, the presentation of the case was clumsy. On Wednesday evening, for instance, the War Office issued the report, on Bolshevist authority, that the Bolshevist forces had been compelled to withdraw seven miles near Archangel; yet on Thursday, we were told, on "high military authority," that our army in Archangel was in danger of the fate of the garrison at Kut. The discovery, it appears to us, was too sudden to be genuine; and the announcement of the military situation too candid to be true. And our suspicions were confirmed by the publication on the same day of the Government White Paper of which the opening and continuing strain was "the approaching debacle of the Bolshevist regime." This diagnosis of the impending dissolution of the Soviet Government, confirmed apparently by the "offer" of Lenin to treat upon terms, was, no doubt, the real parent of the "policy" suddenly adopted by the "Times" in defiance of its past. If, indeed, contrary to all Lord Northcliffe's surmises, the Soviet Government was about to fall of its own accord, the chance of winning the credit of pushing it down was too good to be missed. "By a short, sharp Allied effort, supported from the sea," said the "Times," "Petrograd could be wrested within a month and a half from the clutches of Bolshevism." It is true that the operation would be one of "offence"; in other words, we should be waging war on Russia; but (in the inevitable terms) "the offensive may be the truest defence." And, after all, it was the Bolshevists who threw down the challenge, and for us to refuse to take it up would be to leave "an indelible stain on the British name." It is all very obvious; and it is all very plausible; but we believe that Lord Northcliffe's first thoughts were best.

It must not be concluded that our judgment of Bolshevism is changed. The dictatorship of the proletariat is as serious a question as the dictatorship of the capitalist classes. But it is not more so; and if we are presented with the choice between the increasing dictatorship of Capital and the attempted dictatorship of Labour, we should find it hard to make up our minds. In any event, the way to meet Bolshevism is not to undertake a military campaign against it, but to meet it on the plane of ideas. Bolshevism is a phenomenon with an economic cause. It has not sprung up as an idea in the brain of a single fanatic who has proceeded to impose it upon his followers; but it is an inevitable reaction, intellectual in the first instance, but human in essence, against the threatened extension of capitalist domination. We may succeed in depriving the personnel of the Soviet Government in Russia—though even this is dangerously speculative—but we shall not succeed thereby in eradicating the idea from the world. On the contrary, we shall ensure its spread, by the extent that its suppression in Russia may be said to prove its necessity. The League of Nations, we may observe, is not the ideal of everybody, and, least of all, in its present form. What, in fact, it shows signs of becoming is what we have always feared it would become—a League of international Capitalist Governments to operate international finance. Suppose that this consummation is actually reached, and that the executive of the League of Nations becomes indistinguishable from an executive of the world's private banking interests—would not a form of Bolshevism in the modern terrene world be an alternative to the still more terrible consequences of a world "free for Capitalism"? The problem is extremely obscure; but we are quite certain that its final solution is not to be found in the military occupation of Petrograd or Moscow.

The attempt to settle ex-soldiers on the land for which they have fought is meeting the expected resistance of the landlords, of whom 2,500 own more than one-half of the total acreage of the United Kingdom. Under the Acquisition of Land Bill, now under debate in Parliament, all land acquired for the use of the Government must be purchased and paid for at its "current market value," without the smallest regard to the fact that the present market value of land is at least a quarter as much again as its market value before the war. We imagine that there are, even among the landowning classes, a few individuals capable of realising the nature of the crime their class is about to commit in insisting upon mulcting the soldiers of the increased value of the land which the war has brought about. But if there are, they are very silent about it. The facts, however, are open to the day. At this moment there happen to be in the market over a thousand square miles of land, the current market value of which we may estimate as being more by 25 per cent. than its value in 1914. To whom is that "bonus" due? Whose is that increased value? We know, of course, that its increased value and the bonus represented by it are the "property," if anything ever was, of the community; and that it stands for the needs and sacrifices, not of the landowning classes alone, but of all classes. Nevertheless, as things are, every penny of the increased value will fall to the present nominal owners who will thus be put into a position to penalise the prospective ex-soldier small holders by imposing upon them a rent which the war has raised. Under the most favourable circumstances we could only refund to the ex-soldier small holder, but in the face of the additional burden the landlords are now proposing to put upon him, his prospects are intolerable. Is there not a single landowner in this country who has the elementary honesty or courtesy to refuse to profit by the sacrifices of the nation? Must they all be helpless victims of the unjust system?

A system so unjust cannot last for ever; or is it only sentiment that doubts it? There appear, nevertheless, to be signs that the repayment of the war-debt will involve difficulties insurmountable by the ordinary operations of finance. The German indemnity is disappearing like the fairy gold it always was; and the continuance of our national expenditure, made inevitable by the state of the world and the nation, is only adding to the problem without solving even a part of it. Lord Milner and others are trying to reassure us by the old familiar arguments that the money estimate of our national indebtedness is no measure of our real debt; and that we are fortunate in having our debt held, for the most part, in this country. But we are not consolated by it. What is the use of telling us that money values have little real relation with commodity-values when, in fact, the commodity-values of
If intervention in sufficient force to effect the intended purpose is likely to prove impracticable, there is a second method to be thought of—that of leaving Russia to her fate. But this policy is to be thought of only to be instantly dismissed; for upon it our future annual production is hypothecated. The purchasing-power distributable to the rest of the nation will therefore be the less by that fraction at the very least. And when we add to this hypothecated fraction the fractions hypothecated by the Treasury, by exports, by Rent, Interest, and Profit, the purchasing-power annually available for distribution among Mr. Appleton's working classes will be found to be a very vulgar fraction indeed.

**A Policy in Russia.**

*By a recently returned English Trade Unionist.*

I MAY disavow partisanship in respect of the various parties now contend ing for the body of Russia. My motive is humanitarian and takes no account of parties or forms of government while peoples are suffering and starving. No right-thinking man will confess that because Bolshevism now rules in Russia, the starvation of the Russian people is of no concern to him. Life is above politics; and the elemental problem in Russia is to save from death thousands, and, perhaps, millions of people already crushed under the burden of unnumbered horrors.

The human appeal, moreover, is one that is understood in Russia as it is nowhere else. What Liberty is to the Anglo-Saxons, and Equality to the French and Latin races, Fraternity is to the Russian people. It is a name and a thought that instantly commands their sympathy; and nobody can have lived long or intimately with Russians without discovering that the shortest way to their affections is the way of generosity. Ingratitude, I may say, is as foreign to the Russian's calendar. A Russian may cheat or lie or commit many crimes; but the crime of ingratitude—failure to recognise and to respond to kindness—is almost outside his comprehension.

Now, it is exactly this psychological trait which is to be borne in mind in the consideration of a policy in Russia. If it is wise to approach the English in the name and substance of Liberty, the Latin peoples in the name and substance of Equality, it is no less wise to approach the Russians in the name and with the substance of Fraternity and Goodwill. No other appeal, in fact, is liable either to be completely misunderstood or distorted by suspicion. But an appeal in the name of our common humanity and the fraternity of mankind would not only be understood, but it is my judgment that Russian people could not fail to respond to it with gratitude.

Now, what should be our first object in intervening, in any sense, in Russia? The interests of our own foreign trade are certainly not paramount, and I will do my fellow-countrymen the justice of refusing to believe that any Western Government would intervene in Russia with a merely commercial object in view. Again, it cannot be to restore order alone, for what is the value of order unless it ensures some still greater purpose? I conclude that the underlying motive of Western concern with Russia is nothing less than human goodwill—a desire, in fact, to relieve the suffering of the Russian people, and, if possible, to put an end to the conflagration.

It cannot be said, however, that we are succeeding in this aim. Petrograd was starving when I left that city in January last; and the conditions must be far worse to-day than they were two months ago. And Petrograd is only the index of practically the whole of Russia. It is my judgment that no mechanics, however great, or food-stuffs are to be found in abundance; but the means of continuing the supply (machinery, etc.), are fast failing, and in no long time Russia will be reduced to misery from one end of the country to the other. It is clear, then, that, however exalted our motives may be, the consequences are disastrous. Russia is going from bad to worse; and no policy that has yet been suggested appears able to interrupt this terrible progress.

I have often been asked whether the Soviet Government may not be able in course of time to create better conditions in Russia, even without the help of the rest of the world. No doubt, if people could live without food for ten years or so, the Soviet Government could take its time to settle down, and in ten years we might see a comparatively stable system in Russia. But hunger is a fact; and non-production is a fact; and when they occur together there is no other remedy but food, for the means of producing it is to be thought of. Without considering the theory of Soviet Government, the actual facts before us are these: that the Soviet rules over a country that is slowly starving to death; and that without immediate help, both country and Soviet must perish together. Is there anyone in the world who desires to see such a catastrophe? Ought anything to prevent us from trying any and every means of averting it?

But what are the means? But generally speaking, there are three courses open to us to take in regard to Russia. One is to intervene, with all the strength on the side of the anti-Bolsheviks; to depose the Soviet system; and to establish a representative system in its place under Western guarantees. I have nothing in theory to urge against such a policy; it might, indeed, conceivably be the least cruel in the long run, given the circumstances favourable to its practice. But I do not believe that, in the circumstances as given, such a policy is either practicable or would be effective. The intervention necessary to be employed in such an enterprise as the conquest or occupation of Russia would be on such a scale as to tax the resources of the world, even if these had not just been exhausted in a long and difficult war. In short, to be quite plain, we have not the means of such intervention. Then, again, it is highly doubtful, not merely whether even the masses of the anti-Bolsheviks in Russia would welcome our forcible intervention, but whether the fact of it would not be used by the Bolshevists to rally to the common defence of Russia, under the Soviet banner, all its people. For, after all, Bolshevists and anti-Bolsheviks alike are Russians at bottom (scratch a Bolshevist and you find a Russian); and it is less than doubtful whether an Allied occupation of Moscow and Petrograd, such as Sir George Buchanan proposes, would not solidify all Russia behind any Government, even behind the Soviet Government of to-day. Let us remember Napoleon and 1812.

If intervention in sufficient force to effect the intended purpose is likely to prove impracticable, there is a second method to be thought of—that of leaving Russia to her fate. But this policy is to be thought of only to be instantly dismissed; for upon it our future annual production is hypothecated. The purchasing-power distributable to the rest of the nation will therefore be the less by that fraction at the very least. And when we add to this hypothecated fraction the fractions hypothecated by the Treasury, by exports, by Rent, Interest, and Profit, the purchasing-power annually available for distribution among Mr. Appleton's working classes will be found to be a very vulgar fraction indeed.
Adopt this policy (and I must state that I have seen no sign of their wishing to do so), Germany, to say nothing of other countries, would not sit idly by. Germany, at any rate, would know how to profit by our inaction; so that, in the end, after neglecting Russia, we might be called upon to intervene in quite another sense.

The dilemma to which we are now brought must be obvious. On the one hand, we cannot refrain from intervention of some kind; but, on the other hand, our forcible intervention would not sit idly by. Germany, at any rate, would know how to profit by our inaction; so that, in the end, after neglecting Russia, we might be called upon to intervene in quite another sense.

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Soon after the British Government abolished the Turkish suzerainty over Egypt as a consequence of our declaring war on Turkey, I wrote in the "New Age" an opinion of the whole proceeding, which many people at the time were vaunting as a step towards the consolidation of the British Empire. My opinion was that it was a reckless act which, going dead against the sentiment of the Egyptian people, was pretty sure to lead to trouble and disaster. The general principles which were first clearly enunciated thirteen hundred years ago by the Khedive—the hereditary Viceroy—to the rank of Sultan, and of the country, until then in theory a mere province of the Turkish Empire, to the rank of a protectorate under the British Crown. But that, as I tried to point out at the time, was to ascribe to the Egyptians aspirations and illusions which make no appeal to them. The Khedival family has never been so popular in the Valley of the Nile as to justify the hope our statesmen seem to have placed in it. The Egyptians have rebelled against it more than once, and once succeeded in dislodging it. But they have not rebelled, nor ever dreamed of rebelling, against the British suzerainty.

To the experts who no doubt advised the British Government to venture on so hazardous a step, the Turkish Empire may have seemed a State like France or England, only much worse governed, whose only claim on the affection of the men of Egypt was the fact that its ruler was a Muslim and the titular Caliph. To the Egyptians it is infinitely more than that. It is the historic Muslim Empire, descending legally, dynasty after dynasty, from Ali, Othman, Omar, Abu Bekr and the Prophet himself. It is the kingdom of God on earth, established on the principles of the Koran and of the Prophet's teaching, in which it is illegal to take interest for money lent; in which the Abyssinian slave family has never been so popular in the Valley of the Nile as to justify the hope our statesmen seem to have placed in it. The Egyptians have rebelled against it more than once, and once succeeded in dislodging it. But they have not rebelled, nor ever dreamed of rebelling, against the British suzerainty.

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To understand the feeling of the average Egyptian and the average Muslim everywhere towards the historic Muslim Empire, an Englishman must banish from his mind the notion that politics and the Constitution of the State are matters purely secular, and imagine a theocracy which covers everything. Nothing is secular to the Muslim. Ideals such as religious tolerance, the right of everyone to education and to equal opportunity for the children of the bourgeoisie, and the idea of the average man, which have grown up in Europe secularly, under protest from the Churches, are plainly sanctioned and ennobled by the Koran itself, which also prescribes in detail by the Muslim law regulating human progress might be regarded as a triumph for Islam far greater than any achieved by the historic Muslim Empire in its greatest splendour. But the ignorant Oriental Muslim does not view things in this universal light. His mind has the habit of crystallizing around the one issue of the question, admiring it instead of joining it to other thoughts and acting on it. For him the historic Muslim Empire is the Kingdom of God on earth. For the Prophet and the early Muslims and innumerable saints and learned men throughout the centuries, it was a community divinely founded having for its object to bear witness to God's kingship over every nation and to seek to bring all nations to the consciousness of one theocracy upon a basis of religious tolerance and recognition of some natural laws (or laws of God) which governs human progress temporal and spiritual. These laws, so it is claimed, are to be found clearly stated nowhere in the Koran, though all men have some inborn knowledge of them. They are laws which all men must accept, because all men are subject to them; and the world would have been saved from endless suffering if they had been observed. The modern rulers of Egypt know of the existence of an angry feeling on this score, and they too have rebelled against the Turkish suzerainty.

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been illegally appointed. In consequence of their refusal they were deposed from office, and when they still refused to recognise the state of things as legal, they were summoned before the Military Governor, warned, and, almost in the same breath, deposed. The merchant class in the towns, formerly the least concerned with politics, has shown decided symptoms of unrest. And the fellahin who, previous to the war, were generally friendly in their feeling for the English, have been in open rebellion. Those are a few of the signs and wonders of the past few months which show that the Egyptian people, as a whole, resents the abolition of their Turkish suzerainty, and is anxious to obtain a state of things in the future which will allow a better interpretation of the wishes of the peoples, to state its wish before the persons charged with that arrangement. Is the desire so heinous, or the rebellion—the result of gross mismanagement on our part, and which could very easily have been foreseen—so unforgivable that war in the person of General Allenby must be let loose on Egypt and mercy in the person of Sir Reginald Wingate be withheld from the unhappy victims of our own ineptitude? The whole thing could be settled by a mere assurance frankly given. But if we cannot give the Muslims that assurance there and in India—why, then, indeed, our Eastern Empire depends henceforth upon the sword alone.

An empire, founded on the love and pride of peoples, as is the Turkish Empire in relation to its Muslim subjects, cannot be destroyed. Divide it, break it as you will, each fragment will become your living enemy, striving by all means for reunion with the rest. And those who rule the British Empire with less intelligence than they bestow upon a game of golf or bridge will call that striving for reunion "nationalism" when it appears simultaneously in Mesopotamia, Arabia, Syria, Armenia, Caucaasia (if their precious plan is carried out), until it meets with outside help and overthrows our Eastern power, and the Muslim Empire is reconstituted. Suppose that Lenin and his Russian Bolsheviks were suddenly to profess Islam—a conclusion which is not outside the bounds of possibility—what would the effect be on our Eastern Empire, estranged and angered as its peoples are at present? And it is all our own fault. Until but a few years ago it was an axiom of British statesmanship that an independent Turkish Empire in alliance with Great Britain was necessary to the peace and well-being of the British Empire in the East. Until but a few years ago it was an axiom with British statesmen that the end of the Turkish Empire in Asia would be the beginning of the end of the British Empire in Asia. I am no respecter of such axioms or catchwords except in cases where my own experience and observation enable me to judge that they are sound. From my own experience and observation of Near Eastern problems in relation to the British Empire I prefer the catchwords of our old better-informed, more studious and enlightened subjects would be much relieved. Otherwise, the outlook seems to me as black as can be. The older men retain some feeling of affection for the British name, remembering better days; but the generation which is growing up can only feel abhorrence of a Government which has destroyed what they consider as their hope on earth, while breaking solemn pledges and transgressing laws which they regard as laws of God

and therefore binding upon every race which has received the Scripture.

Surely our rulers have had proof sufficient that their new and hurried Oriental policy, adopted at the behest of Czarist Russia, is a failure. If they persist in it, they will shortly be confronted with the problem: How to govern an enormous subject people, caretaker, almost unanimously eager to escape from British rule, agreeably with British notions of humanity and to the satisfaction of a world democratised and super-civilised, which cannot fail to be more critical than heretofore since it will possess, by law, the right of criticism and of interference on behalf of subject races.

Machiavelli—in Theory and Practice.

(To the Editor of The New Age.)

SIR,—I beg to compliment "R. H. C." on his excellent interpretation of my letter to the "Freie Zeitung" (translated by Mr. P. V. Cohn, in your issue of March 13). Your able critic, though he seems to have devoted some doubt on the subject, has understood me perfectly. I do, indeed, think that politics cannot be carried on in a strictly ethical fashion. I positively deny that a community can be governed in a manner which would ruin any grocer's shop. I further do think that all statesmen, above all, those who are great, are and have to be immoral (though I kindly ask you not to turn this round: all immoral people are by no means great statesmen). And I do consider Machiavelli an honest pagan and Tolstoi a Christian humbug.

Holding such views I was, of course, unable to advise the Germans to tell the truth about the origin of the war for any other but political reasons. I was further not in a position to condemn the Germans or any other nation for "doing wrong." "Doing wrong" may, in my opinion, be necessary for the life of a nation as well as for that of an individual; and I am too fond of Life to preach death—that is to say morality—to it. My point of view—the pagan, the immoralist, the Machiavellian, if you like—does not allow me to be as inhuman as all that. Besides its greater humanity I claim for it a superiority to the current Christian ideal on account of its greater sincerity. For Machiavellianism and intellectual honesty go together, and so does morality. But morality and intellectual uprightness exclude each other, and so do Machiavellianism and Christianity. Life is profoundly immoral: only religion is moral. You have to choose between the two.

I have chosen intellectual honesty. I therefore blamed the Germans in my letter, as "R. H. C." rightly says, "not for doing wrong, but for not knowing what they were doing." I reproached them not with their immorality, but with their ignorance, with their lack of self-knowledge and self-criticism. If they had known themselves they would never have started this war. I condemned them on intellectual and not on religious grounds. I thought them (and still think them) Romanticists and not criminals. It was their foolish romanticism and not their sinfulness which was the reason of their action. It was likewise the reason for my scorn, which found its expression in the letter published in the "Freie Zeitung" of January 25th, and translated by you. For in my eyes foolishness and not sin is the "foolishness of this world" never benefits anybody except a nation's enemies, though it may be "wisdom before God."

"R. H. C." is therefore wrong in thinking that my point of view is more dangerous than that of a Ger-
man professor. It is only dangerous to Religion, but not to the World. It would have kept the latter out of this war. On the other hand, it is the moral duty of the scholastic, the professorial poison, to which is the danger to the world. For it keeps people from thinking, from knowing themselves and this world. A moral man can neither know himself, nor the world around him: if he did, he could not pretend to be moral any longer. So he shuts his eyes upon both himself and the world and—lets things go. Thus morality kills intellectual uprightness, which is the basis of all intelligent action. It produces half-thinkers, hypocrites, cows, idealists, Germans and—the rest of the European “blessed herd of spirits,” but if they get too numerous... well, look around you! 

All this I do not write without a certain “quake” of the pen, for the possibility of being misunderstood is great in such delicate matters. It is so great that I myself, when first reading “R. H. C.’s” terrible indictment, was obliged to put myself the question: “Am I really such a black scoundrel as all that?” Such is the force of inherited religious prejudices that it unbalances even those who think themselves quite free from their ancient tackles. I recovered, as you see, my equilibrium, but only briefly—by forgetting my theories and thinking of my practice. As only by this means I succeeded in defending myself before my own conscience, I do not think it is an unfair request, if I beg to be allowed to defend myself in the same manner before your readers, who naturally can know nothing of my actions. You will therefore excuse me if I here become personal and inflict upon you the story of my behaviour before the war.

“...You know that I was born and brought up in Germany, that I have been a German soldier, that I still hold the degree of a German University. Though resident in England from 1895, I have always had many friends in Germany, and I had remained in constant intellectual relationship with that group which was mainly responsible for the war, that is to say, with the pan-Germanists and their industrial and professorial adherents. I undertook, before the war, frequent trips to Germany, and I have had many conversations with these ancient friends and acquaintances of mine. These talks frequently turned upon the war which was in the air all the time, but very much so as a remote possibility. I was told that it was bound to come, that the sooner it came the better it would be, and I also gathered from their views that they hoped to gain some benefit from the undertaking. My usual reply to them was: "Ah, you wish to rob and to steal—excellent ideal—no country ever got big without some sort of crime—and no man either."

"The first who was a king was a lucky criminal," as Voltaire has it, or nearly has it, but for a crime you need criminals, and where have you got them? If you think you can go out conquering with William II and Bismarck-Hohen, with a bit of chicanery and a neurotic emperor—you are greatly mistaken! Those gentlemen are fit for grand opera and not for grand politics. Besides, you will have the whole world against you. How insular to think that others will suffer you as the ‘bosses,’ who appeal so little to the imagination of Europe? Never! Never! Give it up—keep your romanticism for your music—lasst die Finger davon! . . . But they would never listen to me, and invariably contradicted me upon the subject. They allowed a socialist, or a member of the alien race, who could never feel like a German, or a man ‘who had resided too long abroad—twenty years in that matter-of-fact island across the Channel—and who was now, no doubt, utterly ‘verenglandert’ (Johnbullified)."

I beg to assure you that these conversations were no pleasure to me, that I really suffered from seeing these men, my own people, dancing on the edge of the precipice. . . . I used to keep a diary at that—time—it was a relief to write down what I had to swallow down—and looking again through it the other day I find many such entries as: “Sleepless night, owing to a discussion with X on politics.” . . . "Indigestion caused at dinner by that enthusiastic fool Y, who required strong measures against France!"

"Row with von Z.: This war-loving people is sure to push its weak rulers into a mess one day!"

My usual residence, however, was in England, to which country I regularly returned after my Continental visit. Having more European than national interests, having more cultural than patriotic sympathies, and feeling grateful to a country where I had gained many friends and some sort of consideration, I never hesitated for a minute to tell everybody in England who came across my way what I had noticed in Germany. It is the proof of the innocence of my country in this huge affair that my best friends amongst you would never believe my words. I once told your chief contributor and my highly esteemed friend about the German danger, and his reply to me was: "The English are socialists, you know!" I returned the compliment, and to which I answered: "They will march like one man." The very translator of the letter you published, my gifted friend P. V. Cohn, used to doubt my statements about the threat of Teutonism, and in his innermost mind I am afraid he always thought that I must have some sort of grievance against my own country in order to be so bitter against it. . . Three days after the declaration of war, he came to my house and said: "I beg your pardon, doctor; you were right about that Germany of yours!" . . . In all my English writings, in the "Revival of Aristocracy," in the introduction to Heine's "Atta Troll," in the essays published in The New Age I gave utterance to my forebodings—in vain! I finally wrote my introduction to Gobineau's "Renaissance," where I resumed my accusation against the German hybrids, and predicted not only the war, but the defeat of Germany ("it is the pride before the fall," Chapter IV of my introduction). . . Again there was a hitch, and this time a very serious one—due to a strong objection on the part of the publisher William Heinemann. He refused to give me my vaticination to the public! for several reasons, the principal one being my attack upon the then famous Houston Stewart Chamberlain, the man who to-day stands convicted as one of the principal poisoners of the German mind. We had a severe fight and a long correspondence over the subject, but I insisted and finally carried my point. The book was published in 1913.

But the contest cost me bad nights—this time in England. . . During one of them I even began to envy my well-known ancestor Ezekiel: "And, lo, thou art unto them as a very lovely song of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on the instrument!"

"—Mr. Heinemann thought otherwise—"for they hear thy words, but they do them not" (Ezek. xxxiii, 32). No, they did not even hear them, much less did they act upon them. . . And then the war broke out, and Mr. Heinemann was no longer ashamed of having published my introduction and I went to Switzerland, and I thought that there at least I should be left in peace, and even enjoy a growing reputation amongst the English: "And when this cometh to pass—and lo, it will come!—then shall they know that a prophet had been amongst them" (Ezek. xxxiii, 33). . . No, they don't; they still call him a Machiavelli, a friend of the Fox, a Super-German Professor. Don't go after it. To be sure he was so much more moral and rightly more favoured of Heaven than

Yours very truly,

Hotel Richemond, Geneva, Oscar Levy.

Switzerland.
THE SUPPRESSION OF THE MONASTERIES.

The great difference between the course of the Reformation in England and in Germany is to be found in the fact that whereas in Germany the Reformation was primarily a religious and popular movement with certain political and economic implications or consequences, in England the religious movement was artificially promoted to bolster up the political and economic changes initiated entirely by the Crown. For though Wycliffe, “the morning star of the Reformation” was an Englishman, and though Huss, Jerome and Luther were among his followers on the Continent, there does not appear to have been in England any popular movement demanding change. It is significant that no serious change was made in the doctrine, worship or ceremonies of the church until sixteen years after Henry VIII had repudiated Papal authority.

In the absence of any other intelligible explanation of the origin of the Reformation in England I feel I have no option but to accept the version of the Roman Catholics who assert that its immediate cause is to be found in the lusts of Henry VIII. It is certain that Henry was not moved by any sympathy towards the ideals of Protestantism. Had he begun his work until a few years later Henry would doubtless have espoused the cause of Protestantism at the very start, for nothing would have suited him better than a new religion which allowed Luther and seven other of his brother leaders in the Reformation to grant a licence to the Landgrave of Hesse to have two wives at one and the same time.* But, unfortunately for Henry, not only had he not adopted this new religion before its possibilities and solid advantages for him had become manifest, but what was a still more serious affair, he had in 1531 opposed it, and had received from the Pope as a reward for his written defence of the Catholic faith the title of “Defender of the Faith,” a title which English sovereigns still use, it being popularly supposed that the Faith referred to is Protestantism and not Catholicism, as is actually the case.

Henry was married to Catherine of Arragon, and with this lady he lived in the married state for seventeen years. He had three sons and daughters by her, only one of whom survived, a daughter, who afterwards was Queen Mary. But at the end of this period, being thirty-five years of age while Catherine was forty-three, he cast his eye on a young lady, an attendant on the Queen—Anne Boleyn, whom he determined to marry; and after six fruitless years of negotiation, being unable to persuade the Pope to take any steps towards the granting of a divorce, he resolved to overthrow the power of the Pope in England by making himself the head of the English Church. In this task he was aided and abetted by the perfidious and cold-blooded Thomas Cromwell, whom he immediately afterwards made Archbishop of Canterbury, and who speedily granted Henry the divorce he desired. By becoming a party to this disreputable business Cromwell put himself entirely into Henry’s power and henceforth had to do his bidding, to perish at last amid those flames which he himself had been the chief cause of kindling.

It will be unnecessary for us to enter into the matrimonial relations of this Bluebeard. It is sufficient for us to know that it was in order to gratify his lusts that Henry separated the Church of England from that of Rome. By making himself the supreme head of the Church he made himself master of its property too, including that of the monasteries, which he determined to suppress, partly in order that his position should remain unchallenged, but mainly, I imagine, out of love of plunder. The Princes of Germany had shown him the way, and he was not slow to learn their lesson, for it soon became apparent that sweeping confiscations were to be made. Doubtless many of Henry’s councillors and courtiers who were hoping to share in the plunder were by no means averse to such measures, for the Reformation could not have proceeded apart from the concurrence of Parliament. But this could not be said of Parliament as a whole. For the Act of 1536 which transferred the property of the smaller monasteries, three hundred and seventy-six in number, to the King and his heirs stuck long in the Lower House and was not passed until Henry threatened to have some of their heads.

The agent to whom Henry entrusted the work of suppressing the monasteries was Thomas Cromwell. He had been an underling in the family of Cardinal Wolsey, and had recommended himself to the King by his sycophancy and by his treachery to his royal master. Henry made him a peer and appointed him Royal Viceregent and Vicar General. In this capacity he took first place in all meetings of the clergy, sitting even before the Archibishop of Canterbury. The procedure adopted in the suppressions was first to set on foot a visitation of the monasteries. In this work Cromwell was assisted by deputies who were as villainous as himself. They prepared reports full of false accusations in order to find pretences for confiscating monasterial property. They menaced those who objected with charges of high treason. Subsequent visitors appointed by Henry from among the country gentry sent in formal reports distinctly contradicting many of the facts alleged by Cromwell’s agents. But such protests were of no avail. Henry was out for plunder, and as Cobbett rightly observes in this connection, “when men have power to commit and are resolved to commit acts of injustice, they are never at a loss for pretences.”* The monastic orders were never heard in their defence. There was no charge against any particular monastery or convent; the charges were loose and general, and levelled against all whose revenues did not exceed a certain sum. “This alone,” observes Cobbett, “was sufficient to show that the charges were false; for who will believe that the alleged wickedness extended to all whose revenues did not exceed a certain sum, and that when those revenues got line above that point the wickedness stopped?”* It is clear that the reason for stopping the confiscations at the point where the revenues did not exceed a certain sum was that the public had to be brought into line before any seizure of the great monasteries could be safely attempted. The weak were first attacked, but means were soon found for attacking the remainder. Great promises were held out that the King, when in possession of these estates, would never more want taxes from the people. Henry employed the new cardinals and ministers who went about to preach and persuade the people that he could employ the ecclesiastical revenues in hospitals, colleges and other foundations for the public good, which would be a much better use than that they should support lazy and useless monks; it is possible, of course, that he had thought that he would be able to fulfil these promises; but he soon found out that he would not be able to keep the plunder for himself, and that the nobles and gentry

* Philip of Hesse, who had been married sixteen years and with his wife still living, asked Luther to authorise him to marry a second wife. This the Reformer permitted “in order to provide for the welfare of his body and soul and bring greater glory to God.” Both Luther and Melanchthon would have permitted the same to Henry VIII. (Cf. Mrs. Hope, “The First Divorce of Henry VIII,” p. 194.) Footnote by Abbot Gasquet to Cobbett’s “History of the Protestant Reformation.”

† William Cobbett, p. 110.

‡ P. 356.

¶ Letter written in 1549 by Mauilac, the French Ambassador.
could only be persuaded to allow him to continue his dastardly work on condition that he agreed to share the spoil with them. They so beset him that he had not a moment's peace. After four years he found himself no better off than he was before he confiscated a single convent. The job quickly rapidly increased. The Pope was not slow to increase the number of the applicants for grants he exclaimed: "By Our Lady! the cormorants, when they have got the garbage, will devour the dish." Cromwell reminded him that there was much more yet to come. "Tut, man," said the King, "my whole realm would not stand their maws." And thus it was that from confiscating the property of the smaller monasteries he went on to seize that of the larger ones, for there was no stopping half way once he had begun. Where opposition was encountered Cromwell and his ruffian visitors procured the murder of the parties under the guise of having committed high treason. Here and there the people rose in rebellion against the devastations. But the local outbreaks came to nothing, since as nearly everyone of any consequence was sharing in the plunder the people were deprived of their natural leaders.

During the Middle Ages England had been the most prosperous and happiest country in Europe, perhaps the happiest country at any time in history. These monasteries were wealthy and full of things of gold and silver; and sometimes it was so with things remained untouched, though there was no standing army or police. But Cromwell and his ruffians striped them bare of all such things. The only parallel which history affords of such a rich harvest of plunder is that of the conquest of Peru, during which Cortes and Pizarro stripped the temples bare of their gold and silver linings.

The ruffians of Cromwell entered the convents; they tore down the altars to get away the gold and silver, ransacked the cellars and drawers of the monks and nuns, tore off the covers of the books that were ornamented with the precious metals. These books were all in manuscript. Single books that had taken half a lifetime to compose and to copy out fair; whole libraries, the getting of which together had taken half a long age, and had cost immense sums of money, were scattered abroad by these hellish ruffians when they had robbed the covers of their rich ornaments. The ready money in the convents, down to the last shilling, was seized.†

Among the libraries so destroyed was that of St. Alban's Abbey, which was the greatest library in England. But the destruction of libraries at the Reformation was one of the most splendid and costly copies that could be and was done. Among these was the Monastic Estate in Oxford, which was the greatest library in England. The original Guildhall Library, founded by Whittington and Carpenter, was destroyed, as were also the Library at St. Paul's Cathedral and the predecessor of the Bodleian Library at Oxford. About the year 1440 Humphrey Duke of Gloucester gave to the University of Oxford a library containing 960 volumes, only 120 of which were valued at more than one hundred thousand pounds. These books are called Novi Tractatus, or New Treatises, in the University register, and said to be admirandi auctoribus. They were the most splendid and costly copies that could be procured, finely written on vellum, and elegantly embellished with gold and silver borders. Among the rest was a translation into French of Ovid's Metamorphoses. Only a single specimen of these valuable works is said to have been preserved. In the University register, and conveyed ideas of Popish superstition, which was a convenient cloak for the pursuit of plunder.

As the monasteries were plundered, sacked and gutted, they were raised to the ground, and in most cases gunpowder was employed in order to get through the job quickly. In granting the property, in most cases stipulated that they should be destroyed. The reason may be easily understood. These wonderful Gothic buildings could not be allowed to stand, for they would not only have been a constant reminder to the people that the monasteries had not stood for their destruction deprived them of all hope of the old order ever being restored. The only comfort there is in this terrible story is the knowledge that Cromwell, after having done his work, after he had plundered, pillaged and devastated England, was sent to the block by Henry once he had no further use for him. But Henry, the chief instigator of these crimes, got off scot free.

The circumstance that the suppression of the monasteries was carried through with less than would perhaps local and unorganized risings suggests that the people new and they never revenged them of any injury, but were content to forgive it freely upon submission, and if the price of corn had begun to start up in the market they made thereunto with vain load of corn, and sold it on the market to poor people, to the end to bring down the price thereof. If the highways, bridges, or causeways were tedious to the passengers that sought their living by their travel, their great help lacked not towards the repairing and amending thereof—yea, oftentimes they amended them on their own proper charges.

If any poor householder lacked seed to sow his land, or seed corn, or malt before harvest, and came to a monastery either of men or women, he should not have gone away without help; for he should have had it until harvest, that he might easily have paid it again. Yes, if he had made his moan for an ox, horse, or cow, he might have had it upon his credit, and such was the good conscience of the borrowers in those days that the thing borrowed needed not to have been asked at the day of payment.

They never raised their rent, or took any incomes or garrisons (fines) of their tenants, nor ever broke in or improved any common land, although the greatest part and the greatest waste grounds belonged to their possessions.

If any poor people had made their moan at the day of marriage to an abbey, they should have had money given to their great help. And thus all sorts of people were helped and succored by abbeys; yea, happy was that person that was tenant to an abbey, for it was a rare thing to hear that any tenant was removed by taking his farm over his head, nor he was not afraid of any re-entry for non-payment of rent, if necessity drove him thence. And thus they fulfilled the works of charity in all the country round about them, to the good example of all lay persons that now have taken forth other lessons, that is, nonc tempus aliqu postulat mores. These estates passed into the hands of the landlords they speedily raised the rents and enclosed the commons. In other cases the peasantry were simply turned out of their holdings in order that sheep farming might be substituted for tillage. "It seems," observes Cunningham, "that the lords had the peasantry entirely in their own power, and that, since they were technically liable for incidents of the nominal

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servitude, into which they had returned since the failure of 1381, their lands were forfeited in law if not in equity." It may be said that these changes created the problem of poverty. For though there was some poverty in the Middle Ages, the monasteries did on the whole successfully grapple with it. But after their suppression and the passing of land entirely into the hands of men who regarded the land purely commercially, the problem became a very urgent one. Great numbers were left out of the means of existence, and took to begging and thieving. Henry VIII is reported to have put 72,000 thieves to death. Elizabeth complained bitterly that she could not get the laws enforced against them. "Such was the degree of beggary, vagabondage, and thievishness and robbery, that she reported pared there in London and its neighbourhood to martial law." But it was all of no avail. The people had been rendered destitute, and there were only two possible policies for dealing with them—extermination and legal pauperism. Shrinking from the former, resort at last was made to the latter, and some general permanent and solid provision was made for them. In the forty-third year of her reign there was passed the measure which we know to-day as the Elizabethan Poor Law, from which our Poor Law derives.

It was not only in the sphere of economics that the suppression of the monasteries made for evil. It left a gap in the educational system of the country which the attempted reforms of the nineteenth century has attempted to vail in vain to fill. The reason why so many of the great educational endowments date from the sixteenth century is not to be found in the surmise that about that time a sudden desire for enlightenment came over society, but to the fact that when the monasteries were suppressed an enormous number of educational establishments were destroyed at the same time, and certain people, feeling the gap which had been left in society, gambolied for the establishment of such institutions. The abbeyes were not only centres of learning, but educational establishments, each of them having persons set apart for the instruction of the youth of the neighbourhood. Moreover, each of the monasteries had a peculiar residence in the universities which were and still are organised on a Guild basis, the whole course and the taking of degrees being parallel to the years of apprenticeship and the taking of mastership in any of the old callings regulated by the Guilds. The suppression of the Monasteries re-acted unfavourably upon the Universities. "Whereas there were in the Middle Ages nearly three hundred halls and private schools at Oxford, besides the colleges, there were not above eight remaining towards the middle of the seventeenth century." Writing in 1824, Cobbett says he is informed there were only five halls remaining, and not a single school.†

Educationists might do worse than study the Mediæval and monastic system of education, for it obviated one of the most glaring defects of the present system—the gulf between elementary and higher education. And this it did by a system of local autonomy which made every elementary school part of an institution which was primarily interested in the pursuit of learning. In consequence of this there were no elementary school teachers existing as a class apart, cut off from the main currents of intellectual life whose individuality was strangled by the requirements of a code. On the contrary, the whole system was free and humane, while it was organic from the top to the bottom; and this was possible because the Mediævalists were not interested in an abstract "education," but in certain definite things which they were anxious to teach. The problem of improving machinery is so simple when you know what you want it to do, and so perplexing when you don't.

* Cunningham, p. 475.
‡ Cobbett, p. 17.

Readers and Writers.

These are my concluding notes on "A. E.'s" "Candle of Vision" (Macmillan. 6s. net). I hope that in the course of these, some readers, at any rate, have been sent to the text.

Page 114. Here and in the succeeding essay "A. E." develops his intuitional thesis that sound and thought have definite equivalents. For every thought, there is a sound; and every sound is at the same time a thought. The idea is, of course, familiar; and, like many more in "The Candle of Vision," is found recurring like a decimal throughout mystical and occult literature in all ages. The most ancient occult literature—dispute whether that of India or Egypt—is not specific on the subject, the general proposition being therein reduced to a series of equivalents in which form, sound, colour, thought, emotion and number all seem to be interchangeable. Each of these, in fact, is said to be language—a complete language; and to the initiate it is a matter of indifference whether the text before him is "written" in form, in colour, in number, or sound. Unfortunately, neither "A. E." nor anybody within our knowledge is able to decipher even the key to the mystery. The records are so per- versely confused that the authors were not deliberately playing a game with us. It would be rather like the old initiates to "dis" their type before leaving it to be examined by the barbarian invaders; and certainly nobody of ordinary faculty can begin to make head or tail of the "correspondences" recorded in the Indian scriptures. It is the same, strangely enough, with Plato whose "Cratylus" deals with the relation of verbal language to mental conception. A master of simple exposition, he becomes in the "Cratylus," whether from design or feebleness of understanding, as cryptic as the Indians themselves. I have read the "Cratylus" all ways, with no better result than to feel that I have wasted my time. "A. E." has approached the problem, however, experimentally, and with the aid of his intuition. If, he said to himself, there is really a definite correspondence between sound and idea, meditation on one or the other should be able to discover it. In other words, he has attempted to re-discover the lost language and to find for himself the key whose fragments bestrew the ancient occult works. This again, however, is no novelty, but another of the recurrent ideas of mystics and would-be occultists, All of them have tried it; but, unfortunately, most of them come to different conclusions. "A. E.'s" guesses must, therefore, be taken as guesses only, to be compared with the guesses of other students. As such they are exceedingly interesting, and I do not mind saying that in many respects "A. E." appears to me to be moving in the right direction. We shall need, however, a more general development of intuition before the science of sound is definitely established.

Page 132. One of the most pleasing features of the "Candle of Vision" is the occasional ray cast by "A. E." upon the obscure texts of the Bible. The "Bible," of course, is for the most part unmistakably "occult"; and not only its stories are myths ("which things are an allegory"), but many of its texts are echoes of a gnosis or mysticism infinitely older than the Christian era. Greece had no less than Egypt, and the Biblical Egypt, was an infant when Egypt was old; and Egypt, in its turn, was an infant when some civilisation anterior to it was in its dotted. The "Bible" is a kind of ark in which were stored (without much order, I imagine) some of the traditions of the world that was about to be submerged. They can be brought to life again,
however; and here and there, in the course of "The Candle of Vision," "A. E." undoubtedly rejuvenates a Biblical text and restores to it its ancient meaning. "He made every flower before it was in the field, and every herb before it grew." This point, says "A. E.," to the probability that the Garden of Eden was the "Garden of the Divine Mind," in which flowers and herbs and all the rest of creation lived before they were made-visible! Such a conception, I think, is very illuminating. Moreover, it brings the story of Genesis into line with the genesis stories of both ancient India and the most recent psycho-analysis. For I need not inform my readers that psycho-analysis, in the researches of Jung in particular, is tending on the brink of the discovery of the divine mind which precedes visible creation. The process is indissolubly linked up with the psychology of imagination, dream, phantasm, and vision.

Page 137. On Power. "If we have not power we are nothing and must remain outcasts of Heaven." In this chapter "A. E." shakes the fringes of the most dangerous subject in the world, that of the acquisition of "spiritual" power. I put the word into doubt, because while in the most repressive sense, spiritual, the powers here spoken of may be anything but beneficent. The instructions to be found in, let us say, Patanjali, are full of warnings against the acquirement of occult powers before the character of the student is "purified." We are a long way, of course, from the plane of conventional goodness in the use of this word power. The conventionally good may have all the characteristics of the black magician (so-called) when he finds himself in the possession of power. Purity, in the sense implied, connotes non-attachment, and non-attachment, again, implies the non-existence of any personal desire—even for the good! I have often said that Nietzsche died before he began to understand himself. His preoccupation with the problem of power was undoubtedly an occult exercise; and his discovery that spiritual power needs to be exercised "beyond good and evil" was still not clear of the element of egotism; he carried into the occult world the attachment of"A. E." like his authorities, is full of warning against the quest of power. At the same time, like them, he realises that without power the student can do nothing. Here is the paradox, the mightiest in psychology, that the weakest is the strongest and the strongest the weakest. I commend this chapter to Nietzscheans in particular. They have most to learn from it.

Page 153 et seq. "A. E." makes an attempt to systematise Celtic Cosmogony. I am sorry to say it appears to me to be altogether premature, and of as little value as the "interpretation" of Blake's cosmogony which Messrs. Yeats and Ellis formerly attempted. I do not doubt that Celtic cosmogony, as found in Irish legend and tradition, is a cosmogony, and perhaps one of the oldest in the world (for Ireland, you know, is always with us). But the very attempt to receive an existing tradition, the absence of any living tradition in them, coupled with the difficulty of re-interpretation in rational terms, makes even "A. E.'s" effort a little laborious. I do not myself, at any rate, derive any illumination when his Candle is turned into Irish legend. But, perhaps, for the Irish themselves, it may be different!

R. H. C.
... Time that the one-half of the world should learn something of how the other half lives. ... Professional classes have no trade unions to bully the employers; they must suffer in silence. ... Plight of the parson. ... Lucky if he gets half a day off in the seven. ... At the beck and call of his people from morning till night. ... Suggestion of a national minimum wage and a universal forty-hour week makes him smile; his working week is nearer eighty hours than forty. I myself ... If the parson must have certain qualifications, the absence of which leaves him open to severe criticism from the disgruntled. ... No matter how much outside work he undertakes voluntarily. ... Another way to struggle to live with satisfaction. Then leaning forward he carefully read the salary with which he commenced? ... Is he to have no ambitions for himself or his family? This may be expected of parsons, but it is expected of no one else in the world. ... If the laity is in earnest in its grumbles at the indifference of the clergy, it is because it has examined closely into this side of the question. ... Constant struggle to live can lead to nothing but bitterness, disillusion, loss of ideals, and therefore loss of efficiency. If the world of business is to be successful, the parson must be relieved as much as possible of anxiety on financial grounds. The truth is that people want to get their religion on the cheap. Until ... abolish overtime? ... What a gift! What a talent! Talent is good horse, but libido is faster.

The Reverend Buda wiped the sweat off his brow, sat back and regarded his accomplishment with a prize-exhibitor's satisfaction. Then leaning forward he carefully read the sentence over again, holding his pen over their head in readiness to italicise them into eloquence. On reviewing the result he was pleasantly surprised. The power of his elbow astonished him. He had never suspected that he might have been a journalist—perhaps a second Garvin. What a gift! What a talent to be wrapped up in a surplice! What do you say? Talent is a good horse, but libido is faster.

The Reverend Buda sat back again, already comfortably tasting the pleasures of type. His glance spread across the room. His heart stood still. His eyes blinked at the spectacle before him. Round the table in rapt attention. All were turned towards the one who sat in the midst of them. Was there not something familiar about this man? “Surely,” said the Reverend Buda, “surely I ought to know that face.” He was a brown-bearded, grave-looking Jew, young, not more than thirty-two or three, but he spoke as one having authority. No: not Bal-1. He held his crooked stick which suggested that he might be a shepherd. Of poor parents, no doubt. Nevertheless, he spoke as one with authority; and he appeared to be giving the men instructions for a journey, some mission they were undertaking. “Poor fellows,” thought the Reverend Buda, running his wife’s eye over their homespun. “Not very suitably equipped for a journey.” Big Business? A full-time job, was it? But what about hours? Was it to be a forty-four-hour week or what? And then, expenses? Yearly income? Overtime? Commission? Bonus? Annual increase? Not a word had been said about the wherewithal. ... Ah, what was that? The Reverend Buda pricked up his ears the better to hear with them. What was that honest-looking fellow inquiring so sensibly after?

One of the company, a gentleman with a clump of red hair who sat sideways at the table, as though in two minds about the whole affair, was asking the young man what the salary was going to be. The Reverend Buda held his breath for the reply. It seemed that there wasn’t going to be no salary. But, surely!!! ?? Domestic duties—family responsibilities. ... The young Jew shook his head. “Worldly responsibilities are not for you,” he said. “Cares of such a kind would hinder you work and destroy its effect. Your household would be your foes. Such work as you have undertaken precludes the domestic and even social ties.”

“Hang it all.” The Reverend Buda muttered. “But hang it all.” The young man put his hand on the young man’s shoulder. “You’re not thinking about that. I’ve got myself to think about. Isn’t there a pension attached?” “Exactly,” said the Reverend Buda.

“Not in this world,” said the young man. “Your reward will be in the next.”

The red-haired man laughed with but half a smile, a short, horse-laugh it was, which being interpreted meant that he wasn’t having any. He could work for nothing without going out of his way to look for it. “Exactly,” said the Reverend Buda.

The young man seemed ready to consider the question, whereupon the fellow with red hair changed his tone. “Come along, put a figure to it, guv’nor,” he said, manifesting affability. “I’m your friend—what?”

The young man betrayed no welcome. “What is your price?” he asked. The other hesitated. The Reverend Buda tried to catch his eye. If only he were near enough to nudge him! “Make me an offer,” said the red-haired fellow. “That’s the way,” whispered the Rev. ... “What about thirty pieces of silver?” said the young man.

Drama.

By John Francis Hope.

The theatre is, at the moment, more entertaining than the drama. The Actors’ Association has been a trade union only a few months, but it is making the pace rather too fast for some of the managers. As I write, the Theatrical Managers’ Association has unanimously resolved that it will not be dictated to by the Actors’ Association, but will maintain a free hand—which presumably means that it will not adopt the standard contract, nor pay the minimum wage. Mr. C. B. Cochran has roundly declared that he will not employ a member of the Actors’ Association; and I confidently expect to see Mr. Cochran in the Bankruptcy Court within twelve months if he adheres to this resolution. Mr. Cochran seems to have a foreboding that something of this sort may happen, for he talks of retiring from the theatrical world, and, I suppose, devoting his genius to the exploitation of boxers. Into the details of the dispute it is not my business to enter; besides, Mr. Cochran may have changed his mind by the time that this article appears—certainly, the fact that “Cyrano de Bergerac” is being played by “blacklegs” is not likely to recommend it to any but the cosmopolitan crowd that now infests the West End.

I suggested some time ago that the Actors’ Association would probably run through the historical stages of trade unionism very quickly. Its council is composed of some of the most brilliant of the present generation of actors, artists who, as Mr. Owen Nares says, “require no protection, as they are in demand on their own terms and conditions.” It is at least probable that such men will not waste their time in mere “amelioration” of the conditions under which the theatrical wage-slaves live, although that work is necessary. It is true that the Ministry of Labour has already been questioned in Parliament concerning the present dispute; and things are moving at such a rate that a Whitley Council may be, if it has not already been, suggested in a week or two. But the way out of the wage-system lies into management; and I am glad.
to see that Mr. Norman McKinnel, who is vice-chairman of the Association, is exercising his mind on the problem.

Most reformers begin with non-essentials and end with absurdities; if they begin by abolishing the footlights, they end by abolishing the actor. Or, on the other hand, they want the theatre to do everything but its proper work, either to be so like Nature that it is deluged with real rain, or to be so like Art that it presents a play as a picture. Mr. Norman McKinnel is not immediately concerned with stage mechanics or artistic hystéric; he is simply advocating a trade union repertory theatre. The simplicity, of course, is the simplicity of a revolution by means of which the essentials of drama will be established in proper relation with the other. Mr. McKinnel truly says that only three classes of people are necessary in a repertory theatre—the actor, the author, and the audience. The usual repertory theatre excludes the audience; most of the capitalist theatres exclude the author; reformers like Gordon Craig exclude the actor; and Mr. Cochran will do likewise if he maintains his boycott of the Actors' Association. Drama can only flourish when the three essentials are related in their proper proportions; "give the public what it wants," says Mr. McKinnel, "and it will go to a tent to see it." It will do more than that, it will go to the Court Theatre, Chelsea, in these days of over-crowding on the Tubes.

It is contended by the actors that previous attempts to establish a repertory theatre in London have failed because the drama it provided appealed to only a small public. The contention is true enough, but it is even more true that the drama was not dramatic enough. Contemplative drama is really an abstraction in terms; and plays in which an actor had to do everything except act remain, and must remain, the peculiar pleasure of a public that "never goes to an ordinary theatre, don't you know." But the ordinary repertory theatre labours under another disadvantage, that of a stock company that usually is not numerous enough to contain all the actors that its repertoire really requires. Mr. Fagan, at the Court Theatre, Chelsea, in these days of over-crowding on the Tubes.

The statement that influenza rages in England does not imply that the disease is not rampant elsewhere. The "Mercure de France" for March 16, brings evidence that Paris is as much plagued by dodders as we are. The Ecole des Beaux-Arts started a fund for assisting art-students who had been mutilated in the war, chiefly men so mutilated that there was no chance of their continuing their work. They asked Forain to design a poster for the fund. Forain, who had done a fine poster for the Prisoners of War fund, made them a grave and sober design of a one-armed artist holding one of his former pictures in his left hand, with the implication, "That's over."

The professors of the Beaux-Arts denounced, they thought the design inopportune. First the "administration" discovered that the drawing was not "good taste." Then M. Cormon decided that it was "dangerous and discouraging." He said: "Our wounded have not this sadness."
The Old Master as Grotesque.

By Huntary Carter.

II.—THE EARLY CHINESE.

Ruskin is of the opinion that the expression of noble grotesqueness is the outcome of a superb imaginative extravagance dissolving in playful laughter. He does not, however, make it clear whether by this he means that the artist is so acted upon by the grotesque element that it actually directs him, or whether this element is arranged by him. Whether, that is, the expression amounts to a revelation, or is a reasoned calculation. But does not the noble grotesque artist impart to his composition a truth apprehended in a flash and expressed with that individualising property which places the subject in an exalted niche of its own, as distinct from every other subject; so that it might truly be said that though this and that part could be espiéd, the whole is inimitable, simply because it was born of a unique flash of vision. I think he does. I believe it is in this very individualising re-illuming that the nature and essence of the noble grotesque are alone to be sought.

Here, in my opinion, is a worthy starting-point for a new history of painting. Such a history would tell the story of the passage of painting in the light of noble grotesqueness. It would not affect “progress and development,” for I hope there is no room for the development of spontaneous vision and interpretation. So, running through the whole work and bridging the pinacules, would be great recurrent manifestations of the noble grotesque spirit. These manifestations would exhibit varieties of joy experienced by great painters. It is one of my assumptions that the noble grotesque is associated with joy, as joy is linked with abundant health whence emerges the highest species of playful laughter; and joy has its distinct varieties, as may be seen in the decorative joy of Botticelli, the joy of design of Blake, and the colour joy of Turner. The effects of the varieties are the same—refinement. Of course, this is not the traditional historical order of painting, which, as we know, seeks to follow the awakening of the painter to a consciousness of an objective or subjective world and his increasing skill to subtract (rather than abstract)—as one might do by covering life with thin paper—before his experience of these worlds of a theoretical or practical character. Hence, clearly defined “periods” of growth of an emotional order—as recorded by Mr. Haldane Macfall in his monumental “History of Painting,” and of other orders, such, as for instance, that to which Mr. Clive Boll’s provocative “Art” introduces us. —Here each “period” begins on a terrible peak and is followed by a terrible “slope” worthy of a switchback railway.

This, as I say, is not my order. I have a history of painting in which would present a bird’s-eye view of eminences marking the great movements when the sensible artist is seized by inductions derived of self-consciousness, especially in his art business, saturated with liveliness—that is life intensely raised to a higher plane of consciousness, especially in his art business, saturated with liveliness—that is life intensely raised to a higher plane of consciousness; for if there is any flaw in the traditional historical order of painting, it is this and succeeding articles.

Some years ago when the post-Impressionists appeared for the first time at the Grafton Galleries, and the hair of one’s head stood up with consternation at the fearful noise they made, I went to the British
post-Impressionist movement in painting. Actually things." But I noticed their theory left out the spirit, expressed in the movement of material forms rather than "to pierce beneath the mere aspect of the world and to seize and themselves to be possessed by that
clear idea of the true significance of one life or soul manifested in both, so that the springing
Another notion, "have woven into their works the imaginative extravagance, rather than
"would be an attempt to interpret the universe in the terms of personality, is always beset by the supreme danger of making itself ridiculous much more surely than it makes the universe intelligible. Theosophy is, of course, only eclectic theology, and its strong tendency towards polytheism multiplies the danger of absurdity. The danger itself arises from the difference between the reality and the attempted interpretation of it; the universe is not a person, nor is its meaning a person, and if we personify what fragmentary meaning we may have perceived or invented, and call that God, and proceed to attribute other personal qualities to it, we presently discover, as Matthew Arnold said, that "it is not a person as man conceives of persons, nor moral as man conceives of moral, nor intelligent as man conceives of intelligent, nor a governor as man conceives of governors"—in short, we discover that our interpretation needs to be interpreted. The difficulty, I say, is not diminished, but is increased by the Theosophical tendency to polytheism; and Theosophists tend to lapse into the familiarity of talking of strange Gods as though they were fellow-clerks in the War Office. It is not often that we find these "occultists" committing themselves to any more definite statement than that the mystery which explains why Tuesday is the third day of the week cannot be revealed to sceptics, or, if they do, that it is possible for a person like myself to trace the authentic history of the statement. This time, I have all the evidence in my hands.
I have before me a pamphlet entitled "The Cross of the Coming Teacher," by C. G. M. Adam and B. A. Ross, which may be obtained from the Theosophical Publishing House or "Modern Astrology" offices. It is an attempt to give an "esoteric" explanation of the map of the solar eclipse of January, 1910. It is a pamphlet that should interest all those readers of The New Age who prefer "intuition" to "logic," intuition being, of course, an uncritical acceptance of our own opinion or the assertion of unprovable statements. For example, the authors of this pamphlet declare that, since 1910, as I understand it, "an astral appeal on a gigantic scale was made to the people of England to accept a Uranian King, but it proved a failure." The statement, like all statements of intuition, is incapable of proof or disproof; but I may say that King George V succeeded to the throne on May 6, 1910; and as he was born with Neptune rising, he cannot be called a Uranian, and therefore no one need be reminded that the principle was not an abstract thing, but actually had entered into their production. I noticed two by painters supreme in Buddhist themes. These themes related man to external nature. "There is the thought of one life or soul manifested in both, so that the springing

Views and Reviews.

AN ESOTERIC COMEDY.

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ing and withering of the wayside grasses are felt to be something really related to the life of the human spirit contemplating them. It was, doubtless, this inspiration that called forth the perfect gorgeous colour of Mr. Chao-Meng-fe's "The Beginning of Winter," and the no less gorgeous colour, decoration and universality of L. Lung-Mien's "Arhat and Apsara." It is true both pictures were wretches, but what superb wretches. There were, indeed, a few that set one floating in contemplative joy. This idealisation of nature and powerful feeling for colour not only brought many of the pictures into line with the modern movement, but it gave them all the present-day pictures contain and a great deal more. It gave them that note of abundant health and imaginative exaggeration dissolving in laughter, which I maintain characterises the noble grotesque.

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gard to this, Mr. Sutcliffe has suggested that the head of the 2nd and Neptune Ray for this globe is the Silent Watcher; but meditation on this idea gives one the impression that this is only part of the truth. This mighty Being may have evolved in past kalpas along the Neptunian Rays and is probably that He is actually the Controller of all the Planetary Ray influences for this globe. To use a material analogy, if one may say so without irreverence, it seems that He regulates their flow like a man at a switchboard, turning them on and off or moderating the force of some and increasing that of others. Just now He appears to be reducing the force along Saturn and Jupiter lines and increasing that of Neptune, till eventually, as the number of physical centres for Neptune increases during the next few hundred years, it will colour the whole world and reign supreme. Well, I dined with a Deva last week, and He told me that the latest News from Nirvana is that the Silent Watcher has changed His mind again.

However, the authors declare that the meaning of this map, and of Neptune's position in it, is that "neither Spiritual Enlightenment nor temporal power can be manifested in the future except through Neptunian methods and ways of working." The Uranian "autocracy" must be clothed in the forms of Neptunian "democracy"; as the authors put it: "The rulers of the future will have to cover up their mailed fist in a thick, velvet glove"; we shall have Tory men and Whig measures, a League of Nations and Large Navies, Lloyd George and Labour Troubles, and so forth. As this pamphlet was originally published in "Modern Astrology" in 1917-18, the subsequent history of this esoteric interpretation is to be traced in that magazine. Neptune became quite noticeable in the pages of that magazine, so much so that readers began to ask whether the other planets had ceased to have any influence. Finally, in July last, an article entitled: "Saturn or Neptune?" appeared, and the subsequent controversy ended in the resignation of the editor. He did so with dignity, remarking that "much of the occult teaching which has been given during the past few months has been misunderstood, perverted, trampled in the mire, and made into an excuse for scandal. For this reason it is obvious that no more can be given publicly on these subjects." I may say that the "occult teaching" referred to amounted to no more than the statement that celibacy is not necessarily a proof or a condition of spiritual excellence or power, with the inference that even the occultist could live a normal married life. And Martin Luther declared against celibacy before the Silent Watcher switched on the Neptune Ray—and, indeed, in our own generation, George Tyrrell revived the Lutheran teaching on this point, and the whole "advanced" movement of the 'nineties had sex-freedom and birth-control as its inspiration. Why drag in Neptune more particularly if the intention is to promote a reverent familiarity with the Secrets of the Solar System?

A more complete exposure of the vanity of pretensions to occult knowledge I do not remember to have read. The legitimacy of substituting a person for a power is, of course, the fundamental subject of dispute between the Logicians and their opponents; but admitting the legitimacy, the impropriety of attributing our own errors of judgment to beings who are presumably immune from them is obvious. If Neptune is the planet of Intuition, the Silent Watcher must be credited with considerably more than a mere human editor could be asked to believe that he has the Uranian influence, and corrected the blunder by disguising it in the Neptunian Ray—and failed a second time. The authors tell us that "the Uranian methods in the Theosophical Society began to prove a failure," owing to defects in the Society; the substitute was the Neptunian method, and that proved a failure in "Modern Astrology." The Silent Watcher at the Switchboard ought to be asked to resign; instead of which, the editor of "Modern Astrology" resigned after a controversy that never rose to vivacity.

A. E. R.

Reviews.

German Social Democracy during the War. By Edwin Bevan. (Allen and Unwin. 5s. net.)

This is a study of the part played by the Social Democratic Party from the outbreak of war up to the fall of Michaelis in 1917. It is necessarily based upon what has been published in Germany by men who have themselves taken part in the events they explain; but we doubt whether Mr. Bevan's insight into character would have been sharpened by personal contact with the leaders. Anyhow, here is a connected narrative of the facts up to October, 1917, with some shrewd comments on the personalities, and a clear summary of their conflicting arguments and the general trend of events from Right to Left of the party. The tabulation in syllogistic form of the four conflicting views is itself a triumph of clear explication, and incidentally, we think, exhibits the radical weakness of Socialism in political practice. Here are the four syllogisms:—

(1) Socialists ought always to support their State in a war:
This is a war:
Therefore, German Socialists ought now to support the German State.

(2) Socialists ought to support their State in a defensive war, but oppose it in an aggressive war:
This is for Germany a defensive war:
Therefore, German Socialists ought now to oppose the German State.

(3) Socialists ought to support their State in a defensive war, but oppose it in an aggressive war:
This is for Germany an aggressive war:
Therefore, German Socialists ought now to oppose the German State.

(4) Socialists ought always (till the coming of the Socialist order) to oppose their State in a war:
This is a war:
Therefore, German Socialists ought now to oppose the German State.

It is easy to see why the Party had to split. Although syllogisms (1) and (2) agreed in their practical conclusions, they did not agree in principle; if it were proved that the war was not a defensive war, those who adhered to the reasoning of the second syllogism would find themselves in agreement with those who argued in the terms of the third; and as they agreed in practical conclusion, although not in principle, with those who reasoned in the terms of the fourth syllogism, the tendency to slide to the Left would be fairly constant, and the Party would finally divide on the question of principle: whether Socialism did or did not support the State at war. In both cases, the assumption is that Socialism cannot provide an alternative Government; it can only determine whether it will be a Coalition or an Opposition Party. That the Majority Socialists are no longer in power, and Liebknecht is for the moment in the saddle, reveals at last the fact that the only difference between those who hold syllogisms (1) and (4) is a difference of time; for the entry of the Socialists into power is obviously interpreted as the coming of the Socialist order, in which it is the duty of Socialists to support the State in a war. Pacifism is revealed as the weapon of a Socialist Opposition; a Socialist Government has to adopt precisely similar means of maintaining itself to those that are usual to capitalist Governments. The question: "Is Socialism an alternative of men or measures?" is answered by the facts;
the more the men are changed, the more the measures remain the same.

Mummery: A Tale of Three Idealists. By Gilbert Cannan. (Collins. 6s. net.)

A novel is capable of achieving more than one kind of success, and "Mummery," we think, aims at a succès de scandale. The chief characters are real people very thinly disguised; in the case of the bookseller in Charing Cross Road, he is not disguised at all. He is given his local habitation, but not his name. There must be few indeed of Mr. Cannan's readers who cannot recognise which of the West-End theatrical managers would be likely to say: "Why did you bring that dreadful man into my beautiful theatre?"; even if the more obvious marks of identification were lacking, and they are not, his speech bewrayed him. That young peer with his enormous rent-roll derived from a well-known estate in the West-End, that creative sombre man who wanted to produce plays which were, in his opinion, best performed by puppets, that amazing actress who played the West-End theatrical artist; perhaps "brutality in Bloomsbury" is to be the key-note of naturalist fiction, anyhow, Mr. Cannan experiments, with little success, in this milieu. The story ends with the marriage of the amazing actress to the greatest playwright that the repertory theatre ever produced, but there are not sure about the playwright. If Mr. Cannan is not obliged to study that form of literature known as a writ, it will be because his characters are more tolerant of libel than he deserves. For it must be said that the novel attempts nothing more than a narrative of events; it does not establish a point of view, it does not develop a character, it does not give us, in any convincing form, an artistic realisation of anything, not even of a rehearsal at the Imperium Theatre. It drags in bigamy and blackmail, apparently with the idea of effecting a climax of that sort of realism of the artists; perhaps "brutality in Bloomsbury" is to be the key-note of naturalist fiction, anyhow, Mr. Cannan experiments, with little success, in this milieu. The story ends with the marriage of the amazing actress to the greatest playwright, presumably because it must end somewhere, and marriage is the end of all things. But the end is so utterly irrelevant that it is obviously an evasion, if we are to credit Mr. Cannan with any artistic intention. There is no need to compass Heaven and half London to effect the marriage of an actress, unless, of course, Mr. Cannan has accepted the prescription of the sentimentalists, and will sacrifice even the art of acting which he practises none too well on the altar of domesticity.

What Never Happened. By "Ropshin." (Boris Savinkov.) Translated by Thomas Seider. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.)

The abortive Revolution of 1905 has provided more than one of the Russian novelists with a subject; but Savinkov manages to treat it from a new point of view, from within the party. He deals with the Terrorist activities, the propaganda by deed; and gives us a powerfully drawn picture of the fighting at the Moscow barricades, of some of the "expropriations," and of a few simple murders and executions and suicides. But it is never the action, it is the psychology of the Russians that it is interesting; and Savinkov, although not so profound, is more orderly in his developments of his characters than Mr. Dostoievsky, for example. Savinkov has done his work so well that we know why the Revolution failed; these men were not doomed because they adopted terrorist methods, they adopted terrorist methods because they felt that they were doomed. A more hopeless lot of conspirators never breathed together; they seemed to think that because they were fighting a losing battle it was their duty to lose. They had a genius for inappropriate meditation on the morality of their conduct; it was usually when they were armed and posted for assassination that they began to argue with themselves about God and His commandments, and to seek answers to the riddles of existence. They knew every secret service man except the one who was their secretary; they were so open to argument that they could even tolerate the suggestion that the best way to smash the autocracy was to join the Okhrana. The only thing that they seem to have organised efficiently was the forgery of passports, and the disguise of their spies; for the rest they blundered on from resolution to resolution, but could neither command the activities of the rank and file, nor direct them when they could no longer be checked. Savinkov's picture of their complete and tragic triumph is true; one marvels indeed that men so set on harbouring traitors or so desirous of death should have survived long enough to provide material for a novel of 448 pages. 'What Never Happened' has the "dying fall," like most Russian fiction; but it handles reality with less morbidity and less brutality than in usual.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ART AND ECONOMICS.

Sir,—In the New Age of March 27 I expressed a hope that "R. H. C." would give a fresh statement of the writer's position in society. I do not know if that hope will be gratified. It may be that this subject, so interesting to myself, leaves other readers unmoved, and that the burden of conducting this controversy will have to be supported by myself alone. I shall not criticise the argument of my imaginary Goldsmith, but will deal instead with some statements at the end of Mr. Cole's "Labour in the Commonwealth."

"I share to the full," Mr. Cole writes, "William Morris' happy conviction that joy in life, and art as the expression of that joy, are fundamental, and, if you will, natural to free men and women.

Happy this conviction certainly is, but on what is it based? I cannot quote the whole of literature against Mr. Cole, but where in Homer, the Bible, or Shakespeare will he find any support for this conviction that men are fundamentally and naturally joyful? Certainly there is the qualification "free." Perhaps Mr. Cole means that the members of a society based on a perfect economic system would be fundamentally and naturally joyful. Unfortunately, as human nature precedes economics, such a society never existed, and never will. 

"Art as the expression of that joy is not the cause of art: art is the cause of a transient but perfect joy. I will not entangle myself in metaphysics, borrowed from Schopenhauer or anyone else, but will content myself with the testimony of the consummate artist, Heine. "Sickness is, indeed, at the root of the impulse to create. In creating, I found health. In creating, I became sound."

"King Lear" is an incomparably greater work than "Henry V." Its effect, too, is more sustaining and enriching, I may even say more joyful. But "Henry V." was certainly written in a time of greater national and personal happiness.

"Morris," Mr. Cole continues, "was supremely right in holding that the only art that is truly expressive and valuable is popular art, art arising directly out of the life and spirit of the people, and expressing their hopes and fears, their ideas and their conceptions of value."

"Henry V" must then be a truer and greater work of art than "King Lear." It expresses the triumph of England's hopes, the dispersal of its fears. Its ideas, its conceptions of value, are on a perfect level with the contemporary pride in the defeat of Spai.

"Lear" was written in a time of national reaction and deepening gloom, and without doubt Shakespeare himself, at the date of its composition, was in despair. The hero had passed through the most tragic years of his life. No work has ever expressed a deeper sense of the chaotic torture of existence. Yet the total effect is inspiring, because the poet had triumphed over his despair, transcending the "ill thoughts," not by the blissful contemplation of "the life and spirit" of Jacobean
The quarrel between the social reformer and the artist is an old one. Mazzini attacked Goethe, Börne, Heine, Tolstoy, Shakespeare. This antagonism can be explained by Nietzsche's theory that 'Toward Power.' The species is afflicted by the existence of antagonism and tries to annihilate it. There is a good deal of the Will to Power in Mr. Cole's attempts to suspend the artist's activities until the establishment of Utopia. But there is a nobler element in this antagonism. The reformer, struggling with the cruel systems of organised society, cannot understand how the artist can hold himself aloof. I have tried to show that the artist works in his own way to the enrichment of life, and that the value of his work is not dependent on the state of the society in which he lives. The value of that work is often great, in some instances incalculably great. By the artist pays his debt to society, often many times over.

I have written this letter in the hope that it may convince one or two persons, perhaps even Mr. Cole, that there is no ground for the antagonism between the reformer and the artist. I have attacked the reformer, but some artists justly anger by a pose of self-sufficiency which parodies the true artist's conviction that he can work best only within his own limits. Shakespeare did better work for the world as a playwright than he would have done as Burleigh's private secretary. Mr. Shaw is repeating the plaint of Martha against Mary, with a plaint with which Rudyard Kipling sympathises, with a plaint, greater than Rudyard Kipling condemned.

To return to Mr. Cole. "Such an art (the true popular art of William Morris) cannot exist under a plutocracy. For, under plutocracy, everything else, is exploited and perverted by economic distinctions. There are at least two arts, and both are false and defective. The art of the rich has inevitably about it the air of poison. It expresses the false ideals of a society based on the subjugation and subjection of the people."

This is all too true of the art of Mr. Robert Hichens and Mr. E. F. Benson. But if I am right in saying that the true artist works in conformity with his own ideals, and finds harmony in his own soul, not looking for it where it has never yet been found, I quote this sentence only to show how far a fixed idea can whirl a man round, and find him more human, more sympathetic.

"The truth which Mr. Cole does not seem to see is that each man works out or fails to work out his own harmony. "For art and "progress," Browning writes, "come from the soul's self. The rest avail not."

The times may be so confused and disharmonious that many do not attain the harmony they would have attained in a less disturbed age. But a few in every age are not defeated. The artist wishes not to create, but to have his creations understood and loved. The impulse, though mixed with human weaknesses, is noble, and redeems him from the charge of indifference to his fellowmen. He helps humanity in one way, the social reformer in another, and when the social reformer jeers at him he is repeating the plaint of Martha against Mary, a plaint with which Rudyard Kipling sympathises, with a plaint, greater than Rudyard Kipling condemned.

"Hold the high way, and let thy spirit thee lead, And Truth will thee deliver, it is no drede"— 

"Ghosts," Browning's "Lost;"

"Incentives," Browning's "Ghosts." And in this pursuit I have to limit myself (so far) only within my own limits. I have written this letter in the hope that it may hold some interest for our life is pestered with logic. The times may be "ventive" and "vomoul" by them in its very origin.

JANKO LAVRIN.


**Pastiche.**

ANY GUILDSMAN TO ANY ARTIST.

Of old with undivided heart
I chanted my immortal songs,
A guileless votary of art,
Who never recked of social wrongs.
Then came the premature deceases
Of my immortal masterpieces.

Sulphurously, at first, I flamed
Unmanly heat! I grew ashamed,
Politics,
Then came the premature deceases
Eschew the artist's barren pride,
Try to make poetry precede,
Then turn to Reckitt's economics.
Lay by the lutes! Unstring the fiddles!

The economic health of nations.
My verse is bad and best forgotten:
Still economics have precedence.
But which.
Read Brown on Charlie Chaplin's comics,
Or else the State
"'Tis plain enough," my friend replied.
"There's nothing, here, below, above,
Of my immortal masterpieces.
I
And general joy is yet to be.
To patronise the picture-shows,
When the hart-eyed evening leads
Rosy gleam the sacred hours,
When the incense of the flowers
Beyond the sun-flushed mountain-horns
And the youngest child of Morns
Over water-girdled meads
The rune of the eternal hills,
Then turn to Reckitt's economics.

"There's nothing, here, below, above,
That economics don't precede,
Politics, port, lamplighters, love,
The Oxford don, the centipede.
Nay, though a First Cause win your credence,
Still economics have precedence.

"Now as to you. The poet breed
From Homer to the present day
Try to make poetry precede,
Think Art, ye Gods, should show the way,
And sacrifice to their creations
The economic health of nations.

"Henceforth the artist must employ
His gifts as Orage shall decree.
Art must be based on general joy,
And general joy is yet to be.
Till then, my poets, painters, mystics,
Appraise your minds to Guild statistics.

"Till brewers brew their beer with song,
Till navvies talk in rhythmic prose,
Till it is deemed a deadly wrong
To patronise the picture-shows,
Art must be bad, and best forgotten—
Because the State of Denmark's rotten."

Hugh Lunn.

TO PSYCHE.

Rosy gleam the sacred hours,
O my dove, my undefiled,
When the incense of the flowers
Rises stillly in the wild;
When the heart-eyed evening leads
Through the blue-stained wastes afar
Over water-girtled meads
Her one white ecstatic star;
And the youngest child of Morns
Brims her alabastrine cup
Beyond the sun-flushed mountain-horns
With the dawn-flame frothing up
Here at peace we lie all day
By the margin of green wells,
While the small cicadas say
Remote and immemorial spells;
Minuit unto minut shrills,
Hidden away in sun-scorched thyme,
The ruse of the eternal hills,
Silence out of secret rime,

And the Mountain Lily bends
To the rapture of the bee:
All these beauteous things are friends;
Is't not so with thee and me?

Wilfred Childre.

**PRESS CUTTINGS.**

The Nationalists, the members of whose delegation, it is now officially stated, are to sail on the "Minerva," have provided ammunition for another delegation, one of natives from the Free State, who intend hurrying after them.

Mr. De Beer, of Harrismith, moved two amendments to-day to Mr. Blaine's Bill, both being intended, according to the language of one of the speakers in the debate, "to tighten up the slave system of the Free State."

There exists in the Free State a class of native squatters who enjoy pasturing and ploughing rights in return for the services which they render to the landowner by an old Act of the Free State confirmed by Union legislation. They rank as "servants," and their children with them. The significance of this classification is that they fall under the Masters and Servants' Law, which in the Free State is particularly stringent. They cannot, for instance, leave their employer's farm without a written pass. Consequently the children are precluded from getting into the service of another employer who might pay them personal wages. This safeguard had been found inadequate by Mr. De Beer, who moved to make it a criminal offence for any person to employ native children of the class above described without the written consent of their father's employer. Going further, he proposed to deprive such children of the right to sell their own labour until they reached the age of 21 years. Nationalist members backed him to a man, reckoning nothing, it would seem, of the difficulties which they might be creating for their delegation in the presence of President Wilson. - Rand Daily Mail.

May not this provide the way out of the public's difficulty? The public dislikes the idea not of national ownership, but of bureaucratic management. If the State nationalises the mines or the railways, the problem will be that of devising some method of management which is at once efficient and democratic. Surely the way to do this is to enlist the active co-operation in the task of the workers engaged in these vital services and of their Trade Unions. I know that there are still many people, especially among those who have Collectivist sympathies, to whom this seems a dangerously revolutionary idea, hardly to be distinguished from Syndicalism or Bolshevism or whatever the latest name for the lowest ring of Dante's inferno may be. But it is in fact a very different thing; for the proposal is that the State should own the mines and the coal that is got from them, the actual work of managing and organising the supply being largely and to an increasing extent delegated to the miners themselves. No one pretends that such a system can be established completely at once; it is in deed rather an ideal to which a gradual approach should be made than a proposal immediately to be applied in full. But it does provide a safeguard against bureaucracy, and also a means of enlisted the active help of the workers in making industry as efficient as possible. — "Journeyman" in the "Daily News."

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